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GEMS OF LITERATURE:

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TORONTO:

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1853.

POETRY.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A. B. C.....	119	Near thee, still near thee!.....	237
Absence.....	477	Nets and Cages.....	333
Adieu.....	213	Night.....	261
Answer to "A True Love Song".....	309	Night Hymn at Sea.....	189
Answer to "What is Time?".....	213	Nightingale's Death Song.....	673
Beauty and Dress.....	237	Nocturnal Sketch.....	213
Beech Tree's Petition.....	597	Oak, The.....	477
Bells of Ostend.....	525	Odd Epitaph.....	21
Bird at Sea, The.....	453	O'er the far blue Mountains.....	477
Blue Hare-Bell, The.....	141	Oh! this were a bright World.....	45
Boon of Memory, The.....	285	Old Arm-chair.....	67
Buttercups and Daisies.....	67	Old Farm-gate.....	93
Child's Answer, A.....	285	O, say, thou best and brightest.....	597
Chosen One, The.....	261	Our Native Song.....	333
Come o'er the Sea.....	501	O, ye Hours.....	525
Come to me, gentle sleep.....	673	O, ye Voices.....	333
Curious Epitaphs.....	237	Parting of Summer.....	76
Death of the Flowers.....	119	Questions and Answers.....	673
Delays.....	189	Quiet Eye, The.....	285
Departed Days.....	617	Recipe to make a modern Fop.....	285
Dream, A.....	549	Reminiscences.....	617
Drink to Her.....	429	Row gently here.....	525
Early Rising.....	189	Say, oh! say you love me!.....	119
Englishman, The.....	21	Seasons, The.....	45
Epigram.....	237	Secret, The.....	333
Epitaph.....	309	Serenade.....	501
Evening Musings.....	381	Signs of Rain.....	261
Fare thee well, thou lovely One!.....	453	Songs...165, 189, 237, 309, 357, 429, 477, 501,	525.
Flowers.....	285	Song of Old Time.....	477
Flowers.....	357	Spells of Home.....	429
Flowers of the Fairest.....	93	Spinster's Song.....	119
Freed Bird, The.....	549	Summer's Call, The.....	21
German Song.....	309	The Garland I send Thee.....	501
Good Night.....	165	The Thames.....	453
Here, take my Heart.....	617	The Time I've lost in Wooing.....	405
Home Argument.....	405	The Time-piece.....	405
I dream of all things free.....	189	The Valentine Wreath.....	453
I go, sweet Friends.....	165	The Wager decided.....	333
Indian Boat, The.....	597	The Wind.....	429
I think of Thee.....	617	The Wreath.....	21
I've pleasant Thoughts.....	45	Thirty-five.....	93
I would we had not met again.....	617	Time.....	549
John Bull.....	119	To.....	357
Leave me not yet.....	261	Toasted Cheese.....	597
Lights and Shades.....	617	To my Sister.....	617
Love Song.....	165	Warlock's Death-bed.....	381
Love, To.....	549	Wedding Bells.....	45
Lover's Wreath.....	119	Welcome Back.....	213
Maid's Remonstrance, The.....	141	When Love is kind.....	405
Meet Again.....	213	When night brings the hour.....	549
Mickey Free's Lament.....	45	Where are the Visions.....	381
Music.....	429	Winter.....	213
My Grave.....	93	Woman's Love.....	237
My Native Home.....	501	Woman's wit, or Love's Disguises.....	189
My own green land for ever.....	141	Ye Mariners of England.....	525
Nay, tell me not, dear.....	405		

GENERAL INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Aberdeen Provost.....	379	Duke of Wellington.....	98, 125
Address of an Arab Robber.....	214	Earthenware Manufacture	135
Advantages of Civility.....	167	Edible Birds' Nests.....	92
Adventure in Hungary.....	614	Education of a Gentleman.....	190
Adventure in a Voyage.....	254	English and Americans Compared.....	276
Adventures on the Coast of Africa.....	8	English Roads.....	228
Aerial Voyages of Spiders.....	572	English Women.....	286
Alum Works.....	318	Enthusiasm in Paper Making.....	400
An Awkward Mistake.....	59	Family Party.....	510
An Awkward Position.....	516	Flirtation extraordinary.....	522
Anecdotes of a tamed Panther.....	200	Flowers on the Alps.....	404
Anecdotes of a Diana Monkey.....	301	Fragment, A.....	545
Anecdotes of Integrity.....	283	Fragment, A.....	586
Anecdotes of Wolves.....	598	French Emperor.....	502
Anecdotes and Paragraphs...23, 48, 71, 96, 120, 144, 192, 212, 216, 240, 264, 284, 287, 312, 335, 356, 360, 382, 406, 432, 503, 528, 550, 574, 599.		Frenchman in London.....	171
Ants in South America.....	188	Friend's Family, The.....	279
Armorial Bearings.....	22	Gem Engraving.....	231
Artesian Wells.....	54	Geneva.....	263
Ascent of the Sugar Loaf Rock.....	321	Glances at the Manufacturing Districts... 370	
Bachelors' Privileges.....	22	Glasgow Malleable Iron Works.....	354
Battle of Bear and Alligator.....	143	Gold Fields of Australia.....	224
Behind the Scenes.....	538	Golden Troubles.....	550
Bird-Catcher, The.....	234	Gooseberry and Currant.....	209
Books, Booksellers and Bookmakers.....	331	Great Man of the Family.....	295
Book Love.....	155	Grotto of Antiparos.....	232
Caoutchouc.....	478	Handwriting.....	286
Capability Brown.....	239	Hay Carrying.....	25
Captain James Cook.....	596	Heat and Mosquitoes.....	143
Carpenter's Daughter.....	446	Hoax extraordinary.....	142
Castle Builders.....	300	Honour among Thieves.....	298
Celebrated Tailors.....	118	Hospitality abused.....	461
Chapter on Kissing.....	227	House to Let.....	121
Characteristics of Women.....	553	How to get on.....	70
Cinnamon.....	70	Impressionableness.....	607
City of the Sultan.....	201, 221	Incombustibility of the Human Body.....	587
Cobbler of Messina.....	248	Inquisitor Outwitted.....	480
Cochineal.....	68	In Search of a Situation.....	401
Count and the Cousin.....	217	Introduction of the use of Silks.....	212
Count Romford.....	305	Irish Bar.....	239
Country Town Sketches.....	242	Irish Beggars.....	69
Country Commissions and Country Cousins	313	Irish Funerals	217
Cow-dealing extraordinary	142	Irish Waiters.....	22
Cross Purposes.....	542	Iron Mines of Presburg.....	229
Crossing the Desert.....	514	It's only a Drop.....	601
Cruelty to Animals.....	444	It's only a bit of a Stretch.....	263
Curate of St. Nicholas.....	386	Jason Creel.....	475
Curious Custom.....	69	Jemmy Sullivan.....	61
Curious Calculations.....	167	Jenny and the Watch.....	161
Danger of appearing ill-used.....	170	Jim Soolivan.....	207
Dangers of Chinese Authorcraft.....	235	Journey at the Public Expense.....	164
Death of a Celebrity.....	346	King Harwood.....	409
Decayed Gentlewoman.....	393	Knitting	427
Diamonds and precious Stones.....	166	Language of Flowers.....	225, 245
Dinsdale Spa.....	450	Last Century Character.....	358
Discharging of an American Lake.....	430	Last Shilling.....	230
Discovery of Cuba.....	569	Life Assurance.....	505
		Life in Jamaica.....	38
		Literary Notices.....94, 166, 190, 334,	478
		London Dairies.....	18

	PAGE.		PAGE.
London Merchants.....	215	Queen and the Quakers.....	46
London Newspapers.....	106	Queer Characters.....	86
London Porter Breweries.....	32	Queer Coin, A.....	31
Lord Abinger.....	535	Railway Compensations.....	46
Lost Pearl.....	338	Railroad King, The.....	183
Louis Napoleon and France.....	512	Raining and Water Plants.....	325
Love among the Law Books.....	180	Rambles in Mexico.....	372, 397, 487
Magazine Day.....	367	Reddy Ryland.....	49
Mail Coach Adventure.....	90	Remarkable Tiger Hunt.....	211
Man who knew Everybody.....	159	Revelations of Siberia.....	233
Marriages of the Persians.....	258	Rise of a Pacha.....	150
Marrying Man.....	507	Rival Landlords Hoaxed.....	334
Matrimonial Balance.....	168	Rival Stage Coaches.....	116
Men whom the World takes Charge of.....	454	Rhubarb.....	68
Merry Christmas.....	289	Roasted Monkeys.....	260
Michaelmas Week in the Country.....	493	Romance in Shipwreck.....	570
Mignonette.....	269	Russia and the Russians.....	69
Miller's Family of Shadingbrook.....	145	Sago, general account of.....	57
Miseries of a Bachelor.....	95	Sailor and Bear.....	334
Miseries of a Schoolmaster.....	262	Sawney.....	423
Mishaps of Jack Allbut.....	238	Scenes in Life.....	273
Mocking Bird.....	515	Schinderhannes.....	320
Monkeys.....	565	Scotland Eighty-seven Years Since.....	571
Monsieur Durance.....	108	Scottish Rural Drollery.....	310
My First Night at College.....	71	Secret Bandit, The.....	259
My Friend Bromely.....	390	Servants at the County Court.....	445
My Wife's Relations.....	176	Shaking Hands.....	162
Mr. Canning and his Servant.....	215	Shetland Ponies.....	20
Naples.....	577	Single Blessedness.....	302
Natural Caves in Ireland.....	403	Singular Adventure.....	257
Natural History of the Salmon.....	615	Sketch, A.....	420
Natural Life of Trees.....	404	Sober as a Judge.....	298
Negro Shrewdness.....	21	Spring—Tide.....	250
New Dictionary, specimens of.....	94	Squire's Daughter, The.....	434
Night before and next Morning.....	320	Squire of Cranberry Hatch.....	193
Night in Cunnemara.....	440	Steamboat Romance.....	497
Non-punctuality of the Fair Sex.....	274	Stephen Kemble.....	286
Nutmeg, The.....	68	Statistics of Snuffing.....	140
Odd London Characters.....	481	Stephen Lane.....	362
Odd Ways of Making Money.....	348	Stop my Paper.....	380
Old and New School.....	191	Stories of Styles of Living.....	471
Old Italian Story.....	359	Story from Herodotus.....	41
Old Mercantile Houses.....	210	Strange Tale, A.....	84
On Coals.....	179	Subaltern's Blunder, The.....	1
On Inconsistency in our Expectations.....	584	Surgeon's Courtship, The.....	349
On the Use of Rollers.....	167	Table-cloth Phenomenon at the Cape.....	547
Oranges.....	262	Taking of Constantinople.....	527
Our Village Post Office.....	591	The Officer, his Wife and the Baggage-ass.....	608
Paddy's Story about a Fox.....	47	Tipperary Sheep-stealer.....	23
Paris—The Bet.....	173	Tortoise, The.....	168
Pearls and Pearl-fishing.....	80	Traits of an English Watering Place.....	290
Peep at the Staffordshire Potteries.....	88	Traveller's Tale.....	111
Peep at China.....	35	Turkish Justice.....	378
Perils of the Solway.....	468	Unknown Painter, The.....	15
Personal Adaptations.....	153	Use of Coffee.....	479
Peruvian Ladies.....	164	Valentine, The.....	463
Piasa, The.....	609	Vegetable Serpent.....	46
Pickled Salmon.....	63	Village Common.....	73
Pig-stealing extraordinary.....	94	Visit to Leadhills.....	526
Pleasures of being a Witness.....	138	Vulgar Errors.....	332
Points of the Compass.....	271	Water Bewitched.....	260
Poor Relations.....	249	Whitechapel Sharps.....	46
Potteen Smuggler's Wife.....	64	Wild Boar and Welchman.....	64
Private Lessons.....	557	Will, The.....	458
Professional Modesty.....	44	Young and Old.....	303
Public Nuisances.....	299	Young Market-woman.....	529

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TO THE READER.

In launching this, the first number of our Magazine, upon the troubled waters of public opinion, we would wish our friends to consider it as intended to exhibit the size, shape, and quantity of matter that each separate number will contain, rather than as being a fair specimen of the contents and style of the whole work. A foundation stone of a building—the keel of a ship—the radical leaves of a plant—give but a poor idea of the succeeding grandeur or architectural elegance of the one, or the dazzling beauty of the other.

We trust that each successive issue of our periodical will serve more and more strongly to elucidate our meaning, and, that our readers will confess that, like the produce of the vintage, our Magazine "improves with age."

As it is not our intention to stereotype the matter, we would particularly recommend such of our friends as wish to collect and retain the Magazine from its commencement, to be careful in preserving this, the first number; and, for the same reason, intending subscribers will do well to send in their names without delay.

THE SUBALTERN'S BLUNDER.

A MESS-ROOM TALE.

"You are acquainted, perhaps," said —, "with Bryan Jones of the—th?"

"Bryan Jones," replied the Quartermaster; "to be sure I am—a very nice little fellow, though rather too much of a lady's-man for my taste."

"A little effeminate, or so—but a good-natured, generous fellow at bottom, and as bold as if he were as big as an elephant. I was living a few years ago with him in the neighborhood of Chester, and, as usual, was made the confidant of all his love passages and declarations, of which there might be, on an average, about three a-week. On this occasion, he was more steady than usual, and was occupied entirely with one tender passion for at least ten days. The object of it he had never seen; but he knew that she was closely mewed up by her brother, an old gentleman, who had a villa about two miles from the city.

This information, limited as it was, was enough to set the susceptible Bryan on fire. He heard afterwards that the lady was rich; and it was strongly suspected that the brother immured her so closely to prevent any one depriving him of his sister's fortune; and it was also darkly insinuated that, to cloak his infamous purpose, he gave out that she was hopelessly deranged. 'The infernal, selfish, unnatural scoundrel,' said Bryan, 'to close up youth, beauty, innocence, and twenty thousand pounds! I'll rescue the ill-fated lady, or perish in the attempt!' The first step to be taken was, if possible, to become acquainted with the brother. His name was Stephen Jenks. We made out that at one time he had practised as a surgeon in some other part of the country, but, on his accession to a considerable fortune, had retired to the beautiful neighborhood of Chester; and now that he had assumed the gentleman, was very anxious to conceal that he had ever

been engaged in compounding pills. The tastes, however, of his ancient calling still stuck to him in spite of his attempts to enact the country squire—his conversation smelt of the gallipot—and his love for natural history had converted his house into a museum. Stuffed birds hung round his walls instead of pictures—you hung your hat in the lobby on the dorsal extremity of an antediluvian bear, and his chimney-piece ornaments were composed of a long row of bottles, filled with the most horrid tadpoles and two-headed monsters it was possible to conceive. But his recollection was not restricted to the dead—he had a sort of menagerie of the living. Foxes, wolves, jackdaws, and all manner of birds and beasts, hooted, howled, screamed, and belled throughout the mansion. Squire Jenks might have left his doors quite open in the most lawless times, as few housebreakers, I imagine, would run the risk of furnishing so many ravenous animals with a mouthful. All this, and a good deal more information of a similar sort, Mr. Bryan picked up at the reading-room frequented by Mr. Jenks. But, though all the other subscribers were garrulous in their descriptions of the gentleman and his establishment, not one of them pretended to be acquainted with either. The gentleman, indeed, they bowed to, and sometimes exchanged a word with in the room; but the mansion, with all its monstrosities and curiosities, was to them a *terra incognita*. ‘But his sister?’ said Bryan Jones, ‘you’re sure he has a sister? The detestable, inhuman villain, to keep a beautiful young creature like her in the very same den with wolves and foxes!’ And Bryan was prodigiously in love, without even seeing the object of his passion.

“For two or three days the lover kept prowling in the neighborhood of the villa. As evening came on, he advanced his approaches to the garden wall, looked attentively at all the windows, and fixed upon one of them as if by intuition, as the chamber window of the unhappy prisoner. It was about half-past eight, in a beautiful night in August; he lifted some fine gravel, and threw it against the window-pane. It was immediately opened, and there appeared, in the dimness of the twilight, a very graceful figure, dressed all

in white, with a countenance which Bryan declared to be beautiful, though he was forced to confess that he came to that conclusion in total ignorance of its features, the darkness being so considerable as to put it out of his power to make affidavit to the lady’s possession of either nose or eyes.

“‘I am come to rescue you, you adorable creature,’ he exclaimed, ‘from the infernal Noah’s Ark they’ve put you into!’

“‘You’re very kind,’ said the lady, in a voice that even Bryan’s enthusiasm could not hinder him from thinking rather cold than otherwise. ‘This is not Noah’s Ark—’tis Buffing Villar.’

“‘Buffing Villar!’ replied Bryan.—‘Never mind the name of it—it is a confounded place—Leave it, my dear Miss Jenks, and make me the happiest of men?’

“‘Why should I leave it; and why will my leaving it make you the happiest of men?’

“‘By being mine!—by allowing me to throw myself and fortune at your feet!’

“‘Yourself!’ replied the lady.—‘Who are you? Your fortune, how much is it?’

“‘Come,’ thought the persevering Bryan ‘this looks like business. As to myself, madam, I have the honour to be Bryan Jones, esquire, holding a lieutenant’s commission in his Majesty’s—th regiment of foot, five-and-twenty years of age next fourteenth day of September, five feet seven inches and three quarters (with my boots on,) and a certainty of a regiment, (if I live long enough, and have money to buy my steps.) My fortune is not large at present, though quite enough (with the help of unlimited tick) to keep me with all the comforts of a gentleman; but my prospects are considerable. Indeed, I see no reason to despair of shortly coming into possession of twenty thousand pounds, (she will never think of keeping it in her own possession?)’

The sentences in brackets were spoken aside, and the gentleman’s description of himself seemed to have made a favorable impression, for the lady after a short pause said,

“‘I think it would be delightful. Do you look well in a red coat?’

“‘Why, if you insist on an answer to so perplexing a question,’ replied Bryan, ‘I should say, that considering I am not so

tall as Major Flannigan, who is six feet four, nor so heavy as our colonel, who broke his charger's back, I am as good-looking as any officer on parade.'

"'I think I must give up the captain.'

"'Certainly by all means,' interrupted Bryan, 'order him to the right about. Shall I shoot him?'

"'Oh no, there's no occasion; he is very obedient.'

"'Who the devil is he? What is his name? In what service is he captain?'

"'He is in my service,' replied the lady.

"'I loved him very much.'

"'You did?' said Bryan. 'Well?'

"'I don't love him now at all. He sometimes tries to bite me.'

"'The scoundrel!'

"'So I think of turning him off, and giving myself entirely to you.'

"'Best! dearest! What an angel you are! You can't possibly do better.'

"'I think not.'

"'Then throw yourself at once into my arms, and'—

"'Oh no; I can't do that. This is a very high window; and besides, look! they have put bars to it.'

"'Then let me come to you.'

"'Whenever you like—the sooner the better—but stop! Are you blue faced?'

"'Yes; I am very dark in the complexion.'

"'Have you a ring?'

"'Yes.'

"'What is it? Rough or smooth?'

"'A plain one. The ladies, I fancy, like that best.'

"'Oh yes. And how tall did you say?'

"'Five feet seven inches and three quarters.'

"'Why, that nasty little captain was only three feet two.'

"'Then I fancy he was not in the grenadiers.'

"'Five feet seven! What a beauty you must be,' continued the lady. Get to me as soon as you can.'

"'I will call and offer myself to your brother.'

"'He will be delighted to see you, and so shall I. Good night.'

"'Was there ever such a lucky fellow in the universe?' said Bryan, as he cantered back to Chester; 'though Miss Jenks is certainly a bit of a rum one. Who the deuce could that disgusting little captain

be? Can it be Fusby of ours? But no; he is more than three feet two. And asking me so plump about the ring; that shows she's up to snuff. I shall marry her next week, and get my company in a fortnight.'

"'Bryan consulted me that night as to his farther proceedings. After turning over many plans, we at last fixed that the boldest way was the best; that he had better go at once to Mr. Jenks' house, and open the business in form.'

"'Before we retired to our couches, Bryan had given me an invitation to his shooting-box next season, and let me into all his intentions about the disposal of his money; and that night, I will be bound for it, if no other in his life, he enjoyed golden dreams.'

"'Next day, Bryan mounted after parade, and I don't think Chester-gate ever gave exit to so finished a dandy. A barber had been curling his hair, his servant brushing his coat half the morning, and such a powerful perfume filled the town as he ambled along the streets, that you might have fancied him one of the three kings of Cologne.'

"'When he arrived at the gate, he rang the bell with a lordly air; but waited for a long time before any one came to the door. At last it was opened by a slipshod wench, with long red hair, and Bryan began his interrogatories.'

"'Is Mr. Jenks at home?'

"'Suppose a be, what's that to you?'

"'I wish to see him.'

"'Like enough; he doan't want to see thee, though.'

"'Is he engaged?'

"'Yes; a be.'

"'With company?'

"'Yes; he and missus be shaving the captain.'

"'That cursed captain again. What did you say, my pretty girl? that your mistress was shaving the captain?'

"'Yes and cuttin' the nails o' um.'

"'Shaving, and cutting his nails! He must be a cursedly odd fellow, this captain. What is his name, my girl?'

"'His name be captain—that be all—his coat be finer than your'n—but missus be tired o' um now; her told me her had got a new sweetheart.'

"'Oh, she did?—did she say any thing more?'

"Yes — that a were far handsomer, and taller than the captain."

"That is very pleasant, at all events," thought Bryan, as he pulled up his stock. "Pray, my dear, would you tell Mr. Jenks a gentleman is very anxious to see him on business of importance?"

"What be your business about, sir? be it anything out o' the common? he never sees nobody as hasn't summat wonderful to tell him."

"Tell him, I have been long very anxious to see him; that I have long had a great curiosity?"

"A great *curiosity*? And why didn't you say that afore? He'll see you immediately, and welcome too. Don't be feared o' the wolf," she said, as she guided Bryan along the passage, "he's only stuffed; —take care of the fox; he bites sometimes; —and keep away from that corner —he ha chained a dog there, as is mad with the heederfobo, to see how long it will take to die."

"The d—l he has!" said Bryan, "I wish I were safe out again."

"The red haired housemaid ushered the visitor into a room, with the oddest description of furniture in it Mr. Bryan Jones had ever had the happiness to see.

"Donna be frightened—*some* on um doesn't bite—said the maid, as she shut the door.

"And what the deuce do the others do?" said the soldier, in no very comfortable frame of mind.

"The windows were half closed—there were book-shelves round the wall, paroquets, macaws, jackdaws, and all the birds of the air, occupying the places which, in ordinary libraries, are filled with volumes—a squirrel was twirling in its cage, on the table before him, some snakes were writhing in layers of cotton within some network of wire, and four or five dogs, of very foreign appearance, glared with red eyes on the stranger, from their little kennels, planted all around the room, and kept up a low, continuous growl, that by no means tended to restore Bryan's equanimity. He stood, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, in case of any unforeseen attack, and began to persuade himself that the stories of knight errants, and dragons, in enchanted castles, were not such allegories as he had supposed. At all events, he was fully convinced,

that if he succeeded in carrying off twenty thousand pounds, he had amply earned it, by his exposure of life and limb. At last, there arose in the next room the most diabolical squalling, roaring, whistling, scolding, hooting and howling, that ever fell upon mortal ear. Bryan turned as pale as death, muttered a sort of prayer, and, drawing his sword, stood on the defensive. At this moment, the door of the library was opened by a neat, well-dressed, dapper little man, with reverend white hair, growing long and thin down the sides of his face, and a cue behind, elegantly tied in a beautiful bag of black silk. He started when he saw the warlike attitude assumed by the gallant lieutenant. That valorous gentleman's blood was now fairly up, and instead of apologizing for the extraordinary appearance he presented, he said,

"Set them all loose at once; none of your palaver, old gentleman; but turn out a crocodile or two—I'll spit them as I would a rabbit!"

"The stranger became a little alarmed in his turn, and, going gently to the door, he desired the same slip-shod damsel who had ushered his visitor in, to desire the captain to walk up stairs, and keep watch in the lobby.

"Well, thank heaven it's no worse," thought the brave Bryan; I shall soon make mince meat of a captain three feet high."

"The gentleman, who was no other than Mr. Jenks, now demanded the reason of such unusual behaviour, and also to what circumstance he was indebted for the honour of a visit. Bryan explained pretty well the reason of his alarm, and he perceived that Mr. Jenks was considerably pleased with the sensation his collection had excited. He therefore dilated so long on the wonders he saw around him, that insensibly he inveigled his companion into a conversation. Once embarked on his favorite topic, there seemed to be no end of his communicativeness.

"Pray, have you made comparative physiology your study?" he said, with a patronising smile. Now, Mr. Bryan Jones could tell a horse from a cow, and was also a considerable judge of spaniels and pointers, but farther his researches had not extended; not to mention that he had never heard of any such science before.

He therefore answered at a venture,—
‘Oh yes; in fact it is a most delightful study. Comparisons are odorous, as Mrs. Malaprop says.’

“‘Malaprop? I don’t know the name,’ replied Mr. Jenks; ‘is she a naturalist?’

“‘Faith I don’t know whether she is a naturalist or not, but she’s as natural as if she were a real woman.’

“‘My dear sir,’ exclaimed Mr. Jenks, taking out his pocket book with the greatest animation, ‘not a *real woman*! what is the nature of her peculiarity? you will do me the greatest favor in the world if you will tell me where I may meet with her.’

“‘You may see her any night you please in Covent Garden.’

“‘Thank you, I will certainly find her out next time I go to town. I myself have an instance in this very collection of a very extraordinary *lusus naturee*. I have a cat, sir, with five legs.’

“‘Oh, that’s nothing at all,’ replied Mr. Bryan, with the utmost assurance, ‘we have a cat in our barracks with nine tails.’

“‘You surprise me; have you it with you? That I conclude was the curiosity which induced you to come here. Sir, I am much obliged for your very great politeness. May I see it?’

“‘See it! my dear sir, I shall be happy to make you a present of it.’

“‘The little man jumped up from his seat, and seized the happy lieutenant’s hand. ‘What have I done,’ he said, ‘to deserve such kindness, such generosity? Have you any wish for anything I have got? It shall be yours.’

“‘Why, yes, I confess, Mr. Jenks, I had another object in visiting you to-day. You have another object in this house, the possession of which would indeed crown my felicity.’ Bryan sighed as he said these words, and looked romantic with all his might.

“‘I shall be truly happy, I assure you, Captain——may I beg the favor of your name?’

“‘Bryan Jones.’

“‘I shall be happy, Captain Bryan Jones, to give you a large vial, containing, I believe, the finest specimen of a bicephalous reptile in England.’—

(“‘My heavens!’ thought Bryan, ‘here’s a pretty fellow, to keep his bucephalus in a phial.’—)

“‘Or a box, containing the dorsal vertebrae of an ichthyosaurus; or some of the hair of the huge Megatherion that was found a few years ago at the mouth of the Tanais or Don.’—

“Bryan bowed very low to all these polite offers, but did not seem to jump at them as zealously as the enthusiast expected.

“‘Perhaps,’ he continued, ‘you have set your heart on some particular object—if so, name it.’

“‘Unfortunately I am not acquainted with the name.’

“‘That’s a pity—can you describe it? is it coleopterous or lepidopterous? terrestrial, aerial, or marine? carnivorous, gramnivorous, or omnivorous? oviparous or viviparous? animal, mineral, or vegetable? Whatever I have I shall be happy to give it to you in exchange for your inestimable present of nine tails; by the beard of Aristotle, half the number would set Buckland dancing.’

“‘I believe they would—but really, sir, you embarrass me with your kind offers—my whole ambition has but one aim: it is not for any of your curiosities, packed up in boxes or bottles, that I am anxious; but for one far more lovely than any of them, the prime jewel of all your possession; your beautiful, your charming’——

“‘Miss Sophy!—I know from all your rhapsodies all you are about to say. It would, indeed, be dreadful to part with her; so sweet, so gentle; dear, dear Miss Sophy!’

“‘Ah! dear, indeed,’ echoed Bryan; ‘I think I never saw so perfectly lovely and angelic a creature.’

“‘Saw, sir? Where did you see her? I thought no one had seen her but myself.’

“Mr. Jenks flushed in the cheek as he said this, and cast a glance of angry suspicion on his visitor.

“‘Why, sir, I saw her,’ replied the Lieutenant; ‘and what is more, spoke to her; and what is more, it is solely on her account that I come here. Your kindness has already been so excessive, that I hope you will not withdraw it, after having gone so far, but allow me to make a better acquaintance with her, in order to secure her affections.’

“‘Oh, you need be under no uneasiness about that. A little kindness is sure

to make her fond of any one: indeed, I am so selfish in exacting all her love myself, that I consider her facility in bestowing her affections one of her principal faults. It is not a very common one in beauties of her sex.'

'Ah! but if I should be so unfortunate as to fail in acquiring her love!' said Bryan, pretending to look modestly dejected.

'Why, then, take a stick and give her a thump on the head. She will like you all the better for it.'

'Bryan looked at the old man as he propounded this monstrous idea, and felt very much inclined to kick him out of the room. He laughed, as if he considered the old man's observation a joke.

'I'm afraid, sir, that would scarcely be the way to conciliate her regards.'

'The best in the world, my dear sir, —even I myself am very often forced to employ the whip, and leave the marks of it on her shoulders, I assure you.'

'Well,' thought Bryan, 'if this isn't bedlam it ought to be. First of all a young lady is courted by a captain three feet high, and turns him off because he bites her; then she pares his nails, to keep him, I suppose, from scratching; and then a cursed old scoundrel like this thrashes his own sister with a whip, till he leaves the marks of it upon her shoulders. The scoundrel! I've a great mind to swing him out of the window by his pig-tail.' Bryan, however, moderated his wrath, and answered,

'I hope, sir, when she is mine, she will not require such harsh discipline.'

'I hope not,' said the other; 'but I can assure you, she has suffered more than that when she was in another gentleman's keeping.'

'Good heavens, sir! what do you mean by such low, such ribald insinuations? I say, sir, it is impossible she can ever have been in any other person's keeping—what do you mean?'

'What do I mean, Captain Bryan Jones? I must say, sir, I am astonished at such warmth.—Why, if she were your wife, you could not be more interested—I say, sir, she has been kept, and housed, and fondled by fifty people; I gave her an asylum under this roof after she had been nearly starved and beaten to death while under the protection of an Italian mountebank.'

'Then, by heavens, sir,' said Bryan, in a prodigious passion, 'you may keep her to yourself! and such a dissolute disreputable couple as you are!—an old scoundrel glorying in the shame of one whom he pretends is very dear to him,—d—l take me if there is such an unprincipled old rascal unhung.'

'Sir! what do you mean? do you speak to me?' said the old gentleman, starting up in a tremendous rage; 'you shall answer for this,—I'll unchain the dogs.'

'If you move from that chair, as I hope to live another moment, I'll run you through the body, you ineffable abortion; so stir not on your peril.'

'I'll call for the Captain.'

'Captain, major, colonel, field-marshal; call for the whole army list—but if you move one step, I'll break every bone in your body: and what is more, I'll have Miss Sophy, in spite of you—and take her with all her faults upon her head; for I know, you old rascal, you only spread these calumnies against her that you may keep her to yourself. And, as to your champion, your three feet high captain of the Patagonians, if I but lay my hands on the cuff of his neck, he'll make but one flying jump into the middle of the next street.'

'Bryan's rage knew no bounds; he sputtered forth these and other more terrific denunciations, standing over the astonished Mr. Jenks with his sword drawn—Show me your sister's room this moment, sir, and let me judge of the truth of your story for myself.'

'My sister, sir!' said Mr. Jenks, in a state of great alarm, 'what do you want with my sister?'

'Every thing—herself, her heart, her soul, her body, and every shilling of her fortune.'

'Alas! this is too sad a matter, young man; my sister is'——

'The loveliest of her sex, and never was under any mountebank's protection but your own.'

'Young man, you are terribly deceived, my sister is quite happy, she is harmless, but from her birth she has been insane.'

'I knew it; I knew you would try to do me over with some rigmarole story of that kind; but Miss Sophy I will have, whether she is as wise as her noodle of a

brother or not. Show me to Miss Sophy this very moment, or by St. David, your life is not worth the lower end of a leek.'

"If I do show you into Miss Sophy's presence, I warn you, you will heartily repent of your folly. But since you insist upon it, I will."

"He then conducted Bryan, who still kept his sword under his arm, along several passages, and at length descended into a place like a cellar; at the farther end of the passage there was a door, and beyond all was darkness.

"And is it in this dismal den; you hard-hearted old villain, you keep so much beauty in durance vile? shame on you, shame on you; I will go in, I will comfort the afflicted; I will take her to my arms, and tell her her miseries are over; and depend upon it, old gentleman, we'll have a famous action against you for false imprisonment; swinging damages, you may depend on't."

"This oration was addressed to Mr. Jenks by Bryan, as he was pushing open the door—he entered the palpable obscure, and listening attentively, he heard a low sigh in the corner—"I have come, you see," he whispered, "my dearest Sophy in fulfilment of my promise; I will rescue you from the thralldom of that old rogue, your brother, and we shall be as happy as the Fates will let us." As he said these soft sentences, he groped with his hand in the darkness—"Ah! I have caught you at length; I have laid hold of your fur tippet; come forth my darling from this pris'——"

"But at this moment the fur tippet was snatched, as if by an earthquake, out of his hand; a growl shook the whole cellar where he stood, and Bryan felt himself squeezed nearly to a mummy—"Paws off, paws off," roared the disconsolate lieutenant. "You infernal old Jenks, you have sent me into a den of lions; here's Nero or Wallace tearing with all his might; lights! help, help!"

"All this while he kept struggling with his invisible foe; but the gripe of the ferocious monster grew tighter and tighter. At last, just as his strength was failing, the door opened, and Mr. Jenks and the servant maid appeared with candles. A few blows, well laid on, made the horrid animal relax its hold of the now breathless Bryan, and before him he saw an en-

ormous black bear, puffing with its exertions, and still glaring at him with the most ferocious eyes.

"Is this the Miss Sophy you meant, sir?" said Mr. Jenks, now under no uneasiness from the indignation of poor Bryan; I hope you are convinced that what I told you was the truth?"

"Not quite, sir; who was the lady I spoke to last night? she certainly invited me to this house, accepted me in place of a Captain somebody, a wooer she discarded, and told me to make my proposals as soon as possible to you."

"Ah! that, I suppose, was my poor sister; and since you have been undeceived so far, you shall be satisfied quite. You shall see her before you leave the house."

"In a few minutes Bryan having recovered his wind, was conducted to a parlour, in which a middle-aged lady was sitting, with no symptoms of insanity about her, except a wandering expression in her eyes. Her manner was stately and composed, and her language rather formal and stiff. She bowed on Bryan's entering.

"You see, madam," he said, "I visit you according to my promise."

"I have expected you for some time; I told the Captain I should dispense with his visits in future."

"Indeed—and what did he say to that?"

"Oh, he said nothing; he don't speak; I never had any one that spoke except yourself."

"He must be rather dull company, I imagine."

"Not half so lively as you; if it were not for that, I think he is far handsomer than you are?"

"You are plain, I perceive, Miss Jenks, and I like your sincerity. Have you thought of the offer I made you last night?"

"Oh! yes. I have thought of it ever since,—but I don't think you are so blue in the face as you told me."

"Why, no, not exactly blue; but dark, you perceive; very dark."

"I should have liked you better if you had been green and yellow; but bless me! I haven't asked about your tail——"

"Lieutenant Bryan Jones, of his Majesty's—th regiment of foot, hereupon

rose and made a low bow to the lady—who bowed very politely in return—and said to him just as he was opening the door to effect his retreat,—‘It is perhaps better for you to go—the Captain has had his nails pared, and will do very well; I like little monkeys better than great baboons.’ Bryan hurried out of the house with the utmost expedition, running the risks of hydrophobia and scorpion stings in his progress, and as he jumped on his horse and galloped off, he heard Mr. Jenks bellowing after him,—‘Don’t forget to send me the *nov qui-caudal* specimen of the feline tribe.’

“Bryan kept the adventure a profound secret from all but me; and I don’t think any man in the regiment was so profoundly happy as he, when the route came for merry Carlisle, and took us far away from the scene of his disaster.”

ADVENTURES ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

The morning of our arrival, so soon as the day made us visible to the natives, they were observed making preparations on the *Mafoomo* side of the water to pay us a visit. The first who came was “Jem of the Water,” as he called himself. This fellow was in the native costume, which is literally worse than nothing, consisting only of a straw tube, about a foot long, with a shred of blue dungaree hanging from its upper end. He was ornamented by a necklace of charms, composed of small shells, eagles’ talons, brass buttons, colored beads, medicinal roots, &c. not arranged according to taste, but to produce the effect which he could not hope for without their assistance. He was a good-looking well-made man, and offered his services to supply us with water and guard our casks; an office which he usually performed for the whalers when they entered English River.

These people have no canoes in the bay or in the rivers falling into it, the native boats being the only vessels seen. These are flat-bottomed and wall-sided; their planks being sewed together against a wadding of tow, sufficiently elastic to keep them tolerably tight. We were rather surprised to see them continue the use of such awkward and unmanageable craft, employed as they are, not only for continual

communication with strangers, but also for fishing and other domestic purposes, the owners serving every season in the whalers, by which they become excellent boatmen. The cause of this apparently obstinate retention of ancient habits may, when we come to give some description of these people, be proved not to arise from prejudice or ignorance but from the unhappy state of their government, riveted on them by the miserable policy of the Portuguese pedlars, and his Most Faithful Majesty’s *malefactors* at their trading establishments.

The first boat was followed by many others in the course of the day, bringing to market poultry, vegetables, eggs, spears, tusks of the hippopotamus, &c.

A much greater variety is observable in the countenances and features of these people than is usually perceived in negro countries, being all jet black, with thick woolly heads, differing in nothing but this well-marked variety of feature from those of the Coast of Guinea. The men are stout, handsome, and athletic, and the women well-made, but generally not so well-featured as the men; still, many might be called pretty.

On this coast the custom of tattooing, (or, as practised here, notching,) the face is universal, each tribe having its distinctive mark. This is common to all the negro nations in Africa: but the people of Delagoa Bay and to the southward have also a peculiar fashion of shaving and dressing their hair. The chiefs of Mapoota and Temby wear their heads shaved, except a large tuft on the crown, on which is placed a small pad, or roller, into which the wool, after being combed out straight and tight, is tucked with much neatness. The Zoolas, or Vatwas, on the contrary, shave the crown, and leave a ring of wool round the head, but similarly dressed by being trussed over a pad and kept in its place by wooden skewers. The common people of both sexes, but particularly the women, shave their wool so as to leave the shape of a tobacco-pipe, or some other ludicrous figure, according to their fancy or taste.

Some of these tribes have a custom of filing their teeth to points, which is much practised on many parts of the west coast.

The officers in the Portuguese factory,

at this time, were Captain Jaques Casimir, who had raised himself from the ranks during the peninsular war; but his wife was living with him in the fort. The adjutant also had a wife of Hindoo extraction, who had formerly been a slave at the Cape of Good Hope. The adjutant had resided at this factory about thirty years, ever since its first formation. After the destruction of Colonel Bolt's establishment, this man had been banished, it was reported, for the murder of his father or brother. The lieutenant was a Canareen of Goa, named Antonio Teixeira, banished thence for killing a priest, with whose sister he had had an amour. Besides these, there was a surgeon, also a Canareen of Hindoo descent, a well behaved young man. The wife of Casimir was a lady whose character was open to scandal, even on the shores of Africa, and the adjutant was drunk all day. We found them extremely kind, and, in many cases, useful, as they supplied us with bullocks, milk, fowls, and vegetables, which they bought from the natives for a mere trifle, and sold to us at a gain of about six hundred per cent. This traffic being their only resource, they took great care to prevent any direct trade between the whalers and the natives.

To the southward of Mapoota there exists a tribe of warlike Kaffers, called Zoolos, but by the Portuguese Vatwas, being the same as the ancient term Batwa, or Butwah; the people of Delagoa call them Hollontontes, doubtless a corruption from Hottentots, as they come from the south, which is considered their country; this name they must have become acquainted with when the Dutch first settled on English River, about a hundred and twenty years back. This tribe does not appear to have long possessed power dangerous to their neighbours, but some years since subjugated Mapoota, whose king was their tributary.

In one of the struggles of contending chiefs for despotism the present King Chaka expelled his uncle, Loon Kundava, and upwards of 5,000 of his adherents; these, passing through Mapoota, Temby, and Mattoll, laid the whole country waste, and even threatened to destroy the Portuguese factory; whilst, strange to say, the commandant and soldiers of the said factory actually carried on traffic

with them, through native traders, for their spoil both of cattle and slaves: the extraordinary part of this is, that the Portuguese claim the whole of this country, and yet trade with its enemies for the plunder they take in it. Amongst the articles bartered by these Zoolos were many of the native implements of agriculture: and we learnt that they manufactured these and many other articles themselves, and that the iron implements of husbandry, used even by the Portuguese, were made by independent native tribes.

King Chaka, in pursuit of his rebel subjects, did not allow them to rest long anywhere; but, whether the neighbouring countries were entered by Loon Kundava and rebels as they fled, or by Chaka in pursuit of them, the miserable natives were equally sufferers, as they left nothing but desolation and famine in their rear.

We fitted our boats for exploring the rivers, which we were informed extended several hundred miles into the interior: and, having prepared four, the Troughton, George, Hardy, and Hurd, they were put under the command of Lieutenant Vidal, and provisioned for ten days, at the expiration of which time they were ordered to return, intending, if any of these rivers were found to have so long a course as stated, to navigate them in the Cockburn tender. The report of their great navigable extent was confirmed both by the Portuguese garrison and the whalers, some of them declaring they had ascended thirty miles, and knew others who had been a hundred, and found them wide and deep the whole distance.

A black interpreter, who spoke Portuguese, of which Lieutenant Vidal also had some knowledge, was hired from the factory, and, supposing the pretensions of sovereignty set up by the Portuguese to be valid, the captain applied to the commandant to give him some people to protect our boats against any attack from the natives. The commandant, however, acquainted us that he had no authority whatever over them, and that, so far from giving assistance to us, he was himself in hourly expectation of an attack from the Vatwas, when he should hope for *our* aid. As this explanation settled the affair at once, Captain Owen never considered it necessary to consult them afterwards upon any of his movements or operations.

We were not aware that our Kaffers were of the same people (although a different tribe) as the Hollontontes, and therefore did not send any of them with our boats, nor indeed had we yet sufficient confidence in them; two, however, Jackot and Fire, had by their conduct much gained upon the estimation of all.

Jackot had been a Chief "famed for deeds of arms." Fire had rendered himself a universal favourite with the sailors, and took his part in all their duties and amusements. He afforded much diversion by his close imitation of their gestures and manners, as well as by a natural wit and archness; both men amused us at times by their war exercises, and showed a thorough contempt for the Portuguese and all the natives of Delagoa.

Jackot, when one day on shore, persuaded a native, in the presence of a large party, to try his assagaye at a small tree, which he did from about forty yards, and missed; upon which Jackot took it up, and going about twenty yards further off, first poised, and then, giving it a tremulous motion in his hand, threw the spear with such force and dexterity that it entered the centre of the tree so deep as to be with difficulty extracted. The natives were all astonished, but Jackot walked off without altering a muscle of his features, apparently conscious of his superiority over them.

While our boats were hauled on shore to fit and equip for the exploration of the rivers, it was necessary to guard against the thievish propensities of the natives. We therefore placed sentinels over them, when not at work; but having so many men absent we occasionally employed our Kaffers on this duty. Fire was so delighted with this mark of confidence, that he could hardly be persuaded to be relieved; and he and Jackot actually slept under the boat, whilst hauled up on the beach, and would never quit their post without the intervention of absolute authority. One night a native approached with caution, no doubt intending to steal some of the iron or copper which was in use for her equipment. Fire levelled his musket and fired just over his head. The report brought our officers and people to the spot, who saw the rogue making his escape, when Fire boasted that he would

not kill the fellow, considering him as too contemptible. This is a purely native trait, and sufficiently indicates the manly character of these people.

Our boats quitted the ship on the 3rd, and proceeded on the service before-mentioned. The following account of their operations is extracted from the journals of Messrs. Rozier, midshipman, and Forbes, botanist.

After quitting the Leven on the afternoon of the 3rd of October, the remainder of the day was employed in examining English River, as far up as where those of Temby and Mattoll discharged themselves into it, about five miles above the fort. On either side, as they proceeded, they found the shores rise gradually from an extensive muddy flat and low land to a high boundary, covered with large bushes, and, in some parts, a full-grown tree towering above them.

A great variety of birds, feeding on worms and shell-fish, were seen on the mud-flat, the shore of which was covered with mangrove trees, even far below the high-water mark. The water was salt and discoloured by mud, although its depth was sufficient, in most parts, for ships of the largest size.

In the evening they arrived at Refuge Island, at the entrance of Dundas River, where they hauled their boats up and encamped for the night, taking care to place a watch, consisting of one third of the party, armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, a precaution which they never neglected, being an important part of their orders from Captain Owen.

On the 4th, after an early breakfast, they quitted the island and commenced an examination of the river Mattoll. As they proceeded, the shores began to assume a more pleasing appearance; mangroves were succeeded by forest-trees, and swamps and stagnant pools by extensive meadows.

Several of the natives were seen passing in their boats from one side of the river to the other; they did not differ from those near the fort in costume and manners, but were exceedingly surprised at seeing white men. In the afternoon the boats had ascended as high up the river as they could, being then about eight miles above its junction with English River, and the breadth was diminished from 960

feet, to less than eighty, and its depth from about sixteen to eight. The interpreter, who, from his long residence at Delagoa, spoke the language of the natives fluently, had likewise acquired a tolerably good knowledge of the country, which during the expedition, rendered him doubly useful. By his statement, the Mattoll has its rise in an extensive salt-marsh, at a very short distance above the spot where the party left off the exploration. The only growth from industry they observed on the banks was a few pumpkins, but they were informed that a short distance in-land there were extensive plantations of maize.

They returned about five miles before the evening closed upon them, when they landed and encamped for the night. On the morning of the 5th they resumed their passage down the river.

Several hippopotami were observed in the river, at one of which the party fired, and had reason to believe with effect, for the animal plunged as if in pain, and appeared inclined to attack the boat, which is a very rare occurrence, as it is naturally of a timid nature. Towards noon they reached the mouth, and shortly afterwards commenced their survey of the Temby.

The entrance to this river is broader and deeper than that of the Mattoll, and is skirted on both sides by mangrove trees and putrid swamps, excepting when a green meadow now and then intervenes and affords some slight relief to a country rendered more dreary and disagreeable by a consideration of its deadly climate.

On the 6th after breakfast the tents were struck, and they continued their exploration. The country began to assume a more pleasing aspect; swamps and mangroves were becoming scarce, and although the banks still continued low, yet the land behind, instead of the uniform flatness that distinguished it before, rose with a gradual ascent, occasionally studded with clumps of forest trees.

During the time allowed for dinner on this day several of the party landed and had some intercourse with the Temby people, from whom they purchased six fowls for a Lascar knife, which cost in London two-pence. The natives likewise disposed of their assagayes, taking useless trinkets in return. It might be supposed that savages in a state of war-

fare would sacrifice their love of finery to their fear of danger, and not, for the sake of a few trifling baubles, part with the only means they had of securing even those in their possession. The boats were made fast to the shore, under the agreeable shade of the wide-spreading trees which lined the banks above; but such was the intense heat of the weather, that even there the thermometer stood at 85 degrees.

As they continued their route the next day, they observed the river sensibly decreasing in breadth. The banks on each side were frequently covered with natives, who, although the interpreter said they belonged to Temby, were supposed to be of a different tribe to those known before under that name. One of the boats conveyed a party of women across the river, who fearful of the Hollontontes, had deserted their huts, and were scattered about in the vicinity of the stream; but as their husbands kept at a distance and would not follow, they were necessitated, though with great reluctance to return. In the course of the forenoon the party landed for a supply of fresh water, an article they had generally found some difficulty in obtaining, when a number of the natives collected on the banks and procured it for them. These people were the first they had met with who appeared to have any idea of traffic, having brought with them several hippopotamus' teeth, and one small elephant's tusk, requiring in exchange blue cotton stuffs for covering their heads and loins. By their information, it appeared that the river in that part was known among them by the name of Mahong, from a chief who had lately died and was succeeded by his son Chamborel.

In the afternoon a young hippopotamus was perceived from one of the boats floundering about on the broad mud flat that skirted the right shore; they pulled for the place and succeeded in taking him before he reached the water. In size and appearance he resembled a large fat hog, with a young bull's head; his legs were clumsy and out of all proportion, and his skin hairless but very tough. He was perfectly harmless, and soon became docile, acknowledging at times the attention he received by the performance of sundry awkward gestures peculiar to himself,

and by sucking whatever he could get into his mouth.

In the evening the tents were pitched for the night, the boats being, as the interpreter informed them, higher up by a day's journey than he had ever known the Portuguese to ascend. Mr. Rozier and some more of the officers visited a small village in the vicinity of the encampment. The huts resembled those near the fort, but had a construction outside like an oven, neatly made of clay, and capable of boiling three or four pots at the same time. Round these the inhabitants were sitting and preparing their evening repast, consisting principally of vegetables. They appeared to be a cleanly people, and no doubt were once acquainted with the English, as they evinced by their reiterated requests of "Gi me button."

As the party continued their course on the following morning, the channel of the river became gradually more contracted, and about eleven they arrived at a place where it branched off into two inconsiderable streams. They proceeded up the left or southern branch, which was about eighty feet broad, but had not advanced far when they were stopped by a barrier of trees that had fallen from the lofty banks on either side and rendered the farther passage of the boats impossible. This completed the survey of the River Temby, or Mahong, of which, although not more than forty-six miles in extent, including its sinuosities, a knowledge is desirable on account of the facility which it affords for a commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of the interior.

After Lieutenant Vidal had obtained his observations at noon, the boats commenced descending the small arm of the river for the purpose of examining that before-mentioned as branching off to the right, or to the northward.

Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending this stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws, seized and tore several planks from her side. The creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the

attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack; and had he got his upper-jaw above the gunwale the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath previously to the attack was so violent that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Tambs, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him. The boat was hauled upon a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced. The tents were pitched, and those of the party that were not employed as carpenters amused themselves, the officers in shooting, and the men in strolling about the deserted country around them, being first ordered not to proceed out of hearing.

The next day was employed in completing the repairs of the damaged boat; the morning was fine, and as all hopes were given up of being able to prosecute the survey, Captain Lechmere and the Botanist took an early breakfast, and walked into the neighboring woods to see what game or botanical specimens they could procure. On arriving at the side of a creek they unexpectedly came upon a hippopotamus of the largest size sleeping on the mud. As they had only small shot they could not hope to gain a victory over him, and therefore hurried back to the encampment from which they were at but a short distance. A formidable phalanx of hunters was immediately formed, who, with firelocks in hand, proceeded to the creek, but the animal was gone, and the party only served to frighten the numerous large baboons that were playing their antics on the tops of the surrounding trees.

The young hippopotamus that was caught on the 7th began to decline for want of milk, or proper nourishment, and was therefore killed for the larder; his flesh was perfectly white, very tender, and in flavour resembling veal; the hide on his back was thick and tough but much more delicate under his belly. In the vicinity of the encampment many

agates were picked up, not veined, but otherwise of a superior quality; these were found mixed with ordinary stones on the banks of the river, as if washed down from the mountains.

A short time before dinner, a party of the natives of Temby were observed approaching the tents with baskets in their hands containing fowls, which they had brought to barter for tobacco and trinkets.

The following description of their young chief Chinchingany will suffice, with a few exceptions, for that of the whole tribe.

Round his head, just above the eyes, was a band of fur, somewhat resembling in size and colour a fox's tail, neatly trimmed and smoothed; underneath this his black woolly hair was hidden; but above it grew to its usual length, until at the top, where a circular space was shaved in the manner of the monks and Zoolos; round this circle was a thick ring of twisted hide, fixed in its position by the curling over of the surrounding hair, which was altogether sufficiently thick to resist a considerable blow. On one side of his head was a single feather of some large bird, as an emblem of his rank, and just above his eye-brows a string of small white beads, and another across the nose; close under his chin he wore a quantity of long coarse hair, like the venerable beard of a patriarch hanging down on his breast; his ears had large slits in their lower lobes, and were made to fall three or four inches, but without any ornaments; these holes in the ears are often used to carry articles of value. Each arm was encircled by a quantity of hair like that tied on his chin, the ends reaching below his elbows. Round his body were tied two strings, with twisted stripes of hide, with the hair on them, much resembling monkey's tails; the upper row was fastened close under his arms, and hung down about twelve inches, the end of each tail being cut with much precision and regularity; the lower row resembling the upper, and commenced exactly where the latter terminated, until they reached the knees. It bore altogether a great resemblance to the Scotch kilt. On his ankles and wrists he had brass rings or bangles. His shield was of bullock's hide, about five feet long and three-and-a-half broad; down the

middle was fixed a long stick, tufted with hair, by means of holes cut for the purpose, and projecting above and below beyond the shield about five inches. To this stick were attached his assagayes and spears; the only difference in these weapons is that the former is narrow in the blade and small for throwing, the latter broad and long, with a stronger staff for the thrust.

The chief differed from his people only in the mock beard and feather, which they are not permitted to wear. In concluding the description of Chinchingany's costume it is necessary to observe that this is entirely military, and used only when upon warlike expeditions; at other times the Hollontontes are dressed as the Kaffers, with nothing but a small leathern or skin purse, not two inches in length, used as by the Delagoa tribes, or as their modesty dictates; the appearing without which among some of the Kaffer tribes is considered such an outrage upon decency, that the person witnessing it is justified in putting the offender to death.

They appeared to have a better idea of the value of arms in troubled times than the Temby people, for, on being pressed to part with theirs for trinkets, they pertinently silenced the proposer by requesting the interpreter to ask if "when a white man was in an enemy's country he ever sold his arms?"

They remained at our tents for some time, and examined every thing with much curiosity, during which one of the party, Mr. Hood, commenced taking a sketch of the chief: before, however, it was finished, Chinchingany happened to discover what he was about, and instantly rose with much indignation in his manner, and without any notice quickly retired, followed by his people, some of whom, nevertheless, promised shortly to return with a bullock for barter.

Wild fowl were very plentiful, and Capt. Lechmere, who was a keen sportsman, seldom failed in procuring some for the day's meal, but he never succeeded in shooting a buck, although the country abounded with them. Mr. Rozier was, however, more fortunate, for, walking out early in the morning, he suddenly came upon one fast asleep, and with a blow of his musket killed it on the spot. Night

was closing in, the promised bullock did not arrive, and, as some natives were lurking about the tents, they were driven away, large fires lighted, the arms of the party examined, and at eight the watch set, consisting of seven men, commanded by two midshipmen. These took their stations and commenced walking their rounds, adding fuel at times to the blazing fires under their charge, while the remainder of the party retired to their tents, and were soon lost in sleep. The thick clouds that overcast the heavens rendered the night dark and gloomy; all was hushed in the deepest tranquility, when, a few minutes before midnight, the attention of one of the sentries, who was placed in the advance, was attracted by a white object, that appeared as if rising and slowly moving towards him from the long grass and bushes; he instantly gave the alarm, and at the same moment received two assagayes in the thigh, and, as he retreated, was pierced by another in the back, which, being barbed, remained in the flesh.

Lieutenant Vidal had been occupied in observing the stars, and was in the act of replacing his instruments to return when the sentry's cry reached his ears; he started up, and at the instant a band of Hollontontes, with their shields and spears, rushed towards the tents, uttering the most hideous yells. The appalling idea that the people would be massacred in their sleep flashed across his mind, and he rushed to the encampment with his utmost speed, crying loudly, "To arms! to arms!"

It was enough; the alarm was echoed, the rise instantaneous, and the murdering band were received at the entrance of the tents with volleys of balls and bayonet points.

The constant flash and roar of the muskets, with the horrid yells of the assailants, breaking upon the still dark gloom, produced a terrific scene; an occasional groan however, as a ball found its fleshy bed, and the falling of some, soon intimidated the barbarians, and, after a short but desperate struggle, the cries of war and defiance were changed into shrieks of terror and dismay, followed by a precipitous retreat, not, however, forgetting their wounded, whom they carried off. It would not have been prudent to

pursue them, as their number was not known, or what succour they had at hand; but the firing was kept up through the bushes as long as they could be seen or heard.

Their numbers were apparently between two and three hundred, headed by Chinchigany, whose spear and shield, (since presented to Lord Melville,) were found next morning at a short distance from the encampment, in the direction they had retreated. It was supposed that Captain Lechmere had killed this chief, as he fired his gun loaded with small shot directly in his face, which passed through the shield of hide that he held up as a protection.

So certain, it appears, were these savages of meeting with no opposition, that but few of their assagayes were brought into the field, as they considered their spears sufficient to kill sleeping men.

In the morning, on examining the ground around the encampment, some shields, several spears, and a few assagayes were found, no doubt belonging to the wounded; yet no trace of blood was discovered, although we heard afterwards through the Temby people, that the musketry did much execution, and that several were killed.

Two parties, well armed, were sent in search of water, which they ultimately succeeded in finding. In their way, they passed through some lands planted with maize, onions, and rice, and found a human skull, with marks of fire upon it. This led to the idea that the Hollontontes were cannibals; but, on enquiry, even their greatest enemies acquitted them of the suspicion.

On their way down the river, the morning after the attack, they saw large bodies of the Hollontontes on the left bank, marching in good military order: they had crossed the river, and were about penetrating the country on that side for the purpose of plunder.

Their appearance was warlike, and had a striking effect as the extensive line moved through the various windings of the path. The grass being wet, they were observing taking particular care to keep their shields above it, as the damp would render them unserviceable; the spear attached to them being thus ele-

vated, were often seen glittering in the sun above the brow of the hill.

Without meeting any farther adventure worthy of notice, the party returned to their respective ships on the 12th.

(Owen.)

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz angrily, which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova; "don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz; "last evening I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos, "here is a small figure in the corner of my canvass, and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures sometimes on my canvass, sometimes on the walls. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Isturitz," said Ferdinand. "Gentlemen," replied Isturitz, "I protest——" "You need not protest," replied Carlos, "we all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Isturitz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours; one would think you had done it in jest."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. "Truly strange things go on here at night."

"Do you not think, like the negro Gomez, that it is the Zombi who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Isturitz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in

different parts of the studio, "If the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in my Descent from the Cross."

With these words, Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, as he gazed in mute surprise on his canvass, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin, but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly. "Speak, tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicacy! what skill! Mendez, my dear pupil was it you?"

"No, senor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same reply as Mendez. "It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo impatiently.

"I think sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, senor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting every thing in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels; but when we return in the morning, not only

is every thing in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches (beautiful sketches to be sure they are), sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, senor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy with timidity.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

"Speak, then: who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trousers without replying.

"Ah! you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No, one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you, master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who sketched this head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night, in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes from the lash. You hear—I have said it; now go and grind the colours; and you gentlemen, to work."

From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared, the pupils made ample amends for this restraint; and as the unknown painter occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to the subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch well for the culprit; but give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez; you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you that it is the Zombi.

"Are these negroes fools or asses with their Zombi?" said Gonzalo laughing; "pray what is a Zombi?"

"Oh, an imaginary being of course. But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian, with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has stretched the left arm of your St. John to such a length, that, if the right resembles it, he will be able to untie his shoe-strings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Is-turitz, as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point."

"Oh, they say that negroes have the face of an ape and the tongue of a parrot," rejoined Gonzalo, in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, "that the parrot repeats by rote, while Sebastian has judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot by chance," retorted Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that, from grinding the colours, he may one day astonish us by showing he knows one from another."

"To know one colour from another, and to know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils; and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eye so correct, that many of them did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting their paintings. Although they sometimes amused themselves by teasing the little mulatto, he was a favourite with them all; and this evening, on quitting the studio, each, giving him a pat on the shoulder, counselled him to keep a strict watch, and catch the Zombi for fear of the lash.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which during the day was so

cheerful and animated—was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonised with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leant against an easel. Immoveable and still, he was so deeply absorbed in his meditations, that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome negro.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he, in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"There is no need, father; I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come."

"I do not fear him," replied the boy, with a pensive smile.

"He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad!—how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered; "God! I pray constantly to him, my father, (and He will one day listen to me,) that we may be no longer slaves. But go to bed, father, go, go, and I shall go to mine in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good night, father, good night."

"Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"My father, that is a superstition of our country. Father Eugenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth."

"Why, then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning, did you say it was the Zombi?"

"To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all."

"Then, good night, my son;" and, having kissed the boy, the negro retired.

The moment Sebastian found himself alone he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then suddenly checking himself, he said, "Twenty-five lashes to-morrow if I do

not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock; any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master—slave. Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced," and, seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! No; I will die first. Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no, rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. "Another touch," he exclaimed; "a soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes, there! it opens those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead!—what delicacy. Oh, my beautiful —" and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld the whole pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him!

Sebastian never once dreamt of justifying himself, and, with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he so justly

merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo having with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and, concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virgin to the terrified slave, who stood like a statue before him,

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing-master," said Murillo.

"You, senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen; you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word reward gave him a little courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

"A reward, senor," cried the pupils in a breath.

"That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo, "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move, "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared——" and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half-opened lips of the boy and his

sparkling eyes some devouring thought within, which timidity prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favour for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian."

"Ask rich dresses, Sebastian."

"Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile passed over the countenance of the slave at the last words, but he hung down his head, and remained silent.

"Ask for the best place in the studio," said Gonzalo, who from being the last come pupil, had the worst light for his easel.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo, gaily.

"The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand, half aloud, "I would risk something—ask your *freedom*, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and, raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "The freedom of my father!—the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, but as my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.—*From the French.*

LONDON DAIRIES.

The name of new milk has something very pleasant about it, but it is an article which rarely makes its appearance at the breakfast or tea table of the citizen.

That which is got from the cow at night, is put by until the morning, and the cream skimmed off, and then a little water being added, it is sold to the public as the morning's milk. The real morning's milk is also put by and skimmed. and, being warmed a little, is sold as the evening's milk. This is the practice of most, or all of the little dairymen, who keep their half-a-dozen cows; and if this were all, and with these people it is nearly all, the public must not complain: the milk may be lowered by the warm water, but the lowering system is not carried on to any great extent, for there is a pride among them, that their milk shall be better than that of the merchants on a yet smaller scale, who purchase the article from the great dairies; and so it generally is. The milk goes from the yard of the great dairy into the possession of the itinerant dealers perfectly pure; what is done with it afterwards, and to what degree it is lowered and sophisticated, is known only to these retail merchants.

The number of cows kept for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants of the metropolis and its environs with milk is about 12,000. They are, with very few exceptions, of the short-horn breed—the Holderness or Yorkshire cow, and almost invariably with a cross of the improved Durham blood.

The present market price of a good dairy cow is about 20*l.*, but the owners of the small dairies have no little trouble to get a good cow. The jobbers know that they will have a ready market for a considerable portion of their lot in the yards of the great cow proprietors, and will probably get a larger price than the poorer man would give; and, therefore, Messrs. Rhodes, or Laycock, or one or two others, have always the first selection. Mr. Laycock has peculiar advantages for obtaining good cattle. In addition to his dairy, he has sheds that will contain five or six thousand beasts. A great proportion of them halt on his premises for a day or two before they are brought into market. In addition to the shilling a night which he charges for their standing, he claims the milk of the cows as his perquisite. The cows are milked by his people; he therefore knows beforehand the quantity of milk which each will yield, and he is thus enabled to cull the very

best of the herd. The dairymen do not like a cow until she has had her third or fourth calf, and is five or six years old; she then yields the greatest quantity of milk, and of the best quality. Two gallons of milk per day is the quantity which each cow is expected to yield, in order to be retained in the dairy. Taking one cow with another, the average quantity obtained is rather more than nine quarts.

Rhodes's dairy has been established more than thirty years, but some of the same family or name have lived in that neighborhood nearly a century. The surface on which the buildings are placed is a gentle slope of two or three acres, facing the east. The sheds run in the direction of the slope, as well for the drainage of the gutters, as for the supply of water for drinking, which will thus run from trough to trough the whole length of the shed. The sheds are twenty-four feet wide; the side-walls being about eight feet high, with rising shutters for ventilation, and panes of glass let into iron frames for light. The floor is nearly flat, with a gutter along the centre, and a row of stalls, each seven and a half feet wide, along the sides, and adapted for two cows, which are attached by chains to a ring that runs upon an upright rod in the corner of the stalls. A trough or manger, of the ordinary size of those used for horses, is placed at the top of the stall. Four of these sheds are placed parallel, and close to each other, and in the party-walls are openings a foot wide, and four feet high, opposite to each cow. The bottom of these openings is about nine inches higher than the upper surface of the troughs, and contains a one-foot square cast iron cistern, which contains the water for drinking; each cistern serves for two cows, that are placed opposite to each other, but in different sheds: all these cisterns are supplied from one large tank. These cisterns have a wooden cover, which is put on while the cows are eating their grains, to prevent their drinking at that time, and tainting the water by dropping any of the grains into it. At the upper end, and at one corner of this quadruple range of sheds, is the dairy, consisting of three rooms, each about twelve feet square; the outer, or measuring room—the middle, or scalding room, with a fire-place

and a boiler—and the inner, or milk and butter room.

At the lower end of the range is a square yard surrounded by sheds, some for fattening the cows when they have ceased to give milk, and the others for store and breeding pigs. The pigs are kept to consume the casual stock of skim-milk which remains on hand, owing to the fluctuations of demand. The milk is kept in a well, walled with brick laid in cement, about six feet in diameter, and twelve feet deep. The milk soon becomes sour there, but is then most nourishing to the hogs.

The principal food of the cows in both of these, and in all the dairies of the metropolis, is grains; and as the brewing seasons are chiefly in autumn and spring, a stock of grains is generally laid in at those seasons for the rest of the year. The grains are laid up in pits, lined with brick-work set in cement, from ten to twenty feet deep, and of any convenient size. They are firmly trodden down, and covered with a layer of moist earth, eight or nine inches thick, to keep out the rain and frost in winter, and the heat in summer. A cow consumes about a bushel of these grains daily, the cost of which is from fourpence to fivepence, exclusive of carriage or preservation. The grains are, if possible, thrown into the pit while warm and in a state of fermentation, and they soon turn sour, but they are not liked the worse by the cattle on that account; and the air being perfectly excluded, the fermentation cannot run on to putrefaction. The dairymen say, that the slow and slight degree of fermentation which goes on tends to the greater development of the saccharine and nutritive principle, and they will have as large a stock upon hand as they can afford, and not open the pits until they are compelled. It is not uncommon for two years to pass before a pit of grains is touched; and it is said that some have lain nine years, and been perfectly good at the expiration of that period. The dairyman, however, must know his brewer, and be able to depend on him. The grains from a large ale brewery are the most nourishing. Those from the porter brewery are not so good; and those from the little brewers, who first draw off their ale, and afterwards extract

every particle of nutriment in the formation of table beer, are scarcely worth having.

The quantity of milk yielded by all these cows, at nine quarts per day, amounts to 39,420,000 quarts, or twenty-seven quarts of genuine milk for each individual. The retail dealers usually sell the milk for four-pence per quart, after the cream is separated from it, and then obtain three shillings per quart for the cream; beside this, a great deal of water is mixed with this skimmed milk, so that we far underrate the price when we calculate that the genuine milk sells at six-pence per quart, which makes the money expended in milk in the British metropolis amount to 985,500*l.*, or nearly a million pounds per annum.

If we again divide the 985,500 pounds by 12,000, (the number of cows,) we shall have the strange and almost incredible sum of more than 82*l.* as the money produced by the milk of each cow. This is divided among a variety of persons, and, after all, affords but a scanty subsistence to many of them; but it unequivocally proves the rascality that pervades some of the departments of the concern.

Youatt.

SHETLAND PONIES.—The Shetland Pony, called in Scotland *Sheltie*, an inhabitant of the extremest northern Scottish isles, is a very diminutive animal, sometimes not seven hands and a half in height, and rarely exceeding nine and a half. He is often exceedingly beautiful, with a small head, good-tempered countenance, a short neck, fine towards the throttle, shoulders low and thick, (in so little a creature far from being a blemish,) back short, quarters expanded and powerful, legs flat and fine, and pretty round feet. They possess immense strength for their size, will fatten upon anything; and are perfectly docile. One of them, nine hands or three feet in height, carried a man of twelve stone, forty miles in one day.

A friend of ours was, not long ago, presented with one of these elegant little animals. He was several miles from home, and puzzled how to convey his newly-acquired property. The Shetland *r* was scarcely more than seven hands high, and as docile as he was beautiful. "Can we not carry him in your chaise?" said his friend. The strange experiment was tried. The *Sheltie* was placed in the bottom of the gig, and covered up as well as could be managed with the apron; a few bits of bread kept him quiet; and thus he was safely conveyed away, and exhibited the curious spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.—*Youatt.*

VERY DEAD.—A gentleman passing Milford churchyard, observing the sexton digging a grave, addressed him with, "Well, how goes trade in your line, friend?" "Very dead, sir!" was the reply.

THE WREATH.

Weave a wreath of varied hues,
Here are garlands twining,
For the gay the brightest choose,
And drooping for the pining.
"London-pride" for west-end beaux,
Or belles as fancy ranges;
"Heart's-ease" too, in plenty grows,
To meet dame Fortune's changes.

With the heiress, "Mary-gold"
For men who wish to marry;
"Bachelor's-buttons" now unfold,
For those who ever tarry.
"Love-lies bleeding" for the flirt,
Its lowly bloom discloses;
Maidens, pray your frowns avert,
Prudes shall wear "Prim-roses."

In this wreath, for city men,
The "Stock" its blossom raises;
"Pinks" for would-be dandies, then
The simple lack-a-daisies;
Deep "Blue-bells" for belles who read,
"Jon-quills" for the scribblers;
"Laurel" crowns the victor's meed,
And "Vi-o-lets" for fiddlers.

"Passion-flowers" for lovers' vows,
When they dare confess them;
"Roses" bright for beauties' brows,
My prayer is, Heaven bless them.
Lady, may thy pathway be,
Through life, with flowers blended,
"Forget-me-not," I ask of thee—
With this my wreath is ended.

THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,

In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow,
Come away!

Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glowing stream,
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;

Faint winds whisper, as they pass,
Come away!

Where the bee's deep music swells,
From the trembling fox-glove bells—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose,
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp, by night,

Sheds a ray,
Dreary, starry, greenly bright,—
Come away!

Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild wood-strawberries,
Come away!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
I say 'tis first in the scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in arts, or song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the brave,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave;
And that flag may sink with a shot torn wreck,
But never float over a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
And this is the flag of an Englishman.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow
The wrong'd and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe,
As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love,
The passions of faith and pride,
And yearns with the fondness of a dove
To the light of its own fireside.
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
And this is the heart of an Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,
And boldly claim his right;
For he calls such a vast domain his own
That the sun never sets on his might;
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth;
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells his native earth.
For a glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words "I'm an Englishman."

Eliza Cook.

ODD EPITAPH ON A MR. PECK.

Here lies a *Peck*, which some men say
Was first of all a *Peck* of clay;
This, wrought with skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious *Peck* of flesh.
Through various forms its maker ran,
Then adding breath, made *Peck* a man.
Full fifty years *Peck* felt life's bubbles,
Till death relieved a *Peck* of troubles;
Then fell poor *Peck*, as all things must,
And here he lies, a *Peck* of dust.

NEGRO SHREWDNESS.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why, me talk to him massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why, me ask what news at sea?—that's all massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know, he no been dere dese three weeks!"

A GOOD WISH.—An eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer; "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ay!" rejoined the banker; "I shall be glad if he keep his feet."

BACHELORS' PRIVILEGES.—These gentlemen accept all the pleasures of Society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', stay-makers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights; for them, *La Belle Mere* is destitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse*. They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and invest money in the funds.—*Quarterly Review*.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—"When I set up a carriage," said the late Dr. Paley, "it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms—none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these must be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards, that we found out that the tankard was bought at a sale!"

NOT LIVING.—A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I don't live now," replied the girl; "I am married."

IRISH WAITERS.—The word "waiter," in England, suggests a well-dressed, well-behaved, orderly man, with a napkin under his arm, and a bill, either of fare or for payment, in his hand. He is a person of importance, because he ministers to our comforts, and is neither active nor civil beyond the activity and civility he is in duty bound to exhibit to each guest, according to the said guest's station, which he imagines—or rather (for an English waiter does not indulge in imagination) which he *knows* he can ascertain at once. His bow is consequently very low to a coach-and-four, while he merely inclines his head to the commercial traveller. He is obsequious to the drinkers of champagne and claret, but hardly nods to the order of a pint of sherry. In Ireland, waiters are altogether a different set of beings—lively and erratic, shrewd and observing; anxious, according to human nature, to get the most they can, and yet, in accordance with Irish nature, willing to give all they can in exchange. An Irishman may be a knave, but he is seldom a miser—he has nothing but time and attention to give, and he gladly bestows both.

The Irish waiter, except at first-rate hotels, is never well dressed, and is always too familiar to be considered "well-behaved." An Irish waiter does many things which an English waiter never thinks of; but his grand occupation is finding out the business of his master's customers.

He is both lazy and active—lazy at his work, and active at his amusements: he will cheat you in a bar gain, but he will not rob you; he is almost invariably good-humoured, and as cunning as a fox; from the moment you enter his master's house, he considers you somewhat in the light of his own property; he turns over your luggage until he has discovered your name, and ten chances to one but he manages, before you have been half an hour in the house, to find out, in the most ingenious manner, whence you came, whither you are going, and what you are going about. He is free, yet respectful; "familiar, but by no means vulgar."

A waiter who amused us much, was an active, lissom, little man, who endeavoured to persuade us that every thing in the house was the best that could be obtained in "all Ireland." The inn was a wayside one in Kerry, where we were detained two days by illness and bad weather.

"Well, is there any chance of the weather changing?"

"I'm sorry it's not pleasing to you, ma'am, but we've the best weather in all Ireland."

"These eggs are done too much." "The finest eggs in all Ireland, ma'am, but I'll make an alteration in them." "Is your mutton good?" "The best in all Ireland." "And your cook?" "The best in all Ireland." The mutton, however, was so very underdone, that we pointed it out to our good-natured waiter. "Yes, sir,—I see, ma'am; the mutton in these parts, as I told yer honours, is the best in all Ireland; and so juicy, that it's the natur of it—that's it—it's the juiciness of the mutton makes it so. I give ye my honour it's *that*—ye understand—the quality of the meat, nothing else—the goodness of it: *but maybe ye'd like the cook to take some of that out of it—I see—she'll do so in five minutes—the finest cook in all Ireland;*" and he bore off the mutton as triumphantly as if we had chimed in with his praise. It returned to us after the cutlet fashion. He exclaimed, while laying the dish on the table, with the invariable flourish, "I told yer honours—the finest cook in all Ireland—two ways, ay, tin ways, with the same thing—it goes down one thing, and comes up another. Ay, faith, the lady would never forget it if she saw her toss a pancake; she'll send it up the chimney out of sight, and down it'll come finished—all but the aiting."

Irish waiters used to be proverbial for their fondness for whisky, but that has been banished by the Temperance Societies. We remember one—but in his extreme old age—Tom Lavery, at a half public-house, half hotel, frequented in the days of our fathers and grandfathers by gentlemen who thought it necessary to make their wills before they started for Dublin, for in those days they travelled on horseback. Tom never considered it necessary to offer an apology for being tipsy after dinner. "I am every thing a gentleman can desire," he would exclaim, when staggering about; "no one can say, Tom Lavery, you take your 'mornin'—Tom wants no mornin'—Tom scorns to touch spirits until any gentleman may take his glass—Tom Lavery is as sober as e'er a judge in the land—ought to be." Tom was a regular "afadavid" man to his employer: whatever he would say, Tom would depose to, professing himself ready to make oath that the "post chay" in their yard would go as aisy on three wheels as on four, and that there wer'n't such *illegant* cattle for bloed and bone in the country—whin their blood was up, and they *warmed on the road*. Very often, he would don a jacket and jackboots, twist a wisp of hay into a saddle, and act post-boy.

A TIPPERARY SHEEP STEALER.—Not many years ago, there was in the county of Tipperary a sheep stealer as notorious as Borrowsky himself. It is easy enough to carry off, once you catch it, a sheep in Erris, for, let it be ever so fat, it is not much larger than a hare; but a wether fed on the rich plains of the most fertile of all Irish counties is not so easily carried away, body and bones. But our Munster plunderer was a huge fellow, with all the bone and muscle of a Tipperary man, fed up to all his capability and vigour on the stolen mutton. He therefore could, and often did, carry off from the midst of a flock a wether of twenty-eight pounds the quarter, and bring it home for the feasting of himself and his family. His practice was to tie the sheep by the feet, put his head between the hind legs, and thus, with the sheep still alive, dangling head downwards at his back, home trudged in the dark night, Terry Ryan; and so he thinned many flocks, and none but himself and family were the wiser. In this way he had on a dark night got into Squire ——'s deer park, and seized a noble mutton, and tied and slung it over his head. Thus he came to the park wall, which was about eight feet high, and still, weighted as he was, ventured to climb, as often he had done before. And now he is on the top of the wall, and pondering how he may best descend, when the sheep made a sudden struggle, his footing gives way, down he goes, but, as he goes, the sheep falls inside, he outside. The rope is a good one that keeps sheep and thief together; neither can touch the bottom—both struggle—the rope presses the fellow's windpipe—the sheep kicks, and so does Terry, but it is soon over with him. Next morning the herd found Terry dead as mutton, but the wether, though a little apoplectic, still a sheep and no mutton; and so proved itself the Jack Ketch of a thief, and the avenger of its race.—*Otway's Sketches in Erris.*

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying physicians in England for the time that their patients were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians; I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

IN RUSSIA, a man goes to his minister to inform him of the death of his wife. "What will you give me for burying her?" asks the priest. "I am poor," he replies. "Well, give me your cow." No, a cow is too valuable; I have a goose; you shall have that." "That is too little; I will not bury your wife for a goose; pay me thirty rubles." "I will give you twenty." "No, that will not do; I will take twenty and a shirt." And so the bargain is concluded; but cordiality is at an end.—*Elliot.*

HARD TIMES.—The young ladies down east complain that the gentlemen are so poor there, that they can't even pay their addresses.

PRACTICAL RETORT.—In the theatre at Weimar, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house. The pit took offence at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically: whereupon, the manager brought his company on the stage, and out-hissed the visitors.

OLD BAILEY WIT.—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. The judge said to the witness who had seized the prisoner, "What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"My Lord, he said that he took the boots in joke." Judge—"How far did he carry the joke?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship."

BAD PAYMENT.—A man has started a paper, in the State of Maine, to be issued "occasionally;" which is a great deal oftener, the editor says, than he shall be able to get his pay for it.

VALUE OF AN OATH.—A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian." "Will you wager?" "No, I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

CHANGE OF THE TIMES.—An old farmer, who lives at Burghelere, under the North Hampshire Hills, observed to me last year, when we were talking about the corruption and degeneracy of the times, that it was the fine words and the flattery of men to the farmers' wives, that had done all the mischief; "for," said he, "when 'twas *dame* and *porridge*, 'twas real good times; when 'twas *mistress* and *broth*, 'twas worse a great deal; but when it came to be *madam* and *soup*, 'twas very bad." *Cobbett.*

THE FIRST STEP IS THE ONLY DIFFICULTY.—This proverb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in the company say that St. Biat after his head was cut off walked two entire leagues with it in his hand. "Yes, Madam, two entire leagues." "I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty.*"—*Walpole.*

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.—*Tillotson.*

AFFECTED simplicity is refined imposture.—*Lavater.*

CHINESE CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—A European merchant, after receiving on board his vessel the goods he had purchased, discovered that he had been deceived, both in their quality and price; but, as he asked a small deduction on this account, he did not doubt the Chinaman would come into his views. The European began, "you have sold me merchandize of a very inferior quality."

"That may be, but you must pay."

"You have treated me unjustly, and abused my confidence."

"That may be true, but you must pay."

"Then you are a cheat and a scoundrel."

"That may be, but you must pay me, nevertheless."

"How do you wish me to speak of the Chinese in Europe, where you are supposed to be virtuous? I will say you are a set of cheats."

"You can do that," coolly replied the Chinaman, "but you must pay."

The European, after heaping abuse upon the fellow, and fretting himself into a rage, without obtaining anything further than the calm reply, "you must pay," was forced to count down the money. On receiving it, the Chinaman said, "Instead of getting yourself into a passion, would it not be more better you no have speaky, and begin where you have finish?"

CONTENTMENT.—In Vienna, a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone, with this inscription—"This house was erected by Count D——, to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now, I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will, therefore, please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "you are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions, but as I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. *If you were quite contented, you would not want my house!*"

A LADY at Macao put into the hands of a Chinese tailor materials, valued at forty dollars, to be made into a garment. At the appointed time it was brought home; but, to her mortification, the material had been completely spoiled, and the habit was not fit to wear. It was returned upon the workman's hands, and the husband of the lady applied to the Portuguese authorities for redress, but was put off, under one pretext or another, from time to time, till his patience was exhausted. He now applied to a Mandarin, and offered to give him the material in the tailor's hands, provided he should succeed in making him pay twenty dollars as damages, which were also to belong to the officer of justice. The Chinese officer willingly undertook the case and in a day or two, reported somewhat in the following manner: "We have squeeze that tailor-man that silk, and that twenty dollar; me think you one very good man, one man what know justice and law; me likey you; suppose you please, me give you my son for one servant, so he learn justice all same from you—"

Ruschenberger.

ODD OBLIGATION.—The Duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the duke presented him to the king, and urged his request, saying, he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations? "Ah! sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.—*Walpole.*

LEMONS.—The lemon tree is a native of Assyria and Persia, whence it was brought into Europe; first to Greece and afterwards to Italy. It is now cultivated in Spain, Portugal and France, and is not uncommon in English green-houses. It was first cultivated in Britain in the Oxford garden, about the year 1648, and is a beautiful ever-green of small growth, but sending off numerous branches. The fertility of the lemon-tree is proverbial in Italy. A wager was laid in 1812, by Signor Antonio Georgeri of Massa, with Marchese Calani of Spezia, that at Cresullo, half a mile from Massa, there was a lemon-tree which would mature, that year, fourteen thousand lemons. It exceeded the quantity. Lemons are brought to England from Spain and Portugal packed in chests, and each lemon separately rolled in paper. The Spanish lemons are most esteemed.

PALM WINE.—This beverage, which is often mentioned by the ancients, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm-tree, and inserting a quill or reed, through which the juice exudes. It is very pleasant to the taste, but powerfully intoxicating; and people in the East are frequently much amused by observing its effects on lizards, which, as soon as the tree's left by those who have been extracting the liquor, run up and suck it with eager delight. They soon become intoxicated, and in that state lie listless, looking up in the face of the spectator with a stupid stare. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but they seem proof against its effects, or else they are seasoned toppers, for none have ever been observed to be the worse for it.

SCOTCH DEGREES.—When the University of St. Andrews sold her honours—a proceeding which provoked Dr. Johnson to tell the heads of the college that they would get rich by degrees, and which has long since been abandoned—a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed what the Germans call the doctor-hat, put 15*l.* in his purse, and went to St. Andrews "to purchase for himself a good degree." His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honour. On his return, "the doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows:—"Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor, and gin ony body spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll be aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me doctor too." The reverend doctor stared. "Ay, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I fand that it cost sae little, I e'en got a diploma myself; sae ye'll just be goud enough to say—doctor, put on some coals; or, doctor, bring me some whisky and hot water; and gin ony body spiers at ye aboot me ye'll be aye sure to say, the doctor's in the stable, or, the doctor's in the pantry, or, the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be.—*Church of England Review.*

DEPTH OF WELLS NEAR LONDON.—Wells 700 feet deep have been dug at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and several in London are between 200 and 300 feet deep; at other places on rising grounds the thickness of the stratum is much greater. In digging a well at Wimbledon for Lord Spencer, the workmen were obliged to go 530 feet before they came to the sand and gravel containing water. At Primrose Hill, near the Regent's Park, some years ago, the ground was bored to the depth of 500 feet without success. One mile east of London, the clay is only 77 feet thick; at a well in St. James's Street it is 235 feet, and at High Beach 700 feet thick. In the spring of 1834 a water company sank a well on the lower heath at Hampstead, below the ponds, which was dry to the depth of 350 feet before reaching a supply of water, and even then the sand ran with the water in such a way as to make the steam-pump machinery nearly useless.—

London as it is.

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HAY-CARRYING.

AT one end of the cluster of cottages, and cottage-like houses, which formed the little street of Hilton Cross,—a pretty but seclude village, in the north of Hampshire,—stood the shop of Judith Kent, widow, "Licensed," as the legend imported, "to vend tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff." Tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff formed, however, but a small part of the multifarious merchandise of Mrs. Kent, whose shop, the only repository of the hamlet, might have seemed an epitome of the wants and luxuries of humble life. In her window,—candles, bacon, sugar, mustard and soap, flourished amidst calicoes, oranges, dolls, ribbons, and gingerbread. Crockeryware was piled on one side of her door-way, Dutch cheese and Irish butter encumbered the other; brooms and brushes rested against the wall; and ropes of onions and bunches of red herrings hung from the ceiling. She sold bread, butcher's meat, and garden stuff, on commission; and engrossed, at a word, the whole trade of Hilton Cross.

Notwithstanding this monopoly, the world went ill with poor Judith. She was a mild, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a heart too soft for her calling. She could not say, no! to the poor creatures who came to her on a Saturday night to seek bread for their children, however deep they might already be in her debt, or however certain it was that their husbands were, at that moment, spending, at the Checquers or the Four Horse Shoes, the money that should have supported their wives and families; for, in this village, as in others, there were two flourishing ale-houses, although but one ill-accustomed shop,—“but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable

deal of sack!” She could not say, no! as a prudent woman might have said; and, accordingly, half the poor people in the parish might be found on her books, whilst she herself was gradually getting in arrears with her baker, her grocer, and her landlord.

Her family consisted of two children,—Mary, a pretty, fair-haired, smiling lass, of twelve or thirteen, and Robert, a fine youth, nearly ten years older, who worked in the gardens of a neighbouring gentleman. Robert, conscious that his mother's was no gainful trade, often pressed her to give up business, sell off her stock, relinquish her house, and depend on his labour for her support; but of this she would not hear. Many motives mingled in her determination: a generous reluctance to burthen her dutiful son with her maintenance,—a natural fear of losing *caste* among her neighbours,—a strong love of the house which for five and twenty years had been her home,—a vague hope that times would mend and all come right again, (wiser persons than Mrs. Kent have lulled reason to sleep with such an opiate!)—and, above all, a want of courage to look her difficulties fairly in the face. Besides she liked her occupation,—its petty consequence, its bustle, and its gossipary; and she had a sense of gain in the small peddling bargains,—the pennyworths of needles, and balls of cotton, and rows of pins, and yards of tape which she was accustomed to vend for ready money,—that overbalanced, for a moment, her losses and her debts; so that in spite of her son's presages and warnings, the shop continued in full activity.

In addition to his forebodings respecting his mother, Robert had another misfortune;—the poor youth was in love.

About a quarter of a mile down the shady lane, which ran by one side of Mrs. Kent's dwelling, was the pretty farmhouse, orchard and homestead of Farmer Bell, whose eldest daughter Susan,—the beauty of the parish,—was the object of a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. And, in good sooth, Susan Bell was well fitted to inspire such a passion. Besides a light graceful figure, moulded with the exactest symmetry, she had a smiling innocent countenance, a complexion coloured like the brilliant blossoms of the balsam, and hair of a shining golden brown, like the fruit of a horse-chesnut. Her speech was at once modest and playful, her temper sweet, and her heart tender. She loved Robert dearly, although he often gave her cause to wish that she loved him not; for Robert was subject to the intermitting fever called jealousy,—causelessly,—as he himself would declare, when a remission of the disease gave room for his natural sense to act,—causelessly and penitently, but still pertinaciously, jealous. I have said, that he was a fine young man, tall, dark, and slender; I should add that he was a good son, a kind brother, a pattern of sobriety and industry, and possessed of talent and acquirement far beyond his station. But there was about him an ardour, a vigour, a fiery restlessness, commonly held proper to the natives of the south of Europe, but which may sometimes be found amongst our own peasantry. All his pursuits, whether of sport or labour, took the form of passion. At ten years old, he had gone far beyond all his fellow pupils at the Foundation School, to which, through the kindness of the squire of the parish, his mother had been enabled to send him; and even posed the master himself:—at eighteen, he was the best cricketer, the best flute-player, the best bellringer, and the best gardener in the country:—and some odd volumes of Shakspeare having come into his possession, there was some danger, at twenty, of his turning out a dramatic poet, had not the kind discouragement of his master, to whom some of his early scenes were shewn by his patron and admirer the head gardener, acted as a salutary check. Indeed, so strong, at one time, was the poetical *furor*, that such a catastrophe as an entire play might, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding

Mr. Lescombe's judicious warnings, had not love, the master-passion, fallen about this time in poor Robert's way, and engrossed all the ardour of his ardent temperament. The beauty and playfulness of his mistress, whilst they enchanted his fancy, kept the jealous irritability of his nature in perpetual alarm. He suspected a lover in every man who approached her; and the firm refusal of her father to sanction their union till her impatient wooer were a little more forward in the world, completed his disquiet.

Affairs were in this posture when a new personage arrived at Hilton Cross.

In addition to her other ways and means, Mrs. Kent tried to lessen her rent by letting lodgings; and the neat, quiet, elderly gentlewoman, the widow of a long-deceased rector, who had occupied her rooms ever since Robert was born, being at last gathered to her fathers, an advertisement of "pleasant apartments to let, in the airy village of Hilton Cross," appeared in the country paper. This announcement was as true as if it had not formed an advertisement in a country paper. Very airy was the pretty village of Hilton Cross,—with its breezy uplands, and its open common, dotted, as it were, with cottages and clumps of trees; and very pleasant were Mrs. Kent's apartments for those who had sufficient time to appreciate the rustic simplicity, and sufficient humility to overlook their smallness. The little chamber glittering with whiteness; its snowy dimity bed, and "fresh sheets smelling of lavender;" the sitting room, a thought larger, carpeted with India matting, its shining cane chairs, and its bright casement wreathed on one side by a luxuriant jessamine, on the other, by the tall cluster musk-rose, (that rose of which Titania talks,) sending its bunches of odorous blossoms into the very window; the little flower court underneath, full of hollyoaks, cloves, and dahlias; and the large sloping meadow beyond, leading up to Farmer Bell's tall irregular house, half covered with flaunting vine; his barns, and racks, and orchard;—all this formed an apartment too tempting to remain long untenanted in a bright month of August. Accordingly it was almost immediately engaged, by a gentleman in black, who walked over one fair morning, paid ten pounds as a deposit, sent for his trunk

from the next town, and took possession on the instant.

Her new inmate, who, without positively declining to give his name, had yet contrived to evade all the questions which Mrs. Kent's "simple cunning" could devise, proved a perpetual source of astonishment, both to herself and her neighbours. He was a well made, little man, near upon forty; with a considerable terseness of feature, a forehead of great power, whose effect was increased by a slight baldness on the top of the head, and an eye like a falcon. Such an eye! It seemed to go through you,—to strike all that it looked upon, like a *coup-de-soliel*. Luckily, the stranger was so merciful as, generally, to wear spectacles; under cover of which, those terrible eyes might see, and be seen, without danger. His habits were as peculiar as his appearance. He was moderate, and rather fanciful, in his diet; drank nothing but water or strong coffee, made, as Mrs. Kent observed, very wastefully; and had, as she also remarked, a great number of heathenish-looking books scattered about his apartment,—Lord Berner's Froissart, for instance,—Sir Thomas Brown's Urn Burial,—Isaac Walton's Complete Angler,—the Baskerville Aristos,—Gæthe's Faust,—a Spanish Don Quixote,—and an interleaved Philoctetes, full of outline drawings. The greater part of his time was spent out of doors.—He would, even, ramble away for three or four days together, with no other companion than a boy, hired in the village, to carry what Mrs. Kent denominated his odds and ends; which odds and ends consisted, for the most part, of an angling rod and sketching apparatus,—our incognito being, as my readers have by this time probably discovered, no other than an artist, on his summer progress.

Robert speedily understood the stranger, and was delighted with the opportunity of approaching so gifted a person; although he contemplated with a degree of generous envy, which a king's regalia would have failed to excite in his bosom, those *chef-d'œuvres* of all nations, which were to him as "sealed books," and the pencils, whose power appeared nothing less than creative. He redoubled his industry in the garden, that he might conscientiously devote hours, and half-hours, to pointing

out the deep pools and shallow eddies of their romantic stream, where he knew, from experience, (for Robert amongst his other accomplishments was no mean "brother of the angle,") that fish were likely to be found; and, better still, he loved to lead to the haunts of his childhood, the wild bosky dells, and the sunny ends of lanes, where a sudden turn in the track, an overhanging tree, an old gate, a cottage chimney, and a group of cattle or children, had sometimes formed a picture, on which his fancy had fed for hours. It was Robert's chief pleasure to entice his lodger to scenes such as these, and to see his own visions growing into reality, under the glowing pencil of the artist; and he in his turn would admire, and marvel at, the natural feeling of the beautiful, which could lead an uninstructed country youth, instinctively, to the very elements of the picturesque. A general agreement of taste had brought about a degree of association, unusual in persons so different in rank:—a particular instance of this accordance dissolved the intimacy.

Robert had been for a fortnight more than commonly busy in Mr. Lescombe's gardens and hot-houses,—so busy that he even slept at the Hall; the stranger, on the other hand, had been, during the same period, shut up, painting, in the little parlour. At last, they met; and the artist invited his young friend to look at the picture which had engaged him during his absence. On walking into the room, he saw, on the easel, a picture in oils, almost finished. The style was that of a delightful kind which combines figure with landscape: the subject was Hay-carrying; and the scene, that very sloping meadow,—crowned by Farmer Bell's tall, angular house, its vine-wreathed porch and chimneys, the great walnut-tree before the door, the orchard and the homestead,—which formed the actual prospect from the windows before them. In the fore-ground was a waggon, piled with hay, surrounded by the farmer and his fine family,—some pitching, some loading, some raking after, all intent on their pleasant business. The only disengaged persons in the field were young Mary Kent and Harry Bell, an urchin of four years old, who rode on her knees on the top of the waggon, crowned and wreathed with

garlands of vine-leaves and blindweed and poppies and cornflowers. In the front, looking up at Mary Kent and her brother, and playfully tossing to them the locks of hay which she had gathered on her rake, stood Susan Bell,—her head, thrown back, her bonnet half off, her light and lovely figure shewn, in all its graces, by the pretty attitude and the short cool dress; while her sweet face glowing with youth and beauty, had a smile glowing over it like a sunbeam. The boy was nodding and laughing to her, and seemed longing—as well he might,—to escape from his flowery bondage, and jump into her arms. Never had poet framed a lovelier image of rural beauty! Never had painter more felicitously realised his conception.

“Well, Robert,” exclaimed our artist, a little impatient of the continued silence, and missing the expected praise, “Well?” But still Robert spoke not. “Don’t you think it a good subject?” continued the man of the easel. I was sitting at the window, reading Froissart, whilst they were carrying the after-crop, and, by good luck, happened to look up, just as they had arranged themselves into this very group, and as the evening sun came slanting, exactly as it does now, across the meadow;—so I dashed in the sketch instantly, got Mary to sit to me,—and a very pretty nymph-like figure she makes,—dressed the boy with flowers, just as he was decked out for the harvest home,—the rogue is really a fit model for a cupid; they are a glorious family!—and persuaded Susan—at that name, Robert unable to control himself longer, rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished painter in the full belief that his senses had forsaken him.

The unhappy lover, agonised by jealousy, pursued his way to the Farm. He had, hitherto, contrived, although without confessing his motive, even to himself, to keep his friend and his mistress asunder. He had no fears of her virtue or of his honor; but, to Robert’s romantic simplicity, it seemed that no one could gaze on Susan without feeling ardent love, and that such a man as the artist could never love in vain. Besides, in the conversation which they had held together, he had dwelt on beauty and simplicity as the most attractive points of

the female character: Robert had felt as he spoke, that Susan was the very being whom he described, and had congratulated himself that they were, still, unacquainted.

But now they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which to Robert had always seemed unconquerable; had won her to admit his gaze; had tamed the shyest, coyest dove; had become familiar with that sweet face, and that dearest frame;—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood he arrived at the Farm; and there working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little brother playing at her feet, sate his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and a blush of delight,—just the smile and blush of the picture. At such a moment they increased his misery: he repulsed her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. Her innocent answers were fuel to his frenzy:—“The picture! had he seen the picture?—and was it not pretty?—much too pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry—was not he pleased with them? what a wonderful thing it was to make a bit of canvass so like living creatures! what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him at first—sadly afraid of those two bright eyes,—and so had Harry;—poor Harry had cried! but he was so merry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him, now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it! it was too pretty, to be sure,—but, then, Robert would not mind that. She had told the gentleman”——“Go to the gentleman, now,” interrupted Robert, and tell him that I relinquish you! it will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan! your heart is with him. Go to him, I say!”—and, throwing from him with a bitter laugh the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid her trembling hand upon his arm to detain him, he darted from the door, and returned to his old quarters at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his

home. His mother and sister, indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poor little Mary to give to her friend Susan of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy; and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him, or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks, and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand tender messages, which, in the next breath she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistencies of love, pitied and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time misfortunes of a different nature were gathering around Mrs. Kent. The mealman and baker, whose bread she vended,—her kindest friend and largest creditor,—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town,—the pest and terror of the neighbourhood; and, on the same day, she received two letters from this formidable lawyer—one on account of his dead client, the other on behalf of his living client, the grocer,—who ranked next amongst her creditors, both threatening that if their respective claims were not liquidated on or before a certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her forthwith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness,—especially that forlorn creature whom the common people, adopting the pathetic language of scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, "a lone woman!" Poor Judith sat down to cry, in powerless sorrow and vain self-pity. She opened, indeed, her hopeless day-book,—but she knew, too well, that her debtors could not pay. She had no one to consult;—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions almost as long as her son,—and time pressed upon her,—for the letters,—sent with the usual indirectness of country conveyance—originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the buttermilkman, carried on by the buttermilkman to the next village, left there for three days at a public house, and finally delivered at Hilton Cross by a return post-

boy,—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for the payment, and this was Friday night, and Michaelmas and rent day were approaching! and, unable even to look at the accumulation of misery, poor Judith laid her head on her fruitless account-book, and sobbed aloud!

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow so to grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking tenderly what ailed her? She put the letters into his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, soothed and cheered her. "All must be given up," he said; "and he would go with her the next day to make over the whole property. Let us pay as far as our means go, mother," pursued he, "and do not fear but, some day or other, we shall be enabled to discharge all our debts. God will speed an honest purpose, in the meantime Mr. Lescombe will give us a cottage,—I know he will, and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for,—something worth living for. Be comforted, dear mother!" He stooped, as he said this, and kissed her; and, when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and behind her, the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between mother and son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger's presence. She stood, in great agitation, pressing Mary's hand, (from whom she had heard the story,) and immediately began questioning Mrs. Kent as to the extent of the calamity. "She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her;—But a hundred!—Did they want a whole hundred? And would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? and sell all her goods? and turn Mary out of doors? and Robert—Oh, how ill Robert looked!—It would kill Robert! Oh," continued Susan, wringing her hands, "I would sell myself for a bondswoman,—I would be like a negro-slave for one hundred pounds!"—"would you?" said the stranger advancing, suddenly, from the door, and producing two bank-bills; "would you?" well! we will strike a bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds, for this little hand,—only this little hand!"—"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "what can you mean?"

—"Nothing but what is fair and honorable," returned her lodger: "let Susan promise to meet me at church to-morrow, and here are two hundred pounds to dispose of, at her pleasure, to night."—"Susan! my dear Susan!"—"Let her alone, mother!" interrupted Robert; "she must choose for herself!"—and, for a few moments, there was a dead silence.

Robert stood leaning against the wall, as pale as marble,—his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure. Mrs. Kent,—her head turning, now, towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son—was in a state of restless and uncontrollable instability; Mary clung, crying, about her mother and Susan,—her color varying, and her lips quivering,—sate, unconsciously twisting and untwisting the bank-notes, in her hand.

"Well, Susan!" said the artist,—who had remained in tranquil expectation surveying the group with his falcon eye,—
"Well, Susan! have you determined?"—The color rose to her temples, and she answered, firmly, "Yes, sir!—Be pleased to take back the notes. I love nobody but Robert; and Robert loves me dearly, dearly!—I know he does! Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert,—your own dear son,—and he so ill,—would you? Let them take these things! They never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you, and I will work for you! Never mind being poor! better anything than false-hearted to my Robert!"—"God for ever bless you, my Susan!"—"God bless you, my dear child!" burst, at once, from Robert and his mother, as they, alternately, folded her in their arms.

"Pray, take the notes, sir!" repeated Susan, after a short interval. "No! that I will not do," replied the stranger, smiling. "The notes shall be your's,—*are* your's,—and, what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at church to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend Robert here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides,

you have a claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet face! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert! has purchased the Hay-carrying! We have had a good deal of talk about you; and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No," continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say,—
"No thanks! no apologies! I won't here a word. Meet me at church, to-morrow! But, remember, young man, no more jealousy!"—and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.—*Miss Mitford.*

AGE OF PLANTS.

PLANTS, as respects their age, may be divided into two classes—those which have a fixed period of duration, a period determined by the production of their fruit; and those, the exact period of whose existence cannot be determined. The first class comprehends annual and biennial plants (vegetables of one and two years' continuance), such as garden plants, foxglove, hollyhock, &c. It is with the second class that we are to have to do at present, and it may be considered under two heads—first, those trees which, on account of the mode of their growth, cannot live beyond a certain period; and, second, those whose mode of growth admits of the possibility of their existing an indefinite period.

First. The first-mentioned class increase, when young, in diameter rather than in height, until a certain magnitude is attained, when they shoot up a stem, the diameter of which is never much altered. This is the mode of growth of the palm tribe of trees, and other intra-tropical plants; and it prevents them, as shall immediately be shown, from attaining a great longevity. All the new woody matter produced by the leaves is insinuated down the centre of the stem. The effect of this is the displacing of the pre-existng woody matter, which is pressed out towards the circumference. By the continuance of this process, the stem becomes so compressed that it is not capable of any further compression. Thus there is no space left for the introduction of new woody matter from the leaves. The consequence is, that the full action of the

functions of the leaves is prevented. The tree therefore perishes, because its vitality is dependent upon the full action of all its parts. From this it is evident, that trees belonging to the class under consideration cannot exist beyond a definite period, which is seldom found to exceed 200 or 300 years.

Second. The other class of plants referred to increase principally in length when young. They afterwards extend in diameter by means of longitudinal fibres being insinuated by the leaves under the bark, on the *outside* of the wood. The bark being capable of indefinite extension, it is evident that nothing independent of accident can put an end to the existence of such trees. Eminent botanists see nothing unplausible, and no one can point out any thing impossible, in the idea, that some trees of this kind at present existing may have been unconcerned spectators of the historical flood.

The age of trees belonging to this class can be ascertained by counting the number of rings into which they are divided. Every one of these rings must have been produced in neither more nor less than a year; and this is the ground upon which botanists have arrived at such precise conclusions concerning the longevity of some trees. We shall notice the ages of a few individuals as ascertained in this manner.

Decandolle mentions an elm 335 years old; a cypress about 350; a cheirostemon about 400; an ivy, 450; a larch, 576; an orange-tree, 630; an olive-tree, 700; an oriental plane, 720; a cedar of Lebanon, about 800; oaks, 870, 1080, and 1500; limes, 1076, and 1147; yews, 1214, 1458, 2588, and 2880!

At Ellerslie, the birth-place of Wallace, near Paisley, there is an oak tree which is said to have concealed under its branches that distinguished warrior and three hundred of his followers. However doubtful this may be, it is certain that "the Wallace Oak" cannot be much less than 700 years old.

Eight olive trees still grow in the garden of Gethsemane, near Jerusalem, which can be proved to have been there more than 800 years ago, and which are alleged to have been silent witnesses of our Saviour's agony!

Such great antiquity, however, is small when compared with the age of the

baobab, some specimens of which, growing in Africa, the illustrious Adanson found to be 5150 years old! Even this great age is surpassed by that assigned to the taxodium by Decandolle, who makes some specimens which he discovered in South America to be 6000 years old! Adanson ascertained some banian trees to be of equal antiquity.

A QUEER COIN.

One day Grimaldi had been fly-hunting with his friend from early morning until night, thinking of nothing but flies (Butterflies,) until at length their thoughts naturally turning to something more substantial, they halted for refreshment.

"Bob," said Gramaldi, "I am very hungry."

"So am I," said Bob.

"There is a public-house," said Grimaldi.

"It is *just* the very thing," observed the other.

It was a very neat public-house, and would have answered the purpose admirable, but Grimaldi having no money, and very much doubting whether his friend had either, did not respond to the sentiment quite so cordially as he might have done.

"We had better go in,"—said the friend; "it is getting late—*you* pay."

"No, no! *you*."

"I would in a minute," said his friend, "but I have not got any money."

Grimaldi thrust his hand into his right pocket with one of his queerest faces, then into his coat pockets, then into his waistcoat, and finally took off his hat and looked into that; but there was no money anywhere.

They still walked on towards the public house, meditating with rueful countenances, when Grimaldi spying something lying at the foot of a tree, picked it up, and suddenly exclaimed, with a variety of winks and nods, "Here's a sixpence."

The hungry friend's eyes brightened, but they quickly resumed their gloomy expression as he rejoined, "It's a piece of tin!"

Grimaldi winked again, rubbed the sixpence or piece of tin very hard, and declared, putting it between his teeth by way of test, it was as good a sixpence as he would wish to see.

"I don't think it," said the friend, shaking his head.

"I'll tell you what," said Grimaldi, "we'll go to the public-house, and ask the landlord whether it's a good one or not. They always know."

To this the friend assented, and they hurried on, disputing all the way whether it was really a sixpence or not; a discovery which could not be made at that time, when the currency was defaced and worn nearly plain, with the ease with which it could be made at present.

The publican, a fat jolly fellow, was standing at his door talking to a friend, and the house looked so uncommonly comfortable, that Gomery whispered as they approached that perhaps it might be best to have some bread and cheese first, and ask about the sixpence afterwards.

Grimaldi nodded his entire assent, and they went in and ordered some bread and cheese, and beer. Having taken the edge off their hunger, they tossed up a farthing which Grimaldi happened to find in the corner of some theretofore undiscovered pocket, to determine who should present the "sixpence." The chance falling on himself, he walked up to the bar, and with a very lofty air, and laying the questionable metal down with a dignity quite his own, requesting the landlord to take the bill out of that.

"Just right, sir," said the landlord, looking at the strange face that his customer assumed, and not at the sixpence.

"It's right sir, is it?" asked Grimaldi sternly.

"Quite," answered the landlord; "thank ye, gentlemen." And with this he slipped the,—whatever it was,—into his pocket.

Gomery looked at Grimaldi, and Grimaldi, with a look and air which baffle all description, walked out of the house followed by his friend.

"I never knew any thing so lucky," he said as they walked home to supper,— "it is quite a Providence that sixpence."

"A piece of tin, you mean," said Gomery.

Which of the two it was is uncertain, but Grimaldi often patronized the same house afterwards, and as he never heard anything more about the matter, he felt quite convinced that it was a real sixpence.

LONDON PORTER BREWERIES.

ACCUSTOMED as a provincial inhabitant of the United Kingdom is to estimate at a very high rate the extent of the London porter breweries, from his finding the beverage in abundance in every spot on which he may set his foot, yet the reality, when it is his fortune to visit the actual scene of the manufacture in question, will prove in general far to exceed any anticipations which may have been formed. Nothing which a stranger can behold in the whole British metropolis will strike and amaze his eye more than the mere appearance of one of the larger brew houses of the city, with its enormous coppers, huge fermenting vessels, and monster like store-vats; while, if he carries his observations farther, and examines into all the dealings and ramifications of such a concern, his mind will be filled with still greater astonishment at the seemingly incalculable amount of capital embarked in it, as necessary to sustain and carry it on. The first question which suggests itself to one's thoughts, on looking at the lakes of porter perpetually being manufactured in such places, is, "Who is to drink all this?" One can scarcely believe that any given number of human throats, even of the thirstiest order, can consume these seas of liquor as fast as they seem to be produced. Yet but a short residence in the mighty city which is the scene of this production, will remove much of this wonderment from the stranger's mind. He will soon discover that porter almost supplies the place of water in London, as the common and hourly means of slacking thirst. None so poor, none so miserable in London, but contemns the thin colourless product of the spring, and will have his deep-brown "stout," in pot or can, at home or abroad. With the labouring classes the beverage has become a necessary of life, and, indeed, even the most temperate and orderly among them would perhaps as soon want their solid food, as the "entire" to wash it down. In part, the origin, at least, of this habit may be owing to the rather impure sources of much of the water about the metropolis, and we have heard sensible men trace it to such a cause; but the cheapness, abundance, and quality of the liquor, not to speak of other circumstances, seem in a great measure sufficient to account for

the prevalence of the custom at the present day.

The difference in colour between porter and ale, as well as other malt liquors, is chiefly owing, as is generally known, to the condition of the malt used in preparing the former of these drinks. The malt in this case is slightly scorched in drying, or *curing* as it is more frequently termed, so as to acquire a *brown* hue, which it communicates to the liquor made from it. But there are other qualities for which porter is remarkable; and it is for the possession of these, more peculiarly, that the porter of London has obtained its great distinctive celebrity. The agreeable bitterness and empyreumatic flavour which characterise it, have been the envy of all the brewers, we may safely say, of the wide world, and fortunes have been thrown away in the endeavour to discover the source of these properties, and to imitate them. These attempts have always failed so signally, if not uniformly and universally, that at length mankind have almost agreed, by common consent, to rank the puzzle of London porterbrewhing with the mystery of the Iron Mask, or that of the authorship of Junius. Numberless, indeed, were the explanations tendered by one party and another, before the point was thus given up; and as one of these notions may be said still, in some measure, to hold its ground, many persons may be glad of a little information upon the subject. Finding that no means whatever, tried in any quarter of the earth, could make porter taste as it did in London, some ingenious individual at length hit on the idea that the cause must lie in the Thames water, with which it was manufactured. As the Thames water was really known to have peculiar properties—that of keeping long fresh and pure at sea, for example, after undergoing several fermentations—many people regarded this solution as perfectly satisfactory; and one enterprising brewer of the Scottish capital actually went the length of bringing down the Thames water in casks, in full expectation of at length rivalling the metropolitan brewers. The attempt was unsuccessful; nor will the reader marvel at this, when informed how erroneous were the premises upon which the experiment was based. Only *four* of the London brew-houses do really make use

of Thames river water! In other words, not a sixth part of the London porter is manufactured with water from that source. The breweries have in most cases private wells, and the liquor brewed thus is no whit inferior in quality to that into which the river water enters. The public, at least, have never discovered any difference. So much for the Thames-water fallacy.

The real cause of the pleasing bitter relish and aroma of the London porter, we have good authority for asserting, rests with the malt used, and also the mode of curing it for use. The hops, of course, are a principal source of the bitter in all porter, but in the case of London porter the delightful bitter smack is not so much derived from the employment of a large allowance of hops, as from the use, in the brewing, of great quantities of brown or embrowned malt, which malt is cured along with dried wood of a stringent quality. This wood is mixed with the malt, and besides contributing to the spirit and strength of the beverage, is the ingredient that imparts to it its much prized aroma. In the introduction of this stringent wood consists the long-sought-for secret. All the stories which have been told of the unbounded use of liquorice, and drugs of every kind and name, are entirely erroneous as far as regards the leading brew-houses which supply the world with London porter.

From various causes, it would be extremely difficult to give any thing like a correct estimate of the capital embarked in one of the great London brew-houses. In the hop room alone of such a concern there lies a princely fortune, some single houses having usually a stock of hops on hand about two hundred thousand pounds in value. This is in some measure dormant capital, as such a stock would last a year or two. But the keeping of so large a store is a provision against a scarcity or a rise in prices, and the power of making such a provision is a magnificent proof of the means held at command. The stock of malt, again, in the larger houses, is on an equal scale. Malt and hops together will generally amount in value to about three hundred thousand pounds.* The

* The quantity of malt consumed in one year, by eleven of the principal breweries in London, exceeds five hundred thousand quarters.

stock-vats exhibit another immense absorption of money. In these vats, vast quantities of porter are stored up, to ripen and mellow for public use. The vessels in question resemble houses in size more than any thing else. In Messrs Whitebread's brewery there are about thirty vats, each between twenty and thirty feet high, and of a proportionate transverse diameter! They hold many thousand barrels each, and are usually full to the brim. These vats are bound with a succession of very strong iron hoops, set as close to one another as they can well go; and, in reality, the danger would be extreme, without powerful supports of this kind. A number of years ago a vessel of this nature burst in one of the large London brew-houses, and did no small damage, floating a family in a neighbouring house clean out of doors, besides other feats of the like order.

Barclay, Perkins, and Company, have the most extensive porter brew-house in London. Their establishment is one of old standing, being the same which formerly yielded a noble fortune to Samuel Johnson's friend, Thrale. The quantity of porter now annually brewed by this house amounts to between three and four hundred thousand barrels. The following six brewing companies, Hanbury's, Reid's, Whitebread's, Meux's, Combe and Delafield's, and Calvert's, produce also very large quantities, the issue of none being less than one hundred thousand barrels a-year, while it is double that quantity in several of the cases. But neither a knowledge of the amount of the annual manufacture, nor an estimate of the stock and consumption of hops and malt, will lead us to any thing like a fair idea of the capital embarked in one of these concerns. The cause of this may be in part explained. The hop and malt rooms are natural and obvious quarters for the employment of the wealth of these brewing houses. But the funds of the same parties are absorbed also in less obvious ways. The most of the licensed public-houses in the city are connected with some brewing company or another, and hence are called "tied houses." The brewers advance loans to the publican on the security of his lease, and from the moment that necessity or any other cause tempts him to accept such a loan, he is bound to the

lending party. Indeed, the advance is made on the open and direct condition that he shall sell the lender's liquor, and his alone. The publican, in short, becomes a mere retail-agent for the behoof of one particular company. They clap their *sign* above his door, and he can no longer fairly call the house his own. The quantity of money thus lent out by the London brewers is enormous. One house alone, we know from good authority, has more than two hundred thousand pounds so employed. Perhaps the reader will have a still better idea of the extent to which this system is carried, when he is told that a single brew-house has *fifteen-thousand pounds worth of sign-boards* stuck up over London—rating these articles, of course, at their cost price. This explains what a stranger in the metropolis is at first very much struck with—the number of large boards marked with "Whitebread's Entire," "Meux's Double Refined," or "Combe and Delafield's Brown Stout House," that meet the eye in every part of London. These signs are of such size as to extend usually from side to side of the building on which they are placed, and if a house presents two ends, or even three, to public view, the massive letters adorn them all. Such boards cost from fifteen to twenty pounds a-piece, so that eight or nine hundred of them will amount to the sum total stated; and some breweries *have* that number up, in one quarter and another of the great city. This mode of advertising may look expensive, but it has its advantages. It is permanent, and readily points out to the favourers of particular brewing-houses where their favourite stout is to be found. One loves Meux's, another man Barclay's, a third Courage and Donaldson's, and these gilded placards show where the desired articles may be had by all parties. What an idea this "tie" system in itself gives us of the wealth of these brewers! a handsome fortune laid out on sign-boards!

In reality, however, the leading partners, whose names are at the head of these firms, are in many cases men possessed of extensive landed property, and to all intents and purposes private country gentlemen, though retaining, it may be, large shares in the establishment to which the wealth and standing of their

families were originally owing. There are always some of the principal partners in these concerns, nevertheless, who take an active share in their management. The mode of conducting them is thoroughly systematic, as much so, and necessarily as much so, as in the case of the Bank of England. The whole business is divided into sections, with responsible persons at the head of each. One man usually, and sometimes two, superintend the brewing department. These are the operative managers, who are a shrewd and intelligent class of men. Salaries in these extensive concerns are on the handsomest scale, the motto of the proprietors being, "best service, best pay." The number of operatives about these places is of course very great. They are usually stout, florid men, with countenances and persons alike redolent of the cherishing fluids amid which they live, move, and have their being. And when hard exercise is combined with this generous nutrition, they will, we have no doubt, be as healthy as they appear. Otherwise, they will be liable, it is to be feared, to apoplectic and dropsical affections. Numerous as are these common workers at the brewing business, however, those who conceive the employment flowing from these vast establishments to rest and end here, will form but a poor idea of the range of their influence. Hop-growers, iron-founders, coopers, colliers, publicans, horse dealers, saddlers, cart-wrights, agriculturists in all the various lines of barley, corn, and hay growing, with many other trades and professions, are all directly and perpetually benefiting from the maintenance of these great concerns. It is astonishing how many of all these tradesmen one single brewing-house will sustain within its circle, disseminating its work and its payments with never-failing punctuality.

Serious attempts have frequently been made to shake the business of the great porter breweries, but the system was too deeply rooted to permit of its easy overthrow. A heavy though indirect stroke of this kind came from the ale-brewers of London, who some time since commenced brewing an ale article at so low a price as to encroach on the sale of "entire." In retaliation, the porter-houses, with the exception of three only, were

tempted to add a proportion of ale to their ordinary manufacture. They do not, however, carry this ale brewing to any great extent; and, on the other hand, their porter monopoly remains but little, if at all, impaired.

One point more about the London breweries, and we have done with these loose hints. The stables of one of these establishments, when filled with their allotted tenants, constitute one of the very finest sights that can be seen on the whole premises. To a Scotsman, the powerful make and general beauty of the horses of burden that are seen traversing the streets of the metropolis, is always a subject of wonder. The little carts of his own country, and the comparatively puny though active creatures which draw them, sink into absolute insignificance in his eyes when contrasted with the colossal waggons and horses of the south. One horse to one cart is the way in Scotland, while in England you observe a train of six or eight gigantic creatures dragging along a large and heavily-loaden vehicle, resembling a goodly haystack in breadth, height, and compactness. A lengthened line of such waggons is one of the most imposing sights imaginable. As the brewers keep the very best of horses, it is in their stables that the beauty of the breed can be seen to most perfection. They are kept in the very highest condition, plump, sleek, and glossy. The order maintained throughout these large establishments extends to their stabling arrangements. In Whitebread's, we observed the name of each horse painted above his stall, and were told that every one of them knew its designation as well as any biped about the place. Some of the most extensive breweries employ above one hundred such horses to despatch their produce through all parts of the city and its suburbs.

A PEEP AT CHINA.

In the evening we were visited by our Chinese friend, who carried us to the garden, and were informed that he was a physiognomist. At our request he declared, after a close scrutiny of the countenance, what he thought to be the character of several persons present. He gazed at the individual under examination

for some time and then began, "Me think you good man;" and, after a second look, continued, "but you be more better in ten year more." A second individual, he declared, would be "more better" in twenty years; and a third one, who was "one of your fat men who sleep o'nights," he pronounced to be a very good man, saying, "Me think you very contenty in side, in fifty year more you be more better." * * * * *

These examinations afforded us much amusement; but the physiognomist was much struck when I explained to him the general principles of phrenology, and illustrated them by an examination of his head, expressing my opinion of him from its result. He frankly admitted all I said to be true, but seemed very much puzzled to comprehend how I could speak so minutely of his character. The subject was again explained to them, and, after examination, an opinion of the leading points of individual character was expressed. Those who knew the individual under question decided that the opinion was correct, and he himself acknowledged it to be true. In the same way several were examined with a like result. The interest in the subject increased, and all present became suddenly converts to the doctrine, and at once placed such implicit faith in phrenology that they sent for their clerks, here termed pursers, and requested me to express my opinion of their respective characters without reserve. One wished to know whether a young man, who had just submitted his head to examination, might be safely trusted if sent into the country to collect money. Another asked in relation to his clerk, "Can me trust that man go Nankin for pigeon, buy silk, suppose he no stop talk with gal, and no make he pigeon?" Another inquired if I could determine positively, by examining a married lady's head, whether her issue would be "one gal or one he child." Being very anxious for the latter, and having offered up many prayers to the goddess Kuanyin for a son, he was much disappointed to learn that the practical application of phrenology did not extend quite so far. * * * * *

In our walk through the garden we saw much to admire; we were led from it into an open field, and following a path along

a ditch met a number of women tottering along, owing to the deformity of their feet, produced by bandaging. They were just returning from the packing and sorting houses, where they had been employed. About three hundred women are attached to each tea-establishment, and receive for their respective labour about six cents a day, without other emolument of any kind. Those we saw were miserably clad, and their feet were bound with bandages, and in little shoes. If the bandages be left off the feet very soon spread, and by doing so they would become more useful and trustworthy members, but this would be at the cost of pride. ■

We entered a building where tea is manufactured. The people were just departing from their labours. On the second floor were apartments wherein the leaves are sifted and sorted by hand, and then packed after coming from an apartment below, where they undergo the process of manipulation in cast-iron pans, set diagonally in blocks of masonry about breast high. These blocks are arranged in rows, and each one has four pans with a furnace beneath them. We noticed here, among other things, a winnowing machine in all respects like those used in the United States, and were informed that it is employed in separating the several sorts of tea. The imperial, being the heaviest, falls first, next the young hyson, then the gunpowder, and so on.

Green teas are very little used by the Chinese, though the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," is universal throughout the whole of the Celestial Empire, and is brought forward on all occasions, and at all times of the day. Public tea-houses are found in every town and in every village in China.

The tea plant is a bushy evergreen shrub, which, if permitted to attain its greatest natural size, will grow to the height of about twelve feet. It constitutes by itself a distinct genus, of which there is but a single species; the plants yielding the different kinds of black and green tea being, in reality, according to the Chinese always, and now, according to the admission of European botanists, no more than permanent varieties, the result of long culture, as is the case with many other plants useful to man. The

tea is, probably, an indigenous plant of China. This may be concluded not only from its long culture in that country, but from its being found there in a wild state, and from the Chinese names for it having been borrowed by almost all foreign nations. These names are *Cha* and *T'he*. The first of these is the general term throughout China, and the last belongs to the dialect of Fokien. Most of the Asiatic nations have adopted the former, having received their knowledge of the plant from inland communication; and most of the European nations, their acquaintance with it having been derived directly from Fokien by maritime communication, the latter. The plant has been cultivated in China from time immemorial, and its use is as much buried in fable as that of wheat or barley, or wine, in Europe or Western Asia. As a branch of husbandry in China, it is at least as important as the culture of the vine in the southern countries of Europe. The latitudes in which it thrives best are from 23° to 30° north, or from the sea on the south to the great river Yangste Kiang on the north. The northern limits of its culture, however, extend much beyond the river; and there are in fact, few provinces or districts of southern or central China, in which the tea plant is not extensively cultivated, at least for domestic use. The tea, like the vine, is cultivated on the sides of hills, in preference to the plains. It is raised for the seed, and yields its first crop in from two to three years. Where the best teas are raised, the plant is carefully pruned, and prevented from attaining a height exceeding two or three feet. The production of good tea depends upon soil and locality, fully as much as that of good wine; like it, too, the produce varies according to the care with which the crop is collected and prepared for use. The quality of the crop varies, also, with the nature of each season, like the vintage. From the same plant are commonly taken, in each season, four crops, a circumstance which is another cause of the variety in tea, as it appears in the market. The younger the leaves when taken, the higher flavoured the tea, and the scarcer, and consequently the dearer the article. The earliest crop is taken in the beginning of spring, just when the leaf buds are opening; and the last crop in August,

when the leaves are coarse, abundant, and deficient in aroma and astringency.

The green and black teas present a parallel case to the white and red grape. In both cases they are only varieties of the same species. The growth of teas of sufficiently high flavour to keep for a considerable time, and fit, in consequence, for exportation to foreign countries, was for a long time confined to two provinces, or rather to a few districts of these provinces; for, in China, provinces, in so far as extent and population are concerned, are extensive kingdoms. These provinces were Fokien, which yielded black tea, and Kiangnan, which yielded green; the southern boundary of the first being in about the 24th degree of latitude, and that of the last in about the 30th—of late years, and in consequence of the great demand for teas in Europe and America, the culture of the plant for exportation has been extended to three additional provinces, namely, Canton, Kiansi, and Chekiang, all lying between the 23rd and 30th degree of latitude.

In China, contrary to the universal usage of other great despotisms of Asia, the soil is private property; and, in consequence of the nature of the laws of inheritance, and of the tyranny which hinders the accumulation of property, the land is very minutely subdivided, and the proprietors are little better than peasants or cotters, each, with the assistance of his family, cultivating his own farm. This of course applies equally to the tea districts as to the other parts of the empire, and the tea is consequently cultivated only in small patches or gardens, not exceeding in extent the holding of an ordinary market gardener. The leaves are picked by the cultivator's family and conveyed at once to the market, where they are purchased by a particular class of dealers, who dry them under a shed, and in this imperfect state of preparation dispose of them to a second and higher class of traders, who sort the teas according to their qualities, and, after completing the process of manufacture, pack them in chests, dividing them in lots of from 100 to 600 chests, which are known in the Canton market under the name of chops, from their bearing the signet or mark (in Chinese, *chap*) of the merchants who make them up.

The tea arrives in Canton about the middle of October, and the busiest period of the trade extends from that time to the end of December. The commodity is conveyed, for the most part, by land carriages and by porters, and, generally speaking, from 400 to 700 miles, and the owners accompany it. The traders in green tea amount in number to not less than 400. The dealers in black tea are less numerous, but more wealthy. Both are in the habit of receiving advances, to some extent, from the *Hong*, or security merchants of Canton.

In the market of Canton the sorts of tea quoted for exportation do not, generally, exceed fourteen or fifteen in number; about eight of which are black and six green. They are as follows, with their respective ordinary prices:—

GREEN	Taels per Pecul.
Twankay.....	24 to 28.
Hyson Skin.....	24 to 28.
Young Hyson.....	44 to 54.
Hyson.....	44 to 54.
Imperial.....	50 to 60.
Gunpowder.....	59 to 62.
BLACK	Taels per Pecul.
Bohea.....	12 to 15.
Congo.....	24 to 28.
Campoi.....	24 to 28.
Souchong.....	20 to 36.
Ankoi.....	20 to 24.
Caper.....	24 to 25.
Orange Peko.....	25 to 26.
Flowery Peko.....	50 to 60.

In round numbers, one tael per pecul may be considered as equivalent to one halfpenny per pound, in estimating these prime costs. The terms under which the different sorts of tea are here described, are, for the most part, European corruptions, and some misapplications of Chinese words: but as they are of long established use, and perfectly well understood both by European and Chinese merchants, they describe the commodity intended with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes.

The highest quality of black tea is Peko, or more correctly Flowery Peko. This consists of the early spring buds of the finest black tea plants, intermixed, as is commonly believed, with the flowers of the fragrant olive, which is discoverable in the form of small white particles. This, as will be seen by reference to the prices current, runs up to the price of sixty taels per pecul, equal to 2s. 6d. per lb. The very same plant, in its second,

and more abundant crop, may yield Sou-chong, at thirty six taels per pecul, or 1s. 6d. per pound. Its third crop may consist of Congo, Campoi, of low Sou-chong, bearing no higher price than ten per lb.; and its fourth and last crop may consist of Fokien, Bohea, worth no more than fifteen taels per pecul, or 7½d per lb. The coarsest Boheas in the market, which are rated above at twelve taels per pecul, or 6d. per lb., are, however, frequently found as low as 5d. per lb. The lowest Boheas of the Canton market consist of the refuse or sweepings of superior Black teas, or of the inferior tea of Woping, in Canton. It may be remarked by the way, respecting this word Bohea, which is now applied by Europeans to the lowest denominations of Black tea—that it was, and still is, applied by the Chinese to the finest description of it—that which grows on the mountain Vu-issan, in the province of Fokien, is as noted for its production of fine teas as the estate of Clos-Vugéot for its Burgundy, or that of the Chateau-Margot for its claret.

Similar observations apply to the Green teas; although the range of qualities and prices here is not so great as in the Black. The highest quality of green tea is gunpowder. This consists of the first leaves of the vernal crop of the Green tea plant. As it comes to us, it is not mixed with flowers of any foreign plant, as Peko is; but such is the case with some of the Green Teas imported by the Russians, called Chulan, Imperial Hyson, and Young Hyson, which compose the second and third crops. The light and inferior leaves separated from Hyson by a winnowing machine, constitute Hyson Skin. The fourth and last crop constitutes Twankay, Singlo, &c. With respect to the last word, the same observation applies to it as to Bohea. Singlo, or more correctly Songlo, takes its title from a mountain of that name in the province of Kiangnan, where the finest green tea has been long produced.—*Ruschenberger*.

LIFE IN JAMAICA.

WHEN a gentleman of Kingston wants to banquet on cool air, and give his pores a holiday, he mounts his horse and rides into the mountains of Port-Royal or Liguanea. A distance of half a dozen

miles makes a difference of a dozen degrees in the temperature; and one whose lungs have been labouring for months past at converting Kingston over-blasts into vital air, no sooner reaches the Blue Mountains, than he erects his head, expands his chest, and internally exclaims—'Respiro!'

To enjoy that satisfaction, I set out a few days ago with a friend of mine, to visit his coffee-plantation in the St. Andrew's mountains, about fourteen miles from Kingston, and seven from my abode at the foot of Liguanea. Prospect Pen, the place we were going to, is about 2500 feet above the level of the sea; and every foot of the 2500 is a furlong to a man accustomed to a decent road and a level country.

Our route, after leaving the plain of Liguanea, wound round a succession of mountains for four or five miles, covered to the top with the finest verdure. The path was impassable for any vehicle on wheels; but my friend Mr. H. called it "an excellent road." It verged in many places on frightful precipices, yawning chasms of perhaps hundreds of feet of craggy limestone, that it was any thing but agreeable to contemplate the possibility of toppling over the verge of. Nevertheless, as it was "an excellent road," I was ashamed to say any thing on the subject of the nature of the limit of the single footstep, that made the trifling difference between life and death. By and bye we came to a recent slip, that narrowed our path to about two feet and a halt; and here my obliging companion pointed out the spot where an amiable attorney had broken his neck; nevertheless, the road was excellent, and I had no business to be afraid.

We climbed another mountain, the road of which, if possible, "excelled" the former, and when we gained a platform that would have admirably served for a Tarpeian rock, we had just space enough to wheel round our horses, and view the precipice where a Mr. Davis had galloped a little out of his path of a dark night, and was merely hurled down a ravine of some sixty feet in depth, breaking his fall as he went below, from branch to branch of the impending trees: but these West India gentlemen take a great deal of killing; so when Mr. Davis reached

the bottom he merely shook his members, and the horse moved his limbs, and both came back again to the right path, though at rather a slower rate than they went down. It was, however, a consolation for a stanger to know "the road was excellent," and that accidents in the mountains were not always fatal.

We scrambled up another five or six hundred yards or so. The path appeared to me more craggy than ever. Here and there I came to a dead pause on the brink of a newly made chasm—but it was only a torrent that had torn away the bank,—to my view, that had swept away some twenty or thirty tons of rock from the roadside, and left our path about two feet wide, to totter over "in perfect security."

But notwithstanding the "general excellence of the mountain-roads," I was frequently reminded of the bridge of Al Sirat, which leads the Turkish traveller over a route like the edge of a sharp sword from this world to the other, and swings over the gulf of the region of the Shitan.

Still it is a great comfort, when a stranger is turning an acute angle of about forty-five degrees in a mountain-path, to be assured that the road-makers are abroad and in the course of another season may reach the route in question. It would, therefore, have been unreasonable to have spoken of the lively sentiment of the uncertainty of human life that I felt at every stumble, which the best of ponies will occasionally make over the very best of mountain-roads, and perhaps in the vicinity of the steepest precipices.

So we went on very comfortably, till my worthy friend very kindly pointed out the scene of another very extraordinary accident, which had happened to his companion some year or two before, who fell with his horse down a precipice as frightful as any I had yet seen. But, as I have before observed, there is no killing these people. The precipitated planter returned, after a short time, to his friend in the upper regions of the mountain air without a broken bone; the poor horse, however, remained below—in negro-parlance, mashed.

I had scarcely time to chime in with my friend's commendation of the increas-

ing excellence of the roads, when we came to another very pretty little precipice, exceedingly romantic and perpendicular: and here, only a few weeks ago, a mule, and, melancholy to relate, two barrels of salt beef toppled over the bank, and the consequences were fatal; the unfortunate son of an ass was killed on the spot—but the humane will be gratified to learn that, although the barrels were very seriously hurt, the beef was cured.

The object of this long episode is to keep the fact in your remembrance, that terror is an ingredient that must always enter into the composition of the sublime and beautiful. Well, the sublime and beautiful were indeed mingled with the prospect we had before us, when we reached the delightful spot that bears the romantic name of Dolly Moon's Gap. "What's in a name?" the view might please the eye as well with any other title; but oh, Dolly Moon! wherefore art thou Dolly? and why, in the name of all that is lunatic in far-fetched derivations, art thou denominated Moon? I am happy to say my antiquarian researches have furnished me with the *unde derivatur* of both names; and to put an end at once to the speculations of the learned, I proceed to inform you that Dolly Moon is a corruption of Dorothy Malowney, and the name is that of a lady who was in the planting line in this neighbourhood a great many years ago. But the view:—I verily believe I am keeping it out of sight, from the consciousness of my inability to describe it. You have read Tom Cringle; you probably remember his description of the prospect from the mountains,—one of the finest and most graphic of his admirable sketches. That sketch is so much to my purpose, that I am tempted to avail myself of an extract from Tom's log, to give you a far better idea of that glorious prospect than I could.

"Immediately under foot rose several lower ranges of mountains; those nearest us covered with the laurel-looking coffee-bushes, interspersed with negro villages hanging amongst the fruit-trees like clusters of birds' nests on the hill-side, with a bright green branch of plantain suckers here and there, and a white painted overseer's house peeping from out of the woods, and herds of cattle in the Guinea grass

pieces. Beyond these stretched out the lovely plain of Liguanea, covered with luxuriant cane-fields, and groups of negro-houses and Guinea grass pastures, oftener a darker green than that of the canes: and small towns of sugar-works rose every here and there, with their threads of white smoke floating up into the thin sky; while, as the plain receded, the cultivation disappeared, until the Long Mountain hove its back like a whale from out the den-like level of the plain; while to the right of it the city of Kingston appeared like a model, with its parade in the centre, from which its long lines of hot, sandy streets stretched out in every direction, with the military post of Uppark Camp, situated about a mile and a half to the northward and eastward of the town. Through a tolerable good glass the church-spire looked like a needle; the trees about the house like bushes; the tall cocoa-nut trees, like hare-bells; while a slow crawling black speck here and there denoted a carriage moving along; while waggons, with their teams of eighteen or twenty oxen, looked like so many centipedes. At the camp, the two regiments drawn out on parade, with two nine-pounders on each flank, with their attendant gunners, looked like a red sparkling line, with two black spots at each end. Presently, the red line wavered, and finally broke up as the regiments wheeled into open column, while the whole fifteen hundred men crawled past, three little scarlet spots denoting the general and his men. When they began to manoeuvre, each company looked like a single piece in a game of chess; and as they fired by companies, the little tiny puffs of smoke floated up like wreaths of wool, suddenly surmounting and overlaying the red lines.

To my eyes, however, the sea-view was infinitely finer than the surrounding scenery of hills and plains, even beautiful as this was. The noble harbour, with its long narrow line of land extending from Rockfort to Port-Royal, is the glorious feature of this view; and the beauty of it is tricked out with all the adjuncts such scenery can be enhanced by, either by ornaments of art or nature, with the vessels of war at the entrance of the port, in the stillness of the morning, "reposing on their shadows;" and

the numerous merchantmen crowded under the shore at Kingston, and the long line of coast, as far as the eye could reach on the western boundary of the prospect; and the vessels in the offing at widely distant intervals, dotting the horizon, and veering in the distance, as the land-breeze setting in effected the course of the vessels inward or homeward bound. I certainly never beheld a more glorious prospect, and no picture that I have seen of it does any thing like justice to its beauty.

Dolly Moon's Gap is one of those clefts in the summits of the mountains that abound in this country, and are the records of the awful commotions in the earth that have been occasioned in past times by earthquakes or volcanoes. The whole face of the country in these mountainous districts bears evident marks of the agency of the latter:—precipitate cones, suddenly emerging from the tops of the hills; abrupt declivities, breaking all at once the level platforms; irregular masses of rock, of enormous size, that have been detached from the surrounding hills, scattered over the plains and along the face of the mountains; in some parts, a regular gradation of conical tumuli slanting with the mountains as they ascend towards their summits.

There is no volcano now in action in the island; nor, I believe, is there any record of an eruption of this nature. At some distance from Mr. H—s—pen, I should think nearly three thousand feet above the sea, there is a small lake of brackish water, which is situated in a little valley, entirely enclosed by the surrounding hills. The face of these hills has the same irregularities I have spoken of above; and the spot on which the lake is situated has all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano. But neither lava, pumice, or spring, either thermal or sulphureous, exist in the neighbourhood; at least, I could find no traces of them. The only stone I could discover that had the appearance of having undergone the action of fire, was a hard black species of basalt, that readily broke with a dull shining fracture.

On our arrival at the residence of Mr. H, the door was soon besieged by a host of negroes from the hot-house, or hospital, complaining of dysentery—a very prevalent disease at certain seasons in the

mountains. Mr. H. prescribed for them all, and, as I thought, judiciously as to the remedy; though a medical man might have regulated its administration with a little more attention to the difference of age, sex, and constitution. My friend, however, was not a medical man, and therefore could not be supposed to know much about the necessity of discriminative treatment. He was not to blame; but the circumstances under which medical treatment is afforded to the negro, except where a medical man is living on the property, cannot be otherwise than unfavourable for the sick. The hot-house doctor is generally a negro disqualified by age or infirmity for labour in the field. He has charge of the medicines,—the care of compounding them; and he can neither read nor write. The medical attendant is paid a dollar a-head* for visiting the property once a week; and, with all the desire on the part of that attendant to do his duty humanely to the negroes, it is impossible for him, considering the distance he has to come, and the various other most laborious duties he has to perform, to give adequate attention to each individual that may be brought before him. He must trust a great deal to the hot-house doctor; and it depends on what terms the sick negro is with that person, how he is attended to, and when he is looked upon as a sick man or a shammer. I say this out of no disrespect to the medical gentlemen who have charge of the negroes on the several properties: I believe, generally, they do their duty as well as they can do it under existing circumstances; but consequences do occur to the negroes which do not come under the eye of the medical man, but do come every day under that of the magistrate, which are productive of more complaints both from masters and negroes than all the other causes of disagreement put together.

A STORY FROM HERODOTUS.

ONCE on a time there sat on the throne of Egypt a prince named Rhemphis, or Rampsinitis—it is no great consequence which; he was an aged gentlemanly sort of person, very fond of amassing riches; a propensity he had so unremittingly endeavoured to gratify during his whole

* This was during the existence of slavery.

career, that he had become ultimately one of the wealthiest monarchs that ever swayed the Egyptian sceptre. But was he happy after he had arrived at this consummation of his wishes? Not exactly so; and on this rests our present story, the facts of which are faithfully taken from the Greek historian Herodotus, though we claim and use the privilege of relating them in our own humble way.

Rhemphis, then, had accumulated great treasures of gold, and silver, and precious jewels. It was perfectly delightful to the old king to look upon them, but the fear of losing them came in the way to mar his enjoyment. The monarch distrusted his servants and every body about him, naturally enough supposing that every one regarded such objects with eyes as covetous as his own. This idea became the torment of the king's life. What was to be done? To do him justice, Rhemphis was not cruel or tyrannical, and although particular persons among his dependents might be the chief objects of his uneasy suspicion, he never once thought of the plan of inviting them to a banquet, and letting loose executioners upon them in their hour of unguarded relaxation; which was the plan adopted by a certain successor of his, some two or three thousand years afterwards, in order to get rid of four or five hundred servants (usually called Mamelukes) who had become objects of jealousy and dislike to their master. Rhemphis never took such a scheme as this into his head. The plan that he did fall upon was the simple one of building a secure place for the reception of the gold which he was afraid of losing. With this view he called an architect, or rather several architects, before him, to consult about the stone strong-box he had resolved to build. We say *several* architects, because there is strong reason to believe that the job was executed by contract. The builder to whom the employment fell executed it, at least, in a way and manner very different from the employer's wishes, which renders the presumption of its being a contract very strong. The new treasury was erected close to the side of the palace walls, and had no opening whatever, excepting one to the private apartments of Rhemphis, in the interior of the royal building. Nothing but a blind blank stone wall, of most sufficient strength,

was presented to gazers from the outside; and as for the door leading to and from the palace, the king took excellent good care both that the keys of it should never for a moment leave his own royal girdle, and that its strength should be such as to render access without these lock-pickers impossible.

Rhemphis was absolutely happy, or at least wonderfully merry, when once he had got this strong-box fairly made, and his treasures deposited in it. Every day after dinner, to the great astonishment and also to the satisfaction of his only daughter—a creature young and beautiful as the dawn—he would make an attempt to carol an emphatic ditty, which, being translated from the Coptic, approached very nearly in signification to our own "Begone, dull care!" But this state of complacency did not continue long. On one of his solitary visits to his strong-box, it struck the king that things were not as he had left them at his previous visit. He missed some portion of his golden hoards; but their total amount was so immense, that he could not be certain of the fact until he had made a mark, and examined a second time. His suspicions were confirmed; his gold had been pilfered, and that in no small quantities! From that hour, as may be supposed, the king's comfort was utterly destroyed, and the more so, because he could not form the slightest conception of the authors of the robbery, or the manner in which it had been effected. The lock and seals—for he was in the habit of using the additional precaution of sealing up the door—were apparently untouched. It was next to impossible that any person could have entered by the door, and, as Rhemphis held up his lamp, and looked around the dead walls, he thought it equally out of the question to suppose any one could pass through *them*. Nevertheless, on succeeding visits the monarch perceived the diminution of his gold still to continue. Never was old gentleman so puzzled, so distracted. How could the thief get in, and who could the thief be? All that Rhemphis could determine on the matter was, that the pilferer must be one of his own servants; and having arrived at this conclusion, the next question was, How to catch him? To place guards around the place would have been ridiculous, as

the unknown plunderer would thereby have been deliberately warned of his danger. At length Rhemphis resolved to place traps *inside* of the treasure-house, and around the vases containing the precious hoards. The king's confidential artificer got the traps made accordingly, and they were, with all possible speed, set in the requisite situation. But before we tell the issue, we must introduce the thief, or rather the thieves to the reader.

The job of building the stone strong-box, it has been hinted, was in all probability done by contract. This is to be hoped at least, seeing that poor payment would furnish some little apology for the conduct of the builder. That personage so disposed one of the large stones of the wall on the outside, that it could be easily removed by two or even one man of ordinary strength, and a ready access thus opened to the treasures within. The architect never made use, personally, of this avenue to wealth; but he fell ill soon after the completion of the building, and being more anxious about the monetary comfort of his wife and his two sons than about the preservation of their honesty, he told the youths of the manner in which he had provided for their future prosperity by the artifice of the hole in the wall. Not long after their father's death, the sons went to the spot, crept into the treasury, and carried away enough to supply their wants for the time being. When their necessities called upon them, they went back again and again. But, in the mean time the traps were set, and on one of their visits the elder of the brothers was caught therein! He comprehended his situation instantly, and being a bold determined fellow, called upon the younger to kill him instantly. "It is the only means," exclaimed he, "to save our mother and yourself. If when found here I am known, the whole affair will be detected, and all of us will perish at once. Therefore, since I cannot escape, and must die, cut of my head, brother, and carry it away. It will be impossible for them *then* to know me." The younger was most reluctant to obey the other's desire; but at length, with a sad heart, he did as he was requested. He then lifted his brother's head, crept out and replaced the stone, and ran home to his mother.

By daylight Rhemphis was in his trea-

sury to discover the result of his scheme, and never, perhaps, was king or common man so surprised as when he found the headless body of a man in the trap, while at the same time no possible mode of egress or ingress was yet to be seen. The affair was ten times more mysterious than ever. Rhemphis, however, formed some hope of unravelling it by means of the corpse. This he ordered to be exposed near the spot, while at the same time he placed a band of soldiers hard by, with orders to seize any one who should express sorrow at the sight. "This weak invention" never would have brought the truth to light, as the surviving thief was too wise to take any notice of the matter; but his mother compelled him to interfere. The old lady was exasperated at the treatment of her lost son's body, and plainly told the survivor that if he did not fall on some means of bringing it away, she would go and tell the whole to the king. In vain did the youth endeavour to excuse himself; the mother knew his inventive genius, and was obstinate. Finding this to be the case, the son bethought himself of a plan to effect her wish. Loading some asses with skins of wine, he drove them in the evening close to the spot where the soldiers were stationed, and then secretly drew out the pegs from two or three of the skins. "Oh, my wine! my beautiful wine! From Mareotis every drop of it!" he began to howl in such a manner, as speedily to bring the soldiers to his side. Instead of helping him, however, to replace the pegs, they began to drink freely from the gushing skins, as he expected. He affected at first to be angry, but when they only laughed and made game of him, he seemed to become pacified, and to admire their drollery. Nay, in token of that admiration, he gave them a skin of wine, and helped to drink it, appearing enchanted with the merriment. The issue was, that every man became intoxicated, and in time fell asleep. The youth allowed the night to come on, and then took down his brother's body, which he put into a sack provided for it, and laid on the back of one of his asses. Being a fellow of irrepressible drollery, he could not help leaving the soldiers, and the king also a parting token of his derision, by cutting off a portion of the whisker on the right cheek of each of the men.

When Rhemphis heard of this, he was, you may be sure, in a dreadful passion, though his admiration of the thief's ingenuity and boldness was almost equal to his anger. The old king could do nothing after these events but think and dream of that same thief. When his daughter asked him at dinner what he would like best to have, "the thief," was the usual reply. In fact, he grew a sort of monomaniac upon the subject; and had he not been born ruler of millions, would assuredly have been heartily beaten twenty times over, seeing that he got into such a species of dotage on this point as at last to ask every body about him, not excepting even his prime minister, "Are you *the* thief—*my* thief?" At length he fell upon a strange plan to discover the cause of all his troubles. He commanded his beautiful daughter to receive the addresses of any man on condition that he would tell her the most artful as well as wicked thing he ever did. Rhemphis conjectured that either the hope of marrying the princess, or the sheer audacity that seemed to distinguish him, would bring forward the rogue; and he was not disappointed. The young thief came forward at once, but, guessing at the king's plan, he provided himself accordingly. He went on his courting expedition to the princess, and remained with her till it was dark, when, according to the plan, the young lady put the question to him. The youth replied unhesitatingly, "The most wicked thing I ever did was to cut off the head of my brother, who was caught in a trap in the king's treasury; and the most artful thing I ever did was to make the king's guards drunk, and carry off my brother's body." As soon as this answer was given, the princess, as had been arranged, seized the youth's arm and gave the alarm, that he might be apprehended. But what was her astonishment and terror when the arm she grasped came away from the body, and remained alone in her possession, while the thief quietly glided off, and made his escape. On lights being brought, the princess found that she had a dead man's arm in her grasp!

Rhemphis was now in perfect despair. This extraordinary thief was too much even for a king to contend with. The daughter could not explain the circumstance of the arm, as the thief had

appeared to her a most agreeable youth, with arms like those of other mortals. Fairly baffled, Rhemphis now proclaimed that if the wonderful thief would come forward, he would not only be pardoned, but rewarded handsomely. The young trickster trusted the royal word, and immediately presented himself before the king, to whom he candidly explained the whole secret of the moveable stone in the wall. "But the arm—the dead arm?" said the monarch. The youth smiled, and replied that, guessing the princess would have orders to seize him after his confession, he had brought the arm with him under his cloak for the purpose, having taken it from the body of a person recently dead. The old king was delighted with the manners and address of the young thief. In fact, "he looked upon him (says Herodotus) as the cleverest of human beings," and gave him his daughter in marriage—an arrangement to which the young princess is not recorded as having offered any objections.

Thus happily ends the history of one of the most famous thieves of antiquity: an ending very different, indeed, from what similar practices would have entailed on the doer in these our unromantic days.

PROFESSIONAL MODESTY.—"Is Mr. Sharpe at home?"

"No," replied the clerk.

"No! why I see him in his office."

"He is not at home, Sir."

"Well, I must speak to his ghost, then," he rejoined, approaching my room; there was no time to be lost; I rose from my seat, rushed into the clerk's office, nearly overturning the intruder in my haste, and angrily exclaimed to my clerk, "What do you mean by this, you young rascal? did I not tell you, when Mr. Tricker called, to deny me? I tell you I am *not* at home, Sir; I am attending the Common Pleas!" and slamming the door in his face, and audibly turning the key, I left him aghast at finding for once his own impudence outdone!

PROGRESSIVE INCREASE OF POPULATION.—In every seven minutes of the day a child is born in London, and in every nine minutes one of its inhabitants dies! The population of London is, roundly, 2,572,000. If the averages of the last fifty years continue, in thirty-one years from this time as many persons as now compose its population will have died in it, and yet in about thirty-nine years from this time, if the present rate of progress continue, the metropolis will contain twice as many persons as it does now.

WEDDING BELLS.

Twilight shade is calmly falling
 Round about the dew-robed flowers;
 Philomel's lone song is calling
 Lovers to their fairy bowers.
 Echo, on the zephyrs gliding,
 Bears a voice that seems to say,
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tiding,
 This has been a wedding day!"
 Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.
 Every simple breast rejoices;
 Laughter rides upon the gale;
 Happy hearts and happy voices
 Dwell within the lowly vale.
 Oh, how sweet on zephyrs gliding,
 Sound the bells that seem to say,
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tiding,
 This has been a wedding day!"
 Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night wind-stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.

Eliza Cook.

OH! THIS WERE A BRIGHT WORLD.

Oh! this were a bright world,
 Most pleasant and gay,
 Did love never languish,
 Nor friendship decay!
 And pure rays of feeling
 That gladden the heart,
 Like sunshine to nature,
 Did never depart!
 To fair eyes no weeping,
 To fond hearts no pain—
 Did hope's buds all blossom,
 All blooming remain!
 No sorrow to blighten,
 No care to destroy,
 Oh! then what a bright world
 Of gladness and joy!
 Did time never alter,
 Nor distance remove,
 The friends that we cherish,
 The fond ones we love!
 A sky never clouded
 Nor darkened by woe!
 Oh! then, how serenely
 Life's streamlet would flow!
 Were pleasures less fleeting,
 Nor brought in their train
 The mem'ry of joys fled,
 That come not again;
 Oh! then, what a bright world,
 All glad some and gay,
 Did love never languish,
 Nor friendship decay!

Gilfillan.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die;
 The near approach a bed may show
 Of human bliss to human woe.

I'VE PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

I've pleasant thoughts that memory brings
 In moments free from care,
 Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,
 With roses in her hair;
 Her smile was like the starlight
 Of Summer's softest skies,
 And worlds of joyousness there shone
 From out her witching eyes.
 Her locks were looks of melody,
 Her voice was like the swell
 Of sudden music, notes of mirth,
 That of wild gladness tell;
 She came like spring, with pleasant sounds
 Of sweetness and of mirth,
 And her thoughts were those wild flowery ones
 That linger not on earth.
 I know not of her destiny,
 Or where her smile now strays,
 But the thought of her comes over me
 With my own lost sunny days,
 With moonlight hours, and far-off friends,
 And many pleasant things,
 That have gone the way of all the earth
 On times resistless wings.

Mrs. L. P. Smith.

THE SEASONS.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours
 The carnival of birds and flowers?
 Yet who would choose, however dear,
 That Spring should revel all the year?
 Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
 The bridal of the earth and main?
 Yet who would choose, however bright,
 A dog-day noon without a night?
 Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
 When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
 Yet who would choose, however gay,
 A year of unrenewed decay?
 Who loves not Winter's awful form?
 The sphere-born music of the storm?
 Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
 The shortest day to last for ever?

Montgomery.

MICKEY FREE'S LAMENT.

Then fare ye well,ould Erin dear;
 To part—my heart does ache well.
 From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,
 I'll never see your equal.
 And, though to foreign parts we're bound,
 Where Cannibals may ate us,
 We'll ne'er forget the holy ground
 Of poteen and potatoes.
 When good St. Patrick banished frogs,
 And shook them from his garment,
 He never thought we'd go abroad,
 To live upon such varment;
 Nor quit the land where whisky grew,
 To wear King George's button,
 Take vinegar for mountain dew,
 And toads for mountain mutton.

Lever.

VEGETABLE SERPENT.—According to some *English Journals*, a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an intermediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself on the ground; instead of a head, has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a viscous liquid. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by two spiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it a delicious food.—*English Paper*.

"WHITECHAPEL SHARPS."—In Yarriba and elsewhere, it was a general practice with us to pay the carriers of our luggage with needles only, but here we are endeavouring to dispose of them in order to purchase provisions for our people. We brought with us from England nearly a hundred thousand needles of various sizes, and amongst them was a great quantity of "Whitechapel sharps," warranted "superfine, and not to cut in the eye!" Thus highly recommended, we imagined that these needles must have been good indeed; but what was our surprise some time ago, when a number of them which we had disposed of was returned to us with a complaint that they were all *eyeless*, thus redeeming with a vengeance the pledge of the manufacturer, that they "would not cut in the eye." On an examination afterwards, we found the same fault with the remainder of the "Whitechapel sharps," so that to save our credit we have been obliged to throw them away.—*Lander's Travels in Africa*.

RAILWAY COMPENSATIONS.—The great difference between the sums claimed by proprietors and the sums offered by railway companies, for occupation of land and damages, has frequently excited remarks and surprise. The difference in the case of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and the directors of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum, presents, perhaps, a greater difference than was ever before witnessed in the Kingdom, and would almost lead to the supposition that the claim had been made by the inmates rather than by the directors. The first claim made was 44,000*l.*, but, before trial, this was reduced to something a little above 10,000*l.* The sum awarded by the jury was 873*l.*

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERS.—In the autumn of 1818, her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, the estate of a rich widow belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and

a message returned that she should be well come. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called king by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say *thy* majesty, or *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriages arrived at the lodges of the park, punctual to the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made, no hostess nor domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with "What's thy will, friend?" This was almost unanswerable. Surely" said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her majesty—Go to your mistress and say the Queen is here." "No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady, but friend Rachel Mills expecteth *thine*; walk in." The Queen and Princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a curtsy, but a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter; I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds." What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed she answered, "Yea, thou art right there; the Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like to thee, friend Charlotte; moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers"—(she alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in her hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of those rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with characteristic evasion, "They *are* rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased, in this land or in other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease." Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. "I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills. "Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the Princess, with a conciliating smile. "Nay, verily," replied Rachel, "I have refused many friends; and that which

I denied to mine own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our own house, and I can make no exception in thy favour."

[We copy the above from a manuscript scrap-book, lately put into our hands. We believe the story to be true in every particular, and it affords us one of the finest instances of a placid disposition, unmoved by external circumstances, ever given to the world.]

PADDY'S STORY ABOUT A FOX.

"PADDY," said the squire, "perhaps you would favour the gentlemen with that story you once told me about a fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honour," said Paddy, "though I know full well not one word iv it you believe, nor the gentlemen wont either, though you're axin' me for it; but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back's turned."

"May be we wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not sayin' you wouldn't do it as soon forninst my face your honour, as you often did before, and will again, and welkim —"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only telling the gentlemen before-hand that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie, and indeed it is uncommon, sure enough; but you see, gentlemen, you must remember that the fox is the cunnin'ist baste in the world, barrin' the wren."

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunning a *baste* as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase all birds builds their nest with one hole to it only, excep'n the wren; but the wren builds two holes on the nest, so that if any inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other; but the fox is cute to that degree, that there's many a fool to him, and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was."

Well, you see, he came home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and when he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood on the fire to make himself comfortable, and he took whatever little matter he had for his supper, and, after that, he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that, though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself, like, than to sleep, for it was early; and so he jist went into bed, and there he diverted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonfire on the hearth.

Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but a fox? But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's

house was on the bordhers o' the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut on the door, with a swingin' board to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it plazed them; and, by dad, the fox came in, as I told you, through the whole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down forninst it.

Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out; they were rovin' about the woods, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and it so happened there wasn't so much as one individual dog in the place; and I'll go bail the fox knew that right well before he put his nose inside the ranger's lodge.

Well, the ranger was in hopes that some o' the dogs 'id come home and catch the chap, and he was loath to stir hand or fut himself afear'd o' freghentin' away the fox; but he could hardly keep his temper at all at all, whin he seen the fox take the pipe aff the hob, where he lift afore he wint to bed, and puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it (it's as thrue as I'm here), he began to smoke forninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

"Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you long-tailed blackguard!" says the ranger, "and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convaynient to me, it's fire and smoke of another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you," he said.

So, with that, he watched until the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cinders out o' the pipe whin he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately afther gettin' an air at the fire and a shaugh at the pipe; and so said he, "Faiks, my lad, I wont let you go so easy as all that, as cunnin' as you think yourself;" and with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and ran over to the door, and got between it and the fox; and, "now" says he, "your bread's baked, my buck, and maybe my lord wont have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you moradin' thief, and the divil mind you," says he, "for your impidence; for sure if you hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, it's not into my very house, undher my nose, you'd daarf for to come;" and with that he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyeing him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he heard the whistle, and says the fox to himself, "Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now," says he, "and you think you're very cute; but, upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sitch a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage," says the fox, "I'll make you lave the doon sood and sodd;" and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lying, hard by, beside the fire, and, what would you think, but

the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire, and threw it into it.

'I think that'll make you start,' says the fox.

'Not a bit,' says the ranger; 'that wont do, my buck,' says he; 'the brogue may burn to cinders,' says he; 'but out o' this I wont stir;' and thin puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gave a blast of a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

'So that wont do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

'There now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he, 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the devil said to his knee buckles.'

'Oh, you thievin' varmint!' says the ranger, 'you wont lave me a tack to my feet; but no matter,' says he; 'your head's worth more than a pair o' brogues to me, any day; and, by the Piper o' Blissintown, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and, with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sits the fox on his hunkers, and puts his two fore paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger. Well, the ranger, no wondher, though in a rage, as he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sow!' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I musn't be triflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him insinse that it is time to let me go; and though he hasn't understan'ing to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say *sparables*;' and, with that, what do you think the fox done? Why, he took a lighted piece of a log out o' the blazing fire, and ran over wid it to the rangers bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out of house and home; so whin the ranger saw that, he gave a shout—

'Hilloo, hilloo! you murderin' villin!' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue of a Ribbonman!' and he made a dart between him and the bed, to save the house from being burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted; and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped.

But before he wint, the fox turned round and gave the ranger the most contimptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessing!' and off wid him—like a flash o' lightnin'!

Lover.

GOOD ADVICE.—The following words, it has been well said, are deserving to be written in

letters of gold, like those over the principal gate of Athens, in the days of her pride and glory. "Keep thy feet dry—thy skin clean—thy digestion regular—thy head cool—and a fig for the doctors."

GERMAN WINES.—The Philadelphia Gazette assures its readers that some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar and as rough as a file. "It is remarked of the wines of Stuttgart," says this authority, "that one is like a cat scampering down your throat head foremost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by the tail.

CANDOUR.—An honest brewer divided his liquor into three classes—strong-table, common-table, and *lamen*-table.

LAZINESS.—A father asked a lazy son what made him lie in bed so long. "I am busied," said he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, sloth to lie still; and as they give me twenty reasons for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides: and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.

THE BARBER AND THE MADMAN.—A pimple-faced madman, with a loaded pistol in his hand, compelled a barber to take off his beard, declaring that if he cut him in a single place, he would blow out his brains. After successfully accomplishing his difficult task, the barber was asked whether he had not been terrified during the operation. "No, Sir," he replied, "for the moment I had drawn blood, I had made up my mind to cut your throat!"

"If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

In the mountainous parts of some of the northern portions of the Burman empire, where the plant, judging from its native name, appears to be indigenous, tea is cultivated for a use to which no other nation puts it. The leaf is preserved in oil and eaten as a dainty, pretty much after the manner in which European nations use Olives.

"Industry must prosper," as the man said when holding the baby while his wife chopped wood.

A wag, reading in a shop window, "Table bear sold here," asked if the *bear* was the man's own *bruin*.

"French kid" gloves are made of the skins of rats caught in the sewers of Paris.

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REDDY RYLAND;

SHOWING HOW "THE SHINE" WAS TAKEN OUT OF HIM.

LAUGHING, loving, rollicking, rousing, fighting, tearing, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy! of all the kind-hearted, light-hearted, gay-hearted fellows that ever whirled a shillala at a fight (*when he could not help it*, for Reddy declared that otherwise he never fought), or *covered the buckle** at a fair, Reddy Ryland was the king! His very face was a jest-book. His eyes, though wild and blue, were not as mischievous as mirthful; his full, flexible mouth was surrounded by folds and dimples, where wit and humour rested at all times and all seasons. His hat sat in a most knowing manner upon the full rich curls of his brown hair; his gay-coloured silk neckerchief was tied so loosely round his throat, that if it were possible he had ever seen a picture of Byron, folk would have said he was imitating the lordly poet; his figure was that of a lithe and graceful mountaineer—his voice the very echo of mirth and joy; and his name for ten miles round his mother's dwelling (Reddy was resolved it should not be considered *his* until after her death) was sure to excite a smile or a blessing, perhaps both. With all this, Reddy was careful of the main chance—a good farmer in a small way, and a prosperous one; read Martin Doyle and Captain Blackyer; understood green crops, and stall-fed his cow; had really brewed his own beer twice, and it only turned sour *once*; talked of joining the Temperance Society—though I need not add, that if Reddy had been fond of "the drop," he would not have been the prosperous fellow he was. Here, then, was an Irish peasant free from the

common faults of his countrymen; he seldom procrastinated; was sober, honest, truthful, diligent, and, to use the phrase which his mother applied to him at least ten times a-day, "was as good a son as ever raised his head beneath the canopy of heaven." What, then, can I have to say about Reddy Ryland, more than to give honour due to his good qualities? If this be all, my task is nearly done; for the language of praise, I am told, is used sparingly by the prudent; people in an ordinary way tire amazingly over the record of their neighbour's virtues. It is very delightful to feel their good effects—to enjoy the advantages arising therefrom; but we do not like to hear them lauded what we call too highly; it is a sort of implied censure on our own imperfections, that we do not relish; consequently, we are by many degrees too anxious to pick out faults, and thrust our tongues therein, as children do their fingers into small rents, to make them larger. The rent, the faulty spot in Reddy's character, was unfortunately large enough for all the tongues in the country to wag through: and let no one suppose that his popularity prevented many a bitter animadversion upon his imperfection; his particular friends never praised him without exclaiming, "Ah, thin, sure he *is* a darlint; sorra a one like him in the counthry; and sure it's an angel he'd be *all out*, but *for that fault he has*." It certainly is marvellous how our intimates discover and publish our faults, oiling their observations with "what a pity!" Reddy's fault was, in a word, a superabundance of conceit—real *personal* vanity. When he was a little boy, he used to dress his hair in every tub of water that came in his way; and when he grew up "a slip of a boy," his first pocket-money purchased—a looking-glass.

*A favourite Irish step (not known in quadrilles).

Reddy was intolerably vain; he thought himself the handsomest "boy" in the barony; and more than that, he had the impudence to declare that no woman could refuse him! I must confess that the country girls had, if not sown, cultivated this vanity to a very considerable extent; they paid him a great deal too much attention, which is any thing but good for men in general; and the consequence was, that Reddy considered himself very much as a sort of Irish grand sultan, who had nothing to do but throw his handkerchief upon the favoured fair one; and be she who she might, she would rejoice to become his bride.

"Ah, thin, Reddy dear!" exclaimed his mother one Sunday morning, when Reddy had, even in her opinion, taken a very long time to dress for mass—"Ah, thin, Reddy dear, what ails the shoes?"

"Mother dear, it's *boots* that's in it; and I'm thinking they'll wrinkle on the instep."

"Well, dear, why are ye faulting them so? sure they're mighty slim and purty to look at; and the only wonder I have is how ye ever got yer feet into them. Oh, thin, what would yer father say to see ye turning out on the road in single soles, without so much as a sparable in the heel. Oh, my! why, thin, Reddy, *you have* a mighty purty fut, God bless it!"

"Well, mother, it's nate, I don't deny it," he answered, elevating his foot and viewing it in every position; "I never *go out on the floor** without seeing the notice that's taken of it, especially in heel and toe; that's the step to show the shape to advantage—whoop!"

And Reddy cut a caper, while his mother said, "Aisy, Reddy; it's time enough to begin that sort of *divarshin* afther mass. That's a mighty purty handkerchief ye've got about yer neck, dear; they do be saying you don't close up yer throat because it's so handsome; ye always had a mighty clane† skin."

Reddy showed his teeth at the compliment.

"Darling boy, yer hair is a thrifle too long; I'll cut it the morrow morning if you like."

"Mother," answered Reddy, somewhat indignantly, "ye may dock all the

children in the parish, but ye shan't *mas-sacree* my curls any more. Ye spoilt me intirely last fair-day."

"Well, dear," answered the mother, who was perfectly conscious of her son's weakness, though she encouraged it, "there's the bowl dish I always put on yer father's head when I cut his hair, that I might trim it all round, even; one would have thought the dish made on his head, it fitted so beautiful: that was when first we war married; but, bedad! after a fair or a faction fight, the knocks would grow up, and grow out, and push it up—I always allowed for them in the cutting—and he never said—not he (the heavens be his bed!) 'Nell, it's not to my liking.' He was as handsome to the full as yon, Reddy, *avick!* but never took as much pride out of himself as you do. Now, don't put a frown upon *your joy of a face* to your ould mother, my son. The times are changed now, and the young men think more of themselves than they used—times and fashions do change, *agra!* Sure I mind the misthress at the big house riding to church on a pillion behind the coachman, in a green joseph, a gould watch as big as your fist, and a beautiful beaver and feathers—jog jump! jog jump! all along the road. And then of a week day, my darlint! to see her up before the maids in the morning at day-break, and rowling out the pasthry for company, and clearing jelly!—that was her glory. And now, why, the ladies rides in coaches, and leaves word with the maids to get up, and orders the pasthry, and faults the jelly, *avick machree!* There's not the heartiness in the country of the good ould times; we're fading from sunbames into moonbames: *that's* what ails us!"

"Am I a moonbame, mother?" inquired the son, with an insinuating look.

"A moonbame, *avick!* Ah, thin, no; that you aint. You'er a flash-o'-lightning-boy—oh! that's what you are. And if you do take a taste of pride out of yerself, *who* has a better right, and all the counthry putting it into you!"

Reddy perfectly agreed with his mother, and after giving her a hearty kiss, as it was yet too early for second and too late for first prayers, he thought he would open his heart to her, as he had long intended to do.

*Dance.

†Fair.

"Ah, thin, mother darlint, will ye listen to us for a few minutes, and give us yer advice, which we want at this present time intirely, ye see."

"Why, thin, I will, to be sure, and pray the Lord to put sense into me for that same; for a mother's counsel comes oftener from the heart than from the head. What is it, *avick*?"

"How ould was my father whin he married?"

"Why, thin, not all out twenty-one."

"And I'm twenty-five next Martinmas, plase God. Mother, that's a shame."

"That the Lord has given ye so many years, is it?" said the widow, with great *naivete*.

"Dear! How innocent ye are all of a sudden, mother! No, but that I didn't do as my father did before me."

"Ah, thin, no one can reproach ye with the same, *avourneen*; not many a fair in the country but knows the face and figure of Reddy Ryland to be the same as his father's—and sorra a purty girl that ye havn't made love to, ever since ye counted—Oh, my grief! why, Reddy, you made love to purty Peggy Garvey before you were turned thirteen—that was kind father for ye, any way."

"Mother, now lave off make-believing *innocence*; sure you know very well what I mane is—it is time I was—married!"

His mother gave a very admirable start of astonishment, and, after a pause, said, "Well! it's only natural, and so—why!—sure my darling boy has only to ax and have, only to pick the country! Ah, thin, Reddy, why don't ye make up yer mind to Ellen Rossiter? It's her people, every one of them, that has the warm house and the warm heart."

"Mother, I've nothing to say against the girl, only I'd be affard her head would set the house on fire. Now, mother, that's enough. I never could abide red hair."

"It's only auburn, my son; and, sure, after a few years it will be the colour of mine, white like the first snow; beauty's but skin deep, though its memory is pleasant when it does fade. Well, there, I'm done; I'll say no more about her. What do ye think of Miss Kitty Blackney?"

"She's short, mother; all out too short, mother."

"Let her stand on her purse, Reddy dear," replied the mother; "let her stand on *that*, and she'll be even with Squire Baine's tall poplar tree! Mabe Miss Kitty hasn't a purse! Oh, thin, it's yerself that's hard to be plased; I'll say no more about her, though it's yellow goold she'd give ye to ate, if she had ye. Well, maybe Mary Murphy is long enough to plase ye!"

"The *stalking voragah*! She is long enough, but her family's not long. I must have *blood, bone, and beauty*, and that's the thruth, and I'll never marry without it, never throw myself away—that's what I wont do. I'll show the country what a wife ought to be. I'll not marry a girl to be ashamed of her people. I'll not marry a poplar nor a furze bush. I'll not marry for money, nor all out pride, nor all out love, only a little of both. I'd like a girl, ye see, that would be proud of her husband, particularly when we'd be both in our Sunday clothes. I'll never marry a girl that hasn't sunshine in every bit of her face."

"And in her timper, too, I hope; a good timper is a cordial to a man's heart. It's the nurse of sorrow—the medicine of sickness—the *wine at a poor man's table*. Whatever ye do, *avick*, watch the timper."

"I don't think," said Reddy, looking at himself in the glass that hung from a nail in the dresser; "I don't think any woman could be ill tempered with me."

"The heavens never shone on a better boy, that's thrue; but for all that, some women is mighty inganious. But, Reddy, don't marry a girl that's altogether without money; it's a mighty *savery* thing in a house; but don't marry altogether for it."

"Trust me, mother dear; but is there no one else you could think of?"

"Sorra one; unless it be the Flower of Loughgully, and—"

"Don't name *her*, mother dear, if you plase," said Reddy, turning away his face. "I'll not deny that I thought on't a dale of Kathleen O'Brien, a great dale; but nobody ever thought as much of her as she did of herself, and so—"

"She didn't dare refuse *you*?" observed Mrs Ryland indignantly.

"No, no, not *that*; but *she* laughed at *me*; and I wonder at ye, mother, to name the Flower of Loughgully to me. Ye just did it to get a rize out of me, that's all; but don't do it again, mother. I'll

show *her*, before a month is over her raven hair that she bands so neat; before another month has made us all nearer to eternity, I'll show her the sort of wife Reddy Ryland can get. I'll——," he paused, overcome by contending feelings to which his mother had no clue; and then, while she thought over his words, he added, with his usual gaiety of manner, "I've made up my mind to go to Kilkenny next week, where I've heard of one from my cousin to suite me; and, maybe, I wont bring ye a daughter, mother. There's not a girl in this country fit for *that*, mother," and he looked, *not* at his mother, but at himself; "not one. And now God be with ye! I've made up my mind to be married, and now I've told you. I'll punish the hearts of the girls—of *the* girl, any way, that——But God be with ye, mother; I must not lose mass," and off he bounded, leaving his mother to recall, and cogitate, over the old adage of the more haste the worse speed.

"If," said she, "after all, he should marry out of spite to the Flower of Loughgully, what might come of it? I named her last, to see if he would speak of her, but he did not; and yet I'm sure his heart turned to her above all others, though he'd never *give in* to her, nor she to him—she has such a spirit! And sometimes I think I make too much of my boy, but I can't help it. His face, so handsome, so like his father's; and his voice, when he calls me in the morning, or blesses me at night, I often think my own darlint is with me again! Pray the Almighty," said the widow, after a long pause, and clasping her hands, "pray the Almighty, that, after having the pick of the country, *he don't take the crooked stick at last!*"

Now, it so happened that the widow Ryland did every thing in her power to prevent her son's visit to Kilkenny; but she had not accustomed him to contradiction, and he would go, and he did go; and the neighbours said Reddy Ryland was gone Kilkenny to bring home a wife; and when Kathleen O'Brien the Flower of Loughgully, heard *that*, she wept bitterly, for she had calculated on the influence of her own beauty over the heart of her lover, having altogether forgotten how completely Reddy was absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections. A woman

never can have much power over a vain man.

Three weeks elapsed, and Reddy returned to his home, and his foot and eye were both heavy; the elasticity had departed from the one, and the brightness from the other. His mother pressed him to her bosom, and his neighbours crowded to welcome his arrival. Many a hand was extended; and "sure we'll have some fun now ye're come back," said one. "Ah, thin, it was a quare wake Andy Magaveney had, poor man; the pipes weren't half smoked, and the dancing not worth a farthing, 'cause *you* warn't in it," said another. "Sure you never saw a gayer boy than yerself, Reddy, since ye left it," exclaimed a third. "Well he's with us again, any how. But, Reddy' *where's* the Kilkenny lady you war' to bring to show us the fashions?" inquired a fourth.

Reddy laughed, and turned off the question, and called for some whisky to treat his friends. His mother observed he made his punch double its usual strength; and, as she said afterwards, an "*impression*" came over her heart "*like the hand o' death*," for she saw something was wrong, and she sat looking at her son with tears in her eyes; even when their friends were gone, she had not courage to ask him if he was married; but Reddy walked to the table after he had shut the door, and, filling out a great glass of whisky, drank it off, and then said,

"Mother, wish me joy. Joy, joy mother! I'm married!"

"Oh, Reddy, it isn't possible that's thue—without ever consulting yer mother, or letting her see yer choice!"

"It's as thue, mother—as bad luck."

"Oh, Reddy, my own son, has she *'the blood'* you talked about? Is she of an ancient family all out?"

"Mother, answered Reddy, after a pause, it's not aisy to get every thing."

"Oh, wisha! if ye thought of that before, ye need not have gone to Kilkenny for a wife. Well, I dare say she's a fine figure of a woman. She has *bone*, any how?"

"None to spare," said the hard-to-be-pleased-gentleman; "however she's my wife."

"And a beauty?" added the mother; "I'm sure, sartin sure, she has beauty?"

"The devil as much as would fit on the top of a grasshopper's toe," replied her son impetuously.

"Not blood, nor bone, nor beauty! Well, maybe she has better materials than any of them to make a good wife. She was your cousin's recommending, and he knew how much you wanted a girl to set a pattern to the country."

"She was *not* my cousin's recommending, mother; but somehow she's a very town-bred woman, and took a wonderful liking to me."

"A good education's a fine thing," said Mrs Ryland, almost weeping, for, like all the Irish, she laid great value on the qualities Reddy had confessed she did *not* possess; but she was a gentle-hearted woman, and desired, in her simple wisdom, to make the best of everything—no bad wisdom either.

"It is, mother," sighed the bridegroom.

"But what has she besides the education, Reddy?" inquired his mother, seeing that her beloved son sat moodily with his hands clasped resting on the table, and his chin fixed upon them. "What has she besides the education?"

"*Two small children*," was Reddy's reply.

"Oh, Reddy, Reddy, is that the end of ye!" exclaimed his distracted mother; "you, the pride of the county—the beauty of the parish, that might have had the pick of the whole county for a wife!—you who was thought so much of, and who thought so much of yerself!"

"You're right mother!" interrupted Reddy; "*that last did it*. If it hadn't been for that, I might have been content with— But no matter—it's all over now. She was a widow, mother; *and I was so sure not to be caught by a widow* that I took no heed. I persuaded her to stop half way, and that I'd take the car for her."

"And the children?" added his mother. "And the same car can take me out of this; *two* widows are too much for any man's house. Oh, Reddy, Reddy, to think of this! to think of this! how you war taken in! How was it?"

But Reddy would not tell; the affair was a mystery. His old mother was broken-hearted; she refused to remain in his house, though somewhat comforted

by the information that the bride was rich, though *red-haired*; and at last, unable to withstand the strong entreaties of her son, she agreed to receive her before she departed. The next day was one of mingled curiosity and lamentation amongst the female population of the neighborhood, while the men agreed, with something like satisfaction, that 'the shine' was now taken out of handsome, loving, rousing, fighting, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy Ryland. If 'the shine,' as they called it, was taken out of Reddy by the mere 'report,' how much more was he either to be pitied or exulted over when the bride made her appearance! His poor mother could not support it. Of all the crooked sticks, she was the most crooked that had ever been seen. How the married men laughed and talked of bachelors' wives, and how the young men tittered, and the young girls peeped from under their hoods at the broad, bold, ruddy-faced—was *that* his choice, indeed! No sunshine in her face; and such a tongue! In less than two months every body sympathised with the young farmer; his vanity was punished. He was fading into a shadow, and certainly his feelings were not soothed by an incident, which is nothing to tell, but a great deal to feel.—He met Kathleen O'Brien one morning at the turn of a particular lane, where he had often met her before. She did not recognise him at first, but his voice. "Kathleen, we may be friends, Kathleen—you *will not laugh at me now*—it was *that* did it, Kathleen—that: my pride could not bear it; but I'm punished. I've had the fall which they say follows pride. Wont you speak? Sure the whole country round sees 'the shine is taken out of Reddy Ryland.' Wont you bid God bless me? I've need of a blessing, Kathleen. I own I did it to vex ye. Wont ye forgive me?"

Kathleen, the flower of Loughgully, could not speak the forgiveness that came to her lips, but turned away from her old lover to hide her tears.

Unvirtuous love—if love it may be called—is almost unknown in Irish peasant life. Reddy was glad no one had seen him speak to Kathleen; he loved her fame quite as much as he had once loved herself.

Mrs. Reddy was, every one knew, a

regular virago. What she *had* been, people only guessed; but she said her husband had been drowned at sea.

No wealth had been added to Reddy's store; that was very evident: and things appeared going to ruin—the old story where there is no affection—when suddenly a stranger stood at the threshold of Reddy Ryland's house, and enquired for his wife.

"She's within, honest man," said the young farmer.

"But you're not Reddy Ryland?" said the traveller.

"I *was*," was the reply.

"But I heard he was a fine, slashing, handsome, rollicking boy," persisted the stranger, who looked and spoke like a sailor.

"I wish to God I had never heard it," observed Reddy.

"Well, certainly Poll would take the shine out of anything, from a new shilling upwards, if *you* are the Reddy Ryland I heard tell of," persisted the man looking at him from head to foot.

"And who are you?" inquired Reddy.

"Who am I? Why, I'm Poll's husband; and don't be afraid—all I want is my children. I'll make you a present of her and welcome. She thought me dead: and, by the powers, such a lass as that deserves credit!"

"For what?" enquired the delighted Reddy.

"For having the art, d'ye see, to catch two such beautiful boys as our two selves."

Reddy Ryland was in no degree disposed to accept the present so liberally offered. He was both laughed at and congratulated by his neighbours. His mother returned, but he never allowed her to utter a word in his praise. "I'll never heed a flattering tongue again," he would say; "I've had enough of that." A little longer, and Kathleen herself took pity on him. And again he returned to his former self: in every respect but one he was exactly the same. He confessed that the "widow," as he always called her, had got at his *weak side*, flattered his vanity, and thus accomplished her purpose. "The shine," in truth, was "taken out of him," but the substance remained; and Reddy Ryland, a handsome Irish peasant, is at this moment a *rara avis*—a vain man cured.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

ARTESIAN WELLS.

In a paragraph quoted into the Journal more than two years ago (in Number 205), it was stated that some spouting fountains and wells, formed by boring the ground perpendicularly to various depths, received the name of Artesian wells, from the circumstance of their having been made extensively in the province of Artois, in France. In another paper, moreover, which appeared in a still earlier number, under the title of Boring for Water, a minute account was given of the operation of boring, and of the instruments used in it. The general principles, however, on which the existence of subterranean water and the formation of wells depend, was not entered into on either of these occasions, and we propose at present to render our view of the subject complete, as it seems to us to be one equally interesting and useful. An admirable paper by M. Arago, in a late number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, supplies abundant materials for this purpose.

The fact that water will rise spontaneously to and above the surface, in certain localities, when bores of various depths have been made in the earth, seems to have been long known to mankind. An Alexandrian writer of the sixth century narrates, that "when wells are sunk in the oasis of the Desert, to a depth varying from one to five hundred ells, water springs from the orifices so as to form rivers, of which the farmers avail themselves to irrigate their fields." In more modern times, travellers relate, that in some parts of the desert of Sahara, the natives sometimes bore the earth to the depth of two hundred fathoms, and always succeed in finding water, which flows often up the bores with such force as to drown those engaged in making the excavations. "In China also, and in European countries, there are proofs of wells of this nature having been early formed. In many cases the water of these wells not only spouted to the height of several feet above the surface, but might be conveyed with ease in pipes to the tops of the highest houses. This spontaneous ascent of the water to and above the surface, is the distinguishing character, it will be observed, of Artesian wells—common wells being those in which the water,

when found, does not rise of its own accord, but requires to be elevated artificially by pumps or buckets. Water, indeed, rises more or less in almost all wells, but the name Artesian is properly confined to those which present the first-mentioned characteristics. The stream of water ejected from Artesian fountains, occasionally continues uniform for years; but this, as will be seen from what follows, is a point liable to be affected by circumstances.

In considering the phenomena of these wells, one or two points chiefly require attention and explanation. Firstly, "Whence is the water of these wells derived, and where does it lodge itself?" And, secondly, "What is the power which causes the waters to rise, and projects them at the surface of the globe?" There have been various theories suggested relative to the source of the water found on boring into earth at various depths; but M. Arago and others have now arrived at the conclusion, and indeed have demonstrated, that these subterranean founts are fed by the *waters of the atmosphere*. This seemingly natural explanation of the matter was long doubted, on grounds of much apparent plausibility and probability. The principal of these objections was, that rain never penetrates above a few inches (feet, according to some) into the ground. But the experiments which led to this conclusion were all made upon cultivated *vegetable earth*, and they would certainly be decisive, if the globe were covered with a layer of this earth two or three yards thick. "The very reverse of this, however, (says M. Arago,) is the fact. Every one knows that in many places the superior layer is sand, and that sand allows the water to percolate, as if it were a sieve; whilst in other places the naked rocks appear, and through their fissures and gaps the water runs most freely." In proof of this, the mines of Cornwall may be referred to, the deepest galleries of which have their standing water increased a few hours after a fall of rain. Rain, also, takes an immediate effect on the springs issuing from chalk-cliffs. Other objections to the belief that waters found below the surface of the earth are derived from the atmosphere, are, in like manner as the preceding, capable of a satisfactory refutation.

It is into the stratified formations, or those masses of matter arranged on the surface of the globe in beds or layers, that the waters of the atmosphere infiltrate. The irregular or primitive rocks have few large fissures in them, and these not continuous or connected, and therefore water cannot gather in them in great quantities. The springs, accordingly, that are found in these irregular formations, are small, and, as it were, accidental. The stratified formations, on the other hand, are largely intermingled with layers of loose and permeable sand and chalk, which permit the infiltration of vast quantities of water. The order in which these stratified formations are usually disposed, greatly favours the admission of the atmospheric waters.—These formations are in the shape of basins, their edges being turned up on the sides of ridges, hills, or mountains. Their broken ends have thus a vertical position, and are comparatively open to the infiltration, into their permeable strata, of the rains that fall upon the heights. As not above one-third of the rain, snow, &c., that falls around any of these basins—to take the basin of the Seine, on which experiments were made, as an example—passes off by the agency of rivers, a vast quantity of water must evidently enter the earth. Of this water, part will go to nourish the vegetable soil, and part will reascend in vapour into the atmosphere, while the remainder will enter the permeable parts of the stratified formations. One would therefore expect to find extended sheets of water in these formations; to find great hollows, formed by the water passing down with velocity through the inclined strata into the horizontal ones, which must be the case particularly, where the dip is at a high angle; and even to find subterranean rivers amid these formations.

All this is really found, accordingly, to be the case. The chalk strata are furrowed in every direction by thousands of fissures. The caverns which occur among the stratified (limestone) formations, are extremely numerous, and of vast size—in some instances extending even for many miles. In all of these are found springs or streams, indicating the source by which these caves have been hollowed out. In the great cavern of Guacharo, in South America, there is a river, thirty feet

broad, passing along the whole floor of the excavation. There are also amid the stratified formations many immense subterranean lakes, one of the most remarkable examples of which is the Lake of Zirknitz, in Carniola, which is about six miles long by three broad. This lake is below a meadow, which has various openings or holes in it, through which the waters rise in the wet season, and cover the plain. That there is a regular subterranean lake here, is clearly proved by the ejection of living (but *blind*) ducks, fishes, &c., when the waters issue. This is most unquestionably an accumulation of water between two hard rocks, where it has found a site by infiltration, and by the displacement of some soft layer. There have, moreover, been found in one spot successive sheets of water at various depths, and which have collected in the same manner. Running streams have also repeatedly been observed in the stratified formations in various places.

More need not be said, we think, to exhibit the *source* of subterranean waters, the *manner* in which they descend into the earth, and the *position* which they there take up; all of which points have been here adverted to, because, without a clear comprehension of them, it is impossible to understand the real nature of Artesian wells. The waters, then, of these wells, have their site among the stratified formations, into the soft masses of which they have infiltrated from the surface. "What is the power which causes these subterranean waters to rise, and projects them at the surface of the globe?" This important point remains to be explained. "If water (says M. Arago) be poured into a tube which is bent into the shape of the letter U, it there assumes a level, and maintains itself in the two branches at vertical heights, which are exactly equal. Let us suppose, then, that the left branch of this tube opens towards the top, with a large reservoir which can maintain itself always full; that the right branch is cut across towards its lower part; that only a short portion of its vertical part is left, and that this portion is fitted with a stopcock. When this stopcock is open, the water will be projected into the air, through the remaining portion of the right branch, to exactly the height it would have risen if this

branch had remained entire. It will ascend as far as it has descended from the level of the reservoir, which, without ceasing, supplies the opposite branch." This is the grand hydrostatic principle upon which many cities (Edinburgh, for example) are supplied with water. An illustration of the manner in which artificial jets or spouts of water are formed, may be offered by supposing an opening to be made in the pipe that supplies Edinburgh, at that part of it which lies in the vale between the fount and the city. The water would spring to the height, great in proportion to the length of fall in the descending current. M. Arago thus applies these principles to the Artesian wells:—"Let us now recall to our recollection the manner in which the rain water penetrates certain beds of the stratified series; not forgetting that it is only upon the slopes of the hills, or at their summits, that these beds are exposed, on edge; that it is there they admit the water, which, therefore always occur in somewhat elevated situations: let us reflect, moreover, that these *water-carrying* beds, after having descended along the sides of the hills, extend themselves horizontally, or nearly so, along the plains; that there they are often imprisoned, as it were, between two *impermeable* beds of clay or solid rock—and we may then easily conceive the occurrence of subterranean waters, that are naturally in the same hydrostatic conditions of which the conduits leading to cities from a height along a vale supply us with artificial models; and the sinking of a pit in the valleys, through the upper strata, down through the more elevated of the two impermeable beds betwixt which the water is confined, will form, as it were, the second branch of a pipe, in the form of a letter U—or, we may say, of a *reversed syphon*; and the water will rise in this pit to a height corresponding to that which the water maintains on the side of the hill where it commences to descend. From these statements every one may understand how, in any given horizontal plain, the different subterranean waters which may be placed at different levels, may have very different powers of ascending; and also how the same water should be here projected to a great height, and should there rise no higher than the

surface of the soil. Simple inequalities of the level would clearly appear to be the cause, and a sufficient as well as natural cause, of all these apparent anomalies."

We trust that, by the helping hand of this great French philosopher, the reader has now a distinct idea of the cause of these wonders—and in many places, most useful wonders—of nature, the Artesian spouts or wells. It is obvious, that a knowledge of this subject is calculated to be of exceeding value to the inhabitants of many regions of the globe. An examination of the strata of any district will lead almost unerringly to a right decision in the search for water, where the principles here detailed are kept in view by the investigators. It is true, that where a common pump-well can be formed, it would be a waste of time to attempt the formation of Artesian wells, which are generally so much deeper: but in many quarters of the globe water is not to be had at common depths and by common means, and in this case the attempt to penetrate the stratified formations, where judiciously done, might well reward the labour. The water is usually of extreme purity, as might be anticipated from the complete percolature it undergoes.

Waters have risen to the surface in Artesian wells, from the immense depth of one thousand and thirty feet. One in the park of the Duke of Northumberland projects the water a yard above the surface, from a depth of five hundred and eighty-two feet. In many places on the continent, the water of Artesian wells is employed in *moving machinery*, and the supply, particularly when the water is from a considerable depth, is so equable, that no moving power could be superior in convenience. In this capacity, therefore, these wells might be of incalculable service in many quarters, in addition to their utility otherwise.

We shall conclude with one other remark. The *spouts of fresh water* which have been frequently observed to burst through the waters of the sea, are Artesian fountains. They have been noticed above one hundred miles from land, which well shows how extensive the sheets of water sometimes are which permeate the strata of the earth. This also shows, that, when Artesian fountains are found where no high grounds are near, we are

not justified in making this an objection to the hypothesis which refers them to water descending through the earth from a height.—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

GENERAL ACCOUNT OF SAGO.

MANY must have seen sago brought forward as an article of desert, and more recently seen it used as a compound of common bread, without being aware of its natural character, and the peculiar circumstances attending its growth and preparation. The general impression of those who have seen it in its uncooked state is, that it is a seed. We propose to rectify the common errors, and give some information respecting this article of food.

Sago is derived from the soft interior of a species of palm, which grows in various parts of the East Indies and neighbouring Islands. The family of palms, it may be necessary for the bulk of our reader to premise, belongs to a class of trees, of which the fern is a familiar example in this country, which grow, not by concentric circles regularly added every year on the outside, as British trees mostly do, but *by additions within*, and which are therefore called *endogenous plants*, others being distinguished as *exogenous*. The sugar-cane is a notable example of the endogenous plants, many of which, like that well-known vegetable, have a soft pulpy interior or pith, forming a proportion of the bulk of the tree. It is a curious circumstance relating to the trees which grow by internal additions, that the seeds of all of them have but one lobe, the seeds of exogenous plants on the contrary having two.

The particular tree from which sago is derived, is denominated, by the natives of the region of its birth, *Sagu*: hence our name for the article, and hence the appellation of *Sagus*, applied by naturalists to a genus of the palm family, to which the sago-bearing tree belongs. There are at least five species, if not a good many more, of the genus *Sagus*, growing in Sumatra, Java, the Molluccas, and the neighbouring continent; but most of these yield the farina in comparatively small quantities, and are not of any importance in that respect. The grand source of sago is the *Sagus genuina*, so named by Libellardiére, the naturalist, who accompanied the expedition to La Perouse. He examined it in the Molluccas, where it abounds, and took drawings of it, from which it appears as a handsome but by no means elevated palm, the trunk being about ten feet in height, and the diameter two. The fruit is about the size of a pullet's egg, covered, like our fir-cones, with imbricated scales, reversed—their fixed points being at the top of the fruit. Throughout the Indian Archipelago, the sago-tree is an object of the greatest importance, being the chief source of the food of the people. From that region it has lately been introduced into the East Indian possessions, where it now grows extensively, particularly in Malabar. It is also reared in Madagascar and the Isle of France, and has even been transplanted to

America. Probably there is no tropical country of little elevation in which it could not with care and attention be cultivated. It commonly grows in moist and marshy grounds. There it springs up naturally; its growth is rapid, under the direct rays of the scorching sun, and it speedily attains goodly dimensions. It propagates itself by offsets or shoots, from the roots, which for a time appear only as bushes at the foot of the full-grown trunk; ere long, however, they extend wide, and their stems shoot up like arrows, forming a thick forest. These, on arriving at maturity, are felled; plants soon again spring up, and proceed rapidly through their different stages, until they are again subjected to the axe, and made to yield their alimentary store for the service of man.

Though the fruit, especially its pulpy kernel, and not less the *cabbage*, as it is familiarly called, that is to say, the germ of the foliage at the top of the tree, are very generally esteemed as articles of luxury, yet these do not constitute the richness of the tree. This consists of the farinaceous (nearly) and glutinous pith which constitutes the greatest proportion of the trunk, and which, as in the bamboo, or in the common reed, is arranged in separate sections, and surrounded by a harder encasement. When the palm is ripe, as we have already said, it is felled, and cut as near to the root as possible, that none of the nutritious portion may be lost. All the pith is removed, and by very simple processes is rendered fit for food. When the interior of the trunk is examined, it appears formed of a spongy cellular substance, penetrated by a number of tubes, which in time become tough threads, and consequently differ from the nutritive substance of the spongy cells. When viewed through the magnifier, the small cavities of the cellular tissue are found to be filled with very minute globules of different shapes and sizes, which go to compose the sago; and as our potato, by undergoing the process of being converted into farina or starch, exhibits a fibrous portion as well as the pure starch, so is it with the sago: One portion is nearly pure farina or sago; and the other, the fibrous filaments or thready parts, distinguished by the natives by the name of *ela*, is of inferior value, and appropriated by the natives to subordinate uses. The former is used by man; the latter is given to pigs, poultry, and inferior animals. When laid aside and left to ferment, it is apt to breed a particular kind of larva, or worm, which is esteemed as a first-rate delicacy in the Mollucas; and also to produce a peculiar species of mushroom, which, according to Sir Thomas Raffles and Mr. Craufurd, is very much prized.

The process of manufacture to which the pith is subjected, is somewhat different, as it is intended for native consumption, or meant to be exported to Europe and other temperate and civilized countries. So thoroughly, however, is it prepared by nature for the use of man, that frequently the inhabitants of the islands where it grows do nothing more than cut as many slices as they require from the pith, and roast it, as we do our potatoes, previous to

use. And so great is the purity of the fecula, that it will remain for a twelve-month in the felled tree without spoiling, or undergoing any deterioration. Sometimes it is, much in the same way, preserved in a hollow bamboo. Far more frequently, however, the natives subject it to a process precisely similar in principle, and very much in practice, to that whereby our invaluable potato is converted into farina or starch. The details of the process vary somewhat in the different Islands. The following is the account furnished by our countryman Forrest. "The tree, after being cut down, is divided into lengths of five or six feet. A part of the hard wood is then sliced off; and the workman, coming to the pith, cuts across the longitudinal fibres and the pith together, leaving a part at each end uncut, so that when it is excavated there remains a trough, into which the pulp is again put, mixed with water, and beaten with a piece of wood. Then the fibres, separated from the pulp, float at top, and the flour subsides. After being cleared in this way by several waters, the pulp is put into cylindrical baskets made of the leaves of the tree; and if it is to be kept for sometime, those baskets are generally sunk in fresh water, to keep it moist.*" When prepared in a larger way, more effective and expeditious methods readily suggest themselves. The trunk being divided into convenient portions, and split asunder by the application of wedges, the sago is scooped out with an instrument resembling an adze. After being reduced to the appearance of saw-dust, water is copiously added in troughs, whereby the meal is separated from the thready filaments, and after resting for a time apart, subsides. The wet meal is now laid on flat wicker baskets to dry; it is then kneaded together, and formed into little cakes, some very small, like our finger biscuits, and others of larger dimensions. These cakes are lastly put into moulds of corresponding size, and baked in the fire. One tree will yield about three or four hundred weight of this aliment.

The Indian islanders use it in a variety of methods, as we employ our corn, or cereal grains. It is sometimes simply prepared with water as a pottage, or with milk; and sometimes it is made into broth or soup with meat and vegetables. It is sometimes again converted into richer stews, and frequently mingled with their delicious spices and aromatics, as rice with curry. Upon the whole, it is found a most agreeable, as it is a varied and universally used nourishment.

The sago intended for European commerce, though treated on the same principle, is generally, if not always, differently prepared, and this by being *pearled*, as it is called, by methods of which we believe we have no very precise knowledge. So uniformly and beautifully is this process executed, that the art was long taken for nature's work, and the product in this part of the world was universally regarded as the minute seed of some unknown plant. Suspi-

* Forrest's Voyage to the Mollucas.

cion was aroused concerning the accuracy of this opinion, on observing that these grains were of different sizes, sometimes as large as a coriander seed, and sometimes, especially lately, not half the size. Our additional acquaintance with these distant regions has now dissipated the error on that point. As to the details of the process, we still remain in considerable uncertainty. "To bring it to this state," says Mr. Forrest, "it must be first moistened, and then passed through a sieve into an iron pot, which enables it to assume a globular form; so that all our grained sago is half baked, and will keep long." Sir Thomas Raffles and Mr. Craufurd, again, inform us that it is introduced into a mill similar to those with which, in France, they *pearl* barley. The account which we have obtained, not from authors, but from private and respectable individuals, is, that the pearling is performed chiefly on the sago which is grown in our own East Indian possessions; that for accomplishing the purpose it must be sent in its ruder state into China, where the art is alone understood; that thence a large proportion finds its way to the great free port of Singapore, where it is shipped for Europe. That the substantial qualities of sago are in any degree modified or improved by this process, remains to be established. It is possible the farina may be subjected to some additional process of refinement, but little is probably to be effected in that way; and the principal effect, besides the slight baking, appears to be produced in its appearance, rendering it more pleasant to the eye.

The sago of commerce consists of very small, smooth, round grains, of a dull white, or pale rosy hue; it is inodorous, very hard, insipid to the taste, dissolving imperfectly in the mouth, breaking with difficulty, or rather flattening only, under the teeth: it swells and softens in cold water, and in boiling, and always maintains its globular form. It thus differs from most feculæ in its consistence, its insolubility, the difficulty of again reducing it to powder, its colour, and tendency to granulate. Like potato starch, it may be preserved for an indefinite period, if kept dry; but if allowed to get damp or wet, it spoils, so that it does not always reach these countries equally pure.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A friend who resided at a considerable distance from town had a quantity of old family plate, which he wished to be cleaned and repaired by a London jeweller. He transmitted the plate chest, with a large parcel of papers, separately packed up, to his agent, with directions to leave the plate chest at the jeweller's, and retain the papers. These directions were literally complied with as regarded the plate, but not having a convenient place to deposit the papers in, he sent them to the jeweller's along with the chest. After two or three months the plate was sent home, and the

jeweller at the same time returned the paper parcel to the agent. My country friend on arriving in town a considerable time after, applied to the agent for the papers he had sent him; the parcel was delivered up, but on opening it some turnpike bonds were missed! The agent declared he had never received them, nor even opened the parcel beyond removing the outside envelope. A violent altercation ensued, in which my client used the terms "thief," and "swindler," somewhat emphatically, and was, therefore, somewhat emphatically kicked out of the agent's chambers. In the full tide of fury he came to me, attended by his servant.

"I have been robbed, Mr. Sharpe! robbed and kicked! yes, actually kicked, Mr. Sharpe! haven't I, John?"

"Sure you have, Sir!" answered the groom.

"Robbed! kicked! what do you mean? was it in the street?"

"Master was kicked into the street, Sir, sure enough!"

"Ay, Mr. Sharpe! kicked into the street by the ruffian that robbed me!"

"What, in open day! we must go to Bow street; tell me the facts while my clerk calls a coach."

But on hearing the circumstances as above detailed, it occurred to me that even the charge of embezzlement could scarcely be sustained, though I entertained no doubt that the man had sold or pledged the bonds, especially after another minute search, every thing else was discovered in the parcel. My client had brought his servant with him to confirm his statement, and John swore stoutly that he had packed the plate chest, and made up the parcel himself. He had grown up in his master's service from childhood, and I checked a suspicion that flashed across my mind, that he might himself be the thief. The agent had a fair reputation, and was supposed to be in good circumstances. I therefore, without more hesitation, brought the action. My client left town, and proceedings went on in their usual course, till the sittings approached. I then thought it high time to take instructions for my brief, and subpoena John. It was also necessary to prove the safe carriage of the parcel till its delivery; and to collect this evidence I put myself into the mail, and proceeded to my client's residence in the country. I obtained all the evidence I wanted in the course of two or three days, but he must needs have a party to meet me at dinner the day before I left him. It consisted of five or six of the neighbouring gentry and their families, and the splendour of the sideboard on which his plate was now set for the first time since its return from the jeweller, naturally led the conversation to the approaching trial. Many and bitter were the comments made on the assurance of the agent for carrying matters to such extremes; and many and cordial were the good wishes for a safe deliverance to the host.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Hubblebubble, joining in the chorus, "I'll get some satisfaction for

my kick now, or the devil's in it. What costs will he have to pay? eh! Sharpe?"

"The costs on both sides, I should think, will be near two hundred, taking in the five witnesses I sent up to-day."

"Two hundred! is that all? well! 'tis some comfort to make him pay two hundred pounds for smart money; mind you lay it on thick, Sharpe: don't spare the fellow."

Here John, who had just entered the room with a bottle or two of very choice claret, in which his master wished to drink to our success, came close to his elbow, with the look of a famished pointer caught in the larder, holding the silver-mounted claret jug in his hand, and whispering in his ear in a semi-audible tone,

"Master! Master! can I speak to you, Master?"

"Speak out, fool! what's the matter? is the cellar robbed?"

"The bonds, Master!—the action—the claret—the bonds—" hesitating between each word as if it choked him, and apparently as much afraid to finish his explanation, as the said pointer to finish his meal in the face of the angry cook.

"What do you stand jabbering there for, like a crow in the cholic? speak out, Sir!"

"I've brought the claret, Sir, 'tis the right sort, I am sure, as sure as I packed the plate chest, master! but the bonds—the bonds, Sir, —the claret jug—"

He obviously dared not proceed, and gaped open-mouthed at his master, who returned the gaze with interest, having some undefined presentiment of evil, but too tipsy to arrange his ideas; I guessed the solution, and came to their common assistance.

"I suppose you removed the false bottom of the plate chest in getting out the jug, and there found the bonds?"

"Exactly so, Sir. Miss Letitia thought they would be safer there than in the parcel, and put them in while I was in the kitchen!"

Hubblebubble was sobered in an instant, though one universal titter, more painful even than the kick, pervaded the room: it was too much for mortal patience; he pushed back his chair—put down the untasted claret—and alternately staring first at John, and then at me, slowly and painfully drawled out the question,

"Two hundred pounds, did you say, Mr. Sharpe? two hundred pounds for costs?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then why the devil didn't you think of this before, Sir?"

But the laugh was too hearty and too well merited, to allow ill-humour to remain. Before the claret was finished the kick was acknowledged to be deserved, and the action was settled by that night's post.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

HAVING been allowed this day, beyond our expectations, to regain possession of our effects, we embarked once more on board the steam-

boat bound for St. Petersburg, before the sailing of which, however, our passports were demanded by a soldier and detained; those which we had brought with us from the Russian authorities in London having been exchanged the day after our arrival at Cronstadt for others granted by the admiral of the port, upon whom we had to wait personally for that purpose. After a cold voyage of about four hours and a half, we reached St. Petersburg, and were allowed to land, but the luggage was carried to the custom-house. I and my companions having mounted a couple of droschies, set off for the London Hotel, corner of the Nevskoi Prospekt, where we arrived almost worn out with fatigue. As soon as we had entered and intimated our intention of passing the night there, our names and professions were required to be written down for the purpose of being sent to the police for the information of the government. I do not object to the regulation in particular, which is followed, as is well known, in most of the towns on the continent; but the pitch to which the inquisitorial system is pursued in the Russian metropolis upon other occasions is truly ridiculous, without, as it appears to me, any corresponding advantage being attained; thus, you cannot even pay a visit to any of the palaces or other objects worthy of notice in the environs, without giving an account at the barrier of who you are and where you are going, though of what use such information can be to those who require it, I am wholly unable to conceive. What would an Englishman say, if upon determining to make an excursion to Highgate, for instance, accompanied perhaps by his wife and family, he were to be stopped at the New Road, and detained until he had given his name and theirs, and stated where he was going to?—yet the system followed in St. Petersburg is as absurd. "The man whom many fear must needs fear many;" to the continual suspicions and dread which are ever attendants upon an autocrat, must be attributed the minute ramifications of the Imperial espionage in Russia; yet such is the corrupted state of, perhaps, most of its branches, and the want of union in all, that I will venture to assert, that, as far as respects facts of importance, the Russian government knows much less of what is actually passing in St. Petersburg than the English does of what is going on in London, where no such vexatious regulations exist. As an instance of this it may be sufficient to mention, having heard during my residence in the former city, that Count Milovadovitch, who was military governor of St. Petersburg at the time of the memorable revolt on the 26th of December, 1825, when the present Emperor ascended the throne, on being previously informed by his Majesty that he strongly suspected a plot against the Imperial family and the government was hatching, and would soon be put in execution, assured the Emperor most positively, that no such thing *could exist*, it being *impossible* for him to be unacquainted with such a scheme, were it really in agitation, as he had "spies in every quarter, and almost in every

house." The Emperor, however, persisted in asserting his conviction of the correctness of his information, and even mentioned the names of several of the conspirators; to which Milovadvitch replied, that his Majesty must be mistaken, as many of those alluded to were among the number of his intimate friends; and with this assurance the Count and his Imperial master separated. The result fully proved that the intelligence (which was supplied to the Emperor directly by one of the conspirators, who, to save himself, informed against his companions in guilt,) was true, and that the rebels had contrived to deceive the military governor, who soon afterwards fell a sacrifice to their fury. * * * * *

Calling to memory all the ladies of rank I have seen in the country, (and my opportunities have been ample for observing them,) I must say that I have only met with one handsome woman among them who was really Russian. The women of all ranks in this country, though very sprightly and very gay, for ever dancing, and singing, and laughing, and talking, have not the same pretensions that the men have to good looks, and the graces of external appearance. They have no delicacy of shape, and their complexions are—what they please; for those even in the lowest condition, if they are able to afford it, bedaub their faces with red. Red is the favourite colour here, inasmuch that the word denoting it in the Russian language is synonymous with beautiful. But let it not be supposed that I assert there are no beautiful women in St. Petersburg or in Russia;—there are some, certainly, but they are not Russians; they are Polish, Livonian, Esthonian, or German. The complexion of the Russian ladies is generally bad. With the sole exception of the beautiful princess just alluded to, I never met with an instance of the clear, rosy, blooming countenance, the offspring of health and innocence, that so strongly characterizes the female youth of England. Whether it arises from the rigour of the climate, from the want of fresh air in their stove-warmed apartments, the diet, or the frequent use of the national vapour-bath, I shall not attempt to determine; but, I repeat, their complexions are seldom good. I am no friend to public baths, and the custom of ladies flocking to them so frequently as the Russians do; no physical good that may result from the practice can, in my mind, compensate for the moral injury which may, and I believe does, in the Russian capital, arise from it. At Odessa, even now, the lower order of men and women bathe at mid-day, as well as at other times, on the shore of the Black Sea, within sight of the Governor-General's; and I have been informed also, that previous to the erection of a private canvas bathing-room, which was raised a few years ago for the upper classes, that the ladies of Odessa actually bathed themselves in the same manner. Be this at it may, the following I can state on my own knowledge;—The police directs the men and women now to be separate, and has, accordingly, stuck up two boards, on one of which is written, in Russian and French,

"Baths for women," and on the other "Baths for men;" but after the true Russian fashion, the way in which the order is executed defeats its object; for the two posts are placed nearly close together, so that where the female bath ends the male begins; and thus the men and women are within only a few feet of each other.

I shall next refer to a practice which I have seen very frequently adopted by those of the highest rank in the south of Russia; I allude to the custom of smoking tobacco. I have seen in the court circle ladies who have as regularly taken their cigar after dinner as the gentlemen; and sometimes I have observed them smoking with a long Turkish pipe. I have seen the ladies take their cigars again in the evening, and smoke while playing at whist; so much for the beauty and delicate practices of the Russian ladies.—(With respect to Russian Orders, so bountifully bestowed upon foreigners, the author remarks:—"It should not be forgotten, however, those medical men who have "distinguished" themselves by their zeal, may obtain perhaps, if they are lucky, a cross of St. Vladimir or of St. Anne, or possibly both: while a clerk in one of the public offices, who has, very likely, sat quietly at his desk for a couple of years, will be found enjoying the same distinction. The distribution of the almost innumerable stars and crosses, which annually takes place in Russia, is a mode of "raising the wind," which, I believe, has not been noticed as such by authors in general. The sums produced to the government by the fees paid on receiving such orders must be very great, as will appear evident from the fact, that for the lower classes of the most common orders fifty rubles are demanded from each individual honoured with them, while the crosses themselves are not intrinsically worth two-pence.—*Morton's Russia.*

The Russian Government however is not always so parsimonious; we are aware of at least an instance to the contrary. A near relative of our own, a naval officer, who was instrumental in saving the crew of a Russian vessel, was presented by the Emperor with a diamond ring or badge, (forwarded to the Admiralty through the hands of the Russian Ambassador,) which was valued by the London jewellers at one hundred and fifty guineas.—*Ed.*

JEMMY SULLIVAN.

A jocund little Irishman, with dark sparkling little eyes and black glossy well-curled poll, dressed in a carter's frock, and heavy travel-stained shoes, was brought in by some of the patrol, who had found him strolling about Long-acre in the dusk of the evening, apparently without either aim or object, and laden with a large bundle tied up in a very handsome shawl. This bundle contained

seven gowns, sundry shawls, handkerchiefs, hose, &c., and a smartly trimmed straw bonnet nearly new; and the patrol declared that from the very unsatisfactory manner in which he accounted for his possession of these articles, they verily believed he had stolen them. They also pointed out to the magistrate a round hole, about the size of a shilling, in the inside of his hat crown, which they strongly suspected had been made by a pistol-ball.

"What is your name, friend?" said his worship, to the brilliant-eyed, smiling prisoner."

"Jemmy Sullivan! your honor," was the instantaneous reply, in rich Tipperary brogue, and a tone so loud, that all the office echoed, "Jemmy Sullivan!"

"And pray where did you bring these clothes from, and to whom do they belong?"

"From Portsmouth, your honor—and they belongs to the wife o' me."

The magistrate doubted the correctness of this statement—it was not likely that the wife of such a man could have such a wardrobe.

"Sure enough it's truth, every bit of it, your honor," replied Jemmy Sullivan.

"How came this hole in your hat?" asked his worship.

"Is it the hole your honor's axing about?—Faith then the mice made it, to get at the bread and the cheese, your honor—bad luck to 'em!"

"What! do you carry your bread and cheese in your hat?"

"No faith, your honor, not a bit of it at any time, barrin that time the mice stole it all; and then, your honor, it was not in it, that's the hat, at the same time, but on the shelf, your honor, and I'd none of it left for me breakfast at all. Gad's blood, says I to meself, but ye shan't do that to me again, says I, for I'll put it under me hat all the night; and so I did, your honor; but bad luck to them, the craturs, they bored the hole clean through the side of it, which your honor's axing about."

"Are you sure it was not on your head when the ball was fired at it?" asked his worship; without seeming to have listened to his bread and cheese adventure.

"Was it on me head, your honor! Faith if it was, meself wouldn't be here speak-

ing to you about the mice," replied Jemmy Sullivan.

The officers, in searching his pockets, had found a number of English and Irish pawnbrokers' duplicates; and the magistrate, selecting one of them, asked—

"Where did you get this ticket for a pelisse?"

"Bought it, your honor, of Myke Dermot, in Donaghadee—*He's a bagpipes*, your honor."

"And pray what are you?"

"A tailor, your honor," was the reply. But one of the patrol, who is skilful in such matters, having examined his hands, declared that if he was a tailor he had not used the needle for twelve months at least.

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Sullivan?" asked his worship.

"Bad luck to the *tailoring*, your honor, it wouldn't agree with me at all, any how, an I discharged meself clean out of it by the same token, sir."

"And how have you got your living since?"

"I walks down be the water side, your honor, an gets me little bits o' reeds an things and ties 'em up like little bagpipes, an plays on 'em, your honor, *Thaddy you Gander* an *Gramachree*, and the likes of 'em; as the jontelmen plases to hear me, your honor; an some gives me a shilling, an some half-a-crown, may be, an some buys the little bagpipes for themselves, your honor."

Honest Jemmy endeavoured to make the nature of these "little bagpipes" very plain to his honor; but he did not seem to understand it exactly himself, and so he made nothing of it. Neither could he account for his bringing his wife's wardrobe up to London whilst she remained herself in Portsmouth; and eventually he was committed for further examination.

Even this order for his imprisonment he took in perfect good humor; and having carefully counted the ten or twelve shillings which the magistrate ordered to be returned to him, he replaced them at the very bottom of his pocket, and said "I hopes your honor 'll take care o' me things?" The magistrate assured him that he would, and honest Jemmy Sullivan then followed the turnkey, blithely as if he had been going to Donnybrook Fair instead of to prison.

This poor fellow was kept in prison nearly a month, during which time his wife came to London, and not hearing any thing of him at the place they had appointed for their meeting, she went over to Ireland in search of him. At length Jemmy was discharged because there was no evidence against him; but his cloths were not given up till long after.

Mornings at Bow Street.

PICKLED SALMON.

During his stay at Newcastle, Grimaldi recollected that the best pickled salmon sold in London was called by that name and came from thence, and so resolved to have a feast of it, naturally concluding that he should procure it in high perfection in the place whence it was brought for sale. Accordingly, one evening he ordered some to be got ready for supper upon his return from the theatre; which the waiter at the hotel he was staying at promised should be done, but in so curious a manner that he could not help fancying he did not understand his meaning. He therefore asked him if he had heard what he said.

"Oh dear, yes, sir!" was the reply: "I'll take care it shall be ready, sir."

This appeared to settle the point, and when the play was over he returned to the inn, anticipating how much better the salmon would be than the London pickle. The cloth was duly spread, and a covered dish placed before him.

"Supper, sir—quite ready, sir," said the waiter, whisking away the cover, and presenting to his sight a mutton cutlet. "You'll find this excellent, sir."

"No doubt; but I ordered pickled salmon!"

"I beg your pardon, sir,—did you sir?" (with a slight appearance of confusion.)

"Did I! Yes, to be sure I did. Do you mean to say you do not recollect it?"

"I may have forgotten it, sir; I suppose I have forgotten it, sir."

"Well it does not matter much; I can make a supper of this. But don't forget to let me have some pickled salmon to-morrow evening."

"Certainly not, sir," was the waiter's answer; and so the matter ended for the night.

On the following evening Grimaldi invited the manager at the close of the performance to go home and sup with him, which he willingly did. As on the preceding evening, the meal was prepared and awaiting their arrival. Down they sat, and upon the removal of the cover, a rump-steak presented itself. A good deal surprised, he said to the waiter,

"What's this! have you forgotten the pickled salmon again?"

"Why, really, sir, dear me!" hesitated the man,—*"I believe I have—I really fancied you said you would have beef to-night, sir. To-morrow night, sir, I'll take care that you have some."*

"Now, mind that you *do* remember it, for to-morrow is the last day I shall be here, and

I have a particular wish to taste some before I leave the town."

"Depend upon me, sir,—you shall certainly have some to-morrow, sir," said the waiter. The manager preferred meat, so it was no great matter, and they took their hot supper very comfortably.

There was a crowded audience next night, which was Grimaldi's benefit and the last of his performance. He played Acres and Clown, received the cash, bade farewell to the manager, and hurried to his inn, greatly fatigued by his performance, and looked forward with much pleasure to the pickled salmon.

"All right to-night, waiter?" he inquired.

"*All* right to-night, sir," said the waiter, rubbing his hands. "Supper is quite ready, sir."

"Good! Let me have my bill to-night, because I start early in the morning."

Grimaldi turned to the supper-table: there was a dish, with a cover; the waiter removed it with a flourish, and presented to his astonished eyes—not the long-expected pickled salmon, but a veal-cutlet. These repeated disappointments were rather too much, so he pulled the bell with great vehemence and called for the landlord.

The landlord came, and Grimaldi having stated his grievance, he appeared to understand as little about the matter as his waiter; but at length, after many explanations, Grimaldi learned to his great surprise, that pickled salmon was an article unknown in Newcastle, all Newcastle pickled salmon being sent to London for sale. The brilliant waiter not having the remotest conception of what was wanted, and determined not to confess his ignorance, had resolved to try all the dishes in the most general request until he came to the right one.

Grimaldi saw a coal-mine on this expedition, his curiosity having been roused by the manager's glowing description. We should rather say that he went down into one, for his survey was brief enough. He descended some two or three hundred feet in a basket, and was met at the bottom of the shaft by a guide, who had not conducted him far, when a piece of coal, weighing about three tons, fell with a loud noise upon a spot over which they had just passed.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Grimaldi, greatly terrified. "What's that!"

"Heeh!" said the guide, "it's only a wee bit of coal fallen doon: we ha'e that twa or three times a day."

"Have you?" replied Grimaldi, running back to the shaft. "Then I'll thank you to ring for my basket, or call out for it, for I'll stop here no longer."

The basket was lowered, and he ascended to the light without delay, having no wish whatever to take his chance a gain among the "wee bits of coal."

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QUICK TRAVELLING.—An Irish gentleman recently remarked, that such probably would soon be the speed of travelling by steam, that one could go from London to Brighton in a shorter time than he could stop at home.



## A POTTEEN SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

A man who was known to have a large mountain farm and extensive homestead in these hills, was observed very frequently to ride into the town of B——; and he never made his appearance without a woman, supposed to be his wife, jogging steadily and upright on a pillion behind him. He was tall and gaunt in look, she large and round, and encumbered, as is the mode of all country wives, with a multitude of petticoats: they always rode into the yard of a man who kept a public-house; and before they alighted off their horse, the gate was carefully shut. It was known, moreover, that this publican acted as factor for this farmer in the sale of his butter; and so for a length of time things went on in a quiet and easy way, until one day it so happened (as indeed it is very common for idlers in a very idle country town to stand making remarks on the people as they come by) that the guager, the innkeeper, and squireen, were lounging away their day, when the farmer slowly paced by, with his everlasting wife behind him. "Well," says the squireen, "of all the women I ever saw bumping on a pillion, that lump of a woman sits the awkwardest; she don't sit like a *natural* born *crathur* at all; and do you see how modest she is, what with her flapped-down beaver hat, and all the frills and fallals about her, not an inch of her sweet face is to be seen, no more than an owl from out the ivy. I have a great mind to run up alongside of her, and give her a pinch in the toe, to make old buckram look about her for once. "Oh, let her alone," says the innkeeper; "they're a decent couple from Joyce country. I'll be bound, what makes her sit so stiff is all the eggs she is bringin' in to Mrs O'Mealey, who factors the butter for them." There was, while he said this a cunning leer about the innkeeper's mouth, as much as to denote that there was, to his knowledge, however he came by it, something mysterious about this said couple; this was not lost on the subtle guager, and he thought it no harm just to try more about the matter; and so he says in a frolicsome way, "Why, then, for curiosity sake, I will just run up to them, and give the mistress a pinch—somewhere; she won't notice me at all in the crowd, and maybe then she'll look up, and we'll see her own purty face." Accordingly, no sooner said than done: he ran over to where the farmer was getting on slowly through the market crowd; and on the side of the pillion to which the woman's back was turned, attempted to give a sly pinch, but he might as well have pinched a pitcher; nor did the woman even lift up her head, or ask "Who is it that's hurting me?" This emboldened him to give another knock with his knuckles; and this assault he found not opposed, as it should be, by petticoats and *flesh*, but by what he felt to be petticoats and *metal*. This is queer, thought the guager: he now was more bold, and with the butt-end of his walking-stick he hit what was so hard, a bang which sounded as if he had struck a tin pot. "Stop here, honest man," cried the guager. "Let my wife alone, will

you, before the people?" cried the farmer. "Not till I see what this honest woman is made of," roared the guager. So he pulled, and the farmer dug his heels into his colt to get on; but all would not do: in the struggle down came the wife into the street; and as she fell on the pavement, the whole street rang with the squash, and in a moment there is a gurgling as from a burst barrel, and a strong smelling water comes flowing all about: and flat poor Norah lies, there being an eruption of all her intestines, which flowed down the gutter as like potteen whisky as eggs are like eggs. The fact was, that our friend from the land of Joyce had got made, by some tinker, a tin vessel with head and body the shape of a woman, and dressed it out as a proper country dame; in this way he carried his darlint behind him, and made much of her.—*Otway's Tour in Connaught.*

## THE WILD BOAR AND THE WELSHMAN.

EVEN AP HUGH, an ancient Briton from North Wales, had a mind to travel for edification; and willing to see the politest part of the world, he bent his mind for France. Now, we should observe, that there is a place in that kingdom called Brittany, which, in some parts of it, as historians do affirm, is to this day inhabited by no other kind of people but ancient Britons, as the Welsh do always term themselves; and that it was a place of refuge given them in former ages, when they were put to flight by their too powerful enemies, the English; and, therefore, it is said the place takes its name from them.

When our traveller landed upon the French shore, though I know not what part of it, he inquired, in the best manner he could (for he knew not a word of French), "which was the way to Brittany?" And, at last, whether he was directed that way by any that understood him, or whether chance had brought him there, is of no great consequence either to the reader or to the story; but so it was by some means or other he got into a great forest belonging to the French king, where he often took the diversion and exercise of hunting the wild boars. And there they were bred and kept for that purpose.

Now it happened, that as the Welshman was wandering through this forest, he all of a sudden was surprised with a terrible noise and mighty rustling among the leaves; when, looking from whence it came, he saw a monstrous wild boar coming running towards him, and foaming at the mouth like a mad thing. Seeing the fierce boar thus suddenly, the poor Welshman, in some despair, began to look out

sharply for some place, if possible, to shelter him in; and as providence was pleased to order it, there happened just by him to be a hermet's cave, void of any inhabitants; and the Welshman, to his great joy, seeing the door half open, runs directly therein, and gets behind it, thinking himself perfectly secure; but he was no sooner got into the cave than the foaming boar rushed in after him. The Welshman finding that the boar pursued him into the cave, instantly turned short out of it, and with a presence of mind and motion as quick as lightning, pulled the door as hard as he could after him; and the enraged boar turning about also to follow him, ran full butt against the door, and which, sticking a little before, he made it now quite fast, for the more he pushed against it, the faster it was. But the poor Welshman, having as yet not recovered from his fright, he had not the power to leave the place; but there he stood all over in a trembling sweat. In two or three minutes, or less, up came the French king and his attendants; for the boar that was now shut up in the cave was one which the king and his nobles had pursued in a chase, and which had a little outrun them. The dogs directed by their noses, immediately made up to the door, where he was enclosed, but it stuck so fast, that their weight could not open it; so one of the king's attendants came up to the Welshman, and demanded in French, if he had seen a wild boar run that way; but the Welshman answered in broken English, that he did not understand him. One of the nobles, who understood English very well, asked him in that language if he had not seen a wild boar pass by him a few minutes before. "I do not know what is a wild poar," replied the Welshman, "not I; put, indeed, here was a little shaky pig come up to me in a great passion and fury, look you, and it was going to pite me; put I was take hur by hur tail, and throw her into that house, look you, and believe hur was there now." The King, who understood but little English, demanded an explanation of what the Welshman said; and the nobleman told his majesty, that he said he did not know what a wild boar was, that there was a jack-pig came up to him, and was going to bite him, but he took him by the tail, and put him into that house. "Now please your majesty, what they call a jack-pig in some parts of England, is a little sucking pig, so that I should think it can never be the wild boar he has put in there." "No no,"

replied the king, "to be sure it cannot; but however, whatever it is that he has put in there, order him to fetch it out immediately. So the aforesaid nobleman told the Welshman that it was his majesty's pleasure that he should fetch this little jack-pig out of the house, that he might see it. But the Welshman not caring for the task, answered him again, "Not I; if hur was want hur out, hur may fetch hur out again hurself, if hur will; for I was not like to meddle with hur any more, look you." Here the nobleman told his majesty what the Welshman said, and at the same time insinuated to his majesty that he was but a poor ignorant fellow, and that he had very little faith in what he related. So the king ordered the spearmen who attended him in the chase, to force the door open; which they did immediately, and out came the boar with the utmost fury, when the dogs fell instantly upon him, and the sport was renewed: but the king was so amazed at what had happened about the Welshman's putting the wild boar into the cave by the tail, that he could not quit the place for some time. Said he, to his attendants, "We thought it impossible for this stranger to put such a creature into that cave and shut the door upon him, as he said he had done, but you find it so. How came he in and the door shut, else? It was not five minutes before that we saw the creature before us; and this man, you all saw, was there by himself. How could it be otherwise, I own to me is amazing! I desire my lord," continued he to the nobleman who was their interpreter, "that you take care that I see this wonder of a man to-morrow." So the king rode in pursuit of his sport; and the nobleman, according to his majesty's commands, stayed with the Welshman to give him directions where he should come to him the next day, in order to his being introduced to the king and court. Accordingly the Welshman came, and the nobleman carried him immediately to his majesty, who, when he demanded a farther account from him concerning the wild boar, the Welshman told him the very same story, without variation. Then his majesty asked him what religion he was of, but the Welshman could give him but very little account of that. He was very much pleased at the fine appearance of the gens d'armes, or life guards, and told his majesty that "if he would give him a horse, and make him one of those fine folk, he should be obliged to hur." At this the king was a little sur-



prised that he asked for nothing better; but, however, he gave order that he should be immediately equipped. And he was no sooner initiated into the corps, but all the Frenchmen therein wished him any where else, and contracted a most mighty mixture of fear and hatred for him; for not a man in the troop dared to contradict him.

The story of his putting the wild boar into the cave, was sufficient to intimidate the boldest of them. At length, the Welshman being a kind of a law-giver amongst them a great while, without the least interruption, they now began to scheme and form a plot against him, in order, if possible, to lower his mettle. So they went privately through the corps, and raised by subscription a purse of a thousand livres for any man that would challenge and fight him at any weapon; and five hundred more he was to have if he conquered. But none would undertake to do it for a great while; at last, a very good swordsman, and one who kept a fencing-school, undertook to challenge him; and in order to give him a public correction they got leave from their commander, who was obliged to ask it of the king, (for the Welshman was a great favourite of his majesty), for the honor of France, to make a pitched and public battle of it. When the Welshman received the challenge, and found that his honor, his place, and every thing of value, lay at stake, and every thing depended upon his success in this disagreeable engagement, he began to scheme all the ways he could think on to accomplish his safety and escape, and at last he resolves as follows:—

The day for this bloody battle being fixed for the morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Welshman determined not so stir from home for a full quarter after, and until several messengers had come in quest of him, for the good natured Frenchmen were in great eagerness to have him dispatched. But Taffy having stayed in his apartment as long as he thought proper (either plotting or praying) he bundled up a rusty old sword and pick-axe, and away he trudges to the place appointed. There he found his antagonist ready stript, and exercising with another master, to put his hand in against he engaged; whole multitudes of people were assembled to see this bloody encounter, which was expected to be the most worthy of observation of any single combat that every had been fought in that kingdom. As soon as the Welshman came to the place

appointed, they all began to reproach him with a general voice for overstaying his time; and his antagonist, whose spirits were supported and kept up by the encouragement of his friends, brandished his sword, and with great eagerness challenged him to the combat. At which the Welshman carelessly replied, "Don't put yourself into passions; you shall find, look you, that I have come time enough for you presently." So throwing down his bundle, and after throwing off his clothes very deliberately, instead of his sword he takes his spade in his hand, and looking several times very earnestly at his antagonist, he makes a mark upon the turf like a grave, and then began to dig and throw the earth out of it, and to pick with his pick-axe, and to work as hard as he was able. At length the Frenchman, who stood vapouring and ready to engage with him, demanded with some contempt, what he was about, and why he did not come and answer his challenge. "Ay, ay," quoth the Welshman, "you are in a plaguy hurry, look you; but I pray you, don't trouble yourself any more about it; I shall be time enough for you presently. But I will not come till I have done what I am about; for, as I am a shentleman and a christian man, and every thing else in this world, I have never kilt a man in my whole life, but I have bury him." "Ha! vat is dat he say?" quoth the Frenchman; "I varrant he has killed ten thousand men in his life; else he would never take de trouble to make dis grave for me! but I will not stay to be killed!" As soon as the Frenchman saw the Welshman's eyes turned another way, he set out full drive, and ran with all the force and speed he was master of. And as soon as he was far enough off, the Welshman, who with great joy saw him set out, now holding up his head, and seeing him, as if by accident, run-away, catches up his sword, and starting after him, calls out as loud as he could, "Plood and oons! does hur run away at last, like a fillian? I pray you, stop hur! stop hur! and pring hur pack again to hur crave, look you!" But all attempts were used in vain; he never stopt till he was got off, nor was he heard of till some time after. And thus the Welshman saved both his life and credit; for no Frenchman in the whole kingdom, from that hour, dared to challenge him ever after.

*Liverpool Kaleidoscope.*

QUASSIA.—An infusion of Quassia chips, sweetened with brown sugar, is said to prove an effectual poison for flies.

## BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I never see a young hand hold  
 The starry bunch of white and gold,  
 But something warm and fresh will start  
 About the region of my heart.  
 My smile expires into a sigh:  
 I feel a struggling in the eye,  
 'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,  
 Till rolling tears have won their way:  
 For soul and brain will travel back  
 Through memory's chequered mazes,  
 To days when I but trod life's track  
 For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,  
 Of sober speech and silver hair,  
 Who carry wisdom wise and sage,  
 With all the gravity of age;  
 Oh! say, do ye not like to hear  
 The accents ringing in your ear,  
 When sportive urchins laugh and shout,  
 Tossing those precious flowers about,  
 Springing with bold and gleesome bound,  
 Proclaiming joy that crazes,  
 And cherishing the magic sound  
 Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky  
 Blossoms that knit so strong a tie  
 With childhood's love? Can any please  
 Or light the infant eye like these?  
 No, no; there's not a bud on earth,  
 Of richest tint or warmest birth,  
 Can ever fling such zeal and zest  
 Into the tiny hand and breast.  
 Who does not recollect the hours  
 When burning words and praises  
 Were lavish'd on those shining flowers,  
 Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell  
 About their very names to dwell;  
 And though old Time has marked my brow  
 With care and thought, I love them now.  
 Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings  
 Are closest link'd to simplest things;  
 And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,  
 Till love, and life, and all be past:  
 And then the only wish I have  
 Is that the one who raises  
 The turf-sod o'er me, plant my grave  
 With buttercups and daisies.

*Eliza Cook.*

If true politeness be displayed,  
 As Chesterfield has somewhere said,  
 By anti-risibility,  
 They who are fond of grins and jokes,  
 Have clearly naught to do with folks  
 Of saturnine gentility.

Wherefore, kind reader, if you share  
 Whitechapel laughs and vulgar fare,  
 Beneath our steam-boats' banners,  
 Be not fastidious when 'tis done,  
 Nor cry—"I don't object to fun,  
 But can't abide low manners."

## THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou'rt bearing hence the roses,  
 Glad summer, fare thee well!  
 Thou'rt singing thy last melodies  
 In every wood and dell.

Brightly, sweet summer! brightly  
 Thine hours have floated by,  
 To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
 The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forest  
 To the wild deer, wandering free;  
 And brightly, 'midst the garden flowers,  
 To the happy murmuring bee.

But oh! thou gentle summer,  
 If I greet thy flowers once more,  
 Bring me again the buoyancy  
 Wherewith my soul should soar!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?  
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
 I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.  
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart:  
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
 Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,  
 And a sacred thing is the old arm-chair.

In childhood's hours I lingered near  
 The hallowed seat with list'ning ear;  
 And sacred words that mother would give  
 To fit me to die and teach me to live.  
 She told me that shame would never betide,  
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide;  
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
 When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;  
 And I almost worshipped her when she smil'd  
 And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.  
 Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—  
 My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;  
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
 When I saw her die in the old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,  
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow:  
 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,  
 And Memory flows with a lava tide.  
 Say it is folly and deem me weak,  
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek:  
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
 My heart from a mother's old arm-chair.

*Eliza Cook.*

Long life to the moon for a noble sweet creature,  
 That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark,  
 While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature  
 Wants no light at all, as you all may remark;  
 But as for the moon, by my soul, I'll be bound Sir,  
 'Twould save the whole nation a great many pound, Sir,  
 To subscribe for to light her up all the year round, Sir.



**RHUBARB.**—It is not commonly known that the Rhubarb used by medical practitioners is procured from the same plants that furnish the well known vegetable of that name so frequently found, particularly during spring and early summer, upon our tables; yet such is the fact. Three varieties of Rhubarb are known in the shops, named from the places whence we receive them; namely, Russian, Turkey, and East Indian or Chinese. The two first resemble each other in every respect, appearing to be the root of the same species of plant, prepared in the same mode; and although the East Indian is seemingly the root of a different species, yet we are informed by Dr. Rehman, that it is the same, only prepared with less care.

All the Rhubarb of commerce, known under the names of Turkey or Russian, grows on the declivities of the chain of mountains in Tartary, which stretches from the Chinese town of Sini to the lake Kokonor, near Thibet. The soil is light and sandy; and the Bucharians assert that the best grows in the shade, on the southern side of the mountains. Rhubarb, however, is also cultivated in China, in the province of Shen-see. In Tartary, the roots are taken up twice a year, in spring and autumn, and after being cleansed and decorticated, and the smaller branches cut off, the body of the root is divided transversely into pieces of a moderate size, which are placed on tables, and turned three or four times a day, during five or six days. A hole is then bored through each piece, by which it is hung up to dry, exposed to the air and wind, but sheltered from the sun. In about two months the roots have lost seven parts in eight of their weight, and are fit for market. In China the roots are not dug up till winter, when they are dried by turning them on stone slabs heated by a fire underneath, and afterwards hanging them up in the air, exposed to the greatest heat of the sun. As soon as the Rhubarb has been dried it is conveyed to Si-ning, where it is again cleaned and aired, and after being cut into smaller pieces and sorted, a hole is drilled through that intended for the Russian market, in virtue of the contract made with the Russian government, for the examination of the heart of the pieces. It is then packed up in camel's-hair sacks, and conveyed to Mac-ma-tchin, where it is examined previously to its being transported to Kiachta. The whole of the trade in Rhubarb in China is carried on by one Bucharian family, which has enjoyed the monopoly since 1772; and it is even by the agents of this family that it is sold to the English at Canton. Part of the Tartarian Rhubarb is carried to Turkey through Natolia; but the greater part is conveyed by the Bucharians to Kiachta, where it is examined by a Russian apothecary. Agreeably to the contract with Russia, all the Rhubarb which is rejected must be burnt; and even that which is approved must undergo another cleaning before it is finally packed up for St. Petersburg.

The great care observed in selecting and cleaning the Russian or Turkey Rhubarb suffi-

ciently explains its high price in the British market. For many years Rhubarb root of very excellent quality has been produced in England, and there is no reason whatever why Canada should not also produce, at least as much as is required for the consumption of the inhabitants.

**THE NUTMEG.**—The nutmeg-tree is a native of the Molucca islands. It has, however, been nearly extirpated from the greater number of them by the narrow policy of the Dutch, and is cultivated at Banda, and also at Bencoolen in the island of Sumatra, where a sufficient quantity is reared to supply with mace and nutmegs the whole of Europe.

The nutmeg-tree rises to the height of thirty feet: it produces fruit at the age of seven years; its productiveness is at the highest at fifteen; and it continues to bear for seventy or eighty years in the Moluccas. It yields three crops annually: the first in April, the second in August, and the third, which is the best, in December; yet the fruit requires nine months to ripen it. When it is gathered, the outer coriaceous covering is first stripped off, then the mace is carefully separated, flattened by the hand in single layers, and dried in the sun. The nutmegs in the shell are next exposed to heat, (not exceeding 140 degrees of Fahrenheit,) and to smoke for three months. Much care is necessary in drying them; as they require to be turned every second or third day. When they rattle in the shell they are considered to be sufficiently dried: they are then broken and the kernels thrown into a strong mixture of lime and water, at Banda; but at Bencoolen they are simply rubbed over with dry lime; after which they are cleaned and packed up in casks and chests which have been previously smoked, and covered within with a coating of lime and water. This process is necessary for their preservation, and, with the same intention, the mace is sprinkled with salt water. There are several varieties of the tree; but that denominated the Queen nutmeg, which bears a small round nut, is the best. Nutmegs are frequently punctured and boiled in order to obtain the essential oil, and the orifices afterwards closed with powdered sassafras. On account of the narcotic property of the oil contained in it, the nutmeg should be cautiously used by persons disposed to apoplexy. In India, its dangerous effects have been frequently felt; and in Britain instances have occurred in which the nutmeg, taken in large quantities, produced drowsiness, great stupor and insensibility; and, on awakening, delirium, which alternated with sleep for several hours.

**COCHINEAL.**—This insect, so valuable in the arts as a scarlet or crimson dye, is found in its wild state in Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and some of the West India Islands, feeding on several species of cactus, particularly the common Indian fig, or prickly pear plant: but in Mexico, and some of the adjoining Spanish settlements, where the insect is, as it were, domesticated and reared with great care, it feeds only on a species of cactus which was supposed

to be the Cochineal Indian fig, but which, Humboldt says, is a distinct species. It is cultivated for this purpose; and on it the insect attains to a greater size than in the wild state. It is a small insect, very seldom exceeding a barley-grain in magnitude, and the males only are furnished with wings. The males are comparatively few in number, there being only one to 150 or 200 females.

The wild cochineal is collected six times in the year, just before the females begin to lay their eggs; a few being left on the plants to furnish a future supply. But the domesticated insect is collected thrice only in the same space of time, the domestication diminishing the number of broods to three in the year, owing to their propagation being suspended during the rainy seasons, whilst the downy covering of the wild species prevents their sustaining injury from the wet. At the third gathering, branches of the plant, to which a certain number of females are left adhering, are broken off and preserved with much care during the rainy season; and after this is over they are distributed over the out-door plantations of the cactus, where they soon multiply, and in the space of two months the first crop is fit to be gathered. The insects are detached from the plant by means of a blunt knife, then put into bags and dipped into boiling water to kill them; after which they are dried in the sun: and although they lose two-thirds of their weight by this process, yet about 600,000 pounds are brought annually to Europe. Each pound is said to contain 70,000 insects.

Cochineal was used by the natives of Mexico when the Spaniards arrived there in 1518; and was introduced into Europe in 1523. The domestic kind, which is not only much larger, but yields a richer colour, and is consequently most esteemed, is known, in the language of the Spanish merchants, by the name *grana fina*; the wild is one-half the size only of the other, covered with white down or powder, and is denominated *grana silvestra*; but, as we receive them, both the kinds are often mixed together. They are imported in bags, each containing about two hundred weight.

#### CURIOUS CUSTOM IN THE SOUTH OF RUSSIA ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

While I was sitting at breakfast this morning, a servant of the Count entered, and, after uttering a few words in the Russian language, threw a handful of millet and oats into my face. I was, of course surprised at this conduct; but guessing it to proceed from some custom prevailing here, I took it in good part. He then said that the Countess Vorontzof wished to see me immediately. I left my rooms accordingly and went into the Count's cabinet, where I found himself, the Countess, their children, and one or two of the *employe's*, at breakfast. His Excellency, rising upon my entrance, shook hands, and wished me a happy new year; after which he threw a handful of millet and oats at me. I had hardly got rid of these, before the children and the other individuals present renewed the attack in a similar manner. Count

Vorontzof informed me, in the course of conversation subsequently, that this is a custom prevailing only in the Ukraine and the south of Russia, which are corn countries. Throughout the whole day millet and oats were kept in constant readiness, and every one who entered the house, of whatever rank or sex, was assailed as I had been.

IRISH BEGGARS.—In the course of our journeys in Ireland, Mr. Mathews was much amused with the Irish beggars, who were in the habit of surrounding inn-doors the moment English travellers stopped. We were posting from Dublin to Limerick, and thence to Cork, and specimens of this race were in every town and village, in readiness to pounce upon the unwary traveller. I never saw any of them without remembering, I think, Foote's wonder what English beggars did with their left-off clothes, which mystery was solved when he went to Ireland and saw the beggars there. Surely, nothing more squalid and filthy can be met with elsewhere; but their wit and merriment even exceed their dirt. They are very apt to form themselves into partnerships, so that four or five of a firm will assail you under the same interests, but with separate claims. Sometimes, indeed, they affect hostility with each other's aim, but in a friendly and good-humoured manner:—"Ah! my lady! ah, your honour! have compassion on the blind, the lame, and the lazy." "How's that?" said my husband. "Plaise your honour's glory, I am lame (as you see), this good woman's blind, and my daughter's lazy." "Well, well," said he to whom this truly original appeal was made, and who began to be amused at the novel mode of application, expecting some further drollery from her—"well, there's a fivepenny among you, that is, if you'll divide it equally." "Oh! sure," answered the lazy, "it's no matter,—we're all one family." "Oh!" said the donor, "but I insist upon an equal division of the money in my presence, or I withdraw it." "And so there shall be, your honour, if you'll *depend* upon my *vartue*," holding out her hand. "Yes, yes, but I must see you do it."—"And how, your honor, will I do it, seeing that it's impossible?"—"Very well, then, I shall not give it," said Mr. Mathews, (still anticipating amusement from her ingenuity.) Suddenly she seemed to have a thought, and with quickness asked, "Will your honor trust me with the fivepenny to get changed?" "Well," said he, after a short pause, "*I will*."—"God bless you for ever," and away she ran into the inn. On her return, after a minute's consideration, she placed three half-pence in each of the other women's hands, saying as she did so, "There's three half-pence for *you*, good woman,—there's three half-pence for *you*, good woman,—and here's three half-pence for *me*, good woman." Then looking for an instant perplexed at the remaining half-penny, she suddenly darted into a little huckster shop opposite the inn, and as speedily returned with a pair of old scissors in one hand, and a bit of what is called pig-tail tobacco in the other, saying, as she measured



it with her eye, and divided it, "There's one bit for *you*, good woman,—there's one bit for *you*, good woman,—and here's one bit for *me*, good woman. Ah! now, haven't I done it *nately*, your honour?"

**CINNAMON.**—The cinnamon tree is a native of Ceylon, growing in great abundance in many parts of the island, particularly near Colombo. It also grows plentifully in Malabar, Cochin China, Sumatra, and the eastern islands, and has been cultivated in the Brazils, the Mauritius, and other places. France is partly supplied from Guiana. The soil in which the tree thrives best is nearly pure quartz sand: that of the cinnamon garden near Colombo was found by Dr. J. Davy to consist of 98.5 of silicious sand, and 1.0 only of vegetable matter in 100 parts. The garden is nearly on a level with the lake of Colombo; its situation is sheltered; the climate is remarkably damp; showers are frequent, and the temperature is high and uncommonly equable. The tree seldom rises above thirty feet in height.

There are several varieties of the cinnamon tree known at Ceylon, but the four following only are said to be barked: 1. Honey, sharp, sweet, or royal cinnamon, which is the finest sort; 2. Snake cinnamon; 3. Camphorated cinnamon; and 4. Bitter astringent cinnamon, which has smaller leaves than the former varieties. The trees that grow in the valleys, in a white sandy soil, are fit to be barked when four or five years old, but those in a wet soil, or in shady places, require to be seven or eight years of age. The bark is good for nothing if the tree be older than eighteen years. The tree was formerly propagated by a species of pigeon, that ate the fruit; but since Talck, one of the Dutch governors, about the middle of the eighteenth century, raised it from berries sown in his garden, it has been regularly cultivated. The barking, particularly in the vicinity of Negombo and Matura, commences early in May, and continues until late in October. The *Chaliahs*, or people who perform the operation, are under native officers called cinnamon *moodeliars*, who are answerable for the quantity barked. Branches of three years old are selected, and lopped off with a pruning knife, or bill hook called a *ketta*. To remove the bark, a longitudinal incision is made through it on both sides of the shoot, so that it can be gradually loosened, and taken off entire, forming hollow cylinders. The bark in this state, tied up into bundles, is allowed to remain for twenty-four hours, by which a fermentation is produced that facilitates the separation of the epidermis, which with the green pulpy matter under it is carefully scraped off. The bark now soon dries, contracts, and assumes the quill form, after which the smaller pieces are put within the larger. The cinnamon, when dry, is tied up in bundles of thirty lbs. weight, and carried to the government storehouse, where the quality is determined by inspection of the bundles. It was formerly chewed, and the surgeons who used to be thus employed, had their mouths so excoriated, as to be unable to continue the process longer than two

days together: but tasting is now seldom had recourse to.

Prior to the fifteenth century, all the cinnamon used in Europe was imported by the Arabs, and passed through the hands of the Venetians; after this the Portuguese became the sole importers, and continued to be so till 1655, when their trade was divided with the Dutch, who obtained entire possession of it in 1658; and were the principal cinnamon merchants until 1796, when Ceylon fell into the power of the British.

Notwithstanding the jealousy of the Dutch, the cinnamon tree, long before the British obtained possession of Ceylon, was cultivated at the Isle of France, in several parts of India, Jamaica, and some other of the West India Islands. Mr. Miller (author of "Miller's Gardener's Dictionary,") first cultivated it in England in 1768; and a plant of it has regularly flowered and ripened seed in the hot-house of the Bishop of Winchester at Farnham for several years.

**GRAVE LITERATURE.**—In Bidford churchyard a man was buried at the age of eighty-nine. One of our cousins is a stone mason, and distils—garve-stones. It was engraved on the stone by mistake 84; when it was discovered, previous to its being erected, one of the relations said, "Him was 89, mun. You must add five years to it." This conversation took place before my cousin's operator, who actually next morning added a 5 to the original numbers; so it reads—"Here lies John Osborne, who died at the age of 845." I saw the stone, all the letters of which are guilt, excepting the figure 5, of which there is enough remaining to certify the fact to those who had heard the story.

In this country they invariably say *we* for *us*—*us* for *we*—*she* for *her*—"her tea'd wi' me, and I told she so." A fine specimen of this I found on one of the tombstones:—

"Whilst in this world us did remain,  
Our latter end was grief and pain;  
At length the Lord, him thought it best,  
To take we to a place of rest."

Chas. Mathews.

**HOW TO GET ON.—THE APOTHECARY METHOD.**—"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining parlour; master opens it and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder. From Sawyer's late Nockemoff's. Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared;' and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—*she* reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls: "Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemoff." The name gets known, and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart; old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."

MY FIRST NIGHT AT COLLEGE.—My spirits had been flurried during the day, from the revolution in my state:—launched from the School-Dock into the wide ocean of a University;—matriculated by the Vice-Chancellor in the morning,—left by my father, at noon,—dining in the Hall at three o'clock, unknowing, and almost unknown,—informed that I must be in the Chapel next day soon after sunrise,—elated with my growing dignity,—depressed by boyish *mauvais honte*, among the *sophs*,—dreading College discipline,—forestalling College jollity,—ye Gods! what a conflict of passions does all this create in a booby boy!

I was glad, on retiring early to rest, that I might ruminate, for five minutes, over the important events of the day, before I fell fast asleep.

I was not, then, in the habit of using a night-lamp, or burning a rush-light; so, having dropt the extinguisher upon my candle, I got into bed; and found, to my dismay, that I was reclining in the dark, upon a surface very like that of a pond in a hard frost. The jade of a bedmaker had spread the spick and span new sheeting over the blankets, fresh from the linnen-draper's shop; unwashed, unironed, unaired, "with all its imperfections on its head."

Through the tedious hours of an inclement January night, I could not close my eyes;—my teeth chattered, my back shivered;—I thrust my head under the bolster, drew up my knees to my chin; it was all useless; I could not get warm;—I turned again and again; at every turn a hand or a foot touched upon some new cold place; and, at every turn, the chill glazy clothwork crepitated like iced buckram. God forgive me for having execrated the authorship of my calamity!—but, I verily think, that the meekest Christian who prays for his enemies, and for mercy upon all "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heriticks," would in his orisons, in such a night of misery, make a specific exception against his bedmaker.

I rose betimes,—languid and feverish,—hoping that the customary morning ablutions would somewhat refresh me,—but, on taking up a towel, I might have exclaimed with Hamlet, "*Ay, there's the rub*!"—it was just in the same stubborn state as the linen of the bed; and as uncompromising a piece of huckaback, of a yard long, and three-quarters wide, as ever presented its superficies to the skin of a gentleman.

Having washed and scrubbed myself in my bedchamber, till I was nearly flayed with the friction, I proceeded to my sitting room, where I found a blazing fire, and a breakfast very neatly laid out, but again I encountered the same *rigour*! The tea equipage was placed upon a substance which was snow-white, but unyielding as a skin of new parchment from the law stationer;—it was the eternal unwashed linen!—and I dreaded to sit down to hot rolls and butter, lest I should cut my shins against the edge of the table-cloth.

In short, I found upon inquiry that I was only undergoing the common lot,—the usual seasoning,—of almost every Freshman; whose fate it is to *crackle* through the first ten days or fortnight of his residence at College. But the most formidable piece of drapery belonging to him is his new surplice; in which he attends Chapel on certain days of the week;—it covers him from his chin to his feet, and seems to stand on end, in emulation of a full suit of armour. Cased in this linen panoply, (the certain betrayer of an academical *debutant*), the New-comer is to be heard at several yards distance, on his way across a quadrangle, cracking and bouncing like a dry faggot upon the fire; and he never fails to command notice, in his repeated marches to prayer, till soap and water have silenced the noise of his arrival at Oxford.—*Colman's Random Records*.

REASONS FOR CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—"What in the world could you see in Lord A—to marry him?" "Why, I saw a house in town," said the marchioness, "and a box at the opera."

NOT COMFORTABLE YET.—A highly respectable and wealthy farmer in Connecticut gives the following as his own experience:—"When I first came here to settle about forty years ago, I told my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not want to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land, I've worked hard ever since, and got rich—as rich as I wanted to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all got farms—and my wife aint comfortable yet."

A MIS-DEAL.—Mr. Thom had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it; the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bound!"—*Laird of Logan*.

DYING FOR LOVE.—A gallant old Scotch officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend, who had been jilted by a fickle beauty of that age, in favour of the Duke A—; and he concluded the story thus, in a tone of much emotion: "Poor fellow, he never got over it; no sir, it was the death of him;" and then, after a pause of much pathos, with a faltering voice, he added, "He did not live above fifteen years after it."

FRENCH-ENGLISH.—"Why," says Dick, "there are so many English travel this road now, that they are beginning to put up the inscriptions in our language, and you may observe upon most of the shop windows, 'English spoked here,' or 'English spiked here;' though when you get inside, they can seldom go beyond—'vairy goot an vairy sheep,' which they constantly repeat, however bad and dear their articles may be."



OUR ANCESTORS AND OURSELVES.—Our Ancestors up to the Conquest were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne; and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply.

WHEN a sober, moderate, and silent man drinks wine in a quantity more liberal than ordinary, it has the effect of cherishing and rousing his spirits and genius, and rendering him more communicative. If taken still more freely, he becomes talkative, eloquent, and confident of his abilities. If taken in still larger quantities, it renders him bold and daring and desirous to exert himself in action. If he persist in a more plentiful dose, it makes him petulant and contumelious. The next step renders him mad and outrageous. Should he proceed still farther, he becomes stupid and senseless.—*Aristotle.*

HOW TO SLEEP IN SNOW.—The manner in which Capt. Ross's crew preserved themselves after the shipwreck of their vessel, was by digging a trench in the snow when night came on; this trench was covered with canvass, and then with snow; the trench was made large enough to contain seven people; and there were three trenches, with one officer and six men in each. At evening, the shipwrecked mariners got into bags made of double blanketing, which they tied round their necks, and thus prevented their feet escaping into the snow while asleep; they then crept into the trenches and lay close together.

TO LET.—When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded he should place a label on his forehead with the words "to let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right Tom" said the father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

AN ODD IDEA.—Colman, in his *Random Records*, relates an anecdote of a "Scotchman's tumbling from one of the loftiest houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh. He slipped," says the legend, "off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high; and, when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out at a window of the eighth floor; to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed *en passant*,—'eh, Sandy man, sic a fa' as I shall hae!'"

According to the report of the University Commissioners, a student's tobacco bill often amounts to £40 a year. No wonder that the prospects of so many youths vanish in smoke.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—According to recent calculations it is probable that English is already the language of sixty millions of human beings, and that number is augmenting at a continually increasing ratio.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Why doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine that you are giving to my husband. How is that?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

JOKE OVER WINE.—It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the judge's dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very reverend guest, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh no, sir!—by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

QUEER RACERS.—The elder folks were talking of the races, when one turned to a listening child and said, "Did you ever see the races, Bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run."

LEGISLATION.—A foreigner of distinction once asked a British member of Parliament what had passed in the last session;—"Five months and fourteen days," was the reply.

When Queen Elizabeth told Bacon that his house was too small for him, he replied—"It is your Majesty who have made me too big for my house."

A gentleman, who had been desired by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being requested on his return by a friend to call in, begged to be excused, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid the fashion would change before he got home.

In Peking, China, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago. Several numbers of the paper are preserved in the Boy's Library at Paris. They are each 10½ yards long.

CRITICISM.—"Well," said Foote, drily to my father, "how do you go on?" "Pretty well," was the answer, "but I can't teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do." "Can't you?" cried Foote,—"read him your last comedy of the 'Man of Business,' and he'll yawn for a month."—*Colman.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed, Which of their lands maintained the greatest state;

The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted, The Welshman would not his vaunts abate.

"Ten cooks" quoth he, "in Wales one wedding sees;"

"Ay, quoth the other, "each man toasts his cheese."

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## THE VILLAGE COMMON.

In the parish of Woodfield there is a spot of peculiar beauty, called Bird's-eye Green. Its name is not derived, as some of my readers may have imagined, from the extensive prospect which it commands, but from the profusion of that lovely little turf flower, the minor Forget-me-not, termed by the unlettered East Anglian naturalist the *bird's-eye*, with which the emerald sward is in the merry month of May so gaily enamelled, that, when you glance downwards, it gleams like a bright blue carpetting beneath the spiral blades of grass.

Bird's-eye Green, when first I knew it, was a little world within itself, distinct and separate from the rest of the village. It was one of those beautiful park-like commons which, before the rage of arable enclosures deprived the peasantry of agricultural districts of a sure stimulus for industry and economy, might be seen studded with groups of cattle, or families of pigs and poultry, affording a smiling picture of the prosperity of the rich, and the independence of the laboring classes. It was, in fact, a real commonwealth to all the inhabitants of that parish, where the cow or pig of the humble laborer was free to share the right of pasturage with the flocks and herds of the substantial yeoman. Every cottage then sent forth its proportion of live stock to the green, under the care of some trusty urchin of the family. It was a pretty sight on sweet spring days to watch the rosy curly-pated little cotters, each presiding over the conduct of a cow, a pig, a pet-lamb, a train of downy goslings, or a brood of turkey chicks, whichever it might chance to be, or perhaps a weanling calf just turned out to graze, yet retaining sufficient of its lactivorous propensities to render it

an object of jealous suspicion to the proprietors or guardians of all the recently bereaved cows on the green. Bird's-eye Green, although so picturesque and peaceful in its appearance, that to the eye of the casual traveller from busy noisy towns it bore the semblance of a perfect Arcadia or fairy land, inhabited by juvenile shepherds and shepherdesses, who were not unfrequently seen garlanded with flowers, and dancing or sporting in jocund groups, was nevertheless a spot abounding in strife, jealousy, and in short, teeming with all the evil passions on a small scale that are to be found agitating the great world, and arming nation against nation. The proprietors of the flocks and herds, pigs and poultry, and more especially the youthful guardians to whose keeping they were consigned, had separate interests and petty jealousies, which broke out frequently in open acts of anger and violence. Those blooming picturesque groups of children fought and scratched somewhat oftener than they danced, and scolded more than they sang. The attendant of a cow sometimes quarrelled with the guardian of the goslings, and the protector of a sow and pigs invaded the quiet corner where some junior maiden of the green kept watch over her darling brood of turkey chicks, or enjoyed the company of her beloved pet lamb; and fierce were the clamours and contentions that would follow such aggressions on the positive but undefined rights of the pre-occupants of favourite spots. It was a complete sample of the state of society that would exist in a genuine republic under the law of nature, every one doing that which was right in their own eyes, or wrong if they had the inclination, and at the same time the power of accomplishing their desires without fear of punishment.



Robert Rowe and Sophy Flaxman were two of the most determined foes on the green. Sophy Flaxman was a fat, fair, blue-eyed, little vixen of thirteen, when her parents first came to live on the green. They were considered very respectable persons in their degree, and made a great deal of money by rearing and fattening poultry for market, and selling eggs. Sophy was chiefly employed in attending to this department, and every fine day was to be seen sitting on a little turf hillock, which she called her throne, surrounded by a numerous family of dependents, hens, turkeys, ducks, and goslings—that is, I should say, whenever she was sufficiently early in the field to obtain possession of this favorite eminence, which was an object of contention among several of the children; and Sophy having neither brothers nor cousins to championise her, was often driven from her position by the uncivilised natives of the soil, who regarded her as a stranger and interloper on the green. Sophy was better dressed and better mannered than any of her juvenile neighbours, and she evidently cherished ideas of her own superiority that gave universal offence. Her mother, when she first sent her forth on her daily vocation, strictly charged her “to form no acquaintances, much less intimacies, among them, but to take her knitting and her book in her bag, and keep herself to herself.”

This was prudent advice, but its observance rendered the damsel very unpopular on the green, and was the means of exposing her to a variety of annoyances from the other young people, but more especially from Robert Rowe, a sturdy sunburned imp, remarkable for his roguish black eyes and ragged gaberdine, who, more out of mischief than malice perhaps, took great delight in teasing Sophy, and disarranging all her plans for the day. Robert was the eldest of a family of eight brothers and sisters, all as rude and ragged as himself. His parents had neither cow, pig, nor poultry. They were indifferent managers, as many of the peasantry are, and for want of a little prudence and forethought lost the advantage of improving their means by availing themselves of the free keep which Bird’s-eye Green afforded for live stock of various kinds. Threepence-a-week, scrupulously set aside

for half a year, would have purchased a pig, and this pig, if a young sow, would, in the course of two years, have brought a most profitable increase; but the family of the Rowes were short-sighted people, who never provided for the future.

Robert Rowe, their first-born son, was the hired keeper of a whole herd of swine belonging to a substantial farmer on the green, and with these the youthful hog-herd lived on terms of almost brotherly affection and intimacy, and, greatly to Sophy Flaxman’s indignation, he daily led them to the spot which it was her pleasure to occupy, for the pleasure of putting her and her feathered followers to the rout.

Sophy did not put up with this injurious treatment tamely. She had vituperated Robert and his master’s pigs by every term of contemptuous meaning which might be permitted to pass lips feminine, and, seconded by a pair of very potent allies, the gander and the turkey-cock, she had defended her position with the intrepidity of a Thracian amazon, and sometimes worsted her antagonists. As for Robert’s occasional overtures for a cessation of hostilities on terms of peace and good-will, she always rejected them with the most unqualified expressions of scorn. “His enmity might be endured,” she said, or as much as said, “but his friendship was inadmissible.”

Robert attributed this lofty language to pride, and redoubled his persecutions with the view of rendering himself a person of greater importance in her sight. Sophy would have proved a match in her retaliations for any of the provocations with which her rustic foe assailed her, but, unfortunately, her friend the turkey-cock came in for a mortal injury in one of these diurnal encounters; and the luckless damsel, after the loss of this auxiliary, could no longer maintain her ground against Robert and his grunting attendants, who were daily becoming more formidable: so she now deemed it most prudent, after suffering a complete defeat in two or three pitched battles, to retire from the contested spot whenever Robert Rowe and his master’s herd made an advance. This she did, however, with the most unequivocal gestures of disdain, commencing with one of those silent but expressive declarations of hostility and contempt,

indicated by a scornful elevation of the lips and nostrils, which a Suffolk girl calls sneering (pronounced *snearing*) at a person. Now, it is a well-known fact, that no Suffolk lad, from the age of three years old and upwards, can tamely brook being sneered at, as a sneer is by them considered as the most offensive of all insults. The first time Sophy began to practise this feminine art of war, Robert was more deeply hurt than if she had twitched out a handful of his chestnut curls; and he actually fled home to his mother, out of breath, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed,

"Mother, what do you think? Sophy Flaxman has sneered at me!" To which his mother, who was in the critical act of turning the heel of a stocking, dropped a dozen stitches from her knitting-pin at once in her surprise, as she replied, in a tone of lively indignation, "Why, you don't say so, Robert?" "Yes, but I do, mother," responded Robert; "and she is always stoning me, and calling me out of my name. I have hid her once or twice, but it arn't of no manner of use, for she is such a serpent, nobody can ever get the master of her; but I wouldn't have minded her pulling my hair, nor stoning master's pigs, nor nothing else that she has done, if she had not sneered at me." "Well, but, Bobby dear," responded the mother, affectionately stroking down the injured curls, which truth to tell, bore some marks of recent rough usage, "I'll tell you what I would do if I were in your place." "What would you do, mother?" asked he, eagerly. "Why, I would sneer at her again." "It is no use, mother, for I couldn't sneer like her if I tried ever so. She sneers up her mouth, and nose, and eyes, and chin, all at once in a way that nobody else can do, 'specially a boy." "Well, then, I wouldn't look at her." "No more I won't," replied the indignant hog-herd, with an air of deep determination.

This resolution was made on a Saturday evening, and on the Sunday noon he communicated to his sympathising mother the mortifying fact, that Sophy had sneered at him all church time. "Why did you look at her, Robert?" asked Goody Rowe. "'Cause I couldn't help it," responded Robert, with infinite *nai-vete*. "I looked to see if she meant to

sneer at me, and she did sneer worse than ever every time I caught her eye, even when the parson was giving out his text. And oh, dear mother, that text seemed as if it was meant on purpose for me, for it was, 'See ye fall not out by the way;' and while I was thinking how well it seemed to suit Sophy Flaxman, she sneered again, with the whole church looking on." "Her mother makes a proper fool of herself by keeping that girl at home," observed the sagacious Goody Rowe, with infinite indignation; "but I suppose these Flaxmans think themselves above their neighbours, as they have such lots of eggs and fowls to carry to market every week, and we shall see that their girl, instead of going to service like other folk's children, will be kept dawdling on the green with her turkeys and geese till she gets the name of the green goose herself, and you may go and tell her I say so."

Robert took the earliest opportunity of repeating his mother's witticism to his fair adversary, in the hope of provoking something in the way of conversation, but all the reply he received from Sophy was—another sneer. Robert felt greatly annoyed at the continuation of this system of silent hostility. "You shall have your own little hill all to yourself, Sophy," said he one day, "and I won't drive master's hogs among your fowls any more, nor yet upset your turkey's pan, nor kick your work-basket over, nor do nothing else to spite you, if you will leave off sneering at me, and be friends; but Sophy would not accept the terms of pacification. In fact, the list of outrages which Robert enumerated, and which had been of daily occurrence for many weeks, had left a feeling of deep resentment on the little maiden's mind. When Robert found he could not succeed in mollifying her by submissions, he once more resorted to open acts of aggression, which were met by Sophy with the same indications of silent contempt.

Sophy was growing a tall womanly girl; having rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets, set off as they were by the extreme neatness of her dress, and the demureness of her general behaviour began to attract the admiration of some of the pastoral swains of her own age, and, instead of persecutions from youthful shepherds and swine-herds, she became



the object of general attention and respect. She was complimented with offerings of wild strawberries, pig-nuts, dormice, squirrels and young linnets, besides flowers in abundance, and strings of birds' eggs, to the infinite envy and vexation of her female compeers; but Sophy rejected all these sylvan tributes with the same degree of feminine pride and reserve which she had exhibited at an earlier period on the green. She had now undisputed possession of her favorite hillock; and if her only adversary, Robert Rowe, had presumed to molest her or her poultry there, he would have received condign punishment from half a dozen self-elected champions, who were contending to win her regard. All this became very painful to the feelings of Robert Rowe; his merry shout and careless whistle was no longer heard on Bird's-eye Green, and one day Sophy observed that farmer Mill's hogs were under the care of another boy. The reason of this change was not long in reaching her. Robert Rowe was not happy at home, and had gone to sea, because he did not like to stay on the green to be sneered at by a girl, he said. Sophy Flaxman's proud heart was somewhat touched at this intelligence, and she experienced some compunctious visitings of conscience for having manifested such determined obduracy at different times, when Robert had made overtures of peace. Goody Rowe told her "that Robert had gone to the South Seas, a long way farther than the Indies, and it was all because she behaved so *ugly* to him; and now, if poor Robert were to be drowned, or swallowed by a whale, it would be her fault, for Robert thought she despised him on account of his ragged slop (frock), and he had gone to sea, that he might have clothes she could not sneer at, if so he lived to come home, but that, perhaps, he never would," and then the mother lifted up her voice and wept.

Sophy went home sorrowful and self-accused that day. She wished that she had not been quite so hard-hearted as to go on sneering at Robert after he had ceased to tease and annoy her. The same night she dreamed that Robert was drowned at sea, and awoke crying. A few weeks after Robert's father was killed by a fall from a stack, and the widow and family were reduced to great distress.

Sophy had saved five shillings from some of the little perquisites of office as mistress of the poultry, and this sum, which was destined for the purchase of a new bonnet, she carried to the widow Rowe, and entreated her to accept. There was, however, an angry degree of excitement in the mind of Goody Rowe, that proved more powerful than either sorrow or poverty; and, though five shillings was at that moment like a mine of wealth, she sullenly rejected the donation from one whom she regarded as the enemy of her darling boy. "It was all along of you that my Robert went to sea," said she, "and I would rather die of hunger than be beholden to your charity, Sophy Flaxman." "But," said Sophy, "I am so very sorrowful for your misfortune, neighbour Rowe, and it would make me quite happy if you would take this money." "It is a fine thing to have so much money to spare, I dare say," returned Goody Rowe. "We are very poor folks, it is true, but we can live without the pity of those who sneered at our poor Robin, because, poor rogue, he had'n't such good clothes as some of his neighbours." "Indeed," said Sophy, bursting into tears, "I am very sorry that your son and I had any quarrels, but it was he that would not let me be at peace, and every one knows how he killed our turkey cock last May only, for taking my part." "It may be so," replied the mother, "but it is the first time I ever heard any one speak against my poor Robert; he was the kindest-hearted best-natured boy that ever I knew, and I shall never see him no more. He might have stayed at home to be a comfort to us all, if you had not made him weary of the green by such ill-becoming airs."

Sophy was deeply hurt at these upbraidings, especially when she had come on so kind a motive; however, she made too much allowance for the state of mind in which she saw her unfortunate neighbour, to think of taking umbrage at what she said; but laying the money on the table before her, she said, "I am very sorry for your distress, neighbour Rowe, and also for the matter in which you think I have been to blame, and so I have no doubt in part; and if I can do any thing for you at any time, I hope you will let me know." She then withdrew,

certainly greatly mortified at the reception with which her friendly and benevolent attempts at offering comfort and assistance had been met, yet feeling better satisfied with herself than she had been for some time past. Soon after these events, Sophy's mother died, just as her father had saved up money enough to take a little farm on the green; and Sophy, instead of going to service, had to keep her father's house, and superintend a dairy of five cows, and a great increase of pigs and poultry. She had now such full occupation for her time and thoughts that she seldom went out except to church and market. She was a most careful and thrifty manager, and her father bestowed a fine young heifer upon her, by way of encouragement. The milk of this cow Sophy devoted to the nourishment of the widow Rowe's destitute family, instead of laying out the produce in finery for her own personal adornment. This she did as a matter of conscience, for she received no thanks from Goody Rowe, who never saw her without upbraiding her with the absence of Robert; and the worst of it was, year after year passed away, and Robert did not return. Meantime every thing prospered in farmer Flaxman's fields and homestead. It was a time of great agricultural prosperity, and the neighbours talked of his growing rich and leaving Sophy a fortune. Some of her former compeers began to call her Miss Sophy, and wondered at her continuing to dress just the same as she did when she first came to the green, in a dark stuff gown and close cottage straw-bonnet, with a plain ribbon crossed over it. Sophy had many admirers and some lovers; but she preferred her father's house to any change that was offered to her, for she was perfectly happy in her home duties, and the opportunities that were permitted to her of conducing to the comforts of her parent, and alleviating the distresses of some of her poor neighbours; but for her assistance, the widow Rowe and her younger children must have gone to the workhouse.

Sophy kindly took first one of the little girls and then another in turn into the house to fit them for service, by instructing them in household work and the business of the dairy and poultry yard.

Any girl who understands these departments is sure to get a place in the country, and to receive good wages; but the pride and folly of mothers of poor families not unfrequently lead them to despise the place of a dairy-maid for their daughters, and to aim at bringing them up for house-maids and ladies'-maids, because such persons are more showily dressed. This is a great error; for such situations are already overstocked by the daughters of mechanics and small farmers, who possess better manners, and enjoy opportunities of acquainting themselves with the things requisite to be understood by upper servants.

Goody Rowe "was not," as she honestly said, "a bit obliged to Sophy Flaxman for teaching her girls to drudge after cows and pigs and poultry, for she wished them to get into higher places." Sophy knew from experience that it would be only waste of words to argue with a person so deaf to reason as Goody Rowe; and as the girls themselves were most anxious to profit by her advice and friendly instructions, she persevered in the good part she had taken, without regarding the ingratitude of their mother.

One snowy afternoon, when Sophy and little Anne Rowe, who was at that time her assistant in the household, were arranging the butter baskets for going to market, her father came in and said, "Sophy, dear, I am going to Scrapeton market this afternoon, to receive payment from Merchant Smith for the load of wheat I sold this day week, so I can take your butter with me, and spare you and your little maid a long walk, for it is not so well for us both to be out at the same time."

Sophy assented to the propriety of this observation, and made haste to finish packing her neatly moulded prints of butter in nice order, a duty which was speedily performed.

The afternoon was spent in light household operations, after which, the young mistress and her little maid made up a bright fire, and setting out the supper comfortably in readiness for farmer Flaxman's return, read a chapter in the Bible together, verse by verse alternately, and then employed themselves at useful needle work till the clock struck nine. The time had passed away so quickly that



both started at the sound of the ninth stroke, and Sophy expressed surprise that her father was not home. Anne arose, threw another log on the fire, cleared the grate, and swept the hearth, while Sophy put aside the muslin blind, and opening the casement, looked out at the night. The night was intensely cold, and a young moon labored among the dense masses of broken snow clouds, from which now and then a few feathery flakes silently descended. The ground was mantled over with a white carpeting, and the broken belt of forest trees that had defined the boundary of the ancient park enclosure in the days when Bird's-eye Green had been Woodfield's pleasure and chase, stood forth in their snowy panoply, like an army of giant spectres, against the intense darkness of the shadowing distance beyond.

"I hope no accident has happened to my father," said Sophy, as she closed the casement against the sudden chill drift that blew full into her bosom. "Oh, lauk, miss, I hopes not," responded Anne; "Gypsey be a proper toward dear, and never puts on any parts, and sure she'd carry master steady enough." I wish my father had not troubled himself with the eggs and butter," pursued Sophy. "Surely it was very wrong to let him take two baskets. We could have taken it quite well to-morrow." "Why miss, as you say, we could have carried them right well, only master do think so much of making a penny a pound more for the butter, and p'raps butter might have dropped to-day, for folks at shop do fault the price sorely." "I wish," said Sophy, "we had a man in the house to send to Scrapeton to meet my father." "Miss," said Anne, "I will go and meet master myself, if you will just let Ted, the turnip boy, walk along with me for company.

While Sophy was debating in her own mind whether she would call the tired boy out of his warm bed to send him out into the inclement night, the sound of horses' hoofs was heard pattering on the frozen ground near the stable-door. "There's my father," cried Sophy, running to unbar the door, while Anne hastily followed with the lamp. Both uttered a cry of dismay when they opened the door, for Gypsey had returned without her rider. Sophy, with characteristic

presence of mind, took the lamp from the hand of her pale and trembling little attendant, and examined the knees of the mare to ascertain if there were any marks of her having fallen, but there were none, and she then experienced alarm of another nature. It was known that her father was to receive a sum of money. The road from Scrapeton to Woodfield was very lonely, and particularly dismal on a winter night, and her heart grew cold with terror as the thought occurred to her that he had been robbed—perhaps murdered. "Run dear Anne," said she, "to neighbour Mills, and ask him if he and his men will go with me to Scrapeton with lanterns, to see if we can discover my poor father." "Miss," replied Anne, "I will with all the pleasure in life, if Teddy will get up and go with me, for I am always timoursome in the dark, and I do think it be getting for ten o'clock." "Well then, I will go myself." "Oh, Miss Sophy, Miss Sophy," cried Anne, clinging to her garments, "I dursn't be left in the house all alone with only Teddy, and he fast sleep in the garret." "Rouse him up while I am gone, if you are afraid, Anne, for I am in such agony about my dear father," cried Sophy, bursting into tears, "and something must be done." "Oh dear, oh dear!" sobbed Anne, "but you must not go, Miss Sophy, I know my poor master has been robbed and murdered; we shall be robbed and murdered too." "It is of no use thinking of ourselves," cried Sophy, struggling to withdraw her garments from the pertinacious grasp of the terrified child yet reluctant to leave her in a state of such painful excitement.

While she was endeavouring to prevail upon Anne to call the lad up, a heavy footstep was heard approaching the house. Sophy flew to the door. Anne ran to seek the protection of Teddy, the turnip boy, or rather to compel him to rise and to come to the rescue, in the event of an attack. Sophy, not so cautious, flung open the door, without waiting either to make enquiry or to receive a summons, and admitted a tall athletic stranger in a rough shaggy great-coat, and with a formidable bludgeon in his hand. "Have you come to tell me any news of my father?" cried Sophy, filial apprehension mastering every other feeling of

alarm. "Why, if your name be Sophy Flaxman, the same, I suppose, that used to sneer at a poor ragged ne'er-do-well called Robert Rowe, I believe I can, returned the stranger. "Pray tell me," cried Sophy, "if he be safe, and where is he." Why the old gentleman is safe enough, only a little bit disguised, I think you call it, in something that has got above board with him at the market table, and so he couldn't manage to steer his horse on the right track, it seems, but was shipwrecked in a quicksand of snow, where he would have foundered if I had not by good luck chanced to be on my way to the green, d'ye see, when I heard him sing out for help, and found him and his baskets rolling about among the snow like a ship in a storm; so I brought to, and towed him out of the snow drift, and lent him a helping hand till we got to the next cottage, where he made port, and in good time, for his rigging began to freeze, and he was glad to get to the fire, while I scudded on to let you know all about it by his desire, for fear you would be scared by the horse coming home without the old lad."

Sophy was very glad to hear the matter was no worse, and after returning her grateful thanks to the young seaman for the service he had rendered her father, requested him to take a seat by the fire, while she warmed a jug of elder wine for his refreshment. "I don't care if I do," replied the stranger, "as it is the first civil thing you have ever offered to do by me, Miss Sophy." "You speak as if we were old acquaintances, sir," observed Sophy, turning an enquiring scrutiny upon her guest, who, doffing a large fur cap which he had hitherto worn, saluted her with a profound bow, accompanied with a certain droll expression of countenance, which recalled to her mind a confused memory of events and scenes connected with the early drama of life. "Robert Rowe," she exclaimed; "can it really be you?" "Robert Rowe, forsooth," repeated the young seaman, throwing open his rough great-coat and displaying a suit of naval blue; "when did you ever see ragged Robin in such rigging as this, and what should make you think of him after so many long years are gone over both our heads." "I have thought a good deal of

Robert Rowe," replied Sophy; "and it gives me great pleasure to see him once more return to his old friends." "Bless your sweet eyes, if I thought you were in earnest, mayhap I could tell you that I've thought a good deal about one Sophy Flaxman, and wondered whether the first thing she did when she saw me, after eight years' absence would be to sneer at a poor fellow again." "I hope I understand my duty to my neighbour better than to act so foolishly, and Robert, I am very glad to see you home again." "But, I say, Miss Sophy, suppose I had come home without a penny in my locker, and my rigging as bad as it was when I slipped my cable and left all my messmates on the green in the lurch? "Why then, I should be equally glad to see you on your own account, Robert, and perhaps more so on my own, because I should have had the opportunity to make you some amends for my former unkindness." "Thank you, Miss Sophy, thank you very heartily for your good will, but I'm very glad I am in no need of your charity any further than a cup of hot elder wine or so to drink your good health," returned the mariner, taking the cheering potation from the hand of his former adversary with a merry glance. "And so you have left off sneering at your neighbours, Sophy," returned he, after he emptied the mug. "I should be very sorry to boast of my reformation in that way too much," retorted Sophy, with a sly smile, "lest I should relapse into my former bad practices." "I wish you would just for once," said Robert, "that I may be sure, that, for all your pretty words and meek looks, you are the very same little vixen who used to be more than a match for me and my master's pigs." "Not after the murder of my poor turkey-cock, remember." "Ah, Sophy that was well put in. But now you will acknowledge that I am an honest fellow, when I tell you that I have brought you home something to make amends to you for that loss." "A green goose, I suppose?" rejoined Sophy, turning a laughing glance at her former foe. "No," returned Robert with a loving look, "but a beautiful poll parrot, that can sing a dozen tunes, and ask you how you do—that is, if the young uns at mother's cottage don't stop her pipes before you see her."



"Then you have seen your mother?" the young mariner blushed. "It's all your fault if I have not," said he. "Mine," exclaimed Sophy. "Yes, for making me so happy with you that I could not make up my mind to tack about and leave such a snug port. You must know that I came by the Scrapeton mail which should have got in at twelve, but the deep snow have put us all aback, and we did not make our moorings at the Scrapeton Angel till past eight at night; and then I hired a horse and cart, and shipped all my luggage aboard, and sent one of my 'prentices down with it to mother's cot. Poll in her gilded cage is perched at the top of the load, with a blanket thrown over all, so I hope she'll take no hurt."

Here the entrance of Sophy's father, quite sobered, and greatly ashamed of the circumstance that led to the accident, put an end to the conversation; and Robert Rowe, after shaking hands with the farmer, and receiving the delighted greetings of little Anne, whom Sophy summoned to welcome the long absent truant, wished all parties good night, and departed in high spirits.

The next day he brought the promised token of his remembrance to Sophy Flaxman, and received a general invitation from the farmer "to come as often as he pleased to see him and his old friend Sophy." Robert cast one of his droll glances at the damsel at this, and received a dimpling smile in reply, with something like an attempt at one of those comical pursing-up of lips and nostrils which her young neighbor was wont to take so deeply to heart.

"Ah, Sophy, Sophy, that was the making of my fortune," cried he, shaking his head at her. "If you had not taken it into your saucy little head to sneer at me so scornfully, I should have been keeping farmer Mill's swine to this day, or tilling the land like another Cain, instead of going into the world to seek for better fortune than the grinding lot of poverty to which I was born. I am now, through patience, perseverance, and some determination, the captain of a South Sea vessel, and the next voyage will make me rich enough, if it please God to prosper me as he has done, to stock a farm, and mayhap, if I can persuade

some good girl to wait so long for me, to marry a wife and settle myself happily among my old friends for life."

Sophy Flaxman felt thoroughly ashamed of blushing in reply to this declaration of Mr. Rowe's intentions, especially as he did not think proper to point his allusion more explicitly to her than by one of his droll looks; and he actually made the projected voyage without a more express acknowledgment of the state of his affections. Sophy consoled herself as well as she could for his departure in the active performance of her duties. I will not take upon me to say that she regarded the green parrot in the light of a pledge of his love, but it was certainly a great pet with her and little Anne, who was now so indispensable to her as a help in the house, that she declared "it was impossible to part with her." Two long years at last wore away, and then—who does not anticipate the sequel?—Robert Rowe returned, if not a rich man, yet rich enough to maintain his mother comfortably, as well as his wife; and finding Sophy Flaxman loved him well enough to forgive the trial he had made of the strength of her affection, he persuaded her to become his bride. They now occupy the finest dairy farm on Bird's-eye Green.—*Miss Agnes Strickland.*

#### PEARLS AND PEARL-FISHING OF CEYLON.

A very extensive variety of beautiful shells is found in the waters of Ceylon, but those most esteemed are found at Trincomalee, and may be met with for sale at Colombo, put up in satin-wood cases of different sizes, fitted with trays, setting one on the top of the other. But the most prized of all the sub-marine productions, by princes, by orientals, and particularly by ladies, from the most ancient times, is the pearl, found in a shell, which, according to Lamark, is named *Meleagrina Margaritifera*, and which inhabits the Persian Gulf, the shores of Ceylon, the Gulf of Mexico, the Bay of Panama, and the Gulf of California. According to the nomenclature of conchology, it is a bivalve or is composed of two halves, and has at the posterior base a byssus or beard, for the accommodation of which there is a notch between the two shells. By this byssus and a glutinous matter which it secretes, the animal attaches itself to rocks, stones, dead shells, &c., and it is also perhaps an adjuvant to its motions. The size of the pearl oyster varies in the different localities of its abode; but those of the same place do not differ much in this respect from each other: those of California,

Panama, and Barhein in the Persian Gulf, are large when compared with those taken from the pearl-banks of Ceylon, which measure at the hinge, which is linear, from two to two and a half inches, and rectangularly to this base, from two and a half to three inches. These shells are thin and diaphanous; internally nacre or pearly, and externally rough, bearing the marks of the habitations of other animals, as sponges and some species of vermes, that penetrate the outside covering, or epidermis, and therein construct their dwellings. Those of the Persian Gulf are thicker and of twice the above dimensions: they are smoother externally, covered with a greenish epidermis, and marked by dark-coloured rays of from a quarter to half an inch in breadth. Again; those found at Panama and those of California, particularly the latter, are very large, and the nacre is thick, forming what is termed 'mother-of-pearl.' A very considerable profit is derived from carrying these shells from California to China, where they are manufactured into a variety of ornamental and fancy articles.

Pearl oysters, the natives of Ceylon think, descend from the clouds in showers of rain. After escaping from the egg, or embryo state, pearl oysters are seen in immense clusters, floating about the sea; at this time they are so very small, that a casual observer would pass the floating masses, believing them to be some kind of fish spawn, but never supposing them to be oysters. In this state, the sport of wind and current, they are driven round the coasts of Ceylon, until increased size causes them to sink to the bottom. They then attach themselves to rocks, generally of coral, or to any heavy substance, by means of the beard, similar to that of the common muscle, with which nature has furnished them, or they adhere to each other in clusters. On removing a wooden buoy that had been attached to an anchor about six weeks, in the port of Colombo, it was brought on shore covered with pearl oysters nearly as large as a shilling. The finest pearl in the possession of the Maricair of Killicarre is said to have been obtained from a bank off Chilaw; but it appears that oysters very seldom arrive at perfection on any banks except on those off Arippe. The coral-banks off the coasts of this island lie from one to six or eight miles from the shore, generally exposed to the strength of the monsoons and currents; those near Arippe appear to be the least exposed.

Near Muscat, I have found pearl oysters from the size of a dime to twice that of those of Arippe, adhering by their beards in crevices of rocks left bare by the tide; and the very small ones, to the under side of masses of rock, lying in water two or three feet deep, many of which I turned over. They were mingled with other shells and sponges, and some were even hidden by them; and one could not avoid the impression that the young oysters had selected such retreats, to be secure from the attacks of larger and more active animals. But their number was insignificant, when compared with

the thousands fished up from what are termed pearl-banks.

"The last three fisheries on the Arippe banks have been in from five and a half to seven fathoms water, protected on the west and south-west by a ridge of sand and coral, extending from the north point of an Island called Caredivan. Coming from seaward over this ridge, in two and three-quarters or three fathoms water, you rapidly deepen to seven fathoms in the immediate neighbourhood of the oyster-beds: besides this peculiar protection from the violence of the south-west monsoon, the coral-banks to the northward of the pearl-banks are in many parts nearly level with the surface of the sea, and may form an essential protection to the oysters from the currents of the north-east monsoon.

"Thus secure in deep water, lie the quiescent oysters, adhering to their coral homes until age has enfeebled the fibres of their beards, and then, most of them breaking from their hold, are found in perfection on a sandy bottom near the coral-beds. Two-thirds of the oysters taken up last fishery were from a sandy bottom.

"One of the most intelligent pearl-divers I have met, fixes the age of the oyster at six and a half years when it breaks from the rock: he does not think it can forsake the rock at its own pleasure; but when separated it has the power of moving on a sandy bottom, generally with the hinge directly in advance. When I first sounded on the ridge which runs from the Caredivan island, I was struck with its importance as a guide to the particular spots of oysters, and was surprised that I had never heard of its existence. I caused inquiry to be made, and after some time was informed that the natives of that part of the country have a wild notion of a powerful queen having resided at Kodremalle, and that the dead from the city were placed on an island in the sea, which has disappeared; nevertheless, I am inclined to believe the ridge to be rising coral and sand.

"Before the fibres of the beard break and the oysters separate, they are in immense heaps and clusters. A diver describing how thick they were on the bank, placed his hand to his chin; a more intelligent man estimated the depth of the beds of oysters seldom to exceed eighteen inches, and explained that large rocks at the bottom, when covered with oysters, may be mistaken for heaps of oysters themselves.

"Pearl oysters are said to arrive at perfection in seven years; after attaining this age they soon die. I heard of an attempt being made to remove pearl oysters, as common oysters are removed in Europe, to richer and more secure ground, but without success. I once attempted to convey some alive from Arippe to Colombo by sea, having the water frequently changed, but on the second day they were all dead.

"Persons who may have been in the habit of considering a pearl oyster a treasure, will be astonished to learn that a bushel of them may



be purchased at Arippe during a fishery for a less sum than a bushel of oysters can be bought for at Feversham or Colchester.

"The best pearls are generally found in the most fleshy part of the oyster, near the hinge of the shell, but pearls are found in all parts of the fish and also adhering to the shells. I have known sixty-seven pearls of various sizes taken from one oyster. It is by no means certain that every oyster contains pearls; they are seldom found in those oysters that would be selected as the finest for eating: this favours the opinion that pearls are produced by disease in the fish, and therefore pearl oysters are seldom eaten, being considered unwholesome. If a pearl be cut into two pieces, it will be seen that it is formed of separate coats or layers, similar to those of an onion.

The pearl-banks of Ceylon, which have been celebrated for many a year, are in the Gulf of Manaar, between its north-western coast, and that of the Indian Peninsula, and not far from Arippe. The fishery is a Government monopoly, and, being managed on very just and politic principles, is the only unobjectionable one of which I have any knowledge. The banks are fished on account of the Government; the oysters are sold in lots of one thousand, on the spot, to the highest bidder. As there can be no certainty of the quantity or quality of pearls a heap of oysters may contain, the pearl-fishery must attract many to speculate, from the gamester-like interest thus thrown around it.

In the month of November, between the close of the south-west and commencement of the north-east monsoon, when calms prevail, the banks are examined by the collector of Manaar, who is also the supervisor, attended by the inspector and an interpreter.

"The vessels employed on these examinations, are a Government guard-vessel, two sailing-boats from the Master Attendant's department at Colombo, and about eight native fishing-boats from Manaar and Jaffna. On these occasions the boats are furnished with one diving-stone and two divers. Five or six native headmen, called Adapanaars, also attend and go in the boats, to see that the divers perform their duty, and take notes of the reports given from time to time by the divers for the information of the supervisor.

"Samples of oysters are taken up and forwarded to Colombo with a report on the state of the banks by the supervisor. On these samples depends the decision of Government as to a fishery the following March.

"So many years had passed since the fishery of 1814, without one of any consequence having taken place, that it gave rise to various conjectures as to the cause of failure. Some were of opinion that violent winds and currents buried the oysters in sand, or drove them entirely away; some supposed the Adapanaars and divers employed at examinations gave false reports, and the banks were plundered by boats from the opposite coast. It was also said that former fisheries had been so extensive, as to have injured the oyster-beds. The natives

attributed it to various descriptions of fish, and also to a failure of seasonable rain, which they deem absolutely necessary to bring the oysters to perfection.

"To prevent plunder, a Government vessel has been kept stationed on the banks during the season of the year that boats can visit them. To ensure correct reports, diving-bells have been used to enable Europeans to go down at examinations.

"Without venturing to contradict a pretty general opinion, that the failure of the pearl-fisheries for so many years has been owing to the effect of strong winds and currents, I am by no means ready to admit this as the cause. Too much confidence in the knowledge of the Adapanaars may have led to error, and consequent failure; they are not like the experienced fishermen of Europe: indeed, they are not fishermen; being unable to manage their own boats.

"The pearl-banks of Arippe and Condatchy lie at a considerable distance from the coast, which is very low and presents hardly any objects which might serve as landmarks; the banks are extensive, the masses or beds of oysters being of various ages according to the seasons they may have settled. Very many of these masses or beds are by no means so extensive as has been imagined, and nothing is more easy than to mistake one bed for another, particularly by the Adapanaars, who are guided chiefly by the course they steer from the Dore at Arippe; and that which they call the N.E. chivel to-day may be called S.E., to-morrow.

"I have heard that samples of oysters have frequently been taken up by order, from banks inspected the previous year, and found nowise improved, and sometimes the samples have been younger. This, I venture to say, shows that although there has been no difficulty in finding plenty of oysters on the banks, there has been great difficulty in finding the same spot a second time, and proves that the greatest care and skill are necessary to mark the particular spots, beds, or masses on the bank from whence the samples are taken; and this is not to be expected by mere compass bearings and soundings, or even by astronomical observations, but requires a union of talent and professional tact with alacrity in the pursuit. These necessary qualifications will ensure considerable success in fishing, and a consequent increase of the revenue will be derived from this source."

The Fishery of 1833 yielded a revenue of 25,043l. 10s., from three-fourths of the oysters landed; one-fourth, according to custom being the property of the divers. Each bank is calculated to be available for twenty days in seven years; and the annual net revenue from the pearl-fishery is estimated at 14,000l. At the Fishing in 1833, twelve hundred and fifty divers were employed, of which number 1100 were from the coast of India, and only 150 from Ceylon.

Notwithstanding the moral of that pretty

story, entitled "The Tale of Cinnamon and Pearls,"\* and in spite of the oblique arguments based on false data contained therein, it is very evident that without the present, or some similar system in regard to it, the pearl-fishery would soon become profitless; the beds and banks would be destroyed and the oyster itself disappear from the waters of Ceylon; to remove this monopoly, therefore, would be to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

"The crew of a boat consists of a tindal or master, ten divers, and thirteen other men, who manage the boat and attend the divers when fishing. Each boat has five diving-stones (the ten divers relieving each other); five divers are constantly at work during the hours of fishing.

"The weight of diving-stones varies from 15 to 25 lbs. according to the size of the diver; some stout men find it necessary to have from 4 to 8 lbs. of stone in a waist-belt, to enable them to keep at the bottom of the sea, to fill their net with oysters. The form of a diving-stone resembles a pine; it is suspended by a double cord.

"The net is of coir-rope yarns, 18 inches deep, fastened to a hoop 18 inches wide, fairly slung to a single cord. On preparing to commence fishing, the diver divests himself of all his clothes except a small piece of cloth; after offering up his devotion, he plunges into the sea and swims to his diving-stone, which his attendants have flung over the side of the boat; he places his right foot or toes between the double-cord on the diving-stone, the bight of the double-cord being passed over a stick projecting from the side of the boat; by grasping all parts of the rope, he is enabled to support himself and the stone, and raise or lower the latter for his own convenience while he remains at the surface: he then puts his left foot on the hoop of the net and presses it against the diving-stone, retaining the cord in his hand. The attendants take care that the cords are clear for running out of the boat.

"The diver being thus prepared, he raises his body as much as he is able; drawing a full breath, he presses his nostrils between his thumb and finger, slips his hold of the bight of the diving-stones, doubles the cord from over the projecting stick, and descends as rapidly as the stone will sink him.

"On reaching the bottom, he abandons the stone (which is hauled up by the attendants ready to take him down again), clings to the ground and commences to fill his net. To accomplish this, he will sometimes creep over a space of eight or ten fathoms, and remain under water a minute; when he wishes to ascend, he checks the cord of the net which is instantly felt by the attendants, who commence pulling up as fast as they are able; the diver remains with the net until it is so far clear of the bottom as to be in no danger of upsetting, and then commences to haul himself up by the cord (hand over hand), which his attendants are likewise pulling. When by these measures his body has acquired an impetus upwards, he

forsakes the cord, places his hands to his thighs, rapidly ascends to the surface, swims to his diving-stone, and by the time the contents of his net have been emptied into the boat, he is ready to go down again. One diver will take up in a day from one thousand to four thousand oysters. They seldom exceed a minute under water, the more common time is from 53 to 57 seconds, but when requested to remain as long as possible, I have timed them from 84 to 87 seconds. They are warned of the time to ascend by a singing noise in the ears, and finally by a sensation similar to hiccup.

"Many divers will not venture down, until the shark-charmer is on the bank and has secured the mouths of the sharks. Some are provided with a written charm from the priest, which they wrap up in oil-cloth perfectly secure from the water, and dive with it on their person. Others, being Roman Catholics, appear satisfied with an assurance from their priest that they have his prayers for their protection; but I am informed they are all happy to secure the interest of the shark-charmer.

"This worthy man is paid by Government, and is also allowed a perquisite of ten oysters from every boat daily, during the fishery.

"During my first visit to the pearl-banks, the shark-charmer informed me that he had obtained the charm from his father, that the only real power of securing the mouths of the sharks was possessed by his family, and that it would be exceedingly dangerous to trust to any other person; he also gave me to understand that if he were to explain the charm to me, it would lose its virtue in my possession. I requested him to charm a shark to appear alongside the vessel; he said he could do it, but it would not be right, his business being to send them away. At several subsequent visits I renewed my request, without effect.

"During the few days we were employed marking off the ground to be fished last March, a shark was seen and reported to me. I instantly sent for the shark-charmer, and desired him to account for permitting a shark to appear at a time when any alarm might be dangerous to the success of the fishery. He replied that I had frequently requested him to summon a shark to appear, and he had therefore allowed this one, to please me.

During the fishing season, the shores of Arippe are enlivened by crowds of people from all parts of the country; divers, boat-owners, speculators and the curious, all assemble to behold,

"Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells."

while the lapidary attends with his wooden stand and bow, to drill the pearls and fit them to be strung, so soon as they are got out of the oyster; which, according to all accounts, is a tedious and rather disgusting operation. The oysters are put into pens, and there left until the animal matter be softened by putrefaction, when it is subjected to frequent washings, and the pearls shine forth, emblems of purity in the floating mass. Some are of a bluish, some of

\* Miss Harriet Martineau.



a yellowish, and some of a whitish lustre; each class finds a ready market among its admirers; in the East the bluish and yellowish are most prized, but in the eyes of the Christian fair the pure white shines brightest.

The pearl-diver, though obnoxious to many casualties and to severe toil, is said to be longer lived on an average than coolies and other laborers; yet both Mrs. Hemans and Miss Martineau, in commiserating their hard lot, seem to be impressed with the belief that they number fewer days than any other people of similar rank. That they receive a high compensation cannot be doubted, if we take as a criterion the result of the fishing of 1833, when each diver received £3 15s. 4d. for eight days' labour; and it must be borne in mind that able-bodied men do not receive in Ceylon more than sixpence per day.—*Ruschenberger.*

### A STRANGE TALE.

ONE summer evening, in a pretty little village on the pleasant banks of the Tweed, a gentle tap was heard at the door of the schoolmaster's house, which was the first of a line of new buildings at the end of the "Toon," as the natives call it. The schoolmaster, who was quite a young man, and just established in his laborious office, opened the door himself, and was rather surprised to see an elderly woman holding in her hand a very pretty person, at whose breast was an infant.

The old woman begged admittance for her young friend, stating that she was quite exhausted, and would presently expire of fatigue if not assisted. The schoolmaster of course desired them to enter, and taking the child in one arm, gave the other to the young woman, who fainted as he placed her on a chair. The schoolmaster's mother, an old lady who managed the cottage establishment for him, was somewhat surprised to find such a party installed in the house when she returned from visiting a neighbour. But being of the same kindly disposition her as son, she gave the weary strangers a hearty welcome; and although she said she could not give them such good accommodation as they would have found at the inn farther up the street, she and her son would do the best they could for them.

Next morning a curious dilemma arose. The elderly woman had silently taken her departure in the night; and it soon appeared that the young person who with her child had accompanied her, was

both deaf and dumb, no direct means of ascertaining who and what they were presented themselves. The young woman, however, was so pleasing in her manner, so pretty withal, and both she and the child so well dressed, that the schoolmaster and his mother felt an involuntary respect for their mysterious guests, and very soon took such an interest in them, that all thoughts of giving them any hint to retire were out of the question.

The schoolmaster, as part of his business, had learned the art of speaking on his fingers, and as his mother soon acquired it also, there occurred no difficulty in communicating with the young woman. The first request of the stranger was, that she might be asked no questions as to her history; the second was, that she might be permitted to remain where accident had placed her. And as she made this request, she produced a purse, containing, as she explained, an ample sum to discharge her board and lodging for a year.

In a private consultation between the school master and his mother on this proposal, the prudent old lady strongly objected to such an arrangement, on the plea of its indelicacy, and the hazard in which it might place the respectability of the village school, when it was known that a person of such questionable history had become the schoolmaster's guest.

The young man, on the other hand, warmly advocated the cause of the forlorn wanderer—rendered doubly helpless in consequence of her unfortunate want of speech and hearing. As to the indelicacy, he said that was an idle notion, as his mother's presence would effectually maintain all the proprieties. The truth was, however, the schoolmaster, who was a man of birth considerably above his present station, and who had received a first-rate education, was greatly struck with the beauty of the stranger. Moreover, though he did not confess it, even to himself, he had begun to entertain vague hopes that, in process of time, the mystery might be cleared up. Then, thought he, all the proprieties on which his mother dwelt might be satisfied in a manner which he scarcely ventured to think of.

Month after month passed in this way. The stranger became every day more and more amiable, and the mother

saw, with a feeling of mixed alarm and satisfaction, that while the young people were becoming daily more intimate and attached, the school was more and more neglected, till at length the boys had it all to themselves. It was soon admitted by all parties that this could not be allowed to go on long; and after one more fruitless attempt to gain from the young woman some notion what she was, or who she was, or where she came from, (an attempt which she declared, if repeated, must for ever drive her from them,) it was agreed that a marriage should take place.

Married they were accordingly, and the thousand and one gossips of the village silenced for the time. The school, which had languished in proportion as the courtship of the preceptor had flourished, now revived; and what was very important and satisfactory to the neighbourhood, a female department was added. In this the schoolmaster's wife taught writing, cyphering, and sewing—her usefulness being necessarily limited by the want of the senses of hearing and speech.

Her success, however, was astonishing, and the school gained great celebrity in consequence. The discipline she maintained was perfect, for it received the most exact obedience, while it gained for her the regard as well as the respect of her pupils. The shrewd ones amongst the young folks used often to assert, when alone, that the mistress was only pretending to be deaf, as she appeared to discover, with a kind of intuitive accuracy, all that they said near her. But the numberless experiments which they made to entrap her only tended to establish that it really was no pretence. Finally, all suspicion on their part as well as on the husband's, if indeed any had ever existed, gradually died away.

In the mean time she became the mother of several children, besides the girl who had been with her at the time of her first appearance, and who always called her mamma, and was treated as a daughter by her. I should mention that the old woman who had accompanied her on her arrival paid her and her children a visit of several days once a-year, and on these occasions she always brought with her a purse of money similar to that which the young woman had produced

on the morning after she was received by the schoolmaster.

One or two attempts to win from the old lady some trace of the young person's mysterious history were met by such earnest entreaties not to inquire into the matter, and threatenings of such an alarming nature, that after the second year no further questions were put to her, and every thing fell into a regular, successful, and happy train. No persons could be more attached, no family more flourishing, and no business more satisfactory than the joint school.

The gentry of the neighbourhood were naturally much interested in this strange story, and still more interested in the heroine of it, whose manners, as I have already mentioned, were those of a much higher rank in life. But they tried in vain to induce her to visit them, and she stuck resolutely to her school and cottage duties.

On the fourteenth anniversary of her arrival, when the old woman made her periodical appearance with her purse of gold, the girl who was called, and who probably was, her eldest daughter, chanced to pass unobserved through a room in which this old woman and her mother were. To her astonishment, and even horror, she heard her mother speak. Greatly alarmed and confused, she ran to her father, as she always called the schoolmaster, and communicated the wonderful news to him. He desired the girl to tell no one else, and said nothing himself till the night came, and every one had retired to bed.

He then told his wife of the discovery that had been made, and entreated her to bless him with the sound of her voice.

"You are very wrong," she said, "and you will deeply rue this breach of our solemn contract. You have heard me speak once—you shall never hear me speak again!"

He tried every art—he prayed—he wept—but all in vain—till at length, quite exhausted, he fell asleep.

In the morning his wife was no longer by his side. He rose in alarm: the house was searched—all the grounds—the desolate school—she was no where to be found, and the only thing like a trace was the uncertain report of a peasant who



had seen two females running out of the village at midnight.

This afforded no clue, however, and the poor man was left in despair. As his heart was wellnigh broken, his business no longer prospered. The girls' school, after a few vain attempts at a substitute for the spirit that had fled, was given up. The other branch fell into neglect, and the whole fortunes of the poor man seemed crushed under the weight of this misfortune.

His only consolation was in his family; but this endured not long, for before the year was out, first one and then another fell sick, till, just at the period when the old woman was wont to make her appearance, every member of the young family was laid up with measles or some such complaint, several of them being at the point of death. The utmost anxiety was of course felt to know whether the usual visit would be paid, and great was the joy of all when the old woman appeared. As she entered the door, she held up her bag of money, not knowing the condition of the children.

"Of what use is your base gold?" exclaimed the wretched father. "Look at this sight—look at these motherless, deserted, dying children!"

The old woman, struck with horror, threw down the money, and fled. In less than a week she returned, leading back the mysterious deserter, whose presence and attentions soon restored all the party, young and old, to health and happiness.

But what excited unbounded wonder in the minds of her family, and every one else, was the circumstance of her now speaking and hearing perfectly, and of her no longer refusing to go into society.

The husband, it may well be imagined, after the severe lesson he had received, never again approached the mysterious subject with his wife; and as no other person ventured to take such a liberty with her, the secret was never even guessed at. The nearest approach to it—indeed the only glimmering of light that was ever shed upon it—arose from the circumstance of her accent being slightly Irish; whence it was inferred that she may have belonged to some distinguished family in that country.

After this period—strange to say—the old woman never came back; and as the

lady herself—for such all who knew her admitted she must have been—was carried off by a sudden illness some years afterwards, the seal of permanent mystery has been set upon this singular adventure.

One may perceive in this wild tale not a little of what is called German fancy. It is curious, indeed, to remark, that such had been the effect of her long familiarity with the writings of that imaginative country, that the Countess delighted in such involved and mysterious stories, and, as it were, in spite of her own more sober judgment, gave them credence. She assured us, accordingly, that the above circumstances were well authenticated,—though, it must be confessed, they look more like what might have happened on the banks of the "dark rolling Danube" or the Elbe, than by the side of the merry Tweed, albeit, in times past, not unacquainted with romantic incidents.—*Capt. Basil Hall.*

#### QUEER CHARACTERS.

TATE WILKINSON.—"Come in!"—the young man obeyed. Tate was shuffling about the room with a small ivory-handled brush in one hand, and a silver buckle in the other, in pretended industry, whistling during his employment after the fashion of a groom while currying and rubbing down a horse. It was a minute at least before Tate took the least notice of the new comer, who, in the short interval, had opportunity to observe the ludicrous effect of Tate's appearance, which was indeed irresistibly droll. His coat collar was thrown back upon his shoulders, and his Brown George (a wig so called in compliment, I believe, to King George the Third, who set the fashion) on one side, exposing the ear on the other, and cocked up behind so as to leave the bare nape of his neck open to observation. His hat was put on *side* foremost, and as forward and awry as his wig; both were perked on his head very insecurely, as it seemed to the observer. He presented altogether what might be called an *uncomfortable* appearance. When the young actor entered, he caught the back view of this strange figure, which made no movement either of courtesy or curiosity. Mr. Mathews, after an unsuccessful cough, and a few significant *hems*, which seemed to solicit welcome and attention, ventured at last upon an audible

"Good morning, sir." This had its effect; and the following colloquy ensued. "Good morning, sir," said Mr. Mathews. "Oh! good morning, *Mr. Meadows*," replied Tate, very doggedly. "My name is *Mathews*, sir." "Ay, I know," winking his eyes and lifting his brows rapidly up and down—a habit with him when not pleased; then wheeling suddenly round and looking at him for the first time with scrutinizing earnestness, from head to foot, he uttered a long drawn "Ugh!" and exclaimed, "What a maypole! sir, you're too *tall* for low comedy." "I'm sorry, sir," said the poor disconcerted youth; but Tate did not seem to hear him, for dropping his eyes and resuming the brushing of his buckles, he continued as if in soliloquy; "But I don't know why a tall man shouldn't be a very comical fellow." Then again turning sharply for a reinvestigation of the slender figure before him, he added with gathering discontent, "You're too *thin*, sir, for anything but the Apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet;' and you would want stuffing for that." "I am *very* sorry, sir," rejoined the mortified actor, who was immediately interrupted by the growing distaste and manifest ill-humour of the disappointed manager. "What's the use of being *sorry*? You speak too *quick*." The accused anxiously assured him that he would endeavour to mend that habit. "What," said Tate, snappishly, "by speaking *quicker*, I suppose." Then, looking at Mr. Mathews, he, as if again in soliloquy, added, "I never saw anybody so thin to be *alive*!! Why sir, one hiss would blow you off the stage." This remark sounding more like good humour than anything he had uttered, the comedian ventured, with a faint smile, to observe, that he *hoped that he should not get that one*—when Tate, with affected or real anger, replied, "You'll get a great many, sir. Why, sir, *I've* been hissed—the great Mr. Garrick has been hissed; it's not very modest in *you* to expect to escape, Mr. Mountain." "Mathews, sir," interposed the miscalled. "Well, Mathew *Mountain*." "No, sir, —" "Have you a quick study, Mr. Maddox?" asked Tate, interrupting him once more. Mathews gave up the ineffectual attempt to preserve his proper name, and replied at once to the last question, "I *hope* so, sir." "Why, (in a voice of thunder) arn't you *sure*!"

It must be understood that in Tate's first surprise he had forgotten to offer his visitor a seat; therefore Mr. Mathews had remained standing near the door, relieving his weariness,

after a long journey, by occasionally shifting his position, like a pupil taking his first lesson from a dancing master; and leaning sometimes upon one foot and then upon the other, in awkward embarrassment. Tate, after shuffling for some time up and down the room, suddenly stopped, and inquired if he was a single man? Of course he replied in the negative. "I'm sorry for it, Mr. Montague; a wife's a dead weight without a salary, and I don't choose my actors to run in debt."

JOHN, or JOHNNY WINTER, wardrobe keeper and tailor to Tate Wilkinson's company, was more than pen can do justice to, or living tongue now describe. Amongst his numerous prejudices he hated a new comer, from whom he rationally reckoned on new arrangements, new demands, and a complete change of habits (literally,) which his predecessor had by custom made easy to him; and though the person succeeded had never partaken more liberally either of Johnny's regard or attentions than his successor was likely to do, yet he seemed, now that he was gone, to have been less troublesome than he of the present time, and his name was sure to be dragged forward on every occasion, to the disparagement of the later known.

John Winter detested Leeds. It was a favorite assertion of his, that they never would have had occasion to build a gallows at York except "to hang Leids-folk upon." He entertained the most miserable discontent at his calling; which arose less from the dislike of what he was, than an overweening preference for what he was not. He would say—"Eh! I wish my poor father had been dead and gone before he made a tailor o'me; but, however, there's one thing they never shall say of me, I niver *did* sit cross-legged, and I niver *will*. Eh! Mr. Mathus, I wish I had been summat i' t' horse line. I could like to hunt ivery day of my life—" (Johnny had been frequently known to follow the hounds on foot, so fond was he of the sport.) "Eh! I wish I had a horse, Mister Mathus. I've been looking out all my life to the time when I should keep a horse. I've gotten a vary neat bridle and saddle; I want nought but a horse to mak it complete. But what's a poor lazy lippy tailor to do, with a sick wife and sixteen shillings a week? Eh!" with a sigh, "horses are out o' t' question where there are bairns, I reckon."

Mr. Mathews, who by this conversation may be guessed to have advanced in some degree



into Winter's good graces, inquired how his wife really was? "Eh! she's badly, I reckon; *very* badly. I suppose she's in t' consumption line. T' doctor says, she mun ha' port wine allowed her. Wha's to pay for it? says I. Nay, nay, Mr. Mathus, when women begin to drink wine, it's time they were out o' t' way."

In the course of his visits to the shop-board, Mr. Mathews one day found Johnny at work upon a pair of Brobdignag "inexpressibles," which evidently were intended for Stephen Kemble, then performing for a few nights in York. John was drawing out his needle with hurried distaste for his job. "What, Winter!" said Mr. Mathews, "you are obliged, I suppose, to make up everything *new* for Mr. Kemble?" "Eh," sighed the tailor, "eh, it's very hard I reckon, to be obliged to work for such a great fat sow as that, just at t' race time, when t' horses are running. I was obliged yesterday to hire six men, to sit round his waistcoat, (one man could not mak' it in time,) and I'm now working at one o' his fat knees mysel'. Eh, it's bad to 'bide! when I've done all *his* work, I reckon I've gotten only another job to match." "And what's that?" "Eh, ha! to make a great-coit (coat) for t' York Minster."

*Mathews' Memoirs.*

#### A PEEP AT THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

Some of the greatest distinctions amongst the people of this country arise from the trade and consequent habits of different districts. The weaving and cotton-spinning swains of Lancashire, the miners of Derbyshire and Cornwall, the mechanics of Sheffield and Birmingham, the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster, and ribbon-weavers of Coventry, the potters of Staffordshire, the keelmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the colliers of that neighbourhood, the shepherds of the North and the shepherds of the South Downs, the agricultural peasantry, each and all have their own characteristics of personal aspect, language, tastes and tone of mind, which it would be worth while to trace out and record. It would have the good effect of making the different districts better acquainted with each other, and would present features that would surprise many who imagine themselves pretty familiar with the population of their native land. We will answer for it, that there are few that have any accurate or lively idea of that singular district which furnishes us with the earthenware we are daily using, from the common flower-pot to the most superb table service of porcelain, from the child's plaything of a deer or a lamb resting under a highly verdurous crockery tree, to the richest ornaments for the mantlepiece, or

chaste and beautiful copies of the Portland or Barberini vase. Who has a knowledge of this district? Who is aware that it covers with its houses and its factories a tract of ten miles in length, three or four in width, and that in it a population of upwards of 70,000 persons is totally engaged in making pots, that cooks and scullions all over the world may enjoy the breaking of them? Such, however, is the reputed extent and population of the Staffordshire Potteries.

The general aspect of the Potteries is striking. The great extent of workmen's houses, street after street, all of one size and character, has a singular effect on the stranger. From the vicinity to the moorlands and to the Peak of Derbyshire, the country in which the Potteries are situated is diversified with long ridges of considerable elevation, and intervening valleys, and to those who travel through it by night, presents a remarkable appearance. The whole region appears one of mingled light and darkness. Lights are seen scattered all over a great extent in every direction—some burning steadily, others huge flitting flames, as if vomited from the numerous mouths of furnaces or pits on fire. Some are far below you, some glare aloft as in mountainous holds. The darkness exaggerates the apparent heights and depths at which these flames appear, and you imagine yourself in a much more rugged and wild region than you really are. Daylight undecives you in this respect, but yet reveals scenery that to the greater number of passengers is strange and new. They see a country which in its natural features is pleasing, bold to a certain degree, and picturesque to a still greater. There is the infant Trent, a small stream winding down from its source in the moorlands towards the lovely grounds of Trent-ham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, through a fine expanded and winding valley, beyond which rises the heathy heads of moorland hills towards Leek. Among and between the pottery towns are scattered well-cultivated fields, and the houses of wealthy potters, in sweet situations, and enveloped in noble trees; but the towns themselves are strange enough. As you overlook them from some height, they appear huge stretches of conglomerated brick houses, chiefly of one size and kind, interspersed with, here and there, a much larger one, with great square manufactories; and tall engine chimnies vomiting black volumes of smoke, with tall conical erections, much like those of glass manufactories, which are the pot-hovels in which they bake their ware in ovens or furnaces. As you advance, new characteristics present themselves at every step. Except just in the centre of each town—for, to use the lofty language of an historian of the Potteries, they are a *catenation* of several towns, though the dwellings of one reach pretty near to those of the other, as Lane-End, Lane-Delph, Stoke, Shelton, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, &c.—you see no good shops, or houses which indicate a middle class, such as, in fact, the majority of common towns are composed of. There are, generally speaking, but two classes of houses

as of people—the thousands of those of the working order, and the fine massy and palace-like abodes of the wealthy employers. In the outskirts, and particularly about Lane-End, you find an odd jumble of houses, gardens, yards, heaps of cinders and scoria from the works, clay-pits, clay-heaps, roads made of broken pots, blacking and soda-water bottles that perished prematurely, not being able to bear “the furnace of affliction,” and so are cast out “to be trodden under the foot of man;” garden walls partly raised of banks of black earth crumbling down again, partly an attempt at a post-and-rail, with some dead gorse thrust under it; but more especially by piles of seggars—that is, a yellowish sort of stone pot, having much the aspect of a bushel measure, in which they bake their pottery ware. Many of these seggars are piled up also into walls of sheds and pig-sties. The prospects which you get as you march along, particularly between one town and another, consists chiefly of coal-pits and huge steam engines to clear them of water, clay-pits, brick yards, ironstone mines, and new roads making and hollows levelling with the inexhaustible material of the place, fragments of stoneware.

As you proceed, you find in the dirtiest places, troops of dirty children, and, if it be during working hours, you will see few people besides. You pass large factory after factory, which are general round a quadrangle with a great archway of approach for people and wagons. You see a chaos of crates and casks in the quadrangle; and in the windows of the factory next the street earthenware of all sorts piled up, cups, saucers, mugs, jugs, teapots, mustard-pots, inkstands, pyramids and basins, painted dishes and beautifully enamelled china dishes and covers, and, ever and anon, a giant jug, filling half a window with its bulk, and fit only to hold the beer of a Brobdignag monarch. In smaller factories, and house-windows, you see similar displays of wares of a common stamp; copper-lustre jugs and tea-things, as they call them, of tawdry coloring and coarse quality, and heaps of figures of dogs, cats, mice, men, sheep, goats, horses, cows, &c., &c., all painted in flaring tints laid plentifully on; painted pot marbles, and drinking-mugs for Anne, Charlotte and William, with their names upon them in letters of pink or purple, or, where the mugs are of porcelain, in letters of gold.

While you are thus advancing and making your observations, you will generally find your feet on a good footpath, paved with the flat side of a darkish sort of brick; but, ever and anon, you will also find your soles crunching and grinding on others, composed of the fragments of cockspurs, stilts and triangles, or, in other words, of little white sticks of pot, which they put between their wares in the furnace, to prevent them from running together. You pass the large and handsome mansions of master potters, standing amid the ocean of dwellings of their workmen. You meet huge barrels on wheels, white with the overflowing

of their contents, which is slip, or the material for earthenware in a liquid state as it comes from the mills where it is ground; and at the hour of leaving the factories for meals, or for the night, out pour and swarm about you, men in long white aprons, all whitened themselves as if they had been working among pipe-clay, young women in troops, and boys without number. All this time imagine yourself walking beneath great clouds of smoke, and breathing various vapours of arsenic, muriatic acid, sulphur, and spirits of tar, and you will have some *taste* and *smell*, as well as view of the Potteries; and, notwithstanding all which, they are as healthy as any manufacturing district whatever.

Such is a tolerable picture of the external aspect of the Potteries, but it would be very imperfect still, if we did not point out all the large chapels that are scattered throughout the whole region, and the plastering of huge placard on placard on almost every blank wall, and at every street corner, giving you notice of plays and horse riders, and raffles! No: but of sermons upon sermons; sermons here, sermons there, sermons every where! There are sermons for the opening of schools and chapels, sermons for aiding the infirmary, for Sunday schools and infant schools, announcements of missionary meetings and temperance meetings, and perhaps, for political meetings also, for it is difficult to say whether the spirit of religion or politics flourishes most in the district.

The Potteries are, in fact, one stronghold of dissent and democracy. Nine-tenths of the population are dissenters. The towns have sprung up rapidly, and, comparatively, in a few years, and the inhabitants naturally associate themselves with popular opinions both in government and religion. They do not belong to the ancient times, nor therefore the ancient order of things. They seem to have as little natural alliance with aristocratic interest and establishments of religion as America itself. This people, indeed, are a busy swarm, that seem to have sprung out of the ground on which they tread, and claim as much right to mould their own opinions as to mould their own pottery. The men have been always noted for the freedom of their opinions, as well as for the roughness of their manners. But in this latter respect they are daily improving. Nearly twenty years ago, we have seen some things there which made us stare. We have seen a whole mob, men, women and children, collect round a couple of young Quaker ladies, and follow them along the streets in perfect wonder at their costume; and we have seen a great potter walk through a group of ladies on the footpath, in his white apron and dusty clothes, instead of stepping off the path; and all that with the most perfect air of innocent simplicity, as if it were the most proper and polite thing in the world. We also remarked that scarcely a dog was kept by the workmen but it was a bull-dog; a pretty clear indication of their prevailing tastes. But their chapels and schools, temperance societies, and literary



societies, and mechanics' institutes, have produced their natural effects, and there is now reason to believe that the population of the Potteries is not behind the population of other manufacturing districts in manners or morals. Were it otherwise, indeed, a world of social and religious exertion would have been made in vain. It is not to be supposed that such men as the Wedgwoods, the Spodes, the Ridgways, the Meighs, &c. &c., men who have not only acquired princely fortunes there, but have labored to diffuse the influence of their intelligence and good taste around them with indefatigable activity, should have worked to no purpose. Nay, the air of growing cleanliness and comfort, the increase of more elegant shops, of banks and covered markets, are of themselves evidence of increased refinement, and therefore of knowledge. One proof of the growth of knowledge we could not help smiling at the other day. We had noticed some years ago that a public-house with the sign of a leopard was always called the Spotted Cat; nobody knew it by any other name; but, now, such is the advance of natural history, that, as if to eradicate the name of Spotted Cat forever, the figure of the beast is dashed out by the painter's brush, and the words, *The Leopard*, painted in large letters in its stead.

As in most populous districts, the Methodists have here done much to improve and reform the mass. John Wesley planted his church here, and his disciples, under the various names of Wesleyans, New and Primitive Methodists, are numerous. The New Methodists have in Shelton one of the largest chapels they have in the kingdom. The very Christian names abounding here seem to imply that there has long been in the people a great veneration for the Scriptures. In no part of the country do the names of the Old Testament so much prevail. We verily believe that a complete catalogue of the population would present a majority of such names. Every other name that you meet is Moses or Aaron, Elisha, Daniel, or Job. This peculiarity may be seen in the names of almost all potters of eminence. It is Josiah and Aaron Wedgwood, Josiah Spode, Enoch Wood and Aaron Wood, Jacob Warburton, Elijah Mayer, Ephraim Chatterley, Joshua Heath, Enoch Booth, Ephraim Hobson, Job Meigh, &c. &c. Fenton the poet, who was from Fenton in the Potteries, was *Elijah Fenton*.

But if the potters have been fond of ancient and patriarchal names, they have been equally fond of modern improvements and discoveries in their art; and when we recollect that little more than a century ago the Potteries were mere villages, their wares rude, their names almost unknown in the country, and now behold the beauty and variety of their articles, which they send to every part of the world, not excepting China itself; when we see the vast population here employed and maintained in comfort, the wealth which has been accumulated, and the noble warehouses full of earthenware of every description, we must feel that there is no part of England in

which the spirit and enterprise of the nation have been more conspicuous.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

#### A MAIL COACH ADVENTURE OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

THE following anecdote occurs in Mrs. Mathews' delightful *Memoirs* of her late husband:—"Mr. Mathews, on his way homewards from the north, just after the assizes, on entering the mail was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who, being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. \* \* The passengers were very agreeable men; one a Scotchman—always a *safe card*. At the close of the evening the latter encased his head and throat in an enormous fold of white linen, and then sank back to sleep, looking like *the veiled prophet*; while the other, an Englishman, was characteristically satisfied with a 'comfortable.' \* \* Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, they were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough discordant voices, bidding, however, a cordial farewell to a large, becoated, and ominous-looking stranger, who, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished his companions 'a good night,' reminding them that he had paid *his* share of the reckoning. To the great discomfiture of our three *insides*, the door of the mail was opened, and the fourth passenger invited by the guard to enter without further loss of time. Since the three gentlemen had 'dropped off,' the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow. A heavy sleet had fallen, and the man I have mentioned quitted the open air, and entered the coach with, properly enough, a frieze coat on, powdered all over by the snow. All were disconcerted by this intrusion, and sufficiently chilled and disturbed to be in a very ill-humour with the odious *fourth*. They, however, seemed tacitly to agree not to speak to the new comer, but endeavoured to regain their before happy unconsciousness. *They* had not, however, been spending a jovial evening, as *he* had whose 'absence' they would have 'doated upon.' *He* was in any thing but a sleeping mood: and after a few minutes' rustling about, in order to *settle himself*, treading upon my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbour, without begging pardon for his so doing, &c., (all which was received with a sullen silence,) he asked, in a voice that sounded like thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window in one hand, 'Coompany, oop or down?' *Answer made they none*. Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be 'agreeable,' and desirous to prove himself a polished gentleman, 'Coompany! oop or down?' Still receiving no answer, a smothered oath bespoke his disgust at such un courteous return for his polite consideration for his fellow-passengers; and, with some exasperation of tone, he repeated aloud, 'I say, Coompany—oop or—down?' Still not a word; and with another exclamation, he allowed 'twin-

dow' to remain *down*. It was clear to the half-perceptions of the drowsy travellers that he of the frieze coat had laid in enough spirit to keep him from chilliness, and they hoped the potency of his precaution would soon make him unconscious, as they were disposed to be. But no; he continued restless and talkative. All at once, however, a

'Change came o'er the spirit of his dream;

he, it appeared, for the first time, perceived the alteration in the weather. His excitement at the door of the little inn, where he had left his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow that then fell upon him; and he saw it now with a degree of stupid wonder, and exclaimed, in audible soliloquy, 'Eh!—what's this? whoigh! the whole country is covered wi' snow?—eh! it's awful. *Coompany!*—wake up and see t' snow! eh! they're all asleep. Whoigh, it's wonderful and awful! What a noight—*what* a noight! Eh! God presave all poor mariners on the western coast this noight!' Then roaring out once more, with increased vehemence of tone, '*Coompany!* wake oop, I say, and see t'noight!' \* \* In this manner did he go on, until the patience of the English gentleman was tired out, and he at length spoke: 'I wish, sir, you would show some feeling for *us*, and hold your tongue. We were all asleep when you came in, and you have done nothing but talk and disturb us ever since. You're a positive *nuisance*.' 'Eh!' said he of the frieze coat; 'I loike that, indeed! Aw've as much right here, I reckon, as others—aw've paid my fare, har'n't I?' said he, (his voice raising as he remembered his claims to consideration. 'Aw'm a respectable man—my name's John Luckie—I owes nobody anything. I pays king's taxes—I'm a respectable *mon*, I say. Aw help to support church and state.' On he went, with all the senseless swagger of cup valour and self-laudation, till he of the '*comfortable*' again grumbled out his anger. Again the huge *drover* (for such he was) thundered forth his *rights* and summed up his title to respect; 'Eh! whoigh! what have I done? I coomed into t' coich loike a gentleman, didn't I? I was civil, wasn't I? I said, *Coompany*, *oop* or *down*? but none o' ye had the polioitness to answer; ye were not *loike* gentlemen!!!' \* \* At length his sense of oppression became so strong, that his independence reached its climax, and he boldly declared that he would *not* hold his tongue, or be quiet—'no, not though Baron Hullock, or the great Mr. Brougham (or, as he pronounced the name, Mr. *Bruffem*), *himself* was in t' coich.' My husband, who found all tendency to sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow, now conceived a desire to amuse himself with his fellow-passenger. Just, therefore, as John Luckie's last declaration was uttered, Mr. Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half whisper said, with affected caution, 'Hush, you are not aware, but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself!' The *drover* seemed to quail under this intimation, 'Whoigh, you don't say so?' '*Fact*, I assure

you; and the opposite to him is *Lady Hullock!*' (The Scotchman with the white drapery over his head began to titter at this.) 'Whoigh, you don't say *that*? Eh! what shall I *do*? Art thou sure?' 'I am, indeed,' said Mr. Mathews; 'they are Baron and Lady Hullock, and I am Mr. Brougham.' 'Eh!' roared the man in a tone of actual terror, 'let me go! let me go! (struggling to open the coach door,) let me go! I'm no coompany for sitch gentlefolks; Aw've no book-larning; I'm no but John Luckie. Let me get out—here, guard! stop! stop! I won't roide here any longer!' The guard was insensible to this, and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and in his rough and clumsy movements a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure; and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. 'Eh! what, is there a bairn i' t' coich too? Eh! my Lord Baron, pray forgive me; I meant no offence. My name's John Luckie. Aw'm a respectable mon, pays king's taxes. I said, *Coompany*, *oop* or *down*? I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock, I hope I've not hurt thy bairn.' The child's cries now increased. 'Eh! ma poor bairn, where *art* thee? What *moost* I do? Guard! stop and let me out! Eh! what a noight! Guard! I'm not fit coompany for Baron Hullock and Mr. *Bruffem*, I know. Let me out, I say!' At last his voice at the window reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and as soon out rolled this porpoise of a man, who again begged the *baron* and his *lady* to overlook his inadvertency, and asking pardon of '*Mr. Bruffem*,' he was with some difficulty hoisted on the top of the mail, and off it drove. The two inside gentlemen (who had been trying to stifle their amusement) now laughed outright, and thanking Mr. Mathews for his device, they all three recomposed themselves, now and then catching by the wind a broken phrase from Mr. Luckie, as he gave vent to his feelings to the coachman and guard—'Baron Hullock'—'Respectable mon'—'Bairn'—'Oop or down'—'My Lady Hullock'—'Mr. Bruffem'—'Church and State,' &c.; all which must have puzzled his listeners without, who doubtless attributed his account to the quantity of rum-toddy which they might suppose had filled his brain with such unreal mockeries."

MILITARY PRIDE.—A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbours now?" One of the little urchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Tut," said the mother, "hold your tongue; there is no one corporal, but your father and myself."

We once knew a boy who said that he "liked a good rainy day—too rainy to go to school, and just rainy enough to go a-fishing."



## EDIBLE BIRD'S-NESTS.

The edible bird's-nest is an important article of the Java trade. It is of a cream white colour, semi-translucent, and in shape and size like a quarter of an orange. It is muco-albuminous, and in soup possesses little or no taste; at least to the European palate.

The quantity of edible bird's-nests annually exported from Java to China is estimated at not less than two hundred *piculs*, of which by far the largest proportion is the produce of the Javan rocks and hills. It is well known that these are the nests of a species of swallow (*Hirundo esculenta*), common in the Malayan islands, and in great demand for the China table. Their value as a luxury in that empire has been estimated on importation to be weight for weight equal with silver. The price which those nests of the best quality have of late years brought in the Canton and Amoi market, has been forty Spanish dollars per *kati*, of rather more than a pound and a quarter English. They are usually classed into first, second and third sorts, differing in price from forty to fifteen Spanish dollars, and even ten and less for the most ordinary. The price in the Batavian market rises as the period for the departure of the junks approaches; but as the principal produce of Java is still a monopoly in the hands of government, it is difficult to fix the price at which they might be sold under other circumstances.

The quantity of birds'-nests obtained from the rocks called *Karang Bolang*, on the southern coast of Java, and within the provinces of the native princes, is estimated, one year with another, at a hundred *piculs*, (a *picul* is 133½ lbs.), and is calculated to afford an annual revenue to the government of 200,000 dollars. The quantity gathered besides by individuals, on rocks and hills belonging to them, in other parts of the island, may amount to fifty *piculs*; making the extent of this export not less than one hundred and fifty *piculs*, besides the collections from the other islands of the Archipelago.

In the Malayan islands in general, but little care is taken of the rocks and caverns which produce this dainty, and the nests procured are neither so numerous nor so good as they otherwise would be. On Java, where perhaps the birds are fewer, and the nests in general less fine than those to be met with in some of the more Eastern islands, both the quantity and the quality have been considerably improved by European management. To effect this improvement, the caverns which the birds are found to frequent are cleansed by smoking and burning of sulphur, and the destruction of all the old nests. The cavern is then carefully secured from the approach of man—the birds are left undisturbed to form their nests, and the gathering takes place as soon as it is calculated that the young are fledged. If they are allowed to remain until the eggs are again laid in them, they lose their pure colour and transparency, and are no longer of what are termed the first sort. They are sometimes collected so recently after their formation, that time has not been given for the birds to lay their eggs

in them, and these nests are considered as the most superior; but as the practice, if carried to any extent, would prevent the number of birds from increasing, it is seldom resorted to when the caverns are in the possession of those who have a permanent interest in their produce. Much of their excellence and peculiar properties however, depends on the situation of the place in which they are formed. It has been ascertained, for instance, that the same bird forms a nest of somewhat different quality, according as it constructs it in the deep recesses of an unventilated and damp cavern, or attaches it to a place where the atmosphere is dry and the air circulates freely. The nature of the different substances also to which they are fixed, seems to have some influence on their properties. The best are procured in the deepest caverns, (the favourite retreat of the birds,) where a nitrous dampness continually prevails, and where being formed against the sides of the cavern they imbibe a nitrous taste, without which they are little esteemed by the Chinese. The principal object of the proprietor of a bird's-nest rock is to preserve a sufficient number of the swallows, by not gathering the nests too often, or abstracting the finer kinds in too great numbers, lest the birds should quit their habitations and emigrate to a more secure and inaccessible retreat. It is not unusual for an European, when he takes a rock under his superintendence, after ridding it of the old nests and fumigating the caverns, to allow the birds to remain undisturbed, two, or three, or even more years, in order that they may multiply for his future advantage. When a cave is once brought into proper order, it will bear two gatherings in the year.

In the vicinity of the rocks are usually found a number of persons accustomed from their infancy to descend into these caverns, in order to gather the nests; an office of the greatest risk and danger, the best nests being sometimes many hundred feet within the damp and slippery opening of the rock. The gatherers are sometimes obliged to lower themselves by ropes over immense chasms, in which the surf of a turbulent sea dashes with the greatest violence, threatening instant destruction in the event of a false step or an insecure hold. The people employed by the government for this purpose were formerly slaves, in the domestic service of the minister or resident at the native court. To them the distribution of a few dollars, and the preparation of a buffalo feast after each gathering, was thought sufficient pay, and the sum thus expended constituted all the disbursements attending the gathering and packing, which are conducted by the same persons. This last operation is however carefully superintended by the resident, as the slightest neglect would essentially deteriorate the value of the commodity.—*Ruschenberger*.

"Which is the best method to become virtuous?" said one to Socrates. "When we endeavour to be that which we wish to appear."

Pliability without firmness, is weakness; firmness without pliability, stupid self-will.

## FLOWERS OF THE FAIREST.

Flowers of the fairest,  
And gems of the rarest,  
I find and I gather in country or town;  
But one is still wanting,  
Oh! where is it haunting?  
The bud and the jewel must make up my crown.

The rose with its bright heads,  
The diamond that light sheds,  
Rich as the sunbeam and pure as the snow;  
One gives me its fragrance,  
The other its radiance;  
But the pearl and the lily where dwell they below?

Thou pearl of the deep sea,  
That flows in my heart free,  
Thou rock-planted lily, come hither or send;  
Mid flowers of the fairest  
And gems of the rarest,  
I miss thee, I seek thee, my own parted friend!

M. J. Jewsbury.

## THE OLD FARM-GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide  
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road side?  
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,  
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.  
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far  
Was the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warped bar.  
Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,  
But I'd rather have looked on the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play  
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;  
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,  
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.  
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,  
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;  
And the car of the victor or carriage of state  
Never carried such hearts as the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,  
When the moon was above and the glow-worm below;  
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,  
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs  
grew quick.

Why did he linger so restlessly there,  
With church-going vestment and sprucely comb'd  
hair?

He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait  
For the one he adored at the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet:  
And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—  
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—  
Were favorite themes for discussion and thought.  
The merits and faults of a neighbor just dead—  
The hopes of a couple about to be wed—  
The parliament doings—the bill and debate—  
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm-gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound  
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.  
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,  
But none could leap over that postern like him.  
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,  
And the quickly pull'd willow branch served for a  
whip,  
Spite of lugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,  
While I climb'd on his back from the old farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame  
May come winging our moments and gilding our name  
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,  
When, away on some sport—the old gate slam'd be  
hind—

I've listened to music, but none that could speak  
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak  
That broke on the ear when the night had worn late,  
And the dear ones came home through the old farm-  
gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,  
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.  
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,  
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.  
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part  
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;  
And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate—  
Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

Eliza Cook.

## MY GRAVE.

Sweet is the ocean grave, under the azure wave,  
Where the rich coral the sea-grot illumines;  
Where pearls and amber meet, decking the winding  
sheet,  
Making the sailor's the brightest of tombs.

Let the proud soldier rest, wrapt in his gory vest,  
Where he may happen to fall on his shield,  
To sink in the glory-strife was his first hope in life;  
Dig him his grave on the red battle-field.

Lay the one great and rich, in the strong cloister niche,  
Give him his coffin of cedar and gold;  
Let the wild torchlight fall, flouting the velvet pall,  
Lock him in marble vault, darksome and cold.

But there's a sunny hill, fondly remember'd still,  
Crown'd with fair grass and a bonnie elm tree:  
Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf,  
There be the resting-place chosen by me!

There in the summer days rest the bright flashing rays,  
There spring the wild flowers—fair as can be:  
Daisy and pimpernel, lily and cowslip bell,  
These be the grave flowers chosen by me.

'Tis on that sunny hill, fondly remember'd still,  
Where my young footsteps climb'd, happy and free:  
Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf—  
There be the sleeping-place chosen by me.

Eliza Cook.

## THIRTY-FIVE.

Oft in danger, yet alive,  
We are come to thirty-five;  
Long may better years arrive,  
Better years than thirty-five.  
Could philosophers contrive  
Life to stop at thirty-five,  
Time his hours should never drive  
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.  
High to soar and deep to dive  
Nature gives at thirty-five.  
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,  
Trifle not at thirty-five;  
For, howe'er we boast and strive,  
Life declines from thirty-five:  
He that ever hopes to thrive  
Must begin by thirty-five;  
And all who wisely wish to live  
Must look about at thirty-five.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Works intended for notice in the Magazine should be forwarded to the office as early in the week as possible.*

**THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.**—This publication is intended as a "repertory of industry, science and art; and a record of the proceedings of the Canadian Institute." The September number contains articles on the Atmospheric Phenomena of Light; Gas Patents; Thermometric Registers; Physical Lines of magnetic force; Irish submarine Telegraph; South Wales Railway; Portable lifting machine; Agricultural engineering; Architectural notices; with a variety of scientific and miscellaneous information, illustrated with plates. If well supported this Journal will form a valuable addition to Canadian Literature; we cordially wish it every success.

**THE CANADIAN CONSTABLES' ASSISTANT.**—By his Honor Judge Gowan; with notes and additions by James Patton Esq.—This Pamphlet, as its title imports, is intended to guide the steps of the deputy ministers of the law, "in the way that they should go." Henceforth, no "constable" or other officer of the peace, will be justified in pleading ignorance of his duties, or exclaiming with ancient Dogberry, "write me down Ass!"

## SPECIMENS OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

**Absentees.**—Certain Irish land-owners, who stand a chance of being knocked on the head if they stay at home, and are sure of getting no rents if they go abroad; thus illustrating the fate of the hippopotamus, which, according to the authority of the showman at Exeter 'Change, "is a hamphibious hanimal that cannot live upon land and dies in the water."

**Absurdity.**—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

**Accomplishments.**—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

**Alderman.**—A vetri-potential citizen, into whose Mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out.

**Ancestry.**—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

**Antiquity.**—The youth, nonage, and inexperience of the world, invested, by a strange blunder, with the reverence due to the present times, which are its true old age. Antiquity is the young miscreant who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield, as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology, witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still gravely urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon the "wisdom of our ancestors!"

**Astrology** is to *Astronomy* what alchemy is to chemistry, the ignorant parent of a learned offspring.

**Bachelor.**—Plausibly derived by Junius from the Greek word for foolish, and by Spelman from *Baculus*, a cudgel, because he deserves it. An useless appendage of society; a poltroon who is afraid to marry lest his wife should become his mistress, and generally finishes by converting his mistress into a wife.

**Bait.**—One animal impaled on a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

**Bed.**—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

**Bumper-toasts.**—See Drunkenness, ill-health, and Vice.

**Butcher.**—See Suwarrow, Turkish commander, and the history of mis-called heroes, &c.

**Challenge.**—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings.

**Coffin.**—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

**College.**—An institution where young men learn every thing but that which is professed to be taught.

**Courage.**—The fear of being thought a coward.

**Cousin.**—A periodical bore from the country, who, because you happen to have some of his blood, thinks he can inflict the whole of his body upon you during his stay in town.

**Cunning.**—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

**THE RULING PASSION.**—During a negotiation between Mr. Fordham, the late celebrated horse-dealer of Cambridge, and one of the members of the university, the former was suddenly taken ill. There were only a very few pounds between them in respect to the price. The gownsman, little expecting what had occurred, called the next morning at the stable-yard, and asked to see Mr. Fordham. "Master, sir," said the hostler, "is dead, but he left word that you should have the horse."

**OPIUM EATING.**—Mustapha Shatoor, an opium eater in Smyrna, took daily three drachms of crude opium. The visible effects at the time were the sparkling of his eyes, and great exhilaration of spirits. He found the desire of increasing his dose growing upon him. He seemed twenty years older than he really was; his complexion was very sallow, his legs small, his gums eaten away, and the teeth laid bare to the sockets. He could not rise without first swallowing half a drachm of opium.

*Phil. Trans.*

**PIG-STEALING EXTRAORDINARY.**—At Bankok in Siam there is a number of native Christians, chiefly mixed descendants of Portuguese, who are hated for their thievish and other bad habits. Among other accomplishments, they are complete adepts in pig-stealing; so much so, that a grunter can be whipped up and carried off without the least noise, and even without the animal being perfectly aware of the circumstance. I was told of a circumstance which occurred to a Danish gentleman, who resided

in the factory a few years previous to my visit. He had a sow, with a large family of very fine pigs, and as they were feeding one morning on the wharf in front of the factory, he was surprised to see one of the pigs rush into the water, apparently against its will, for it gave utterance to the most piercing squeals as it plunged into the liquid element. The owner immediately went down to the water-side, but could see nothing of the runaway. A native Christian, who happened to be fishing from a canoe about twenty yards distant, was asked whether he could afford any explanation of the mystery, but he had seen nothing, and could only say that he had heard a splash in the water a short time before. The owner of the pig was very much surprised, and could not account for the disappearance of the animal by a natural reason. A few mornings afterwards the same thing occurred again, and, running down to the water-side, the bereaved pig-owner saw the same man fishing in the same spot, but could discover no signs of his pig. A similar phenomenon occurred a third time, but on this occasion the pig stopped suddenly on its flight to the river, and hurried, squeaking, back towards the house, with a part of a fishing line dangling from its mouth. On further examination, a strong hook was found attached to the end of the line, stuck fast in the jaw of the pig, part of a sweet potato, which had been used as a bait, still clinging to the snare. The gentleman, for sometime afterwards, kept a good look-out for his friend in the boat, but he never made his appearance again.—*George Windsor Earle's Eastern Seas.*

#### THE MISERIES OF A BACHELOR.

I would not advise any single gentleman hastily to conclude that he is in distress. Bachelors are discontented, and take wives; footmen are ambitious, and take eating-houses. What does either party gain by the change? "We know," the wise man said, "what we are; but we know not what we may be."

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I "kept house" three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and always shewn at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having a "larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land-tax, and servant's-tax! Poor's-rate,

sewer's-rate, pavement-rate, and scavenger's-rate! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked—for lighting lamps which other people saw by—for maintaining watchmen who slept all night—and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment!—these were but a few of the "dues" to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for an "offering." There was the charity-school of the parish, solicited "the honour" of my subscription and support." One scoundrel came to inform me that I was "drawn for the militia;" and offered to "get me off," on payment of a sum of money.—Another rascal insisted that I was "chosen constable;" and actually brought the *insignia* of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read "in writing" from all the people who chose to be in distress—personal beggars, who penetrated into my parlour, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. Windows were broken, and "nobody" had "done it." The key of the street-door was lost, and "nobody" had "had it." Then my cook stopped up the kitchen "sink;" and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbour's garret; and I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And, at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with ones and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters, turncocks—postmen, beadles, scavengers, chimney-sweeps—the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship was at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets!—and fought which should have "my bounty." Rival patrols disputed whether I did or did not lie within their "beat." At one time there was a doubt as to which, of two parishes, I belonged to; and I fully expected that (to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather!—of bakers, butchers, tallow-chandlers, grocers, fish-mongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for his robberies) on this day. And

"Host! now by my life I scorn the name!"

All this was child's play—*bagatelle*, I protest, and "perfumed," to what I had to go through in the "letting off" of my dwelling! The swarm of crocodiles that assailed me on every fine day—three-fourths of them to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, "professional gentlemen," and "single ladies!" And all (except a few that were swindlers) finding something wrong about my arrangements! Gil Blas's mule, which was nothing but faults, never had half so many



faults as my house. Carlton Palace, if it were to be "let" to-morrow, would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms "too small;" another thought them rather "too large;" a third wished they had been loftier; a fourth, that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt, "whether the neighborhood was quite respectable;" another asked, "if I had any children;" and, then, "whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay!" Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, had called only "for friends." Ten thousand went through all the particulars, and would "call again to-morrow." At last there came a lady who gave the *coup-de-grace* to my "housekeeping;" she was a clergyman's widow, she said from Somersetshire—if she had been an "officer's," I had suspected her; but in an evil hour, I let her in; and—she had come for the express purpose of marrying me!

The reader who has bowels, they will yearn for my situation.

*Nolo conjugari!*\*

I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve against the ingenuity of woman? She seduced me—escape was hopeless—morning, noon, and night! She heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose—would I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick, but was soon glad to get well again; for she sent five times a day to ask if I was better, besides pouring in plates of *blanc mange*, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegars, fruits fresh from the country, and hasty-puddings made by her own hand. And, at last, after I had resisted all the constant borrowing of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, the corrections of hackney coachmen, and the recommendation of a barber to a poodle dog;—at last—Oh! the devil take all wrinkled stair-carpet, stray pattens, and bits of orange-peel dropped upon the ground! Mrs. F—— sprained her ankle, and fell down at my very drawing-room door!

All the women in the house were bribed—there was not one of them in the way! My footman, my only safeguard, was sent off that minute for a doctor!—I was *not* married; for so much, let providence be praised!

*Animus meminisse horret.*

I can't go through the affair! But, about six months after, I presented Mrs. F—— with my house, and every thing in it, and determined never again—as a man's only protection against female cupidity—to possess even a pair of small clothes that I could legally call my own.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ABSURDITIES.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make your—

self generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings on liquor and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed time." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance and complain of its being a thief. To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity their fellow-creatures may be guilty of.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—Take another story of this noble animal, which I know to be founded on fact:—A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously; eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into its mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.—*Youatt.*

One may be in solitude amongst all the tumults of life and this world.

Vacant souls are a burthen to themselves, and are therefore engaged in a continual round of dissipation.

We should have time for everything did we not wilfully mis-spend it,

He who is contented with himself must certainly have a bad taste.

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\* *Woe* this Latin or Yorkshire.

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## A HOUSE TO LET.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

Reader, had you ever a house to let? Did you ever make known, through some first-rate house-agent, that such and such "a Desirable Residence," or "Genteel Cottage Residence," or "Comfortable Family Mansion," was to let; and then set forth in the most attractive and approved phrases its number and style of rooms, with all their peculiar advantages; the kitchens, pantries, cellars, and other family conveniences; the excellence of its garden and conservatory; the beauty of its shrubbery and lawn; its extensive prospects; the convenience and good condition of its stables and out-buildings; its excellent and abundant supply of water; its good neighbourhood; and, in short, such a long array of attractions, as to make it quite irresistible to house-hunting people? If you have not, then listen, for we have; and if you have, listen also, and say if what follows be not something like your own experience.

Such an announcement as I have mentioned having been entered on the books of Mr. Rawlinson, house-agent, —— Street, London, we had a quiet questioning with ourselves when it would begin to take effect. In a week or ten days, perhaps, we thought; and, therefore, in the intermediate time, we resolved that we would do so and so; we must visit some particularly favourite places in the neighbourhood; invite a few of our choicest friends for a nice little evening party; and, above all things, finish sundry pieces of literary work, which had begun to hang like millstones on our consciences, and yet which, withal, would be interesting in the writing, so that every thing might be fairly cleared out of

the way, before the days were broken up with the interruption and distraction of house-wanting people coming to look at ours. This was on the Saturday night. Sunday passed as deliciously calm as Sundays in the country always pass. The very air seemed filled with a Sabbath stillness; all was wrapped, as it were, in a sense of holy rest, as if there was no agitating business upon earth to disturb either man or beast. Full of repose, however, as the Sunday is, it is the day of all others wherein the business of the week is laid out and concocted. People have time to think on a Sunday, and accordingly they determine to do so and so on the Monday. "We have talked of going to such a place," say they; "why not go to-morrow?" "I always like to begin with the beginning of the week," says some methodical person; "and as to-morrow is Monday, I'll begin so and so." Merchants, lawyers, tradesmen, mechanics, all lay out business on the Sunday, which the busy and capacious Monday is to begin. Idle or industrious, rich or poor, it matters not—every body does so. We laid out our business, however, on the Saturday night; talked it over a little, it is true, on the Sunday; and, according to the regular routine of things, set about it on Monday.

Very busy, indeed, had we been all the morning, and were in the marrow of our story, when a loud ring at the gate announced visitors. "Bless us! what is the time?" we exclaimed, starting up and looking at the watch that lay on the table. "And it is only twelve o'clock! Who can come thus early? And all this mess of papers—and this dishabille!" In the midst of these hasty ejaculations, a large card was handed in—"Mr. Rawlinson, house-agent, —— Street, London;"



and on the other side, in a great black autograph, "No, 228—admit to view." It was evident the announcement had taken effect. Somebody had been laying out business for the Monday. People were come to see the house; and that moment the servant ushered in a lady and gentleman. "He believed," he said, "that the place was to let," and motioned towards the large card which lay on the table. "Yes, certainly;" and in a moment we were all seated. A glance, which occupies but a second of time, gives us a large idea of persons. It was so now. They had been introduced without a name, but they looked like a Mr. and Mrs. Latham. They were both young, and had an air of good breeding about them; they had kept good society, and he was some way connected with the East India Company. He had a half military air, without the slightest military costume; perhaps he had been abroad, for his complexion was slightly bronzed; he was altogether a prepossessing gentlemanly person—a sunny spirit—a cheerful fellow, and one who loved a good table. She was, in every sense of the word, *genteel*; slender, graceful, well dressed, and quiet; was a lady who affected *nonchalance*—never exhibited emotion; never laughed, but smiled in the prettiest aristocratic way in the world; had delicate health; did a deal of worsted work; was fond of music; read novels; and had one child. Even while the preliminary sentences were speaking, these observations were made; and we immediately proceeded to go the round of the place. Two discoveries were soon made: he looked on the light side of things, she on the dark; their countenances indicated it. The ceiling of the breakfast-room she thought indifferent, he thought it might be remedied directly; the dining-room she feared was too small, he thought with a little contrivance it would do charmingly. Her anxious scrutiny of the dining-room, the knowing way in which she spoke of it, the quickness with which she spied its weak points, convinced us that they were people who kept dinner company; they would exactly suit this neighbourhood, for all are diners-out. Giving dinners and dining out is the curse of its society. It would be a thousand pities that they

should not come here. The inspection of the cellars proved the same thing. In the beer cellar they examined the thralls for the ale barrels, and the bins for the bottled porter; and forty dozen of wine they discovered might be stocked with management in each binn of the wine cellar, and of these bins there were six;—it would do! Such a calculation laughed to scorn our humble stock! The cellars were pronounced unexceptionable. The same sentence was passed on the drawing-room. I could read by her quiet eyes and smile that in imagination she saw her instrument in it; her embroidery frame by the window; the tables, sofas, and ottomans, all arranged in an admired disorder, and company assembling. It was not to be objected to. The husband approved with a broad smile, and the wife with the most lady-like of assents. While she was making silent observation on chambers and their closets, he was inquiring after the out-buildings, the stables, and the land. The lady wished first to see the kitchens; she was thinking of the company and the cooking; he acquiesced. To be sure, he had forgotten the kitchens; it was evident, however much he might love a good dinner, he loved a good horse better. Accordingly, the stables succeeded to the kitchens. "Ha! they were excellent!—just what he wanted; and the coach-house!—all right and good!" And it was plain that he saw his fine horses tied up to the mangers, and his currie standing in the place of our pony-chaise. The satisfied expression of his countenance brought the objects before me. I could have told him the colour of his horses, the cut of their tails, and the style of his currie.

After the hen-house, too, he was inquisitive, and made profound observations on our poultry, which, however, happened to be a long way from the mark; but he was fond of poultry, that was clear, and fancied himself knowing on the subject.

The result of the whole inspection appeared highly satisfactory to him, and the lady threw in her objections every now and then with the sweetest grace imaginable. The return to the house convinced her that the dining-room would never do, and elicited again her husband's old answer of "with contrivance," &c. Upon the whole, he appeared to like the place

so well, that we inquired how we might know his decision. He would communicate, he said, with Mr. Rawlinson; he was the proper person for the business part of the negociation. It was evident, that, according to his notion, this was the right way of doing the thing. After having satisfied themselves with such re-inspection as they desired, they drove off, having never inquired after smoky chimneys, state of the roof, supply of water, dampness of walls, nor amount of taxes, rates, and such payments. From these omissions our deductions were, that this was the first house they had looked at; that the one they had lived in since their marriage had been taken for them by somebody else; that they had lived in lodgings, or perhaps had travelled; and, moreover, that he was a man who troubled not himself about small expenses; the rent was the great thing, rates and taxes went for nothing. And whether they would in the end take the place, hinged thus: if *he* had most influence, they would; if *she*, they would not.

While we were thus cogitating and talking them over—another ring at the gate! How! had other people been planning business for the Monday—or had somebody called? And there was the dishabille still. Again was presented Mr. Rawlinson's card, and, on the very heels of it, walked in, arm in arm, Mr. and Mrs. Snubbs!—no name, but Snubbs to all intents and purposes. The house again! We were sick of the house! And these Snubbses—we were half sorry that we had put it into Mr. Rawlinson's hands. Oh, the broad, brown, coarse face—the stiff, white cravat—the yellow waistcoat, and the brown coat! Where in the world, could this Mr. Snubbs have come from! And Mrs. Snubbs!—the great, fashionable pink bonnet—the fat, little, vulgar face, ill-tempered and yet smirking—the frilled pelerine—the grand chaly gown—the blaze of rings seen through the green-laced gloves—the red shawl over the arm, and the pea-green parasol in the hand—altogether, it was the perfection of rich vulgarity!

But the house must be shown. Should they be turned over to a servant, was the first thought; but, no, said a sense of propriety; go with them, and go through

it as quickly as possible. "Ha! the dining-room," said Mr. Snubbs, "very convenient." "Too narrow by half," said the lady. She had got on Mrs. Latham's cue, and we began to fear that every body would find it out. "The breakfast-room," said Mr. Snubbs; "well, and a very pretty room, too." "Too near the kitchen," said the sententious lady. "We have a double door, covered with baize," said I, "to obviate that objection." "Double doors are of no use," replied she; "you can't shut out the clatter of servants' tongues." We were silenced; Mr. Snubbs darted an angry glance at his spouse, and grew very polite to us. Mrs. Snubbs found out the kitchen-grate was of a very bad construction. Mr. Snubbs maintained that it was the best in the world. We knew she was right, but we held our peace. The cellars Mr. Snubbs demurred about, and then came the lady's turn to approve: "they were the most convenient cellars she had ever seen." We wondered how in the world they had ever got on together; two dogs in a string were the very emblem of them. Throughout the whole place it was the same; they agreed upon nothing. He admired coved ceilings; she declared they were intolerably hot in summer. He approved the marble chimney-pieces; she pronounced them all of a bad pattern. She thought the drawing-room paper handsome; he thought it, on the contrary, the only bad paper in the house. He liked an eastern aspect for a bedroom; she said it burnt one alive before one was dressed. If we were provoked in the first few instances with these dissentient opinions, they became at length irresistibly ludicrous. You had but to hear the remarks of the one to pronounce with certainty on the retort of the other. Out of doors it was just the same; she was amazed at its being possible for one cow in full milk to supply cream and butter sufficient for a moderately sized family; he said it was a thing that 'was as common as the day. He wondered that a dozen hens should lay eggs enough for the same sized family; she told him that he knew nothing about hens—that one hen would lay two hundred eggs in a year. This was quite beyond our experience, but Mrs. Snubbs was left to the full glory of her argument,



her husband only remarking, that, if it were so, it was a shame eggs were so dear.

The Snubbsses had their wits about them. They went through every thing; water, drains, chimneys, damp, roof, rent, rates, tithe, and taxes; nothing was forgotten. They had more worldly wisdom than their predecessors the Lathams. All possible inquiries being made, they went away, the one admiring the gravel drive up to the door, and the other declaring that it cut up the garden sadly.

How poor Mr. and Mrs. Snubbss could ever choose a house together, appeared an unsolvable problem; and they left us with the satisfactory persuasion that they were not to be our successors.

The remainder of Monday went on quietly, and on Tuesday we again sat down to our manuscripts, forgot all about the Lathams and the Snubbsses, and were at the very winding-up of the story, when, as on the day before, at twelve o'clock precisely, another ring at the gate! With an instant determination that our dishabille should not shame us a third time, we ran up stairs, and in about five minutes returned to the room in a tolerably handsome morning-dress. A lady and gentleman were seated there; Mr. and Mrs. Timms, as plainly as if their names were painted on their forehead. A tallish, stoutish man, with a complacent, well-fed countenance, in a blue dress-coat unbuttoned, a smart flowered waistcoat, and opal studs with gilt eyes on the smart shirt-front. Oh, yes, it was Mr. Timms to the life, and he had a great hardware shop somewhere in the city. We could see "Timms" in great gold letters over the door, and all the iron pots and pans, and the tin and brass ware in the windows, and Mr. Timms himself standing in the middle of his shop, not behind his counter, receiving his customers with the very same bow, and back-waving of his open palms, with which he received us. But Mr. Timms was a very rich man for all that—had the cut of an alderman, if not of a lord mayor, and had his country house; and Mrs. Timms was a very well-dressed person, and had a good deal of the lady about her. They were altogether unlike either the Lathams or the Snubbsses.

To our great amazement neither Mr.

nor Mrs. Timms discovered that the dining-room was too narrow; perhaps that at their country house had some worse defect. But we took heart upon this. As we went the round of the place, we could obtain far less their opinion of the one they were looking at than of their own residence, and possessions, and way of life. Their country house was at Epping; had lofty rooms, two staircases, a shower-bath, and a laundry. There was a chandelier in the drawing-room, and three windows; they always made use of silk in preference to worsted damask. Mr. Timms had had his portrait painted twice; Mrs. Timms made use of a warm-bath. They had no opinion of railroads; they went to Ascott and Epsom races; they had two men-servants, a close carriage, and a pair of horses. They did not keep a cow, nor poultry; Mrs. Timms thought them more trouble than profit, and, in fact, knew nothing about them; it was evident that she was city-bred, and had no country tastes. Their children were grown up, but they had grandchildren; and Mr. Timms quite chuckled to think how his grandchildren could run up and down the drive. He was a good-natured man, that was certain.

Having gone the round of the place, and left not a single particular uninquired into—for, like the Snubbsses, they had their wits about them—they made their adieus, informing us that they were on a house-seeking expedition, and had several more in view before they left the neighbourhood. We mentioned Mr. Rawlinson, on the hint that Mr. Latham had given, as the person to whom they would communicate their decision. "Oh no," said the knowing Mr. Timms, "I always prefer the principal! Never go to an agent when you can go to the principal! You shall hear from me direct by letter." Mr. Timms was a man of business.

One incident of the Timms's visit we have omitted, which was very characteristic. "I think," said he, "I am familiar with your name—H——? H——? I seem to have heard it, but I cannot recollect where." "Most probably you have, sir," was our reply; "we flatter ourselves that it is a little known." "H——," said he, balancing the name on his tongue, as he would have balanced a guinea on his finger, "in

what part of the city is your place of business or office?" We could not forbear smiling; Mr. Timms had no idea of any person being at all known who had not a place of business in the city. We must have fallen ninety per cent in his estimation by our reply, "We have neither place of business nor office in town."

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, went on, and no other house-seeking people presented themselves. No; it was evident nothing more would be done till Sunday had intervened, and the world had had time to lay out new schemes for the Monday. On Saturday morning, however, a letter arrived from Mr. Rawlinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort, it said, had been so much pleased with our place, that they desired him to apprise us that they would be with us on Saturday, to enter into what further particulars would be necessary preparatory to drawing the lease. In a postscript was added, that he believed the party in question to be quite unexceptionable, and that the references they had given, he doubted not, would be satisfactory.

Very business-like and straight-forward. Well, but who were Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort? They could not be the Timmses, for this communication came through the agent; it was of course the Lathams. They said they would inform Mr. Rawlinson; there was no doubt but these were they. Cheerful-spirited Mr. Latham, it seems, had obviated all difficulties; the dining-room would do; and, after all, it really was not so narrow! And Mrs. Latham, or Fitz-Beaufort—the name suited her admirably—was a sweet looking woman; she would certainly grace the place; and he was a fine fellow—his face showed it. We were glad there was no haggling about rates and taxes; it proved they were well-to-do people; we should have excellent tenants! And, oh! what dinners there would be given! We exulted in the thought, as if we were at the eating of those dinners; and how popular they would be in the neighbourhood! We grew merry to think how the dinner-loving gentry ought to vote us a piece of plate for the service we had done them. While we were amusing ourselves with these pleasantries, and admiring ourselves

for having thought from the first that the Lathams would take the place after all, we were roused, as we had been on all former occasions, by the ring at the gate. "Here they are!" we exclaimed; and half a minute after, cards were sent in—Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort. We ventured a glance through the window. Oh yes; we knew the very cut of the horses' heads as we saw them through the evergreens; we could swear to the firm yet buoyant step of Mr. Latham, otherwise Fitz-Beaufort, as we heard him enter the hall; we really felt quite an affection for these people, and, as if they had been old friends, advanced to the door to meet them. Gentle reader, if thou hast bowels of mercy, have compassion upon us! Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Beaufort were Mr. and Mrs. Snubbs.

### ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

*Concluded from p. 106.*

It was in the month of September, 1805, that Sir Arthur Wellesley—after an absence of nine years, during which his services in the East had earned him a Major-Generalship, the Knighthood of the Bath, the thanks of the King and Parliament, and a confirmed professional reputation—landed once more on the shores of England. Between this period and his departure on those memorable campaigns with which his name will be immortally connected there elapsed an interval in the Duke's life of nearly three years, which a seat in Parliament, an Irish Secretaryship, and a Privy Councillorship enabled him to turn actively to account. His proper talents, however, were not overlooked, and he bore his part in those notable "expeditions" which were then conceived to measure the military power of England. His arrival from India had exactly coincided with the renewal of the war against France by the third European coalition—a compact to which England was a party. Our specific duties in these alliances were usually limited to the supply of ships and money. We swept the ocean with our fleets, and we subsidized the great Powers whose forces were actually in the field. As to the British army itself, that had been hitherto reckoned among the contingents of second and third-rate States, which might be united perhaps for a convenient diversion, but which could make no pretension to service in the great European line of battle. At the beginning of the war these demonstrations had usually been made on the coasts of France, but they were now principally directed against the northern and southern extremities of the Continent, and for these reasons;—the dominion, actual or confessed, of Napoleon, against which the contest was undertaken,



embraced all the ports of Europe, from the Texel to Genoa, while his battle array extended along the length of the Rhine. The masses, therefore, of the Austrian and Russian hosts were moved directly against France from the east, and to the minor allies was left the charge of penetrating either upwards from Naples, or downwards from Swedish Pomerania, to the theatre of action. Sometimes detachments from Gibraltar and Malta disembarked in Italy in conjunction with Russians from Corfu and Neapolitans from Calabria, and sometimes we landed in Hanover to compose a joint stock force with Swedes, Norwegians and Finlanders. One of these latter expeditions fell to the lot of Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately after his return, but with results even fewer than usual. The brigades were put on shore at Bremen at the close of 1805; but Napoleon in the meantime had done his work so effectually on the Danube that our contingent returned to England after a few weeks' absence without striking a blow. Sir Arthur's next service was one of greater distinction. In 1807, when the British Ministry had boldly determined upon anticipating Napoleon at Copenhagen by one of his own strokes of policy, the feelings of the Danes were consulted by the despatch of a force so powerful as to justify a bloodless capitulation, and in this army Sir Arthur Wellesley received a command which brought under his charge the chief military operation of the expedition. While the main body was menacing Copenhagen a demonstration was observed on the part of the Danes against the English rear, and Sir Arthur was detached to disperse their gathering battalions. This service he effectually performed by engaging them in their position of Kioge, and putting them to the rout with the loss of 1,500 prisoners and 14 pieces of cannon. He was afterwards intrusted with the negotiations for the capitulation of the city—a duty which was skilfully discharged. This short episode in his military life has been thrown into shadow by his mightier achievements; but its merits were acknowledged by the special thanks of Parliament; and M. Thiers, in his history, introduces Sir Arthur Wellesley to French readers as an officer who had certainly seen service in India, but who was principally known by his able conduct at Copenhagen.

At length, at the very moment when England seemed to be excluded from all participation in the military contests of the age, and the services of the British soldier appeared likely to be measured by the demands of colonial duty, events brought an opportunity to pass which ultimately resulted in one of the most memorable wars on record, and enabled Britain to support a glorious part in what, without figure of rhetoric, we may term the liberation of Europe. The coalition effected against France at the period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's return had been scattered to the winds under the blows of Napoleon. Russia had been partly driven and partly inveigled into a concert of politics with her redoubtable adversary; Austria had been put *hors de com-*

*bat*, and Prussia was helplessly prostrate. To complete the concern experienced at this prospect of universal dominion Napoleon had availed himself of the occasion to seize and appropriate the whole of the Spanish Peninsula. Under the pretence of a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal he had poured his troops into the former country, overrun the latter, and then repudiated the stipulations of his compact by retaining undivided possession of the prize. A few months later he established himself in a similar authority at Madrid, and made open avowal of his intentions by bestowing on his own brother the inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons. Scarcely, however, had his projects been disclosed when he encountered a tempest of popular opposition; the nations of the Peninsula rose almost as one man; a French army was compelled to capitulate, King Joseph decamped from Madrid, and Marshal Junot was with difficulty enabled to maintain himself in Lisbon. At the intelligence of this unexpected display of vigour England tendered her substantial sympathies to the Spanish patriots; the overtures of their juntas were favourably received, and at length it was decided by the Portland Ministry that Portugal would be as good a point as any other on which to throw 10,000 troops, who were waiting at Cork for embarkation on the next "expedition" suggesting itself. Such was the origin of the Peninsular War—an enterprise at first considered, and even for some time afterwards reputed, as importing little more to the interests or renown of the nation than a diversion at Stralsund or Otranto, but which now, enshrined in the pages of a famous history and viewed by the light of experience, will take its place among the most memorable contests which the annals of Europe record. Beyond doubt, the enthusiasm of the British nation at this juncture was unusually great, and there were not wanting arguments to prove that the contemplated expedition differed greatly in its promise from those heretofore recommended to favour. It was urged that Napoleon was now for the first time encountered by strong popular opinion, and that the scene of action moreover, was a sea-girt territory, giving full scope for the exercise of our naval supremacy. These observations were sound, but it must needs have been expected by many that the "particular service" now announced to the nation would have the ordinary termination, and that the transports bound for Portugal would soon return, as others had returned before them from St. Domingo and the Helder, from Quiberon Bay and Ferrol. Nor was it owing, indeed, either to the wisdom of the nation or the strength of the cause that such predictions were belied by the triumphs and glories of an immortal war.

To comprehend the service now intrusted to Sir A. Wellesley it will be necessary to retain constantly in mind the circumstances and persuasions under which it was undertaken. The actual state of the countries which it was proposed to succour was only known from the exaggerated descriptions of the Spanish patriots,

who represented themselves as irresistible in military strength, and as needing nothing but stores and money to expel the French from the Peninsula. Nothing was ascertained respecting Napoleon's actual force in these parts; and, although it might reasonably have been inferred, from the continental peace, that the whole hosts of the French Empire were disposable on the one side, and, from the contradictory reports of the Spanish envoys themselves, that neither unity nor intelligence existed on the other, these simple deductions were not drawn. The British Ministry had despatched the expedition without any purpose more definite than that of aiding in the resistance unexpectedly offered to France on the Peninsular territories. It had not been determined whether the landing should be effected in Portugal or Spain, and, with the latter country, indeed, we were nominally at war when the armament was decreed. Neither was the single appointment which compensated all these deficiencies the result of any general or deliberate convictions. The nomination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command was chiefly due to the individual sagacity of Lord Castlereagh, whose judgment on this point was considerably in advance of that of other and higher authorities. Even this appointment itself, too, was intended to be nugatory, for Sir Arthur was to surrender the command to Sir Harry Burrard, who was in turn to make way for Sir Hew Dalrymple, and in the form which the expedition shortly afterwards assumed no fewer than six general officers were placed above him, into whose hands the conduct of the war was ultimately to fall.

True, however, to that spirit of his profession which forbade him to balance his own feelings against the good of the service or the decisions of the Government Sir Arthur departed on his mission, preceding the expeditionary armament in a fast frigate, for the purpose of obtaining more information than was already possessed respecting the destination to be given to it. With these views he landed on the coast, and conferred with the juntas directing the affairs of the insurrection. His inquiries soon proved conclusive if not satisfactory, and he decided with characteristic penetration, that "it was impossible to learn the truth." In point of fact, at the moment when the expedition was hovering irresolutely between the Douro and the Tagus—that is to say at the conclusion of July, 1808—the Spaniards had really experienced extraordinary success at Baylen; but this victory was unknown to those who vaunted to Sir Arthur the magnitude of their forces, and whose ignorant vain-gloriousness was instantly detected by his acute and impartial vision. Dupont had been circumvented in the south, but the other French Generals had been easily victorious in the north, and a force was at hand under Napoleon sufficient to sweep the country between the Pyrenees and Madrid. The patriot levies were miserably destitute of equipments and discipline, and below their reported strength even in mere numbers; their

rulers were mostly devoid of any better qualities for the contest than national obstinacy and thorough-going hate, while as to unity of purpose or organization of means there were no such features visible in any quarter of the Peninsula. Portugal offered somewhat better opportunities. Its geographical position favoured the designs of the English commander, and its internal conditions offered considerable inducements to a descent on these parts.—Junot, cut off from all communication with his colleagues in the Peninsula, was maintaining his ground with difficulty at Lisbon between the insurgents of Portugal and the menacing patriots of Spain. The troops under his command amounted to fully 25,000 men, but so many detachments were required for various services that his disposable force could only become formidable by virtue of greater military skill than he happened to possess. He himself lay with a large garrison at Lisbon, and on the first rumours of the British expedition he despatched General Loison with a moveable column of some 7,000 men, to scour the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea."

After ascertaining and estimating these prospects to the best of his power, Sir Arthur Wellesley decided on the disembarking his troops in Mondego Bay, about midway between Oporto and Lisbon—a resolution which he successfully executed at the beginning of August. The force actually landed from the transports amounted to about 9,000 men; but they were presently joined by that of another little expedition which had been operating in the south of Spain, and Sir Arthur thus found himself at the head of of some 14,000 excellent soldiers. Besides these, however, the British Government, as the design of liberating the Peninsula gradually assumed substance and dignity, determined on despatching two others of their corps-errant, one of which, nearly 12,000 strong, under Sir John Moore, was in a state of discipline not inferior to Napoleon's best brigades. 30,000 troops, therefore, were eventually to represent the arms of England in this memorable service; but wisdom had to be learnt before Wellesley was placed at their head, and it was with 13,000 only, and a provisional command, that the great captain of the age commenced on the 9th of August his first march in the Peninsula War.

The intention of Sir Arthur, who in the absence of his two seniors still retained the direction of affairs, was to march on Lisbon by the seacoast, in order to draw from the English store-ships in the offing those supplies which he had already discovered it was hopeless to expect from the resources of Portugal itself; one of the earliest propositions of the Portuguese commander having suggested that his own troops should be fed from the British commissariat instead of the British troops from his. Reinforced, if the term can be used, at this period with a small detachment of the native army, Sir Arthur now mustered nearly 15,000 sabres and bayonets. To oppose him, Loison had about 7,000 men, Laborde about 5,000,



and Junot, at headquarters, some 10,000 more. Of these commanders Loison was on the left of the British route, and Laborde in front; nor was Sir Arthur's information accurate enough to enable him to estimate the point or period of their probable junction. As events turned out, his military instinct had divined the course proper to be pursued, for by pressing forward on Laborde he interposed himself between this general and Loison, and encountered his enemies in detail. Laborde's outposts at Ovidos were promptly driven in on the 15th, and on the 17th Sir Arthur came up with his antagonist on the heights of Roliça and there gained the first action of the war. The engagement was sustained with great spirit; for Laborde, though outnumbered, availed himself to the utmost of his strength of position, nor was it without serious loss on both sides that he was at length compelled to retire. After this satisfactory essay of arms Sir Arthur prepared to meet Junot, who would, he was well aware, summon all his strength for the now inevitable encounter, and who had in fact concentrated 16,000 men with 21 guns at Torres Vedras, between Sir Arthur's position and Lisbon. Still moving by the coast, the British commander was fortunately reinforced on his march by one of the detachments despatched from home, as we before observed, to participate in the expedition, and his force was thus augmented to 18,000 effective men. With these means he proposed to turn Junot's position at Torres Vedras by passing between it and the sea with his advanced guard, while the main body occupied the enemy's attention in front, so that the French general would either be cut off from Lisbon or driven to a precipitate retreat. These able dispositions, however, were not brought to the test of trial; for at this moment Sir Harry Burrard arrived off the coast, and, without quitting his ship or troubling himself to confirm by his own observation the representations of Sir Arthur, counter-ordered the proposed march, and gave directions for halting on the ground then occupied—the hills of Vimiera—until the arrival of the other and larger reinforcement expected from England under Sir John Moore.

Among the facts which Sir Arthur had labored to impress on his intractable superior, was that of the certainty of immediately receiving the attack which he was declining to give—a conclusion which was promptly verified by the appearance of Junot in battle array the very next morning. The estimates, therefore, respectively formed by Sir Harry and Sir Arthur concerning the relative capacities of the two armies were presently to be certified by experience, and the decisive defeat of Junot at every point of his attack, with the loss of 3,000 men and nearly all his artillery, might have been thought decisive of the question in the eyes of impartial observers. Sir Harry, however, was still unconvinced, and, his firm persuasion of the superiority of the French, refused the permission now earnestly entreated by Sir Arthur to intercept the incumbered brigades of the enemy, and complete his discomfiture

by cutting off his retreat to Torres Vedras. It was on this occasion that Sir Arthur, seeing the sacrifice of an opportunity which might have been turned to the completion of the war, turned round and said to his staff—"Well, then, gentlemen, we may go now and shoot red-legged partridges."

No sooner had this supersession of Sir Arthur Wellesley occurred than a second change took place in the command of the English force, and the arrangements of the British Government were notably exemplified by the arrival on the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple, who immediately displaced Sir Henry Burrard, as Sir Henry Burrard had displaced Sir Arthur Wellesley. Unfortunately, the new general inclined to the opinions of his second in command, rather than to the more enterprising tactics of the future hero of the Peninsula, and he persisted in the belief that Sir John Moore's corps should be allowed to come up before operations were recommenced. The best commentary on Sir Arthur's advice is to be found in the fact that Junot himself presently proposed a suspension of arms, with a view to the complete evacuation of Portugal by the French. A convention, in fact, was concluded on these terms, at Cintra, within a fortnight after the battle; but so adroitly had Junot and his comrades availed themselves of the impressions existing at the British head-quarters that, though beaten in the field, they maintained in the negotiations the ascendancy of the stronger party, and eventually secured conditions far more favourable than they were entitled to demand. It happened that Sir Arthur Wellesley had been made, under Sir Hew Dalrymple's immediate orders, the negotiating officer at the first agreement between the belligerents, and it was his name which appeared at the foot of the instrument. When, therefore, the indignation of Englishmen was, with some justice, roused at this sacrifice of their triumphs, and the convention made the subject of official enquiry, General Wellesley incurred the first shock of public censure. Further investigation, however, not only exculpated him from all responsibility, but brought to light his earnest, though ineffectual endeavour, to procure a different result, and the country was soon satisfied that if the conqueror of Roliça and Vimiera had been undisturbed in his arrangements, the whole French army must have been made prisoners of war. Yet, even as things stood, the success achieved was of no ordinary character. The British soldiers had measured their swords against some of the best troops of the Empire, and with signal success. The "Sepoy General" had indisputably shown that his powers were not limited to Oriental campaigns. He had effected the disembarkation of his troops—always a most hazardous feat—without loss; had gained two well contested battles; and in less than a single month had actually cleared the kingdom of Portugal of its invaders. The army, with its intuitive judgment, had formed a correct appreciation of his services, and the field-officers engaged at Vimiera testified their opinions of their commander by a valuable gift; but it was

clear that no place remained for General Wellesley under his new superiors, and he accordingly returned to England, bringing with him conceptions of Spanish affairs which were but too speedily verified by events.

While Sir Arthur Wellesley, having resumed his Irish Secretaryship and his seat in Parliament, was occupying himself with the civil duties of his office, and endeavouring to promote a better comprehension of Peninsular politics, an abrupt change of fortune had wholly reversed the relative positions of the French and English in those parts. The successes of the summer and autumn had expelled Napoleon's forces from Portugal, and from nearly nine-tenths of the territory of Spain, the only ground still occupied by the invaders being a portion of the mountainous districts behind the Ebro. Thus, 'after sweeping the whole Peninsula before them by a single march, and establishing themselves at Madrid and Lisbon with less trouble than had been experienced at Brussels or Amsterdam, the French armies found themselves suddenly driven back, by a return tide of conquest, to the very foot of the Pyrenees; and now, in like manner, the English, after gaining possession of Portugal in a month's campaign, and closing round upon their enemies in Spain as if to complete the victory, were as suddenly hurled back again to the coast, while the Peninsula again passed apparently under the dominion of Napoleon, to be finally rescued by a struggle of tenfold severity. Sir Arthur Wellesley quitted Portugal towards the end of September, leaving behind him a British force of some 30,000 men, committed to an indefinite co-operation with the Spanish patriots. At this period the remains of the French armies of occupation were, as we have said, collected behind the Ebro, in number, perhaps, about 50,000 or 60,000, while the Spanish forces, in numerical strength at least double, were disposed around them in a wide semicircular cordon, from Bilbao to Barcelona; and it was conceived that an English army advancing from the west would at once give the finishing impulse to the campaign. But, in point of fact, these appearances were on both sides delusive. The Spanish armies were deficient in every point but that of individual enthusiasm. They were almost destitute of military provisions and were under no effective command. The administration of the country since the insurrection had been conducted by provincial juntas acting independently of each other, and, although an attempt had been made to centralize these powers by the organization of a supreme junta at Aranjuez, little success had as yet attended the experiment. The consequence was a total distraction of counsels, an utter confusion of government, and a general spirit of self-will and insubordination, which the recent successes only tended to increase. Such was the true condition of the patriot forces. On the other hand, the French, though repulsed for the moment, were close to the inexhaustible resources of their own country; and Napoleon, with a perfect appreciation of the scene before him, was pre-

paring one of those decisive blows which none better than he knew how to deal. The army behind the Ebro had been rapidly reinforced to the amount of 150,000 men, and at the beginning of November the Emperor arrived in person to assume the command. At this juncture Sir John Moore, who, it will be remembered, had brought the last and largest detachment to the army of Portugal, and who had remained in that country while the other generals had repaired to England pending the inquiry into the convention of Cintra, was directed to take the command of 21,000 men from the army of Portugal, to unite with a corps of 7,000 more despatched to Corunna under Sir David Baird, and to co-operate with the Spanish forces beleaguering the French, as we have described, in the south-eastern angle of the Peninsula. In pursuance of these instructions, Sir John Moore, by a series of movements which we are not called upon in this place to criticise, succeeded in collecting at Salamanca by the end of November the troops under his own command, while Sir David Baird's corps had penetrated as far as Astorga. But the opportunity of favourable action, if ever it had really existed, was now past. Suddenly advancing with an imposing force of the finest troops of the empire, Napoleon had burst through the weak lines of his opponents, had crushed their armies to the right and left by a succession of irresistible blows, was scouring with his cavalry the plains of Leon and Castile, forced the Somosierra pass on the 30th of November, and four days afterwards was in undisputed possession of Madrid. Meantime Sir John Moore, misled by false intelligence, disturbed by the importunities of our own Minister at Aranjuez, disheartened by his observation of Spanish politics, and despairing of any substantial success against an enemy of whose strength he was now aware, determined, after long hesitation, on advancing into the country, with the hope of some advantage against the corps of Soult, isolated, as he thought, at Saldanha. The result of this movement was to bring Napoleon from Madrid in such force as to compel the rapid retreat of the English to Corunna under circumstances which we need not recount; and thus by the commencement of the year 1809, Spain was again occupied by the French, while the English army, so recently victorious in Portugal, was saving itself by sea without having struck a blow, except in self-defence at its embarkation.

Napoleon, before Moore's corps had actually left Corunna, conceived the war at an end, and, in issuing instructions to his marshals, anticipated, with no unreasonable confidence, the complete subjugation of the Peninsula. Excepting, indeed, some isolated districts in the south-east, the only parts now in possession of the Spaniards or their allies were Andalusia, which had been saved by the precipitate recall of Napoleon to the north, and Portugal, which, still in arms against the French, was nominally occupied by a British corps of 10,000 men, left there under Sir John Craddock at the time of General Moore's departure with the bulk of the



army for Spain. The proceedings of the French marshals for the recovery of the entire Peninsula were speedily arranged. Lannes took the direction of the siege of Saragossa, where the Spaniards, fighting as usual with admirable constancy from behind stone walls, were holding two French corps at bay. Lefebvre drove one Spanish army into the recesses of the Sierra Morena, and Victor chased another into the fastnesses of Murcia. Meantime Soult, after recoiling awhile from the dying blows of Moore, had promptly occupied Galicia after the departure of the English, and was preparing to cross the Portuguese frontier on his work of conquest. In aid of this design, it was concerted that while the last-named marshal advanced from the north, Victor, by way of Elvas, and Lapisse, by way of Almeida, should converge together upon Portugal, and that when the English at Lisbon had been driven to their ships, the several corps should unite for the final subjugation of the Peninsula, by the occupation of Andalusia. Accordingly, leaving Ney to maintain the ground already won, Soult descended with 30,000 men upon the Douro, and by the end of March was in secure possession of Oporto. Had he continued his advance, it is not impossible that the campaign might have had the termination he desired; but at this point, he waited for intelligence of the English in his front and of Victor and Lapisse on his flank. His caution saved Portugal, for, while he still hesitated on the brink of the Douro, there again arrived in the Tagus that renowned commander, before whose genius the fortunes not only of the marshals, but of their imperial master, were finally to fail.

England was now at the commencement of her greatest war. The system of small expeditions and insignificant diversions, though not yet conclusively abandoned, was soon superseded by the glories of a visible contest; and in a short time it was known and felt by a great majority of the nation, that on the field of the Peninsula England was fairly pitted against France, and playing her own chosen part in the European struggle.

It was calculated at the time that 60,000 British soldiers *might* have been made disposable for the Peninsular service, but at no period of the war was such a force ever actually collected under the standards of Wellington, while Napoleon could maintain his 300,000 warriors in Spain, without disabling the arms of the Empire on the Danube or the Rhine. We had allies, it is true, in the troops of the country; but these at first were little better than refractory recruits, requiring all the accessories of discipline, equipment and organization; jealous of all foreigners even as friends, and not unreasonably suspicious of supporters who could always find in their ships a refuge which was denied to themselves. But above all these difficulties was that arising from the inexperience of the Government in continental warfare. Habituated to expeditions reducible to the compass of a few transports, unaccustomed to the contingencies of regular war, and harassed by a vigilant and not always conscien-

tious Opposition, the Ministry had to consume half its strength at home; and the commander of the army, in justifying his most skilful dispositions, or procuring needful supplies for the troops under his charge, was driven to the very extremities of expostulation and remonstrance.

When, however, with these ambiguous prospects, the Government did at length resolve on the systematic prosecution of the Peninsular war, the eyes of the nation were at once instinctively turned on Sir Arthur Wellesley as the general to conduct it. Independently of the proofs he had already given of his quality at Rolica and Vimiera, this enterprising and sagacious soldier stood almost alone in his confidence respecting the undertaking on hand. Arguing from the military position of Portugal, as flanking the long territory of Spain, from the natural features of the country (which he had already studied), and from the means of reinforcement and retreat securely provided by the sea, he stoutly declared his opinion that Portugal was tenable against the French, even if actual possessors of Spain, and that it offered ample opportunities of influencing the great result of the war. With these views he recommended that the Portuguese army should be organized at its full strength; that it should be in part taken into British pay and under the direction of British officers, and that a force of not less than 30,000 English troops should be despatched to keep this army together. So provided, he undertook the management of the war, and such were his resources, his tenacity, and his skill, that though 280,000 French soldiers were closing round Portugal as he landed at Lisbon, and though difficulties of the most arduous kind awaited him in his task, he neither finched nor failed until he had led his little army in triumph, not only from the Tagus to the Ebro, but across the Pyrenees into France, and returned himself by Calais to England after witnessing the downfall of the French capital.

Yet, so perilous was the conjuncture when the weight of affairs was thus thrown upon his shoulders, that a few weeks' more delay must have destroyed every prospect of success. Not only was Soult, as we stated, collecting himself for a swoop on the towers of Lisbon, but the Portuguese themselves were distrustful of our support, and the English troops, while daily preparing for embarkation, were compelled to assume a defensive attitude against those whose cause they were maintaining. But such was the prestige already attached to Wellesley's name that his arrival in the Tagus changed every feature of the scene. No longer suspicious of our intentions, the Portuguese Government gave prompt effect to the suggestions of the English commander; levies were decreed and organized, provisions collected, depots established, and a spirit of confidence again pervaded the country, which was unqualified on this occasion by that jealous distrust which had formerly neutralized its effects. The command in chief of the native army was intrusted to an English officer of great distinction, Gene-

ral Beresford, and no time was lost in once more testing the efficacy of the British arms.

Our description of the positions relatively occupied by the contending parties at this juncture will, perhaps, be remembered. Soult, having left Ney to control the north, was at Oporto, with 24,000 men, preparing to cross the Douro and descend upon Lisbon, while Victor and Lapisse, with 30,000 more, were to co-operate in the attack from the contiguous provinces of Estremadura and Leon. Of the Spanish armies we need only say that they had been repeatedly routed with more or less disgrace, though Cuesta still held a certain force together in the valley of the Tagus. There were therefore two courses open to the British commander—either to repel the menaced advance of Soult by marching on Oporto or to effect a junction with Cuesta, and try the result of a demonstration upon Madrid. The latter of these plans was wisely postponed for the moment, and, preference having been decisively given to the former, the troops at once commenced their march upon the Douro. The British force under Sir Arthur Wellesley's command amounted at this time to about 20,000 men, to which about 15,000 Portuguese in a respectable state of organization were added by the exertions of Beresford. Of these about 24,000 were now led against Soult, who, though not inferior in strength, no sooner ascertained the advance of the English commander than he arranged for a retreat, by detaching Loisen with 6,000 men to dislodge a Portuguese post in his left rear. Sir Arthur's intention was to envelope, if possible, the French corps by pushing forward a strong force upon its left, and then intercepting its retreat towards Ney's position, while the main body assaulted Soult in his quarters at Oporto. The former of these operations he intrusted to Beresford, the latter he directed in person. On the 12th of May the troops reached the southern bank of the Douro; the waters of which, 300 yards in width, rolled between them and their adversaries. In anticipation of the attack Soult had destroyed the floating-bridge, had collected all the boats on the opposite side, and there, with his forces well in hand for action or retreat, was looking from the window of his lodging, enjoying the presumed discomfiture of his opponent. To attempt such a passage as this in face of one of the ablest marshals of France was, indeed, an audacious stroke, but it was not beyond the daring of that genius which M. Thiers describes as calculated only for the stolid operations of defensive war. Availing himself of a point where the river by a bend in its course was not easily visible from the town, Sir Arthur determined on transporting, if possible, a few troops to the northern bank, and occupying an unfinished stone building, which he perceived was capable of affording temporary cover. The means were soon supplied by the activity of Colonel Waters—an officer whose habitual audacity rendered him one of the heroes of this memorable war. Crossing in a skiff to the opposite bank, he returned with two or three boats, and

in a few minutes a company of the Buffs was established in the building. Reinforcements quickly followed, but not without discovery. The alarm was given, and presently the edifice was enveloped by the eager battalions of the French. The British, however, held their ground; a passage was effected at other points during the struggle; the French, after an ineffectual resistance, were fain to abandon the city in precipitation, and Sir Arthur, after his unexampled feat of arms, sat down that evening to the dinner which had been prepared for Soult. Nor did the disasters of the French marshal terminate here, for, though the designs of the British commander had been partially frustrated by the intelligence gained by the enemy, yet the French communications were so far intercepted, that Soult only joined Ney after losses and privations little short of those which had been experienced by Sir John Moore.

This brilliant operation being effected, Sir Arthur was now at liberty to turn to the main project of the campaign, that to which, in fact, the attack upon Soult had been subsidiary—the defeat of Victor in Estremadura; and, as the force under this marshal's command was not greater than that which had been so decisively defeated at Oporto, some confidence might naturally be entertained in calculating upon the result. But, at this time, the various difficulties of the English commander began to disclose themselves. Though his losses had been extremely small in the recent actions, considering the importance of their results, the troops were suffering severely from sickness, at least 4,000 being in hospital, while supplies of all kinds were miserably deficient, through the imperfections of the commissariat. The soldiers were nearly barefooted, their pay was largely in arrear, and the military chest was empty. In addition to this, although the real weakness of the Spanish armies was not yet fully known, it was clearly discernible that the character of their commanders would preclude any effective concert in the joint operations of the allied force. Cuesta would take no advice, and insisted on the adoption of his own schemes, with such obstinacy, that Sir Arthur was compelled to frame his plans accordingly. Instead, therefore, of circumventing Victor, as he had intended, he advanced into Spain at the beginning of July, to effect a junction with Cuesta, and feel his way towards Madrid. The armies, when united, formed a mass of 78,000 combatants; but, of these, 56,000 were Spanish, and for the brunt of war Sir Arthur could only reckon on his 22,000 British troops—Beresford's Portuguese having been despatched to the north of Portugal. On the other side, Victor's force had been strengthened by the succours which Joseph Bonaparte, alarmed for the safety of Madrid, had hastily concentrated at Toledo; and when the two armies at length confronted each other at Talavera, it was found that 55,000 excellent French troops were arrayed against Sir Arthur and his ally, while nearly as many more were descending from the north on the line of the British communications along the valley of the Tagus. On the 28th of



July, the British commander, after making the best dispositions in his power, received the attack of the French, directed by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with Victor and Jourdan at his side, and after an engagement of great severity, in which the Spaniards were virtually inactive, he remained master of the field against double his numbers, having repulsed the enemy at all points, with heavy loss, and having captured several hundred prisoners and seventeen pieces of cannon, in this, the first great pitched battle between the French and English in the Peninsula.

In this well fought field of Talavera, the French had thrown, for the first time, their whole disposable force upon the British army, without success; and Sir Arthur Wellesley inferred, with a justifiable confidence, that the relative superiority of his troops to those of the Emperor, was practically decided. Jomini, the French military historian, confesses almost as much, and the opinions of Napoleon himself, as visible in his correspondence, underwent from that moment a serious change. Yet at home, the people, wholly unaccustomed to the contingencies of a real war, and the Opposition, unscrupulously employing the delusions of the people, combined in decrying the victory, denouncing the successful general, and despairing of the whole enterprise. The city of London, even, recorded on a petition its discontent with the "*rashness, ostentation and useless valour*," of that commander whom M. Thiers depicts as endowed solely with the sluggish and phlegmatic tenacity of his countrymen; and though Ministers succeeded in procuring an acknowledgment of the services performed, and a warrant for persisting in the effort, both they and the British General were sadly cramped in the means of action. Sir Arthur Wellesley became, indeed, "Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset;" but the Government was afraid to maintain his effective means even at the moderate amount for which he had stipulated, and they gave him plainly to understand that the responsibility of the war must rest upon his own shoulders. He accepted it, and, in full reliance on his own resources and the tried valour of his troops, awaited the shock which was at hand.

The battle of Talavera acted on the Emperor Napoleon exactly like the battle of Vimiera. His best soldiers had failed against those led by the "Sepoy General," and he became seriously alarmed for his conquest of Spain. After Vimiera he rushed, at the head of his guards, through Somosierra to Madrid; and now, after Talavera, he prepared a still more redoubtable invasion. Relieved from his continental liabilities by the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, and from nearer apprehensions by the discomfiture of our expedition to Walcheren, he poured his now disposable legions in extraordinary numbers through the passes of the Pyrenees. Nine powerful corps, mustering fully 280,000 effective men, under Marshals Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier and Massena,

with a crowd of aspiring generals besides, represented the force definitely charged with the final subjugation of the Peninsula. To meet the shock of this stupendous array Wellington had the 20,000 troops of Talavera augmented, besides other reinforcements, by that memorable brigade which, under the name of the Light Division, became afterwards the admiration of both armies. In addition, he had Beresford's Portuguese levies, now 30,000 strong, well disciplined, and capable, as events showed, of becoming first-rate soldiers, making a total of some 55,000 disposable troops, independent of garrisons and detachments. All hopes of effectual co-operation from Spain had now vanished. Disregarding the sage advice of Wellington, the Spanish generals had consigned themselves and their armies to inevitable destruction, and of the whole kingdom Gibraltar and Cadiz alone had escaped the swoop of the victorious French. The Provisional Administration displayed neither resolution nor sincerity, the British forces were suffered absolutely to starve, and Wellington was unable to extort from the leaders around him the smallest assistance for that army which was the last support of Spanish freedom. It was under such circumstances, with forces full of spirit, but numerically weak, without any assurance of sympathy at home, without money or supplies on the spot, and in the face of Napoleon's best marshal, with 80,000 troops in line, and 40,000 in reserve, that Wellington entered on the campaign of 1810—a campaign pronounced by military critics to be inferior to none in his whole career.

[Of this and the following campaigns our limits will not allow us to give particulars, nor is it necessary, as the brilliant achievements of the British army are matters of history, and are generally known over most portions of the civilized world.—ED. B. C. M.]

At the commencement of the famous campaign of 1813, the material superiority still lay apparently with the French, for King Joseph disposed of a force little short of 200,000 men—a strength exceeding that of the army under Wellington's command—even if all denominations of troops are included in the calculation. But the British general reasonably concluded that he had by this time experienced the worst of what the enemy could do. He knew that the difficulties of subsistence, no less than the jealousies of the several commanders, would render any large or permanent concentration impossible, and he had satisfactorily measured the power of his own army against any likely to be brought into the field against him. He confidently calculated, therefore, on making an end of the war; his troops were in the highest spirits, and the lessons of the retreat from Burgos had been turned to seasonable advantage. In comparison with his previous restrictions all might now be said to be in his own hands, and the result of the change was soon made conclusively manifest.

Hitherto, as we have seen, the offensive movements of Wellington from his Portuguese stronghold had been usually directed against Madrid, by one of the two great roads of Sala-

manca or Talavera, and the French had been studiously led to anticipate similar dispositions on the present occasion. Under such impressions they collected their main strength on the north bank of the Douro, to defend that river to the last, intending, as Wellington moved upon Salamanca, to fall on his left flank by the bridges of Toro and Zamora. The British general, however, had conceived a very different plan of operations. Availing himself of preparations carefully made, and information anxiously collected, he moved the left wing of his army through a province hitherto untraversed to the north bank of the Douro, and then, after demonstrations at Salamanca, suddenly joining it with the remainder of the army, he took the French defences in reverse, and showed himself in irresistible force on the line of their communications. The effect was decisive. Constantly menaced by the British left, which was kept steadily in advance, Joseph evacuated one position after another without hazarding an engagement, blew up the castle of Burgos in the precipitancy of his retreat, and only took post at VITTORIA to experience the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. His entire army was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable discomfiture. All the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors. Jourdan's *bâton* and Joseph's travelling carriage became the trophies of the British general, and the walls of Apsley-house display to this hour in their most precious ornaments the spoils of this memorable battle. The occasion was improved as skillfully as it had been created. Pressing on his retreating foe, Wellington drove him into the recesses of the Pyrenees, and surrounding the frontier fortresses of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, prepared to maintain the mountain passes against a renewed invasion. His anticipations of the future proved correct. Detaching what force he could spare from his own emergencies, Napoleon sent Soult again with plenary powers to retrieve the credit and fortunes of the army. Impressed with the peril of the crisis, and not disguising the abilities of the commander opposed to him, this able "Lieutenant of the Emperor" collected his whole strength, and suddenly poured with impetuous valor through the passes of the PYRENEES, on the isolated posts of his antagonist. But at MAYA and SORAUVEN the French were once more repulsed by the vigorous determination of the British; ST. SEBASTIAN, after a sanguinary siege, was carried by storm, and on the 9th of November, four months after the battle of Vittoria, Wellington slept, for the last time during the war, on the territory of the Peninsula. The BIDASOA and the NIVELLE were successfully crossed in despite of all the resistance which Soult could oppose, and the British army, which five years before, amid the menacing hosts of the enemy, and the ill-boding omens of its friends, had maintained a precarious footing on the crags of Portugal, now bivouacked in uncontested triumph on the soil of France. With these strokes the mighty game had at length

been won, for though Soult clung with convulsive tenacity to every defensible point of ground, and though at TOULOUSE he drew such vigour from despair as suggested an equivocal claim to the honours of the combat, yet the result of the struggle was now beyond the reach of fortune. Not only was Wellington advancing in irresistible strength, but Napoleon himself had succumbed to his more immediate antagonists; and the French marshals, discovering themselves without authority or support, desisted from hostilities which had become both gratuitous and hopeless.

Thus terminated, with unexampled glory to England and its army, the great Peninsular War—a struggle commenced with ambiguous views and prosecuted with doubtful expectations, but carried to a triumphant conclusion by the extraordinary genius of a single man. We are not imputing any prodigies of heroism to the conquerors or their chief. None knew better than he who is now gone that war was no matter of romance, but a process obeying in its course the self-same rules which humanly determine the success of all national undertakings. It is undoubtedly true, as we have been describing, that Wellington, with a heterogeneous force rarely exceeding 50,000 effective troops, and frequently far below even this disproportionate amount, did first repel, then attack, and ultimately vanquish, a host of foes comprising from 200,000 to 350,000 of the finest soldiers of the French Empire, led by its most renowned commanders; and such a feat of arms does, indeed, appear to savour of the heroic or supernatural.

Sir Arthur Wellesley originally sailed with a handful of troops on an "expedition" to Portugal. He returned the commander of such a British army as had never before been seen, and the conqueror in such a war as had never before been maintained. Single-handed, England had encountered and defeated those redoubtable legions of France before which Continental Europe had hitherto succumbed. She had become a principal in the great European struggle, and, by the talents and fortune of her great commander, had entitled herself to no second place in the councils of the world. It is as well, perhaps, that our subject demands no special notice of that invincible army by which these feats were wrought. When the war was summarily concluded by the ruin of one of the belligerents, it had penetrated the French territory as far as Bordeaux.—There it was broken up. Of its famous regiments, some were carried across the Atlantic to be launched heedlessly against the redoubts of New Orleans, some shipped off to perish in the rice swamps of Antigua, and some retained to participate in one more battle for victory. But from this point its renown lives in history alone; its merits never met the recognition which was their due, and our own generation has witnessed the tardy acknowledgment, by a piece of riband and a medal, of deeds which forty years before proved the salvation of Europe and the immortal glory of Britain.

During the memorable events which we have



been describing, the character and position of Wellington had risen to a signal pitch of reputation and esteem. A successful soldier and a popular commander he had been accounted from the beginning, but he was now reeognized as something infinitely more. By degrees the Spanish war had become a conspicuous element in the mighty European struggle: and it was the only war, indeed, in which an ascendant was permanently maintained over the star of Napoleon. All eyes were therefore turned upon the General enjoying such an exclusive privilege of genius or fortune. Nor were his merits limited to the field of battle alone. He was the visible adviser of Spanish and Portuguese statesmen, and whatever administrative successes awaited their efforts were due to no counsels but his. His clear vision and steady judgment disentangled all the intricacies of democratic intrigues or courtly corruption, and detected at once the path of wisdom and policy. It was impossible, too, that his views should be confined to the Peninsula. In those days all politics were a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the eyes of the world—European freedom or European servitude—the “French Empire” on one side and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. Wellington’s eye was cast over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean. His sagacity estimated every combination at its true import, and measured the effects of every expedition, while his victories served to check despondency, or animate resistance in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their pursuers, and the triumph of Vittoria determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon. These circumstances lent a weight to the words of Wellington such as had rarely been before experienced either by statesman or soldier. On all points relating to the one great problem of the day, his opinion was anxiously asked and respectfully received—and not by his own Government alone, but by all Cabinets concerned in the prosecution of the pending struggle. When, therefore, the dissolution of Napoleon’s empire compelled a new organization of France, the Duke of Wellington was promptly despatched to Paris, as the person most competent to advise and instruct the new Administration—four days only elapsing between his departure from the head of the army and his appearance as British Ambassador at the Tuilleries. Within a week, again, of this time he was precipitately recalled to Madrid, as the only individual who, by his experience, knowledge and influence, could compose the differences between the Spanish people and their malicious Sovereign; and before six months had passed, he was on his way to Vienna as the representative of his country in the great congress of nations which was to determine the settlement of the world. These practical testimonies to his renown throw wholly

into the shade those incidental honours and decorations by which national acknowledgments are conveyed, and it is almost superfluous to add, that all the titles and distinctions at the command of Crowns and Cabinets were showered upon the liberator of the Peninsula and the conqueror of Napoleon. Talavera had made him a baron and a viscount; Ciudad Rodrigo, an earl, Salamanca a marquis, and Vittoria a duke; and, as these honors had all accumulated in his absence, his successive patents were read together in a single day, as he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the peers of England.

But his military services were not yet quite concluded—they were to terminate in a more brilliant though not more substantial triumph than had been won on the fields of Spain. While the allied Sovereigns were wrangling over the trophies of their success, their terrible antagonist re-appeared once more. Napoleon was again in Paris, and, aided by the devotion of his adherents, the military capacities of the nation, and the numbers of veteran soldiers who at the peace had been released from imprisonment, he speedily advanced at the head of an army as formidable as that of Austerlitz or Friedland. At the first rumours of war the contingent of England had been intrusted to Wellington, who occupied in Belgium the post of honour and peril. Of all the mighty reinforcements announced none but a Prussian corps was at hand, when, without warning given, the French Emperor fell headlong on his enemies at Ligny and Quatre Bras. The Duke had sketched out a scheme of hostilities with his usual decision, and was prepared to take the field with his usual confidence, but the loss of that army which “could go any where and do anything” was now grievously felt. The troops of Napoleon were the very finest of the Empire—the true representatives of the Grand Army; but Wellington’s motley force comprised only 33,000 British, and of these only a portion was contributed by the redoubtable old regiments of the Peninsula. Nevertheless, with these in the front line, and with Brunswickers, Belgians, Dutch and Germans in support, the British general awaited at Waterloo the impetuous onset of Napoleon, and at length won that crowning victory which is even yet familiar to the minds of Englishmen. That this final conquest added much more than brilliancy to the honours of Wellington is what cannot be said. The campaign was not long enough for strategy, nor was the battle fought by manœuvres; but whatever could be done by a general was done by England’s Duke, and this distinct, and, as it were, personal conflict between the two great commanders of the age, naturally invested the conqueror with a peculiar lustre of renown.

It must not be imagined that England, during these proceedings, was forgetful of her hero. Honors, offices and rewards were showered on him from every quarter. As the Crown had exhausted its store of titles, and Parliament its forms of thanksgiving, the recognitions of his crowning victory took a more substantial shape.

In addition to former grants, the sum of £200,000 was voted, in 1815, for the purchase of a mansion and estate to be settled on the dukedom. With these funds, a commission appointed for the purpose concluded a bargain with Lord Rivers for the noble domain of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, to be held in perpetuity of the Crown by the Dukes of Wellington, on condition of presenting yearly a tricolour flag to the British sovereign, on the 18th of June. This symbol, corresponding to a similar token presented by the Dukes of Marlborough, is always suspended in the Armory at Windsor Castle, where the little silken trophies may be seen hanging together in perpetual memory of Blenheim and Waterloo. The estate of Strathfieldsaye has since been largely increased by the investments of the Duke's private economy; it is now, we believe, many miles in circumference, and, though the mansion is not proportioned to the dignity either of the domain or the title, the avenue by which it is approached is almost unequalled. During the first year of his residence in Paris, the state of his health induced him to repair to Cheltenham, and gave occasion for an infinite number of grateful or festive acknowledgments. Among these was the opening of Waterloo Bridge, at which ceremony the hero of the title appeared, with the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, under a salute of 202 guns, and it was at the same period that the erection of the present Apsley House, a residence privately purchased by the Duke, was undertaken and completed by Mr. Wyatt. We are now so familiarized with monumental effigies of our hero in every possible guise, that it may surprise the reader to hear, that the trophy in the Park was for twenty years the only statue of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast. It was subscribed for by the ladies of England, between 1819 and 1821, and was erected on the Waterloo anniversary, in 1822, in which year also the merchants of London presented their elaborate shield. The crown, meantime, had lost no opportunity of signaling its mindfulness of services rendered. The Duke, in 1818, was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, in 1819 Governor of Plymouth, and in 1820 Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, into which, at the disbandment of certain regiments, the famous old 95th had been transmuted. As to foreign Courts, they had already said and done their utmost; but it 1818, the Sovereigns of Austria, Russia and Prussia simultaneously promoted the Duke to that rank in their respective forces which he had already reached in his own; so that of the soldier who has just expired we may assert the incredible fact, that though he gained every honour by service and none by birth, he died a Field Marshal of near forty years standing in four of the greatest armies in the world.

The private life of the Duke was simple, methodical and familiar in most of its features to all inhabitants and visitors of the metropolis. His attendance at the early service at the Chapel Royal and at the Whitehall sermons, his walk in the park in former years, and of

late times his ride through the Horse Guards, with his servant behind him, are incidents which every newspaper has long chronicled for the information of the country. His personal habits were those of military punctuality, his daily duties were discharged systematically as they recurred, and his establishment was as thriftily regulated as the smallest household in the land. This economy enabled him to effect considerable savings, and it is believed that the property of the title must have been very largely increased. He married in 1806 the Hon. Catharine Pakenham, third daughter of the second Baron Longford—a lady for whose hand, as Arthur Wellesley, with nothing but the sword of an infantry captain to second his pretensions, he had previously, we are informed, been an unsuccessful suitor. The Duchess died in 1831, and the Duke's name was recently coupled with that of numerous ladies who were successively selected by report as the objects of his second choice. He expired, however, a widower, leaving two sons to inherit his name. Full of years beyond the term of mortality, and of honours almost beyond human parallel, he has descended into his grave amid the regrets of a generation, who could only learn his deeds from their forefathers, but who know that the national glory which they witness and the national security which they enjoy were due, under God's providence, to the hero whom they have just now lost.

#### PROCESS OF EARTHENWARE MANUFACTURE.

Curious and attractive as are many of our manual arts, there is none that has delighted us more than this. Without stopping to consider the various steps and discoveries by which the potting has arrived at its present degree of excellence, let us take a hasty view of the manner in which a lump of clay becomes an elegant and valuable piece of porcelain. Chemistry has done much: unwearied activity, untiring ambition, unsleeping desire of gain, unquenchable thirst of discovery, and love of art, have done more: lucky accident has had its share of co-operation; experience, enterprise, accumulating capital, have added their force; and skilful divisions of employment has crowned all, and made the creation of a new tea-saucer a process of beauty and a work of social pleasure. The walk through a china-factory is like a walk through a well-organised school. In every room is going on the peculiar task of that room; and all, and under the surveillance of one presiding mind, are co-operating harmoniously to one end. There is nothing which pleases us so much in this manufactory as its cleanliness, and apparent health-



iness. Deleterious articles, unquestionably, are extensively employed; but, judging from the appearance of the workmen, they do not seem, in the mode in which they are applied, to produce much harmful consequence. The very men who work in the clay in its most early stages seem merely smeared with a little flour, and all the stages thenceforward are comparatively clean. There is an air of ease and comfort in the whole process, and a freshness of atmosphere so different from that of a cotton factory, that make it very agreeable to notice. It is cheering, too, to see so many boys and young women employed, especially the latter, for whom suitable occupation is, in general, so great a need. But from these general advantages let us pass to one particular object.

To witness the very beginning of the process of potting, we should go to the flint-mills and rooms for preparing the clays. Here the principal materials for the body or paste of which the earthenware is made, are calcined and broken down as may be required, and ground in water into the finest creamy smoothness; the whole is made to pass through the finest wire, lawn, and silk sieves, and the required ingredients and proportions are then mixed by the potter according to his taste or skill. In the knowledge and manipulation of these prime ingredients, of course, exists the relative success of the potter. We need not particularise these ingredients; the principal of them are flint and a fine kind of clay, as well as cawk (sulphate of barytes), a heavy stone found in the Derbyshire hills, bones, gritstones, felspar, &c. These are more or less used according to the particular kind of wares required; and it is a singular fact, that with the exception of grit and some clays, scarcely one of the principal substances is found in this district. The chief clays come from Dorsetshire, Cornwall, and Devon, flints from the southern counties, &c. The grand requisites which appear to have fixed the manufacture to this district, are the abundance of coal, and the marl of which the saggars, or cases are made. The marl is a dirty-looking substance, which you see dug up and lying about, to expose it to the weather, from which it derives great advantage; and without these saggars or safeguards, there could be no good potting, for their office is so far to resist the fire, and the action of the chemical agents which they have to contain, as to prevent the fracture and the fusion of the pottery.

The composition for the paste or body of earthenware being then prepared in a liquid state, it is put in the slip-kiln, and boiled down to the proper consistency. Formerly this was done in the open air, in what were called sun-kilns, a sort of open reservoir lined with flags, in which the clay was well agitated, or *blunged*, as the potters call it, with water put through a sieve, and suffered to run into a kind of vat, where it was gradually evaporated by the sun to the proper consistency, some of these sun-kilns may yet be seen in potteries of coarse earthenware; but the slip-kilns now in general use are a sort of oblong troughs with fire-tile bottoms, under which a flue passes, and its flames rapidly evaporate the mixture, which, being carefully stirred, is soon reduced to the consistency of dough. This dough, like the dough for bread, is then made to pass through a certain fermentation. This is effected by laying it for some months in a damp cellar, when it is taken out and kneaded, pulled or passed through a machine to reduce it to the closest and most perfect consistency. It is trodden down by naked feet, and finally sloped, slabbed and slapped. It is sloped, because it is cut with a wire into slopes or wedges, which are banged one on another; it is slabbed because it is banged down upon a slab; and it is slapped, because a great part of the operation consists in slapping with the open hand.

Here, then, you see men and boys, each with a great lump of clay, which he lifts up and bangs down with great force on a slab, generally made of plaster. He then, with a wire, cuts it in two, and lifting up one part, throws it down fiercely on the ground; he then slaps it all over with his hands, takes up the whole again; cuts it, slaps, and so torments it for a long time, ever and anon scooping a little out of it with his finger-end to see if it will do. This sloping, slapping, or slabbing, is to render the dough thoroughly compact; for if any little bubbles of air remained in it, the ware would in the furnace blister and be ruined.

When these lumps are thoroughly slabbed, they are ready for the *thrower*, and are cut into pieces proportioned to the size of the article he is about to make. He takes one of these pieces, and dabs it down upon what is called the wheel-block, being a block of wood fastened to the top of a perpendicular spindle, which being turned by means of a band and

a large wheel, much in the way, no doubt, of the potter's wheel mentioned in the Bible, the lump of clays spins round. The man seats himself astride of a bench close beside it, and moulding the ductile clay with his hands, it resolves itself, as if by magic, into the shape required—a plate, a cup, a saucer or a jug. It is evident that the articles thus produced can only be round and plain. If it is to be of an oval or varied shape, it cannot be made on the wheel; it must be made in a mould. The *thrower* cuts off the vessel from the block with a fine hop wire, and it is carried away to the drying stove. Here it is dried till it acquires what the potters term 'the *green state*, a state of particular toughness; and then it is taken to the *turner*. Enter the next room. There are the *turners* working away in a row at their lathes. The lathe resembles the thrower's machine to the general eye; it has the vertical block on which to fix the vessel, and the wheel. Boys or women, turn the wheels, and turners, fixing the vessels to the blocks by means of a little of the liquid called *slip*, turn them with iron tools, just as turners turn articles of wood or iron. But these vessels have got neither spouts, handles nor knobs, on their lids. To get these, they are sent into another room to the *stonkers* or *furnishers*, persons who furnish handles by forcing the clay paste by a sort of a press through a hole, from which it descends in a long soft stick. This stick is cut into lengths, and bent into handles, or pressed into moulds to the required shape. Spouts, knobs, raised ornaments, &c., are similarly made, and stuck upon the vessel with slip, smoothing the joints with a wet sponge. These stonkers or furnishers, having dismissed the article in a completed state, they are carried to the store-room, where they are dried to the degree necessary before going into the kiln.

But before we proceed to the kiln, we must have a look at the *pressers* and *casters*, and the *stilt-makers*. We have seen that all articles of oblong and varied forms, such as dishes, jugs of particular patterns, cups of fancy shape, ornaments, &c. &c., cannot be *thrown* and *turned*; they must be made in moulds. These moulds are made of plaster of Paris. These moulds are in two parts. To make a dish, a piece of paste is rolled out as a cook would roll out her paste for a pie-crust. It is laid upon one half of the mould, which is to form the concave side or face of the dish, and the other

half, which forms the back of the dish, is pressed upon it. The upper half of the mould being then removed, the work is smoothed with a wet sponge, and the other half of the mould removed also; and the face being likewise smoothed with the sponge, the dish is carried to the drying stove. Some dishes, however, are formed by taking the rolled-out paste on the half of the mould for the front, and working down the back of the dish with a piece of wood, cut to the proper shape, and called a profile. Handles, spouts, knobs, and ornaments, are also formed by moulds; though the latter are more commonly, as well as many vessels, altogether, formed by *casting*—that is, by pouring the slip into plaster moulds, which absorb the moisture from a certain quantity of the slip, thereby converting it into a paste of sufficient thickness for the vessel required; the mould is then opened, and the articles removed, to be put together by the finishers.

When all these articles are ready for the furnace, they are carefully placed in the saggars. But here it is necessary to have certain little pieces of baked sticks of pottery, called cockspurs, stilts and triangles, to place between the articles, to prevent them all adhering together in the furnace or kiln. These are all prepared ready. As you have gone through the rooms, you have seen women and boys, at a sort of tables, rolling out the clay paste, cutting it with knives into long strips of less than half an inch square, and cutting them again transversely into lengths of a few inches. Some of these they mould in their fingers into triangular sticks with a cocked-up point; others into figures pretty much of the shape of the letter Y; others in cubes; others, again, into triangular lumps, with three downward points, and one upward central one. These are called stilts, triangles, and the last description cockspurs. All these are used to place in the saggars between the different kinds of articles as they are burnt in the kiln. The marks of the cockspurs may be readily seen by any one on the margin of plates and dishes.

Seeing little boys very nimbly mending these cockspurs, I had the curiosity to inquire what they were paid for making them, and was answered, a halfpenny a gross! that is, twelve dozen for a halfpenny; at which they would earn sixpence a day, or three shillings a week; or, in other words, 1728 for sixpence, 10,368 in the week for three shillings! I remarked that these boys would not build fine houses



and factories out of their profits, when a wealthy manufacturer assured me that he was once such a boy, and made cockspurs for still less wages.

The ware being placed in the saggars, the saggars are then piled in the furnace, one on the other, in tall columns, and the joints between the top and bottom of each sagger are daubed with clay, to keep out any smoke.

These furnaces are built under the tall conical shades called howells, or more commonly hovels; the use of which is to keep off winds and irregular draughts, which would occasion the heat of the furnace to differ on different sides, and so spoil the ware. It is the business of the *firemen* to attend to the baking. The ware when it comes out is as white as snow, and in that state is called *biscuit ware*. This has next to be sorted, the perfect from the imperfect, and another class of operatives, generally young women, with a sort of a chisel, knock off all roughness, bits of adhering stilts, and the marks of the points of the cockspurs. It is then handed over to the printers. The process of printing the earthenware is a very neat and interesting one. The designs are engraven on copper plates. On one of these plates, made hot, the printer spreads his colors, mixed with a strong oil varnish; removes all but what fills the engraved lines with his pallet-knife; cleans his plate as in other copper-plate printing; and lays upon it a kind of a tissue-paper, dipped in soap-water. He passes it through his press, takes off the paper, and hands it to a woman. She cuts the paper with scissors, and applies it on the biscuit ware, as the pattern requires, and rubs it down firmly with the end of a roll of flannel. The plate, or other article printed, is, after a certain interval, dipped in water; the paper is removed with a sponge, and the impression wanted remains on the ware. The oily matter from the paint being evaporated, the article is handed over to the dipper, who dips it into a liquid glaze; and it is finally returned to the furnace once more, and comes out with the glaze liquified, and bright and hard as glass.

This, as regards earthenware, and a great deal of porcelain, is the main process; but the fine specimens of porcelain, after receiving one glaze, pass to the enamellers. These are chiefly young women, whom you find in numbers sitting in their rooms, painting and gilding in all the patterns we see on china. Their colors are metallic oxides mixed with

fusible materials, and rendered sufficiently dilute with spirits of turpentine and spirits of tar; and, after passing through the furnace, come out fixed into the body of the glaze, but their substance is easily to be felt in passing the finger over them. They have yet to pass through the hands of the *burnishers*, another set of young women, who, with pieces of hematite, or as more commonly termed, bloodstone, rub over all the gold till it is perfectly bright.

Such are the great and leading processes in the production of our earthenware and china. There are other minute proceedings which tend to its perfection, but which cannot be detailed in a paper of this kind, such as colouring stone-ware by the blowing-pot and worming-pot; the tracing of prints upon the glaze instead of under it, and the mode of applying the lustres. It may also be stated that machinery is applied to the preparation of flints and clays; in some factories to the working of the lathes, and in a few instances to the transferring of the prints; but it will be seen that the greater portion of the processes are entirely manual, much to the advantage of this numerous body of operatives. Indeed, for extent of space and population, and for the immense quantity of goods made, there is nothing like the Staffordshire Potteries in Europe; nor, except it may be in China, in the world.

#### PLEASURES OF BEING A "WITNESS."

I was engaged in a cause at the assizes about fifty miles from London. It stood first in the paper for the day following my arrival. I had travelled from town in a post-chaise with two of my witnesses, one of whom was a surveyor of eminence, who had been subpœnaed to produce his report of certain dilapidations. This gentleman was one of the convivial corps, remarkably corpulent, jolly, and good-humoured. On arriving at the assize town about seven o'clock in the evening, I placed him at the post that he had been anxiously coveting for some three or four hours previously,—at a table ensconced in a snug box in the coffee-room, with his favourite dish before him, a bottle of the best port, and such a fire by his side as one views with pleasure in a raw, cold evening in March. He had been up with me all the preceding night, discussing evidence. I now told him to discuss his steak, make himself comfortable, and

go to bed, while I attended the consultation. Mr. Baron Gurney was my counsel—a man that no flaw in evidence could escape.

"Has Mr. Gubble been served with a duces tecum, Mr. Sharpe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where is his report?"

"Here, Sir." (*producing it.*)

"This!" said Gurney. "This can never be the original: it is too neat and methodical. Where are the memorandums from which he prepared it?"

It had quite escaped me to ask for them; yet it was obvious that the non-production of them would seem suspicious, and insure the rejection of the copy as evidence. I hastily returned to Gubble, and found him wrapt in full enjoyment: the cloth removed; the bottle but half exhausted; the feet relieved from the encumbrance of tight damp boots, and relaxing their swelled tendons in comfortable slippers; the legs extended on a second chair, and the eyes heedlessly closing over the leading article of a daily paper; while a night-cap already over-shadowed his bald temples.

"Mr. Gubble! Mr. Gubble!" I exclaimed, "rouse yourself, Mr. Gubble, and come to the consultation!"

"Rouse myself! consultation! what do you mean? is the house on fire?"

"You must explain your report. Gurney doesn't understand it."

"Report! consultation! I had just settled into a dose. Confound your ways of business! I don't half like them."

"Come, man; off with your cap, and on with your boots, and come along with me."

He slowly raised one leg from the chair, and then the other, gasping between each operation; pushed the cap back on his forehead; groped along the table for his snuff box; and with the finger and thumb on the lid not yet raised, growled out, "Con-sul-ta-tion! what d'ye mean?" I repeated my summons, but he was in no hurry; and deliberately exhausting the pinch with one hand, while he supplied his glass with the other, desired me to ring the bell.

"Waiter, send chamb'maid. Con-sul-tation! what has a weary man like me to do with consultations? Chamb'maid!"

She entered.

"Lit the fire, Betty!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Bed uppermost, Betty?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Three blankets?"

"All right, Sir."

"Pan of coals?"

"Aired it well, Sir."

"Live coals at nine, Betty; stir the fire a little before, Betty; draw the curtains; mind a rush-light; send waiter."

The waiter again appeared.

"What can I have for supper, waiter?"

"What you please, Sir."

"Something light: devilled gizzard?"

"No, Sir."

"Sausages?"

"Can't recommend 'em, Sir."

"Oysters?"

"Very fine, Sir, and fresh: how would you like 'em?"

"Scalloped—Welsh rabbit to follow—egg-flip."

"When, Sir?"

"Immediately—in ten minutes: and now for your con-sul-tation, Mr. Sharpe."

The night-cap was easily superseded by the hat, but all the bootmakers in London could not have replaced the calf-skin on his expanded limbs. He toddled along in his slippers as well as he could, over the slippery, half-frozen stones. I would not suffer him to wait to resume his coat, which he had exchanged for his dressing gown before he began his dinner. Groaning, yawning, and cursing all law and lawyers, Gubble entered the chambers, staring round in perplexity, and rubbing his eyes, as if doubtful whether it was not a dream.

"Mr. Gubble—your memorandums."

"Memorandums!"

"Yes: those from which your report is prepared."

"Report!"

"Yes; your report. Are you awake, man?"

"Zounds! I scarcely know. I was just going to bed."

"Go when you like; but we must have the memorandums."

"Memorandums! I've got no memorandums. Sharpe has the report."

"Tut! man; I have the report here, in my hand, but where is your note-book?"

"Note-book?"



"Yes; note-book: have you no papers but this?"

"Why, I don't know what more you want. I have a sort of pocket-book, but it's of no use."

"Where is it!"

"At home."

"Where?"

"At Hackney."

"You must go for it!"

"Go for it!!!"

"Certainly."

"What! to Hackney?"

"To Hackney."

"Well, this is a queer business! go back to Hackney, and subpoenaed here!"

"Not at all; you must fetch it."

"I fetch it! that's a good one! Boots must call me early in the morning, I fancy!"

"Morning, man! you must be back by the morning!"

"Back by morning! Hackney, to-night!!! a hundred miles to-night!!! sure you are mad!"

"Very likely!" coolly observed Gurney, "but it must be done."

"You'll not catch me doing it, I can tell you, done or undone; I've not half finished my dinner; and ten minutes more would have found me in bed, which I never leave at night unless burnt out."

But Mr. Gurney had given me my cue. A chaise and four was already at the door; poor Gubble's great coat and boots safely deposited within it, with an extra blanket, and a second bottle to keep him warm. We bundled and heaved him into the chaise, half by persuasion and half by force, and cautioned the boys not to let him out for the first two stages; trusting to his fears and his good sense to do the rest, when he was sufficiently awake to reflect on it. We reckoned rightly. He was back by ten the next morning; entered the court as we were called on, unshaven, undressed, but elated with the thought of his activity: produced his pocket-book, and saved the cause, though at an accidental cost of some five-and-twenty pounds. The fault, however, was not mine; for I had cautioned him by letter, as I always do on such occasions, to bring with him every scrap of paper that he possessed, and he told me that he had done so.

STATISTICS OF SNUFFING.—In an Essay on Noses, in the New Monthly Magazine, the following remarks occur on the habit of taking snuff:—"As a friend to noses, of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse to which they are too often subjected, by converting them into dust-holes and soot-bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff, an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in the articles of his impeachment. When some 'Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,' after gently tapping its top, with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the high-dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom, as a harmless and not ungraceful foppery; but when a filthy clammy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders, as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The nose is the emunctory of the brain; and when its functions are impeded, the whole system of the head becomes deranged. A professed snuff-taker is generally recognisable by his total loss of the sense of smelling, by his snuffling and snorting, by his pale sodden complexion, and by that defective modulation of the voice called talking through the nose; though it is, in fact, an inability so to talk, from the partial or total stoppage of that passage. Not being provided with an ounce of civet, I will not suffer my imagination to wallow in all the revolting concomitants of this dirty trick; but I cannot refrain from an extract, by which we may form some idea of the time consumed in its performance:—'Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker,' says Lord Stanhope, 'at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a-half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.'

Satiety and disgust are the inevitable consequences of a continual chase after pleasure.

Activity animates a wilderness, transforms a cell into a world, bestows immortal fame on the calm philosopher in his chamber, and on the industrious artist in his workshop.

He who confines himself to his real necessities is wiser, richer, and more contented than all of us.

Silence is a mark of either wisdom or stupidity.

## A TRUE LOVE SONG.

Tell me, charmer, tell me, pray,  
Have you sisters many, say?  
One sweet word, aye, yet another,  
Have you got a single brother?  
Have you got an aunt or two,  
Very much attached to you?  
Or some uncles very old,  
Willing you their lands and gold?

Have you money in your right,  
That in case we take to flight,  
And your ma and pa be cross,  
We should never feel the loss?  
Gold indeed 's a fleeting thing,  
But when in a wedding-ring,  
There 'tis endless round and round—  
Settlements should thus be found.

Are your parents young or not;  
Have they independence got?  
Believe me, as your lover true,  
'Tis alone my care for you  
Makes me thus particular,  
As regards your pa and ma,  
Sisters, love, are very well,  
But the truth I'll frankly tell.

When a man intends to fix,  
He doesn't like to marry six!  
Brothers, too, are very well  
To escort a sister belle;  
But they stand much in the way  
When the dowry is to pay:  
Then, sweet, I freely own,  
You I love, and you alone.

At your feet I humbly kneel,  
I have nothing—to reveal;  
Fortune's been unkind to me  
'Till she kindly proffered thee.  
Speak! and let me know my fate;  
Speak! and alter your estate;  
If you are, what I suppose,  
I'll take a cab, love, and propose.

*Alfred Crowquill.*

## THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

Never wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,  
Still our days are disunited;  
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,  
Now half quench'd appears,  
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,  
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,  
Lips that thrill at your caressing,  
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,  
Soon you'll make them grow  
Dim, and worthless your possessing,  
Not with age, but woe!

*Campbell*

## MY OWN GREEN LAND FOR EVER.

Land of the forest and the rock,  
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—  
Of mountains reared aloft, to mock  
The storm's career, and lightning's shock,

My own green land for ever!  
Oh, never may a son of thine,  
Where'er his wandering steps incline,  
Forget the sky which bent above  
His childhood, like a dream of love!—  
Land of my fathers—if my name,  
Now humble and unwed to fame,  
Hereafter burn upon the lip,

As one of those which may not die,  
Linked in eternal fellowship

With visions pure, and strong, and high;  
If the wild dreams, which quicken now  
The throbbing pulse of heart and brow,  
Hereafter take a real form,  
Like spectres changed to beings warm;  
And over temples wan and gray

The star-like crown of glory shine!  
Thine be the bard's undying lay,  
The murmur of his praise be thine!

*Whittier.*

## THE BLUE HARE-BELL.

Have ye ever heard in the twilight dim,

A low, soft strain,  
That ye fancied a distant vesper hymn,  
Borne o'er the plain

By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing,  
When the sun's last glances are glimmering?

Have ye heard that music, with cadence sweet,  
And merry peal,

Ring out, like the echoes of fairy feet,  
O'er flowers that steal:

And did ye deem that each trembling tone  
Was the distant vesper-chime alone?

The source of that whispering strain I'll tell,  
For I've listened oft

To the music faint of the Blue Hare-Bell,  
In the gloaming soft;

'Tis the gay fairy-folk the peal who ring,  
At even-time for their banqueting.

And gaily the trembling bells peal out,  
With trembling tongue,

While elves and fairies career about,  
'Mid dance and song.

Oh, roses and lilies are fair to see,  
But the wild Blue Bell is the flower for me.

*Louisa Anne Twamley.*

He that within his bounds will keep,

May baffle all disasters:  
To fortune and fate commands he may give,  
Which worldlings call their masters;

He may dance, he may laugh, he may sing, he may  
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly; [quaff,  
He may walk without fear, he may sleep without care,  
And a fig for the world and its folly.

Would you hope to gain my heart,  
Bid your teasing doubts depart;  
He who blindly trusts will find  
Faith from every generous mind:  
He who still expects deceit,  
Only teaches how to cheat.



## COW-DEALING EXTRAORDINARY.

Once upon a time a farmer, residing at Epping Forest, having rather an elderly cow which began to be very slack of milk, he determined to get rid of her, and to purchase another. He accordingly took her to Romford fair, and sold her to a cow-dealer for about 4*l.* 10*s.*, but he did not see any cow in the market promising enough in appearance, and returned home without a cow, but satisfied with the price he had got for the "old one." The cow-dealer calculated upon Smithfield market as a better *emporium* for disposing of his bargain, and accordingly drove her there, in order to sell her to the polony-pudding merchants; but there was a glut in that description of daintiness in consequence of the late floods, which have proved fatal to many poor beasts. The cow would not sell even for the money which had been just given for her, and the owner was about to dispose of her for less—when a doctor, who had been regarding the beast for some time, offered, for a fee of five shillings, to make her as young as she had been ten years before. The fee was immediately paid, the doctor took his patient to a stable, carded her all over—prescribed some strange diet for her—sawed down her horns from the rough and irregular condition to which years had swelled them, into the tapering and smoothness of youth, and delivered her to her owner, more like a calf, than the venerable ancestress of calves. The cow-dealer was struck with the extraordinary transformation, and it immediately occurred to him (a proof that a cow-dealer can be dishonest as well as a horse-dealer) to sell her for the highest price he could get for her, without saying a word about her defects or infirmities. Having heard that the Epping farmer was in want of a cow, he thought he could not send his bargain to better quarters than those she was accustomed to, and he forthwith dispatched her to Romford market, where her old master was on the lookout for a beast. She immediately caught his eye. He asked her age. The driver did not know, but she was a "fine young un." "I've seen a cow very like her somewhere," said the farmer. "Ay," said the driver, "then you must have seen her a long way off, for I believe she is an Alderney." "An Alderney! What do you ask for her?" The price was soon fixed. The driver got the sum of 15*l.* 7*s.* for the cow, and the farmer sent her home. The ingenuity exercised might be guessed at from the fact, that the person who drove the beast home had been at her tail for the last seven years at least twice a-day and yet he did not make the discovery, although she played some of her old tricks on the journey, and turned into the old cow-house, and lay down in her old bed with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. At length the discovery was to be made. The cow was milked, and milked, but the most that could be got from her for breakfast was a pint, and that was little better than sky-blue. The farmer in grief and astonishment, sent her to a cow-doctor who had been in the habit of advising in her case, and

complained that she gave him no milk. "Milk," said he, "how should she, poor old creature? Sure it isn't by cutting her horns, and giving her linseed oil-cakes, and scrubbing her old limbs, that you can expect her to give milk." The farmer was soon convinced of the imposture, and would have forgiven it if the laugh against him could have been endured. This not being the case, he applied to the Lord Mayor of London, for redress; but was told that his lordship could do nothing in the matter.—*Old Scrap Book.*

## A HOAX EXTRAORDINARY.

About the time of Bonaparte's departure for St Helena, a respectably dressed man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth and would certainly proceed with the British regiment appointed to accompany the ex-emperor to St. Helena: he added farther, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of those obnoxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase as many cats and thriving kittens as could be possibly procured for money in a short space of time; and therefore he publicly offered in his handbills 16*s.* for every athletic full-grown tom-cat, 10*s.* for every adult female puss, and half a crown for every thriving vigorous kitten that could swill milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs on a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after this advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished by the irruption of a multitude of old women, boys and girls, into their streets, all of whom carried on their shoulders either a bag or a basket, which appeared to contain some restless animal. Every road, every lane, was thronged with this comical procession; and the wondering spectators were compelled to remember the old riddle about St Ives:

As I was going to St Ives.  
I met a man with seven wives;  
Every wife had seven sacks,  
Every sack had seven cats,  
Every cat had seven kits;  
Kitts, cats, sacks and wives,  
How many were going to St Ives?

Before night a congregation of nearly three thousand cats was collected. The happy bearers of these sweet-voiced creatures proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed: the cats squalled; the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the streets howled bass. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by their neighbours, soon cast down their burden, and began to fight. Meanwhile the boys of the town, who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were employed in opening the mouths of the

sacks, and liberating the cats from their situation. The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders of the combatants, and ran squalling towards the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens attracted by the noise, had opened the windows to gaze at the uproar. The cats, running with the rapidity of lightning up the pillars, and then across the balustrades and galleries, for which the town is so famous, leaped slap-dash through the open windows into the apartments. Now were heard the crashes of broken china—the howling of affrighted dogs—the cries of distressed damsels, and the groans of well fed citizens. All Chester was soon in arms; and dire were the deeds of vengeance executed on the feline race. Next morning above five hundred dead bodies were floating on the river Dee, where they had been ignominiously thrown by the two-legged victors. The rest of the invading force, the victims of this cruel joke, having evacuated the town, dispersed in the utmost confusion to their respective homes.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

**HEAT AND MOSQUITOES.**—Mr. Tyrone Power in his excursion to America, a few years ago, returned to New York from Canada by the Utica canal. The heat he endured in the course of his passage is described by him (impressions of America, vol. i.) as having been truly dreadful, the thermometer at Lockport being as high as 110 degrees of Fahrenheit. His account of the heat and mosquitoes is most graphic. "Towards the second night (says he) our progress became tediously slow, for it appeared to grow hot in proportion as the evening advanced—every consideration became absorbed in our sufferings. This night I found it impossible to look in upon the cabin; I therefore made a request to the captain that I might be permitted to have a mattress on deck; but this, he told me, could not be; there was an existing regulation which positively forbade sleeping on the deck of a canal packet; indeed, he assured me that this could only be done at the peril of life, with the certainty of catching fever and ague. I appeared to submit to his well-meant arguments, but inwardly resolved not to sleep within the den below, which exhibited a scene of suffocation and its consequences that defies description.

I got my cloak up, filled my hat with cigars, and, planting myself about the centre of the deck, here resolved, in spite of dews and mosquitoes, to weather it through the night.

"What is the name of the country we are now passing?" I inquired of one of the boatmen who joined me about the first hour of morning.

"Why, sir, this is called the Cedar Swamp," answered the man, to whom I handed a cigar, in order to retain his society and create more smoke, weak as was the defence against the hungry swarms surrounding us on all sides.

"We have not much more of this Cedar Swamp to get through, I hope?" inquired I, seeking for some consolatory information.

"About fifty miles more, I guess," was the

reply of my companion, accompanying each word with a sharp slap on the back of his hand, or on his cheek, or forehead.

"Thank heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, drawing my cloak closer about me, although the heat was killing; "we shall after that escape in some sort, I hope, from these legions of mosquitoes?"

"I guess not quite," replied the man; "they are as thick, if not thicker, in the Long Swamp."

"The Long Swamp!" I repeated; "what a horrible name for a country? Does the canal run far through it?"

"No, not so very far; only about eighty miles."

"We've then done with swamps, I hope, my friend?" I inquired, as he kept puffing and slapping on with unwearied constancy.

"Why, yes, there's not a heap more swamp, that is to say, not close to the line, till we come to within about forty miles of Utica."

"And is that one as much infested with these infernal insects as are the Cedar and Long Swamps?"

"I guess that is the place above all for mosquitoes," replied the man grinning. "Thim's the real gallinippers, emigrating north for the summer all the way from the Balize and Red River. Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle among thim chaps, and if their bills don't make a watering-pot of it before morning, I'm blowed. They're strong enough to lift the boat out of the canal, if they could only get underneath her."

I found these swamps endless as Banquo's line; would they had been shadows only; but alas! they were yet to be encountered, horrible realities not to be evaded. I closed my eyes in absolute fear, and forbore further inquiry."

#### BATTLE OF A BEAR WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

—On a scorching day in the middle of June 1880, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak on the evergreen banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roaring of some animal in the cane brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet breaking down the cane and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season.

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls, to behold a large black bear reared upon his hind legs, with his fore paws raised aloft as if to make a plunge! His face was besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with red, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth, and growling at the enemy. A few paces in his rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow-white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array, stood



bruin's foe, in shape of an alligator, fifteen feet long! He was standing on tip toe, his back curved upwards, and his mouth, thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws two large tusks and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force; his big eyes starting from his head, glaring upon bruin, while sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitude described for about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motion with attention and caution, as if each felt confident that he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manoeuvres in silence. I could scarcely believe my eyesight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about? Some readers may doubt the tale on this account, but if it had been a bull-fight no one would have doubted it, because every one knows what they are fighting for. The same reasoning will not always apply to a man fight. Men frequently fight when they are sober, for no purpose than to ascertain which is the better man. We must then believe that beasts will do the same, unless we admit that the instinct of beasts is superior to the boasted reason of man. Whether they did fight upon the present occasion without cause I cannot say, as I was not present when the affray began. A bear and a ram have been known to fight, and so did the bear and the alligator, whilst I prudently kept in the back-ground, preserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the belligerents.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which shewed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the task had once deceived him he was preparing to resume it. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all-fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, met bruin half way with a blow of his tail, which rolled him on the shells. Old bruin was not to be put off with one hint—three times in rapid succession he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on bruin's head and shoulders; but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close quarters with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him that the blow came with half its usual effect: the alligator was upset by the charge, and, before he could recover his feet, bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and, holding him down on

his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back: from which

"The darted steel with idle shivers flies."

As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting up fast." Here, if I had dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet—

"Now, gallant knight, now hold thine own,  
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite; pressed down as he was he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff that he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair, but was not yet entirely overcome. Writhing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next to the bank; aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river. The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance back at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards to know him; no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, had he remained a few minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water, to save his own life; I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory: besides, by implied consent, the parties were bound to finish their fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it.

*Sandwich Island Gazette.*

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WHERE A ROAD GOES TO.—A gentleman, a stranger, asked a countryman whom he saw mending a road near Ross, "Where does this road go to?" The countryman replied, "I don't know, zur; I finds it here when I comes to work in the morning, and I leaves it here at night; but where it goes in the meantime I don't know."—*Worcester Journal.*

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The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.

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## THE MILLER'S FAMILY OF SHADING-BROOK.

There is not a sweeter spot in England than the pastoral valley in which the mill of Shadingbrook is situated. It derives its picturesque name from the clear rapid little stream, which, fringed with drooping willows, cuts its rippling way through the emerald sod of these lovely lowland meadows, and forms the boundary of the miller's garden. As for that garden, with its velvet bleaching-green, its blooming parterres, and bowing fruit-trees, white with a snow of blossoms, or bending under their rich autumnal lading, it looked like a gay fertile island rising amidst a sea of verdure.

Many a rustic sportsman, or more sprucely attired angler from the adjacent market-town, might be seen on fine summer evenings loitering with rod and line on the banks of this pleasant stream—some in reality engaged in the fascinating but cruel amusement of beguiling the shining tenants of the brook from their native element, but far greater numbers sought these sylvan shades in the hope of obtaining an occasional glimpse of the miller's pretty daughter, Flora Mayfield, who might sometimes be seen tending her garden flowers, gathering fruit, feeding her poultry on the lawn, or assisting her elder sister Lydia in spreading the snowy linen on the bleaching-green, or withdrawing it, when dried, from the lines, or the close-clipped hawthorn hedgerow that enclosed the garden on either side.

Flora Mayfield, who was the beauty of the neighbourhood, was fully aware of the admiration she excited, and failed not to place the appearance of every angler on the banks of the adjacent stream to the attraction of her personal charms, apprehending no rival in her sister, the plain and unpretending Lydia.

Lydia was, however, endued with qualities which, in the eyes of the few who look deeper than the bright tints of lip or cheek, might have been considered of more value than the fair externals of which the lovely Flora could boast. Lydia had been educated by a wise and virtuous aunt, who occupied a respectable place in society in a populous town; and without seeking to acquire those frivolous accomplishments which she rightly judged would be out of place in a person in her station, she had laboured to strengthen and improve her mind by the attainment of useful knowledge, and a judicious course of reading. On the death of this relative, Lydia returned to the mill to take charge of her father's house, to keep his books, and to perform the difficult part of a friend and mother to her pretty volatile sister, who had been sadly spoiled by both her parents; and since the decease of her mother, she had been almost wholly emancipated from those restraints which, at her age, and with her peculiar inclinations, were so essentially necessary. Flora was vain, self-willed, petulant, and ambitious, and Lydia had of course an arduous task in repressing her natural disposition to levity and coquetry; yet her influence was so gently and judiciously interposed, that it was not wholly without effect.

"I know not how it is," would Flora observe, "that Lydia always contrives to carry her point with me. She is perpetually opposing my inclinations, and yet she makes me love her whether I will or not. I have often been very cross to Lydia, and said very offensive things to her, yet she has never in any instance answered me harshly, or complained to my father of me. Sometimes I wish I were as wise and good as my sister Lydia; but then, Lydia, with all her amiable



qualities, will be an old maid, for she is nearly five-and-twenty years old, and has never had a single lover in all her life, while I have had more than I can reckon; so I suppose men like silly people best."

Reasoning thus, Flora was not very likely to improve in wisdom, so she continued to bestow her whole time and attention on the adornment of her person, to coquet with the young farmers who brought their corn to her father's mill, and to play at bo-peep from among the garden flowers whenever she saw an angler take his stand on the banks of the neighbouring stream, till the village matronage began to shake their heads, and to prophecy that no sensible man would ever seek Flora Mayfield for a wife. Sensible men, however, are not always wise when beauty is in the case, and the little world of Shadingbrook knew not how to credit the report which soon after transpired, that Edwin Elmer, the curate of the village, was added to the list of Flora Mayfield's conquests. Yet such was the fact. Edwin Elmer, a gentleman's son, a man of learning and refinement too, was actually wooing the light-minded Flora for his wife. Had it been Lydia, the circumstance of his overlooking the differences of their station in society would have excited little surprise, because her character and pursuits were so congenial to his own, and he had evidently taken much pleasure in her conversation, and was accustomed to mention her in terms of the highest commendation. Was it possible that he could prefer her pretty silly sister to her? It was to no purpose that sage proverbs were quoted on the occasion, and the blind god's archery was arraigned by those who considered themselves better qualified to choose a helpmate for the accomplished curate of Shadingbrook than he was himself. Edwin Elmer was desperately in love with the fairest flower of his flock, and the very discrepancies of their characters appeared to strengthen his passion, which, to the additional wonder of the village worthies, was reciprocated.

The heart of the young beauty was, for the first time, touched, and the natural effect of her regard for Edwin Elmer was a conviction of her mental inferiority and unfitness to become the companion of an intellectual partner. She began to grow

serious and reflective. The nature of the things which she had heretofore despised and lightly regarded, impressed itself on her mind, and she voluntarily applied to her sister for that counsel and instruction which she had formerly rejected with scorn; while Lydia, rejoicing in the change in her sister's manners, and the prospect of the happy union that awaited her, redoubled all her efforts for her improvement.

Matters were in this auspicious position, the course of true love, as if on purpose to contradict the old adage, running smooth as a summer stream, when the lord of the manor died; and having no son, the hall and demense of Shadinbrook were inherited by a distant relation of his, a rich specimen of the old English squirearchy, to whose now exploded manners, customs, and dress, he adhered with a sturdy pertinacity, which had obtained for him the cognomen of Squire Western junior. Sound and sturdy as heart of oak, and as unbending too, he would not have concealed an opinion or sacrificed a prejudice, to have pleased the king, though king and constitution was a part of his theology.

Now, this rough diamond, instead of being, as some of my readers may have imagined, a queer-looking "Old Square-toes," on the shady side of fifty, was a handsome bachelor of six-and-thirty, a great admirer of beauty, and very much in want of a wife to hold his house in order; but, then, Cœlebs himself could not have been more particular in his choice of a helpmate than Squire Morewood. He cherished a most unqualified dislike to all the showy accomplishments which have been so perseveringly cultivated in modern education, "too often," as he observed, "to the exclusion of every useful acquirement." In short, notwithstanding his love of regularity, and dislike of the misrule and wasteful habits of a bachelor's household, he considered these evils preferable to the misfortune of having a fine lady at the head of his establishment. More than one fine lady, however, among the county belles, was ambitious of obtaining so rich a prize in the matrimonial lottery as Mr. Morewood, with all his oddities and antediluvian prejudices, was esteemed in that neighbourhood. Nor were there wanting, even among the young and fair, those who endeavoured to conciliate

his regard, through the medium of those very eccentric notions, as they were considered. Shirt-making had become the fashion in the vicinity of Shadingbrook manor, ever since the squire had said that he liked to see ladies so employed; and because he was a brother of the angle, his fair neighbours vied with each other in spinning and twisting hair lines and silk lines, and constructing artificial flies, so natural as to deceive the most suspicious trout that ever swam, but not clever enough to catch the wary squire, for whom they were covertly designed as a bait. He had been too well accustomed to anglers of their class, and was not backward in letting them know he was not quite such a gudgeon as they imagined him to be.

One evening it happened, when the squire was pursuing his favourite sport on the banks of the little trout stream, so often mentioned in the course of my tale—it happened that a heavy shower compelled him to take shelter in the mill-house. It was positive pleasure to such a votary of regularity and good order to enter so neat and trim a dwelling, the exterior of which, with its snowy white-washed walls, clear bright windows, and pretty porch entwined with honeysuckle and jasmine, afforded good earnest of the comfort to be found therein. The squire had caught more than one glimpse of the pretty Flora, when engaged in her sylvan labours among the gay parterres of the well cultivated garden, and he was not sorry that the storm, which had interrupted excellent sport in the stream, had afforded him a reasonable excuse for gratifying his desire of obtaining a closer view of the village beauty.

The family were assembled in the kitchen or common apartment when he entered, and he was immediately struck, not only with the exquisite neatness, but the prevailing good taste, with which not only the few articles of ornament, but even the culinary utensils, were arranged on the snowy shelves and dressers. Pots, with the choicest flowers of the season, were disposed to the best possible effect between glittering brass and block-tin candlesticks on the broad chimney-piece of carved black oak, and the polish which the diurnal labours of the brush and rubber had bestowed on the substantial chairs and table, might have supplied

an admirable substitute for a mirror, had such an article been lacking. There was, however, an excellent old-fashioned looking-glass in an elaborately carved oaken frame, relieved with a gilded rim next the diamond cut plate, and fancifully crowned with peacock's feathers. It was placed in the most suitable light for conveying an advantageous reflection of a pretty face.

The miller was reposing on his high-backed leathern elbow-chair, smoking his pipe over a foaming tankard of home-brewed ale, which stood on a small waiter-shaped table near him. Flora, seated on a low stool at her father's feet, was busily engaged in trimming a new straw bonnet with pink satin ribbon. At the unexpected entrance of so important a visitor as the squire she rose hastily, covered with blushes, and placed a chair for his accommodation; then, with a flutter of excitement, reseated herself, and coquetishly resumed her occupation, casting from time to time a furtive glance from beneath her long eye-lashes, to ascertain what effect her charms produced on him. Now, the squire, notwithstanding his characteristic bluntness of manner and familiarity of address, was not only a proud man, but a very nice judge of female propriety; and so far from being fascinated with the silent artillery which the pretty Flora thought proper to play off, he was somewhat displeased at the presumption of the young baggage in setting her cap at him in so undisguised a manner, as if she considered herself his equal truly! Neither did he approve of the showy pattern of the coloured muslin dress in which she was arrayed, the shortness of its skirt, nor the amplitude of its *gigot* sleeves, which were then the prevailing fashion in the *beau monde*, and had recently found their way into the little world of Shadingbrook. Squire Morewood had always waged war against *gigot* sleeves. He could not behold them with common patience in a country ball-room; but on the arms of a miller's daughter they appeared to him absolutely preposterous. He even felt disposed to say something rude to the little *grisette* on the subject, but the reflection that he had no business to concern himself with her follies, fortunately deterred him.

Lydia, meantime, in her slate-coloured



stuff gown and neat collar of snowy lawn, appeared to infinite advantage from the contrast, as she quietly pursued her employment of ironing and plaiting her father's Sunday shirt, without bestowing more attention on the squire than civility required. Still he could perceive that she was interested in the conversation that took place between her father and himself on the topic of the poor-laws.

Mr. Morewood was a magistrate, and very desirous of ameliorating the condition of the agricultural peasantry, though his plans for that purpose had been opposed by the leading men of the county; and in reply to some respectful queries from the miller, he entered into a full explanation of his views on that subject.—While he was speaking, he observed that Lydia moved her iron with a cautious hand, lest the rattling of the heater in the box should interrupt the discourse; and more than once involuntarily turned her face, beaming with intelligence, upon the colloquists.

"Do you understand the poor-laws, Miss Mayfield?" asked the squire, with a half-sarcastic emphasis.

"Very little, sir," replied Lydia, blushing; "but my father being overseer of the parish, I unavoidably see much of the sufferings of our poor neighbours, and therefore feel deeply interested in any plan which affords a reasonable prospect of ameliorating their condition." She then, without waiting for a rejoinder, hastily withdrew with the tray on which she had collected the linen she had been ironing.

"A very sensible, well-spoken young woman that, Mr. Mayfield," observed the squire.

"Yes, sir, she is; and a great comfort to me," replied the miller. "I don't know what I should do without her, if she were to marry; but there is small chance of that, because the young men all run after a pretty face, without considering that 'virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, and her price is above that of rubies.' Flora, I don't like so many bows and puffings on that bonnet of yours."

Flora put the bonnet on her head with an air of child-like simplicity, and glanced at the squire, as if desirous of inquiring his opinion, and looked so very pretty at

the same time, that in spite of himself he could not refrain from saying, "Very becoming, but I am not fond of bows. A pretty face needs no such adornments."

Flora immediately cashiered three yards of superfluous trimmings, and crossed the ribbon over the front of the bonnet to tie under the chin.

From that day the squire was a frequent visitor at the mill-house. The village observation was, of course, excited by this circumstance, which gave rise to a variety of surmises, some of them not greatly to the advantage of that incurable coquette Flora Mayfield, especially as Edwin Elmer suddenly discontinued his visits in that quarter. He had been absent from his curacy on a visit to his own family at the critical period when the squire's intimacy at the mill-house commenced, and on his return was beset by all the busy-bodies of Shadingbrook, in clamorous contention which should be the first to assail his ears with their unwelcome hints and inuendoes on the proceedings of his betrothed. Smarting under the sense of his imaginary wrongs, he encountered Flora for the first time since his return, in a shady grove in Mr. Morewood's park.

"So," said he, "I hear that Mr. Morewood has been a frequent visitor at the mill-house during my absence."

"Your first greeting on your return is particularly agreeable, Mr. Elmer," rejoined Flora, who evidently felt hurt by the observation—"but your information is perfectly correct."

"May I ask the purport of his visits, Miss Flora Mayfield?"

"Miss Flora Mayfield is not disposed to be catechised on that subject, sir," she retorted.

"Vain heartless coquette, you have answered the last question with which I shall ever trouble you," exclaimed the angry lover, and so they parted. No effort was made by either party towards a reconciliation. The breach was evidently considered irreparable by one, if not by both, and to Edwin Elmer it began to be a matter of painful diurnal meditation, not unmingled with self-reproach for the stern tone he had assumed in calling Flora to account for her conduct; before he had listened to the explanation she might have had to offer. One evening as

he was deliberating on the expediency of requesting the friendly offices of Lydia in this untoward business, he was roused from his cogitations by the entrance of Nehemiah, the parish-clerk, who, advancing with a funeral step, and looks of solemn commiseration, put into his hand a little twisted note, with these words,—“From the squire, sir.”

The curate broke the seal with an ominous qualm, in anticipation of the contents, which were as follow:—“Mr. Morewood presents compliments to the Rev. Mr. Elmer, and will be obliged by his meeting him at the church to-morrow morning, at nine precisely, to perform the marriage ceremony.”

“To whom is Mr. Morewood going to be married?” asked the curate in a faltering voice.

“Lawk, sir, are you the last man in the parish to hear that? didn’t you know the license had comed express by Will Tradely, the groom, only yesterday?” exclaimed the astonished Nehemiah. “Well, sir, I hope you won’t take it too much to heart; for, you know, sir, that a beautiful woman without discretion is likened by King Solomon to a jewel in a swine’s snout.”

“Is it Flora Mayfield whom Mr. Morewood is going to marry?” demanded the agitated lover.

“Why, sir, ’tis’nt of no use deceiving you, since you must know the truth to-morrow,” responded the sympathising clerk with a deep groan; “but now, sir, dear sir? if you have any love for me, or respect for yourself, do pluck up your spirit and go through the job like a man, and I will engage to put on your surplice and bands so gracefully, that she shall see there is some difference between you and the squire, who is full ten years older than you, and nothing of a scholar. And, after all, sir, I always did think Miss Lyddy would suit you far better than such a fly-away vanity-fair as the young one.”

“Silence, and leave me!” ejaculated poor Elmer, who could better brook the misfortune than the well-meant but misjudging consolations of his humble friend.

It was with a pale cheek and agitated step that Edwin Elmer entered the church the next morning, but he had reasoned himself into firmness sufficient for the trial that awaited him. He had occasion for

it all when he heard the arrival of the elegant equipage of his fortunate rival announced. The bridal party now approached. The miller of Shadingbrook, in all the glories of a new blue coat and buff waistcoat, entered first, looking a proud and happy man, with his eldest daughter on his arm. Lydia was attired with exquisite neatness, in a cambric morning dress and white silk cottage bonnet and shawl. They were followed by the squire and Flora, who was dressed—no matter how she was dressed. Edwin Elmer had never seen her look so lovely.

The greetings on his part were brief and cold. He received the license from the jolly bridegroom with an averted head; and though, to conceal his painful agitation, he affected to bestow all his attention upon that document; the letters swam before his eyes in general confusion, and he was incapable of distinguishing a single word of its contents.

The faithful Nehemiah, to whom the office of marshalling the bridal party before the altar had been silently deputed, cast a rueful look at his master’s fevered brow as he placed the blushing smiling Flora at the left hand of his fortunate rival. At that sight the luckless curate, who had been vainly endeavouring to find the service for the solemnization of matrimony, dropped his book upon the pavement. Nehemiah was ready to groan at such an unorthodox proceeding. Lydia started, the miller uttered an exclamation of wonder, the bridegroom shrugged his shoulders, and Flora, the unfeeling Flora, absolutely tittered.

The indignant colour rushed to the cheek of the insulted lover. Hastily recovering the volume, he opened it intuitively at the proper page, and, manfully confronting the candidates for matrimony, he, with a glance at Flora, that conveyed unutterable reproach, commenced the fatal service; but ere he had concluded the first sentence, he was interrupted by the miller exclaiming, in an accent of unfeigned wonder, “Halloo! Mr. Elmer, you are going to marry the wrong girl to the squire: Lydia is the bride, not Flora.”

The mistake was quickly remedied, surprise was expressed by no one, but the blushes heightened on the cheek of the lovely bride-maid, and her bosom fluttered with a livelier pulsation when she ob-



served the alteration from despair to rapture, which her lover's varying countenance betrayed as she resigned her station by the bridegroom's side, to her elder sister.

When the concluding benediction had been given, the final amen pronounced, and the parties, after the accustomed formalities of signing their names to the marriage register had been duly gone through, were quitting the vestry, Flora looked back at the white-robed priest with an arch smile, and said, "Are the squire's visits satisfactorily accounted for now, Mr. Elmer?"

"Ah, Flora, can you forgive my jealous folly?" was the whispered response.

"Why, yes—since you did not persist in marrying me to the squire, I suppose I must."

"Oh, if you had known what I suffered while I fancied you were the bride!"

"All your own fault; I might have been *your* bride if you had wooed me to as much purpose as he has done my sister."

"Will you marry me to-morrow?" rejoined the curate once more, depressing his voice to a whisper.

"To-morrow!" repeated Flora; "impossible. Do not you know that I have devoted myself to my sister's service for a whole month, in the capacity of bride-maid. When that engagement has been duly fulfilled, I may perhaps permit you to talk to me on the subject."

"This day month, then shall it be?" pursued the persevering lover.

"Ay, this day month—unless——"

"Unless, what?"

"You take another jealous fancy into your head, before that period of probation be expired," rejoined Flora, smiling.

"What are you loitering behind, and talking about, good folks?" said the miller.

"We have been settling the day for our marriage, Mr. Mayfield," said the curate, "which, if it meets with your approbation, is to be this day week."

"This day month, Edwin," interposed Flora.

"The sooner the better," cried the miller: "and this day week will suit me better than a month hence, which will be in the middle of harvest, when I never allow myself a holiday."

"From this decision Flora ventured no

appeal, and her bridal considerably shortened the nine days' wonderment of the village on account of her sister's marriage with the squire.

*Miss Agnes Strickland.*

## THE RISE OF A PACHA,

A STORY OF DAMASCUS.

The annals of no other country on the face of the earth present us with such examples of men springing at once from poor estate to the summit of wealth and power, as those of the Ottoman empire. The manners and institutions of the Turks favour these sudden alterations of fortune; so much so, indeed, that the majority of the pachaliks attached to the Porte, and of all its high offices of state, have been for the most part filled, from time immemorial, by able adventurers, emancipated slaves, and men of the humblest origin. Of all the instances of rapid elevation, however, which the history of the empire exhibits, none perhaps was so remarkable in its character, and attended with so many strange circumstances, as that of Mohammed-Pacha-el-Adme, governor of Damascus for twenty-five years of the last century.

Mohammed and Mourad were the two sons of a rich merchant of Constantinople, who died when they had just arrived at manhood. The youths inherited considerable wealth, and, with his individual portion, Mourad continued the commercial business of the father, which prospered in his hands, to the great increase of his means. Mohammed, on the other hand, devoted his heritage to the pursuit of pleasure. He assembled round him a band of youths like himself, and plunged with them into follies and extravagances of every kind. The prodigious expenses consequent on such a way of life swallowed up the fortune of Mohammed in a single year, and then the prodigal youth found his associates drop from his side by degrees. Even his brother, under the plea of having forewarned him of ruin, closed his doors against Mohammed, and refused to see him. Although this was but the usual and natural course of things, the unfortunate young man was at first shocked and stupified by the treatment he met with; but, being of a buoyant disposition, he soon recovered from the lethargy into which he had been thrown, and nerved himself to bear his reverses with patience. He saw no way of sustaining himself but by accepting the alms of the mosques, and this accordingly he did for some time, always hoping that chance would turn up something better in his favour. And ere long, circumstances did occur which led to a striking revolution in his condition.

On every Friday, at that time, the sultan went to perform his devotions at mid-day, in one of the chief mosques of Constantinople. He was accompanied by all his principal officers of state, dressed in their richest costumes, and by his side marched two officers, bearing bags of money, which it was customary for the sultan to scatter with his own hands among

the people. The contents of these bags, nevertheless, were not wholly composed of money. Besides the ordinary gold and silver coins of the country, which were all folded up in pieces of paper, there were also small bits of glass wrapped up in the same way, but with this difference, that the envelopes of the bits of glass were one and all marked by short sentences in the sultan's own hand-writing. These sentences were usually maxims in praise of poverty, or short sayings, in which riches were decried. It may readily be believed that the precious metal was much more coveted by the crowd that followed the sultan's heels than the moral bits of glass. One day after his reduction to poverty, Mohammed joined the needy train of attendants on the royal cavalcade. He eagerly watched the sultan's movements, saw his hand inserted into the bags, and, when the desired shower fell around, pounced on one of the folded bits of paper. Mohammed did not open his prize immediately, but allowed the crowd to pass on, and then looked at it. His mortification was unspeakable, when in place of gold he found only a rounded piece of glass. He was about to dash it on the stones at his feet, when the writing caught his eye. The words were, "*Artifice and address will often lead men to dignities.*" This maxim, by some accident, was most unlike those usually selected for the same purpose. Mohammed reflected long upon the words before his eye, and he then put the paper and glass carefully into his dress. This done, he moved away with a firm and determined step. He had conceived a project.

In Constantinople there are merchants who make a practice of hiring out all sorts of dresses, from that of a vizier, glittering with precious stones, to the modest robe of the dervise. Stores of this kind seem as if intended for no other purpose than to aid men to accommodate themselves to the rapid changes of fortune common to the land. Nor do these merchants confine their traffickings to garments. They will procure at an hour's notice, horses, domestics, guards, household officers, and every conceivable appendage of a great establishment, which they let out to be paid for by the week or month. To one of these dealers Mohammed applied himself, and, having a noble figure and commanding air, he induced the merchant to furnish him on the instant with the richest dress of a pacha, with a beautiful horse, and with a suite of splendidly dressed domestics. One hour sufficed to transform the mendicant into a magnificent dignitary, who charmed all eyes by his gracious physiognomy, and the ease of his manners.

All these rich furnishings were to be paid for within a very brief period. Mohammed had no money, but he had an inventive genius. Attended by a portion of his suite, he directed his course to the house of his brother. Arrived there, he stopped his horse at the threshold, and dispatched one of his attendants to say to Mourad that his brother wished to see him. Mourad was about to give a harsh reply, when he chanced to get a glimpse of Mohammed

and his train through the window. To his astonishment, every thing bespoke the presence of a great pacha. Mohammed sparkling with jewels, and Mohammed a beggar, were two very different beings, and Mourad made all possible haste to reach the threshold of his house. "Mourad," said Mohammed, saluting his brother without leaving his horse, "our lord the sultan has named me Pacha of Damascus. I have need of a large sum of money to establish me creditably in my government. Have this money ready for me by to-morrow. I will reimburse you as a brother and a pacha should do."

"May heaven prolong the days, and increase the glory, of our lord and master the sultan!" replied Mourad. "Mohammed, you were born to do honour to our family. My fortune belongs to you henceforth; take it all, if you desire. Pacha of Damascus, may Allah reward you according to your merit!"

Mohammed employed the night in completing his arrangements. He enrolled fifty men as a body-guard, and added a number of Tartar couriers to his suite. In the morning he sent his treasurer to his brother's house to request twenty thousand pieces of gold. On receiving this sum, Mohammed paid all that it was absolutely necessary at the moment to pay, and soon after he crossed the Bosphorus with his train, and took the way—whither, does the reader think?—to Damascus!

Mohammed was no common scheming swindler. The lofty confident bearing which he assumed, together with the frequency of such hasty elevations, had persuaded his train, as well as every one with whom he came in contact, of the reality of his appointment to the pachalik of Damascus. Mohammed, however, kept himself very quiet until he was fairly at a distance from Stamboul. As he approached the Damascene territory, he began to distribute presents in the towns through which he passed. He was everywhere received with the honours due to a pacha, and exchanged gifts with the various governors in his way, who, remembering the great power of the Damascene pacha, did not allow the new possessor of that title to be the losing party in these exchanges. When Mohammed came at length within three days' journey of Damascus, he ordered his party to stop and erect their tents. He then called his secretary, and dictated to him a letter addressed to the principal emirs of Damascus, in which it was announced to them that the sultan, having great cause to be displeased with his grand vizier at Constantinople, had disgraced and beheaded him, and that the son of the vizier, the pacha of Damascus, having shared in his father's guilt, was doomed to the same punishment. Mohammed wrote this letter in his own name, and concluded it by stating, that, being appointed the new pacha, he had come to fulfil the sultan's orders, and now commanded the emirs to seize the vizier's son, and detain him to await his fate.

Before dispatching this letter, however, Mohammed sent off a trusty and active courier with orders to introduce himself into the palace



of the Pacha of Damascus, and there privately inform the vizier's son that his father was beheaded, and that he himself was about to undergo the same doom at the hands of a successor to the pachalik, then on his way to the city. The courier arrived before the bearer of the letter to the emirs, and such was the effect of his disclosures, that the poor pacha, believing death otherwise inevitable, and knowing himself to be very unpopular, left the palace in secret, mounted his fleetest horse, and was soon in full flight from Damascus, leaving treasures, wives, and all behind him. As for the emirs, as soon as they received the letter addressed to them, they met to deliberate upon the course to be adopted. While thus engaged, a second courier reached them, with missives of similar import. A third and fourth messenger followed from Mohammed, each new one bearing mandates more imperious than the preceding. At length, seriously alarmed for the consequences of refusal, the emirs gathered their followers, and roused the citizens to seize the old, and receive the new pacha. Having got the citizens together, the emirs proceeded with a great crowd to the palace, and, no one presenting any opposition, they soon penetrated to every corner of the vice-regal dwelling. But what was their consternation to find that the bird was flown—no pacha there.

The now excited crowd blamed the emirs for their dilatoriness, and riot and pillage would certainly have ensued, had not the sound of loud acclamations been heard at a little distance. In a minute or two, Mohammed appeared in the midst of his train, splendidly attired, and scattering gold on all sides among the people. The first words which Mohammed spoke when he sprang from his horse in front of the palace were, "My prisoner? where is he?"

The emirs were alarmed at the firm, stern tone of the speaker. "May it please your excellency," said one of them, "he had doubtless received private news from Constantinople; for when we forced the palace, he was gone!" "Gone! Escaped!" cried Mohammed. "Unhappy emirs, know that my orders were the orders of the sultan himself, our master. You shall answer to me for the fugitive with your heads. Retire! You shall soon know the doom reserved for those who fail to execute the will of the sultan!"

This last menace filled the emirs with fear and consternation. Already had the new pacha conciliated the favour of the people by his liberality. Resistance to his authority seemed impossible. While thoughts of this nature oppressed the minds of the Damascene emirs, Mohammed sent for them one by one, and, laying aside his anger entirely, gave each a most gracious reception, dismissing them all with rich presents (from the late pacha's treasury), after consulting them on the condition and wants of the country. Their fears thus changed into joy, the emirs either did not think of asking, or did not dare to ask, the new pacha to go through the usual form of exhibiting his firman or commission from the

sultan to the great nobles and office-bearers of the place. Glad to have their dilatoriness with respect to the late pacha overlooked, they would not risk a new offence. Meanwhile, Mohammed, who was really a man of powerful talents, and endowed with many good qualities, spent the commencement of his administration in relieving the burdens of the people, in reforming abuses, and in establishing new and wise rules for the protection of commerce and agriculture. Winning thus the esteem of the good, he perfected his popularity by giving splendid fetes, and by a generous disbursement of his predecessor's funds. He behaved with the utmost liberality to the late pacha's family, and raised all the chief emirs to new dignities.

There was comparatively little intercourse in those days between Damascus and Constantinople, and a considerable time elapsed, partly through the care of Mohammed, ere any information respecting these extraordinary events reached the capital of the sultan. The pacha so strangely deposed was the person through whom the truth was at length made known. On leaving Damascus, the pacha had passed by weary stages across the desert, and finally arrived at Bagdad. At first he was obliged to subsist on the charity of the mosques, but afterwards hired himself as assistant to a pastry-cook, concealing his name and history through the fear of yet meeting the fate which he believed his father, the grand vizier, to have undergone at Constantinople. Familiar with sudden rises, the Turks are equally accustomed to rapid falls, and the poor pacha toiled away in peace and resignation for some months, never daring to let his father's name cross his lips, and avoiding all public society for fear of some chance recognition. At length a secret agent of the Ottoman government met the pastry-cook's assistant. "How, my lord!" cried the agent, "your excellency here, and thus! Surely—you are the pacha of Damascus!" "You are deceived, sir," was the reply, delivered with visible tremor; "I am a poor artisan, a pastry-cook of this city." "Oh, no!" said the other; "I recognize you perfectly. You are the son of my master, the grand vizier. What would your father say could he see you in this miserable disguise?" "In the name of Allah!" whispered the poor ex-pacha, "if you have been my father's friend, by his shade I conjure you to be silent, and not to betray me!" "Shade, do you say, my lord?" was the agent's answer; "your father is not dead. I had letters but yesterday from him."

This led to a full explanation, and the overjoyed son of the vizier gladly consented to go to the agent's dwelling, where he was clothed in garments worthy of his rank. After consulting together respecting the now obvious imposture which had deprived him of his government, the ex-pacha resolved to set out immediately with the agent for Constantinople, and there demand justice from the sultan himself. This journey was undertaken without delay. On their arrival at Constantinople, nothing could exceed the astonishment with

which the old vizier listened to the recital of his son's misfortunes. The matter seemed utterly mysterious to the vizier, as it did also to the sultan, when his minister demanded an audience, and related the circumstances. Nevertheless, the sultan promised redress, and immediately dispatched a *capdjî-bachi*, or officer, to Damascus, with orders to bring the usurping pacha to Constantinople. Four hundred guards accompanied the messenger of the sultan.

During the eight months that Mohammed had ruled in Damascus, he had made his administration a blessing to the inhabitants, who found in him a father rather than a pacha. When the officer of the sultan arrived, Mohammed kissed the imperial mandate, placed it on his brow in token of submission, and demanded only a few hours to prepare for the journey enjoined on him. In this interval he convoked the emirs, told them that the sultan had called him to Constantinople, and took an affecting farewell of them. Scarcely had he left the city with his guards, when the emirs took the resolution of addressing a petition to the sultan, to preserve Mohammed in the pachalik of Damascus. They sent this off, but as it did not appear strong enough to them on second consideration, they wrote another document, in which they detailed the benefits conferred on the pachalik by Mohammed, and declared firmly that they could not receive any other governor. As if Mohammed's own example at his arrival had inspired them, the emirs sent yet other letters, in some of which they held out no very unintelligible threats of revolt.

Meanwhile, Mohammed pursued his journey to Constantinople, and was taken to the presence of the sultan.

"Who art thou, unhappy wretch?" cried the sultan.

"One of your pachas," replied Mohammed, with respect but without fear.

"Who signed thy firman of investiture, thou miserable imposter?"

"Your highness," answered Mohammed firmly.

"This is too much!" cried the sultan; "show it, show it to me, if thou wouldst not die on the spot!"

"Behold it!" cried Mohammed, taking from his bosom the piece of paper that enveloped the bit of glass found in the street. The sultan took the scrap held out to him, examined the words, and recognised his own handwriting. He sat buried for some moments in reflection, while the vizier stood a little apart, hopeful of revenge, and Mohammed bent his knees, hopeful of pardon.

At this moment the first courier arrived from the emirs. Representing his missives as of the first importance, they were instantly delivered to the sultan. They saved the life of Mohammed, or at least decided the sultan's mind on that point. Ere long, courier after courier arrived, with letters to the same purport, and always increasing in urgency. The issue was, that the sultan addressed

these words to the vizier and Mohammed, both standing before him;—

"Vizier! I cannot inflict any punishment on this man without endangering the tranquility of the empire. I will give your son another pachalik. Mohammed, I restore you to your government; but, remember, that if it is by artifice you have raised yourself to the rank of a pacha, it is because you have shown great abilities and a good disposition that I ratify your title and grant you pardon. It is well that so bad a maxim has not fallen into worse hands. Retire."

Mohammed ruled wisely and happily in Damascus for twenty-five years.

## PERSONAL ADAPTATIONS.

We often hear of the fine correspondence which exists between the various mental characters of the human race on the one hand, and on the other, the various duties and tasks to which they are put, and the various positions into which they settle. Generals are needed, and lo there are men fitted to be generals. Chimney-sweepers are needed, and behold there are men qualified and contented to be chimney-sweepers. It is necessary also, that there should be some to rule over and regulate for the rest; and only see what careful provision has been made for this, in the at least ten times more would-be rulers and legislators than there is any room for! Such speculations are all very well; but it is surprising that no one has ever thought of pointing out the equally nice adaption of the forms and figures of men for the various situations they have to fill, and the various trades, crafts and professions they have to follow. It has a thousand times struck me that there are particular duties which require men of a particular cut to execute them, and that there are many men born, who from their build and aspect, could not on any account be brought to suit any but a certain range of occupations.

It is most obvious, for instance, that a nice relation exists, all over the world, between corpulency and corporations. An anterior convexity is universally regarded as a qualification for the magistracy; and no artist who has occasion, in a fancy piece, to paint a mayor or a bailie, would ever think of putting a lean man upon his canvass. Nobody could associate two such ideas. It would seem as a great violation of the fitness of things, as to paint a blue cow or a red elephant. So essential is it considered in Holland that magistrates should be fat, that if we are to believe that veracious chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker, they are chosen by weight. In the same way, we always think of a miser as a thin old emaciated wretch; it seems impossible that avarice and parsimony should be connected with youth and good looks. So also the common mental image of an inn-keeper—of a "mine host"—gives a jolly, rotund, aproned figure, like Boniface in the play. We cannot imagine an inn-keeper either skranky or melan-



cholic. Again the prevailing idea of a fashioner of virile attire sets him down as a small ill-made-up sort of a being,—a mere fraction of humanity; and when (as sometimes happens) we do meet with a reasonably personable man in this profession, it shocks our whole sense of the fitness of things. Our ideas of noblemen are extremely perplexing. We do not look for any great loftiness or width in a countess or baroness; but a duchess is always expected to be a superb figure, and a marchioness considerably so. One could let off the inferior dignitaries, and even a marchioness, with but a tolerable share of impressiveness of aspect; but really a duchess ought to be a grand sort of a person, to satisfy the most moderate imagination. Kings, as far as we recollect, have generally been of respectable, if not dignified make, with visages capable of making a feasible impression on their coins. Now, how is this? No doubt, they have not been many in number, as we are reminded by Quivedo's joke;\* yet quite enough to have afforded a chance of some few of the number cutting a shabby figure, if kings had been formed according to ordinary rules, and not in a mould of their own. It would evidently never do if kings were to be of paltry configuration. Suppose Charles I., instead of that melancholy majesty which marked his figure, to have possessed a face like Mr. Liston the comedian, he could not have been the subject of a civil war—could not have been brought to the block—could not have been any thing of Charles I. The current of our history would have gone into a different channel. The present political condition of the British nation would have been quite another thing. But still greater divergencies from personal majesty might be devised than Mr. Liston's face. Suppose an emperor with the form of Elshender the Recluse. Why, he would not have a leg to stand upon in two months. It is quite unimaginable that a great people could submit to a ruler under five feet three. The regimental number of limbs appears quite indispensable. We must really take care how we amputate majesty—that would be a way of depriving it of its externals indeed.

The truth of all this is shown most significantly on the stage. Managers uniformly proceed upon a supposition of these popular understandings of the relations of things. They never send in a dumpy woman as Lady Macbeth. Lady Macbeth was, as all mankind could swear, a woman of the largest size, and her theatrical representation must be something conformable. Neither would they put forward a great red-nosed broad visaged fellow as Hamlet. Hamlet, every body knows,

was a pale thin youth, of delicate features, always dressed in black; and the stage Hamlet must be the same. Theatrical people are duly anxious to have kings and great tragedy heroes of the proper height and grandeur of aspect; but we do think they might contrive to have better Venetian senators, and admirals on courts-martial, than they generally give us. They are unerring in inn-keepers:—Boniface is always Boniface. They are also very well in waiting-maids, observing the proper diminutiveness of form—though we have seen one or two an inch too tall, and not quite light enough.

The subject has its other front: people are evidently formed for particular employments and positions. Lieutenant Longmore stands six feet seven inches and a half in his stockings. It is quite clear he could never have answered as a man-milliner, or indeed as any kind of a shop-keeper. Your tall strapping fellows gravitate to the army and navy, as if led by instinct. Conscious from the very first that they were designed for ornament and to be fired at, they obey the law of their being, and, if gentlemen, get commissions, and, if commoners, enlist, all as naturally as any thing. Long legs point as clearly to the army as if it were the business of a soldier to run away. If it were at all supposable that a very tall fellow could be confined to a desk or counter, what a pitiable fate would be his! Condemned to carry about a superfluity of limb—obliged to be constantly slackening himself down to the level of his customers—forced to pack twice as much bone and muscle underneath his desk-stool as desk-stools are fitted for—life would become a burden to him. The men whom nature has designed for shop-keeping are of the middle and under sizes—plain modest figures that suggest no unpleasing comparisons, and whose movements and whole arrangements of body are suitable to the scene of operations. Five feet ten is the very utmost height at which a shop-keeper is endurable, and the nearer five feet six the better. A shop-keeper, moreover, should never wear whiskers. Whiskers are for the ornamental positions in life, not the modestly useful. If a man finds himself manifest a great tendency to abundance of whiskers, he should take it as a hint that he was destined for a dragoon, a bandit or a gentleman. True, they may be cut; but that would be mere working against nature. Whiskers accompany certain characters, and, if that character be fitted for one particular class of stations, it is not safe or expedient to try to bend it to another. But after all, in matters capillary, each man must legislate in a great measure for himself. It has been somewhere said that certain girls show, in their earliest years, that they are destined to become old maids. That such should be the case, is quite conformable to the philosophy of our speculations. One does see about certain little chits a certain angularity of outline and stiffness of manner that betokens this destiny. There is surely also something about some boys that shows they are to be clergymen. One detects it in

\* Quivedo's joke is this. He describes himself visiting a place whose name is seldom mentioned to ears polite. He is shown through it by a fiend of some urbanity. Seeing a small group of figures by themselves, he asks who, they are, and is informed that they are kings. Expressing his surprise at the smallness of the number, he is answered by his cicerone, with all the coolness compatible with the locality, "They are all that ever reigned."

a moment; and yet it is indescribable. It is something, however, that grows. In boyhood one sees but its bud. It comes to full blossom and fruit in the actual clergyman at last. How unmistakeable are all the members of this profession! How impossible to imagine one converted to any other employment or use! but there are also born vergers and bedrals. Those singular looking creatures who crawl about aisles and open pews, and put Bibles into pulpits, are all created on purpose, and are totally inapplicable to any thing else. The macers too, of civic corporations and law courts, are undoubtedly a peculiar genus—all of certain diminutiveness and witheredness of body, and a certain mock majesty of deportment necessary for the above, and which would qualify them for no other duty on earth. How kind of nature to make even the carrying maces a subject of her peculiar care! The puzzle is—did the genus originate contemporaneously with the corporations and courts, or did it exist before, in a state of inutile expectancy? But we will not bewilder ourselves.

Whether, then, we regard particular offices as calling for particular figures of human beings to fill them, or particular human beings as evidently fitted and designed by external figure for particular offices, we see clearly that there is a relation between the outward, as well as the inward man, to certain circumstances in the world. To make the doctrine practically obvious, let us only imagine ourselves going to a boarding-school, for the purpose of placing a beloved child there. Suppose, if it be possible to suppose such a thing, that, instead of a decent quiet-looking thoroughly tamed man for master, we should be introduced to a fellow of some six feet four, with a pair of monstrous mustachios, military cut of frock-coat, and a fierce imperious visage; should not we be much startled, and would not we immediately back out, with our beloved child in our hand, and proceed to try another academy? Yet, if any one believes that character is altogether independent of an outward figure, he would need to believe that the kind of a man here sketched would be as suitable to keep a boarding-school as to be a lieutenant-colonel of the Guards, and he would also be bound to show why boarding-schools are never kept by such persons. Again, suppose we were in the management of a large hotel, and wished a supply of waiters. If amongst those who applied for the situations, there were a man of great solidity and bulk, and extreme deliberation of movement, like a stall-fed butcher, we never should think of engaging him. It would appear as the greatest possible natural absurdity that such a man should think of becoming a waiter. Should we not rather hire a few of those light springy electric beings, whom one generally sees acting as waiters—in fact, members of the genus waiter? In like manner, the disbeliever in our theory would be bound to show that he was as willing to hire the heavy man as the light. But there is no man who would do so.

Seeing that it is an institution of nature,

mankind ought of course to conform to it. When one is about to launch into the world, he should take a measure of himself, and not only internally, as well as all the good-boy books advise, but externally, with a foot-rule, if he will—and then surveying his aspect carefully in a glass, determine on what he is fit for. I know a man at this moment who has been all his life struggling miserably against untoward outward manifestation. He had the misfortune to begin the world in a business which requires great demureness and innocence of look, whereas he is a fellow designed by nature to have the very opposite aspect. He has a tendency to whisker that would suit General Zumalacaregu in a hedge theatre. He has a merry, lively eye, and a laughing mouth. His person is tall and imposing, and when he walks, there is a swagger in his gait that would knock over a thin man only to look at it. Now this honest friend of mine has been paring himself down, like Cinderella's sisters, ever since I can recollect—taming his looks, restraining his swagger, and repressing his whiskers; and yet after all, there is an alarming look about him, that makes him next thing to unfit for his profession. Let all take warning by this case. We would say that it is even of more importance to accommodate the body than the mind, to the course which a man is to take in life. One may do a good deal in this world to conceal a want of mental capacity, and also disguise the natural feelings: but the externe speaks for itself—every body can at a glance detect a disqualification there. Poor Jackson, Roderick Random's friend, with all his cleverness, when he endeavoured to pass himself off as an old man upon the College of Surgeons, was found out, and sent back in disgrace. He would have had a much better chance of tricking them, if their examinations had been confined to Latin and the Pharmacopœia.—*Chambers.*

#### BOOK-LOVE.

"Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which Men are, and ought to be, accountable,—  
If not to Thee, to those they influence:  
Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read  
Or utter noble thoughts may make them theirs,  
And thank God for them, to the betterment  
Of their succeeding life."—*BAILEY'S Festus.*

Cicero calls a library "the soul of a house!" "Beside a library," says Professor Davis, "how poor are all the other greatest deeds of men! Look at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Burns."

Bacon compares books to ships, and says, "If ships are to be commended, how much



more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast space of time, and make ages so distant participate in the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other." Plutarch tells us, with great quaintness, "that we ought to regard books as we do sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomeness; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most." While Milton, in sublimer mood, calls a good book "the precious life-blood of a master spirit!" Seneca terms books "his friends;" and hints somewhere that we should be alike careful in choosing our most intimate companion. Certain it is that we make acquaintance with very many books in the course of our lives, and form close friendships with but few—those few, perhaps, exercising a secret and powerful influence over our future destinies. So that the old adage may be reversed and changed into—"Tell me what books you read, and I will tell you what you are."

"Of all priesthoods, aristocracies, and governing classes at present extant in the world," observes Carlyle, "there is no class comparable for importance to the priesthood of the writers of books!" And the good Jean Paul Richter evidently understood all the sacred responsibilities of that priesthood, when he tells us so simply, and yet with such a beautiful moral, that "Herder and Schiller both proposed to be surgeons in their youth. But Providence said No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body; and both became authors." "It is indeed," says Mrs. Child, "a blessed mission to write books which abate prejudices, unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow freely." And oh, how pleasant to read such!

Book-love is a home-feeling—a sweet bond of family union—and a never-failing source of domestic enjoyment. It sheds a charm over the quiet fireside, unlocks the hidden sympathies of human hearts, beguiles the weary hours of sickness or solitude, and unites kindred spirits in a sweet companionship of sentiment and idea. It sheds a gentle and humanising influence over its votaries, and woos even sorrow itself into a temporary forgetfulness.

Book-love is a good angel that keeps watch by the poor man's hearth, and hallows it; saving him from the temptations that lurk beyond its charmed circle; giving him new thoughts and noble aspirations, and lifting him, as it were, from the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation. The wife blesses it, as she sits smiling and sewing, alternately listening to her husband's voice, or hushing the child upon her knee. She blesses it for keeping him near her, and making him cheerful, and manly, and kind-hearted,—albeit understanding little of what he reads, and reverencing it for that reason all the more in him.

Book-love is a magician! and carries us with one touch of its fairy wand whithersoever it will. We fling ourselves down in delicious abandonment, and are straightway transported

to the far-off East—the land of our wildest day-dreams! We visit spots hallowed by Scripture and tradition—our hearts burn within us!—we join the slow caravan of the desert:—we toil—we thirst—we exult like Hagar, when God opened her eyes in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, and she beheld "a well of water!" We visit the Pyramids of Egypt—we wander by the dark and sullen waters of the Dead Sea. Suddenly the spell changes—we are once again in Old England—with its lakes and mountains—its quiet scenery—it sweet cottage-homes!—or La Belle France—the undiscovered plains of China—the sunny skies of Italy—or the frozen regions of the North Pole! We have only to express a wish and it is realised, and to choose our own companions among the gifted of the earth. A quiet "Day in the Woods" with our favorite Miller—a country walk with Miss Mitford—or, we are in a wilder mood, a visit to Fairyland itself! There is nothing that this great magician, aided by his attendant sprites, cannot compass.

Book-love is also an artist. Where its glowing tints are true to nature it is impossible that they should ever fade or die out, and succeeding ages gaze upon them with an ever fresh delight. It is not only a portrait and landscape painter, but can portray the mind as well as the features, and that with such admirable and life-like distinctness that the sketch may be recognised in an instant. The most highly finished and carefully worded-up productions of this wonderful artist are called "Biographies," "Poetry," it has been beautifully said, "can paint whole galleries in a page, while her sister, Art, requires heaps of canvass to render a few of her poems visible." Spenser was a great painter; while the terrific grandeur of some of Milton's conceptions is inimitable. Crabbe took his sketches from rural life. Keats has left us some sweet cabinet pictures, full of high promise. Byron, whose productions have been, perhaps, more copied and admired than any other artist, drew with great power and freedom; but his colours want subduing and softening down. Wordsworth paints entirely from nature, and has established a school of his own. There remains a long list of artists now living, whom we could easily name; but enough has been said to illustrate this part of our subject.

Book-love is a physician! and has many a healing balm to relieve, even where it cannot cure, the weary sickness of mind and body—many a powerful opiate to soothe us into a sweet and temporary forgetfulness. In cases of lingering convalescence, its aid is invaluable. Great watchfulness is, however, necessary with regard to the purchase of the aforesaid medicine, for the want of which, a slow and subtle poison has not unfrequently been administered. Unfortunately there is no law to forbid the makers and vendors of such dangerous compounds from suffering them to go forth into the world without some such caution to the heedless and the unwary as men think proper to observe with regard to the sale of arsenic and other destructive ingredients—not

half so much to be dreaded as the poison to which we have alluded.

Book love is a preacher! Our hearts melt beneath its calm and gentle teachings—so still, so voiceless, so replete with wisdom! It tells us truths that we could not bear to hear from living lips. It pleads and wrestles with our prejudices and infirmities. It beguiles us of tears that have little of sorrow in them, and anon makes us smile amid our weeping. It leads us to the "Book of Life;" and, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, becomes our guide, not only in the wilderness of the world, but through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death.

There is a strange, sometimes a sad, pleasure in recalling the loves of our youthful days.

"Merry books, once read for pastime,  
If ye dared to read again,  
Only memories of the last time  
Would swim darkly up the brain."

*Robinson Crusoe*, unpresentable as he now appears in his rough and shaggy coat of skins, was one of our first loves! How our hearts thrilled within us when he discovered the prints of naked feet in the yellow sand! Then there was *Paul and Virginia*, so exquisitely simple—so sweetly plaintive, that it was a luxury to weep. *The Arabian Nights*, full of the wild and wonderful, even to weariness—but, somehow, we never grew weary in those days. *Griselda*—not the *Griselda* of the German dramatist, Friedrich Halm, so ably translated by Q. E. D.—but our own English *Griselda*—the ideal of patient womanhood.

"Willing to suffer, droop, and die,  
Do all things—but resent!"

When we are young we enjoy; and it is only in after years that we begin to analyse. The story of *Griselda* is, no doubt, exaggerated in conception and details; but it is true to nature—woman's nature more especially. Few are called upon for such singular demonstrations of lowly and loving obedience; but there are many *Griseldas* in the world nevertheless—as patient, as devoted, as self-sacrificing; bearing each her burthen of trials, diversified only by time and circumstances, with the same meek, forgiving spirit. The strong love in *Griselda's* heart cast out all pride; and the beautiful moral of this most touching history is wholly lost in the German version.

But we must not omit our chief favourite—everybody's favourite—*The Pilgrim's Progress*. We have somewhere read a charming story of a little child who knew nothing of allegory, and, taking it all for reality, actually commenced her pilgrimage through the wicket-gate in her father's grounds. How natural that was! We love to think of the many weary and yet happy pilgrims still travelling homeward even to this day. *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay* stands last but not least on our list, valued for its quiet pathos and deep religious feeling, as well as for the sake of one whose gift it was. Many and various are the several links in the golden chain of memory and association.

We have known Book-love to be independent of the author, and lurk in a few charmed

words traced upon the title-page by a once familiar hand—words of affectionate remembrance, rendered, it may be, by change and bereavement, inexpressibly dear! Flowers in books are a sweet sign, and there is a moral in their very withering. Pencil-marks in books frequently recall scenes, and sentiments, and epochs in young lives that never come again. The faint line portrays passages that struck us years ago with their mournful beauty, and have since passed into a prophecy. Thoughts and dreams that seem like a mockery now are thus shadowed out. But memory's leaves are not all blanks, or tear-stained, but interwoven, thank God, with many a bright page. Pencil-marks in books have sweet as well as sad recollections connected with them. We point them out to one another, and call to mind particular periods in our past lives. They also serve to register the change that has gradually and imperceptibly stolen over our own thoughts and feelings.

There are some books which forcibly recall calm and tranquil scenes of by-gone happiness. We hear again the gentle tones of a once familiar voice long since hushed. We can remember the very passage where the reader paused awhile to play the critic, or where that eloquent voice suddenly faltered, and we all laughed to find ourselves weeping, and were sorry when the tale or the poem came to an end. Books read for the first time at some particular place or period of our existence may thus become hallowed for evermore, or we love them because others loved them also in by-gone days.

Posthumous works are the very saddest of all books. They are too sacred for blame, and come too late for praise. We were once called upon to edit and complete the unfinished manuscript of a late celebrated writer. The stern realities of death had broken suddenly in upon the fictitious joys and sorrows of a beautiful romance, snapping asunder the subtle chain of thought, and leaving it like the recorded fragment of a dream. It was a mournful task, but not without its moral.

But what shall we say of the author's own book—the embodied idea that has haunted him from his youth upwards, realised at length in a tangible form—the altar upon which he has poured out the richest treasures of his intellect—the great poem of his life!—a spirit self-created by the power of his own genius, and sent forth on a mission of good or evil to his fellow men, and whose influence must survive his own? The author gives his volume of thoughts to the world, but retains the key for himself. No one else may ever trace the faint line of demarcation between truth and fiction, imagination and experience—the passages that were written in tears, or the scenes and events which gave rise to them. Scarcely a page or a chapter but has its memories for him. Or it may serve to recall the wild dreamings of youthful ambition—talents wasted, misdirected, or buried in the earth, awakening a vain lament for the "might have been."

Books written by those with whom it has



been our happy privilege to dwell in close companionship and sweet interchange of sentiment and idea are exceedingly precious. In reading them, we converse, as it were, with the author in his happiest mood, recognise the rare eloquence to which we have often sat and listened spell-bound, and feel proud to find our affectionate and reverential homage confirmed by the unanimous plaudits of the world. The golden key, before mentioned, has been given into our keeping, and we unlock at will the sacred and hidden recesses of Genius and association.

Book-love, in its simplest and holiest form, may occasionally be met with in quiet country places, more especially in Scotland; and clinging about things well worthy its deepest reverence. We can remember a poor old woman who, with little romance but much right feeling, would never suffer anything to be placed upon her Bible, except, perhaps, a flower. And this is by no means a common instance. The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the light and ornament of their humble dwellings. Thanks be to God, it is a treasure within the reach of the very poorest!

Years ago, there stood a little cottage, situated in the most beautiful part of Wiltshire,—the inmates of which knew us well. It could boast of no furniture beyond a table and a few wooden chairs; but the old family Bible, with its green baize cover, lay on that table, and its owner would often say that she wanted nothing else. One long, hard winter, we missed it from its accustomed place; and during the weary months of sickness that succeeded, it was ever by the bedside or on the pillow of the meek and patient sufferer, who fell asleep at length with the bright smiles of faith upon her countenance, and her pale finger still resting on one of its most beautiful promises. Many a summer flower has bloomed and withered upon her lowly and nameless grave in the village church-yard; but the Bible lies in its old place, and has succeeded in soothing and blessing the survivors. "I was sadly cast down at one time," said her eldest daughter, and the sole support of the bereaved family for many years. "My burden was greater than I could bear, until I opened my Bible, and it seemed as though my dear mother still pointed out where my only strength lay. It was the hand of God!" Her eyes were bent down reverently upon the volume before her; and we felt that the Book-love in that young heart was a sacred and hallowed thing.

It was Book-love in its highest and sublimest sense, that caused the English Bible at the time of the Reformation to be everywhere received with an ecstasy of joy wholly incredible save to those who witnessed it. Many learned to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from its inspired pages. Apprentices kept it hidden under the straw of their beds; and the most delicate maidens were ready to part with life itself rather than yield up this precious treasure. In the dead of night it was brought from its place of concealment, beneath floors

or from behind secret panels, and read aloud, while all listened in breathless attention. With the Bible in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other to guard them, persecuted Christians met at strange hours in woods and glens, beneath the blue sky and the bright stars of Heaven. We are told by the author of *Cranmer's Life and Times*, "that very frequently, when the services of the Sabbath were over,—and these were generally prolonged until sunset,—a group collected to hear the Bible read in the churchyard, scattering themselves on the mossy stones, or the mounds covered with fresh grass, to listen to those solemn and beautiful words—'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!'" But we are soaring far above our subject, and feel that we want a new name for the strong love implanted by God himself in the hearts of the saints and martyrs of old times.

A Hymn-book may also become an object of affectionate veneration, even in old age. Hymns are the first things we learn, and generally the last to be forgotten. They bring back memories of our innocent childhood, and we weep with Hood to find ourselves further off from Heaven than we were then. They recall the death-beds of little children, or those of riper age, to whom those sweet hymns used to be as "songs in the night," and who are singing now in Heaven! We have an old hymn-book which we would not part with for its weight in gold! so bright and golden are the recollections interwoven with its solemn and sacred melodies.

Neither must we forget to mention, in connexion with this part of our subject, the Prayer-Book, which we once thought it such an honour to be permitted to carry, and looked upon with a loving reverence that years have had no power to abate. But the bright binding and the gilded leaves have become tarnished and time-stained—ay, and tear-stained—since then. The sweet voice is hushed that mingled with ours in prayer and psalm. God forgive us if we sometimes forget to pray in listening to its gentle responses; for every Prayer-book has its associations.

Leigh Hunt tells us, that his love of books is so great, that he has "a fond custom of writing upon one in preference to a desk, although he begs to say, for dignity's sake, he has a desk!" and observes, with great truth, that "it is not at all necessary to love many books in order to love them much. How natural it was," writes he, "in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's *Homer*." Yes, it was very natural! And we have done the same thing ourselves before now—only not to Chapman's *Homer*.

Petrarch died with his head resting on a book; and many have envied him a death so much in unison with his poetical and romance-loving life. For ourselves, dearly as we like books, and romance too, for the matter of that, there is but one on which we desire to lean at such an hour; and, resting on its sweet promises of redeeming grace, so pass away in

peace! The poor woman, in her little cottage in Wiltshire, was more to be envied than the great Italian poet, much as there has been said and sung about the latter. And this brings us back to Seneca and our old hypothesis—that Book-love, like all other love, is capable of exercising a deep and lasting influence over the minds of its votaries, either for good or evil; and that it behoves us to be very careful in the selection of those who are to be the companions of our solitary hours, and the silent modellers of our future thoughts and lives.

Book-love is the spirit of hearth and home-stead! the great agent of civilisation and refinement, or, as we have elsewhere endeavoured to shew—an enchanter!—an artist!—a physician!—and a preacher! Its ministers are “a glorious priesthood!”—its worshippers a countless multitude of all ages and countries. Here and there false teachers have risen up, and clouds of bewildering sophistry and error are ever darkening and sweeping over its clear hemisphere; and it is for this reason that we would have all upon their guard lest they should be tempted to make shipwreck of this most sweet faith.

“A blessing,” writes Harriet Martineau, “upon all writers of voyages and travels!” A blessing, say we, upon Book-love, and Book-lovers, and Book-writers, all over the world!—so that their aim be the good, the beautiful, and the true!

*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERY BODY.

Some few summers ago, I spent several weeks at a pretty little watering-place, in one of the southern counties of Scotland. The village, during the period of my stay, was filled with visitors of all classes and descriptions. Numbers of real or imaginary invalids from among the wealthier orders of society were spending at the spot their usual term of country residence, while many of a humbler rank were seeking relief from true illness by the use of the medicinal springs in the neighborhood. Amongst all the various residents, for the time being, a perfect equality reigned, and, indeed, this was in a measure inevitable, seeing that there was no alternative between absolute solitude, and the adoption of such companions as chance was pleased to bring in the way.

Those who lodged in the inn of the village, in particular, being young men, like myself, who had come to wile away a week or two in fishing and other amusements, were brought into daily and hourly fellowship, having to breakfast, dine, and sup, at a common table, and, in short, enjoying nothing individually and undividedly but their bedrooms. For my part I enjoyed this fortuitous associate-ship very much, for the three or four weeks of my residence in the village. A great part of this enjoyment was owing to one individual, the only one among my co-lodgers who had any thing remarkable about him; the rest being idle, gentlemanly young fellows of an ordinary

cast. Not that I mean to insinuate that the individual particularised was not as idle and gentlemanly as any of them; only, he was not an “ordinary” personage, and there lay the distinction. The first extraordinary thing about him was, that nobody knew his name, or who and what he was, though he knew every body, and all about every body. He was generally termed “Mr. S.” or the “gentleman with the whiskers,” his visage being decorated with an ample pair of these appendages. The chambermaid it was, I believe, who gave us this initial glimpse at his name, having observed the letters J. S. on his portmanteau. Genteel in his person, courteous, even to excess, in his manners, and scrupulously neat, if not elegant, in his attire, Mr. S. was calculated, at first sight, to excite a prepossession in his favor; and on further intercourse with him, this impression certainly had no tendency to decrease. Of the every-day small talk of society he was a first-rate master; he abounded in anecdote of the most pleasing conversational kind, his stories generally relating to living persons of note and rank in the world: and what was best of all about the good things he told, he almost uniformly gave you them at first hand, exactly as they had fallen from the lips of the parties concerned, in *his* presence. No common-place culler and retailer of fifty times told and written bon-mots was the gentleman with the whiskers. Every thing that came from his mouth bore the stamp of freshness and novelty. You could not mention one man's name, but Mr. S. would tell you something about him you never heard before.

The reader must have a touch of S.'s vein, in order to comprehend the mysterious curiosity respecting him that gradually crept over my mind while I lived beside him. This curiosity, as has been already said, none of the rest of our watering-place companions could gratify. He was unknown to all; though, strange to tell, several of them were at times firm in the belief that they had seen him somewhere before—but where or when, they puzzled their brains in vain to recollect. Over my own mind a glimmering feeling of the same kind occasionally came, and ended in the like dark uncertainty. The general impression among us came to be, that Mr. S. was a man of consequence, who found it convenient, from some temporary pecuniary difficulty, to keep himself and his whereabouts quiet for a short while. How could we think otherwise, when we found a man capable of describing accurately, from personal observation, the appearance, dress, and manners of every peer and gentleman of note in the country? Suppose the subject of the turf and its heroes to be started by our little club of diners at the ordinary, out came S. with his observation—“Odd lengths keen sportsmen do sometimes go, to be sure, with their passion for racing and betting. Some men from morning till night, seem to think of nothing else; and though one would say that they could not carry on turf-sports and dine at the same time, yet I have actually known it done. I once heard Lord K. offer a heavy



wager at dinner, that he would leap his famous hunter Rozinante over a chair back, directly in the face of a rousing fire. The bet was taken on the spot, and the stakes tabled. The horse was brought into the dining-room in a few minutes afterwards, and the chair placed, according to agreement, at the distance of a certain number of feet from the fire. His lordship mounted, and in another instant the docile animal had cleared the chair, and stood stock-still within a few inches of the blaze." After some remarks had been made by the company upon Mr. S.'s anecdote, I chanced to observe, that "where sportsmen could not conveniently make their dining-rooms a race course or hunting-field, they could always bet, at least, and could never be at a loss for things to bet upon, as every one would allow, that recollected the story of the two sportsmen, who, when confined to the house on a wet day, commenced wagering with each other on the comparative speed of the rain drops coursing down the window panes." S. instantly *capped*—as they say at Cambridge—my good old Joe Miller with an anecdote, fresh as a daisy, and which showed his familiar intercourse with the great as much as the last one did. "They don't always bet in a way so harmless to themselves," said he of the initials. "The well-known Murphy, as keen a sportsman as ever wore spurs, once laid a very heavy wager he would stick a hundred pins, of the common length, up to their heads in one of his limbs. He fulfilled his undertaking with the courage of a martyr, and won his bet. But the consequence of his feat was, that he was confined to bed for months, and ran great risk of losing both his limb and his life. I heard the engagement entered into, but its execution, I believe, took place in his own bedroom. Not quite so dangerous to himself," continued S. "was the manner in which another keen sportsman, Captain Murray, afterwards Lord E—, exhibited his betting propensities. So proud was the captain of the iron firmness which a long course of hard exercise on horseback had given to his limbs, that he was in the habit of laying bets that no one could nip or pinch him in that quarter of his body. When he could get nobody to take up such a wager with him, it was no uncommon thing for him to offer half-crowns, sometimes in a public market, to any one, groom, hostler, or jockey, who could succeed in effecting a *nip*."

Who, thought I and all present, when our friend with the whiskers gave us such stories as these—who is this, that is or has been so intimate with nobles and gentlemen of rank, as to have been a witness of the sayings and doings of their most convivial moments? If a suspicion of his being simply a retailer of things heard from others ever crossed our mind it was immediately removed again by the discovery of his correctness in some point or other, that could scarcely have been known to any one but an eyesight observer. And yet, would a man of high rank live unattended in a paltry little country inn, and the inn, too, of a watering place, a public resort? Besides,

if he were a man of note, surely somebody or other should have known him.

One remarkable point in the character of this strange personage puzzled me much. I never heard him utter a single remark on literature or books, although I often endeavored to lead him into the subject. This induced me, after much cogitation, to set him down as an author; he did not wish to commit himself on the matter of other men's writings; like Sir Walter Scott, he wished to live at peace with all his brethren. Therefore, when this train of thought sprung up in my mind, I set him down as an author—only to set him down as something else within the next ten minutes. Neither did I ever hear him give utterance to a single remark on science, unless, indeed, ventriloquism be ranked as one. On this subject, I remember, he once told us a very curious incident, which had taken place, as usual, under his own eye. Mr. Carmichael, a ventriloquist of some note, was invited to a hotel by some admiring patrons. A bottle of wine was ordered, when, just as the waiter was about to draw the cork and decant it, he and the company were astounded by a plaintive voice exclaiming, "Oh! gentlemen, help me out of the *lum*"—that is, the chimney. The landlord was called, and on the voice repeating its plaintive petition, he exclaimed. "How, in the name of wonder, did you get there?" "I can down the wrang lum this morning," cried the prisoner, "and I canna gang up again, and, oh dear, as little can I get down!" The angry landlord declared the fellow must have intended thievery, sent for a policeman, and at the same time procured a couple of chimney-sweeps to examine the vent, while every now and then the voice kept crying, "I can't get down!" The sooty-men explored the chimney, and declared that the man was gone. A repetition of the "I can't get down" belied their words, and the landlord was on the point of sending for masons to break into the vent, when, to the astonishment of all, including the ventriloquist's patrons, who were completely taken by surprise as well as the others, the dexterous juggler revealed the deception. He had imitated the crying of a person from the chimney, and no one had noticed the deception.

After spending a week or two in daily listening to such anecdotes as those that have been related, my desire—and I believe it was participated in by many others—to know who Mr. S. really was, knew no bounds. From his stories, one sometimes would have imagined him to be a peer, sometimes a sporting squire, sometimes a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a daily associate, at least, of one or other of these classes of the community. Sometimes I imagined the mystic being might be a member of our senate, but, seeing that half-a-dozen at least of M. P.'s bore the same initials, I was here as much at a loss as ever.

The appointed term of my stay in the little watering-place approached, and I was wretched. Had it not been for the medicinal waters which I drank every morning, I must have fallen into a "curious" consumption. The

man with the whiskers—he of the initials—J. S.—had made me miserable. He was as courteous, as much admired, and as anecdotal as ever. One day, however, while half a dozen of us were sitting at the ordinary, and just as I was thinking of announcing my departure on an early day, one of the party who had taken up a newspaper remarked that visitors had at last begun to return from the country to town, and read a long list of arrivals, including many of the nobility, at the National Hotel. For the first time, as this list was read, I saw emotion depicted on the usually unperturbed countenance of the mysterious S.—that countenance which I had so long watched with absorbing interest. “An attachment,” was my immediate thought, “to some lady named in the list of arrivals.” As soon as I could, I got the paper into my hands, and instantly looked at the arrivals. The celebrated beauties, the Hon. Misses A., were among the number. “Poor J. S., or happy J. S., as it may be, has an attachment to one of them, it is quite clear,” was my cogitation, and it was confirmed by his announcement, shortly after, of his intention to return to town by next day’s coach. Doubtless the ardour of his passion induced him to fly to his love without delay. More deeply interested in my friend of the initials than ever, I quickly formed and made known my resolve to depart by the same conveyance.

After I had taken my seat, at an early hour next morning, on the top of the coach, J. S. made his appearance, but, to my great surprise, his cheeks were as bare as my hand. His whiskers were completely gone. As I was ruminating on the cause of this, S. jumped up beside me on the coach, and everything was nearly ready for a start, when one of our companions of the ordinary, of whom we had taken leave on the preceding night, came to the door of the inn, and looking up to us, was about, as I thought, to say “good bye,” but, instead of that, he fixed his eyes on my companion’s unwhiskered countenance with a look of amazement, gave a slap to his leg, and cried, “I have him at last! it’s the —.” Ya hip! cried the coachman; off dashed the horses, rattle went the wheels, and what the gentleman was about to say was drowned in the commingled noise. But it was not altogether lost upon me. I saw that the speaker so untimely interrupted had at last discovered, by the denudation of his cheeks, who J. S. really was. What would I not have given for one moment’s delay of that coach’s career! As it was, I learned something. The last word which I had heard—the *the*—indicated that J. S. was no common man. He had a title. People talk of the Viscount, the Lord Advocate, the Lord Provost, but no man in an ordinary situation of life, no lawyer, or merchant, can be distinctively pointed out by the prefixure of the definite article *the*. The gentleman with the initials must unquestionably be a man of no mean distinction.

With this impression on my mind, I confess I almost insensibly heightened the respectfulness

of my tone in addressing my coach companion as we bowled along the road, and it seemed to me that he also became more respectful, while there was a pensive reserve about him also, which I attributed to his meditations, poor fellow, upon one of the Hon. Misses A. As we were driving along, dying with curiosity as I was, I did not like to offer an exchange of cards, which would be next to asking his name, a thing he seemed desirous to keep secret. The end of our journey approached, and I thought internally, with a bitter sigh, that it must be left to some future chance to unfold this mystery. The coach reached Edinburgh. Before it came to what is called its stand, the mysterious bearer of the initials jumped off. He touched his hat, and bade me good-bye. My heart sunk within me, with vexation and disappointment. As a last resource, having observed S. to speak in a familiar whisper to the coachman, it struck me to ask the latter if he knew the gentleman who had left us. Coachee was a sort of half Cockney. “Vy,” says the handler of the whip, “I knows him very vell. It’s Joe Swipes, as is the vaiter at the National. A rum feller he is too, and no mistake. I’ll varrant now he’s been a playing the gen’lman somewere, wile the ’ouse is slack. And a right good gen’lman he makes. I never heard sich stories as Joe can pump out. But *visker-time’s* over, as we says, wot knows him—the gen’try’s a’-coming in, and he must look sharp a’ter bisness now!”

Waiter or lord, Joe Swipes was a gentleman.  
*Chamb. Edin Jour.*

#### JENNY AND THE WATCH.

In some of the country parts of Scotland, a custom prevails of young men giving their watches in trust to young women for whom they have declared their attachment. The watch is kept and carried in the bosom of the fair one until the anxious couple are united in the bonds of wedlock, when, as a matter of course, the pledge of sincerity is delivered up to its original owner. This is imagined by country lasses to be an infinitely better plan of securing the fidelity of a sweetheart than that of breaking a sixpence. A watch is a valuable and highly prized article. It is worth at least a couple of pounds; and the loss of that sum by an individual in a humble condition of life, is a very serious matter. Still, we believe, there are cases in which the proposed match is broken off, and the watch abandoned for ever; though doubtless this is only in cases of great fickleness, or when weighty reasons for desertion intervene.

The following laughable incident regarding a watch so entrusted, occurred a few years ago. Jenny Symington, a well-favored sprightly girl in a certain farm-house in Galloway, had been entrusted with the watch of her sweetheart, Tam Halliday, a neighboring shepherd, and which she carried with scrupulous care in her bosom; but even the most carefully kept articles will sometimes disappear in spite of all the precautions considered necessary to



preserve them. Jenny, be it known, was esteemed a first-rate hand at preparing potatoes for the family supper; none could excel her in serving them up, beaten and mashed up in the most tempting style. On one occasion, in harvest, when the kitchen was crowded with a number of shearers waiting for their evening meal, and while Jenny was busy beating a mess of potatoes, what did the unlucky watch do, but drop from her bosom, chain, seals, and all, into the pot among the potatoes! Jenny's head being turned away at the moment, she knew nothing of the disaster, and therefore continued to beat on and on at her task. She certainly was a little surprised when she felt there was still a hard potatoe to beat, notwithstanding her previous diligence; but thinking nothing of it, she continued to beat, occasionally giving the hard potato, *alias* the watch, a good thump with the end of the beetle. At length she thought she had fairly completed the business; and so infusing a large jar of sweet milk into the mess, she stirred all together, and placed the vessel ready for the attack of the hungry onlookers.

Behold, then, the pot—a round gawsy tripod—planted in the middle of the floor. A circle was formed round it in a trice, and horn for horn the shearers began to stretch and strive. Many mouthfuls had not been taken before certain queer looks began to be manifested. "Deil's in the tatties," says one, "I think they've got banes in them." "Banes!" says another, "they're the funniest banes ever I saw; they're made o' broken glass and pieces o' brass; I'll sup nae mair o' them." With that, another produced a silver watch-case, all battered and useless, from his capacious horn spoon, and a universal strike among the suppers ensued. It was clear that a watch had been beaten up with the potatoes; so the good wife had nothing for it but to order the disgraced pot out of the way, and to place a basket of oatmeal cakes and milk in its stead.

What were poor Jenny's feelings during this strange denouement? On the first appearance of the fragments of the watch, she slipped her hand to her bosom, and soon found how matters stood. She had the fortitude, however, to show no symptoms of surprise; and although every one was wondering where the broken watch had come from, she did not disclose her knowledge how it came into the pot. As it had belonged to no one in the house, the materials were not identified; and as Jenny was a young woman of great prudence and modesty, and had never shown any one that she had a watch in her possession, no one teased her about it. In a short time the noise of the circumstance died away, but not till it had gone over the neighborhood that the family had found a watch in the potato pot; and, among others, it came to the ears of the owner, Tam Halliday, who was highly pleased with the conduct of his beloved Jenny; for he thought that if she had cried or sobbed, and told to whom the watch belonged, it would have brought ridicule on them both. Tam was, in short, delighted with the way the matter had been

managed, and he thought the watch was well lost, though it had been ten times the value.

Whatever Tam's ideas were on the subject, Jenny felt conscious that it was her duty to replace the watch. Accordingly, next time she met her lover, she allowed no time to elapse before she thus addressed him:—"Now, Tam, ye ken very weel, how I have demolished your good silver watch, but it is needless to regret what cannot be helped. I shall pay you for it, every farthing. The one half I will give you when I get my half-year's wages at Marti'mas, and the other half soon, as my brother is awn me three pounds, which he has promised to pay me afore the next Eastern's e'en fair." "My dear Jenny," said the young man, taking her kindly by the hand, "I beg you will say nothing about that ridiculous affair. I do not care a farthing for the loss of the watch; mair by token, I have gotten a rise in my wages frae the new laird; for I maun tell ye, I'm now appointed chief herd in the Ca's Hope. However, to take any payment from you, to rob you of your hard-won penny-fee, would be disgraceful. No, no, I will take none of your wages; but there is one thing I will take, if you are willing, and which, I hope, will make us baith happy for life." "And what may that be, Tam, now that ye're turned a grand head shepherd?" "I will take," said he, "yourself; but mind I do not ask you as a recompense for a paltry watch; no, in my eyes your worth is beyond all estimation. If you will agree to be mine, let it be done freely; but whether you are willing to marry me or not, from this time henceforth the watch is never more to be spoken of."

What followed may be easily imagined. Tam and Jenny were married as soon as the plenisishing for the cottage at the Ca's Hope could be prepared; and at the wedding, the story of the watch and the potato pot was made the topic of much hearty mirth among the assembled company. The last time we visited Jenny's cottage, we reminded her of the transaction. "Houts," said she, "that's an auld story now; the laird has been sae weel pleased wi' the gudeman, that he has gien him a present o' that eight-day clock there; it cost eight pounds in Jamie Lockie's at the east port o' Dumfries, and there's no the like in a' the parish."

#### SHAKING HANDS.

There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands, and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess that when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to handle so important a subject as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself theorised a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of *shaking hands*. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown-up persons in Europe, and children in our country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality.

When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined*, but did not *shake* them. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch, or joining of the hands, would have been but cold welcome; so that a long junction was a natural resort to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might naturally have been introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage, it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there anything in the *Chronicles de Philip de Comines*, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the theorists, to supply, by conjecture, the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms;—

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its name, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a steady motion. No attempts should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well known that people cling to forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and the other had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met,

joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting diagonally, in which line they ever after shook: but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and as usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a *frying-pan*, and that of your friend as small and as soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet* shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion gave his gouty uncle the *tourniquet* shake, with such severity, as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is in opposition to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are monopolised by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shewn in performing these, with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake with *malice prepense*, but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*; the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to their various combinations and modifications



of the *cordial grapple*, *Peter Grievous touch*, and the *prude major* and *minor*. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the modes of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but as I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the *pump-handle*, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

Boston Book.

#### PERUVIAN LADIES.

The ladies have the full benefit of the various nunneries and establishments for instruction, which abound in this capital. They are generally endowed with great beauty, and their figures boast that rich fullness of person which is the truest symptom of health in a warm country. They have very small feet and ancles, and no means are resorted to, to produce this effect\*. Their persons are shown to great advantage in the usual walking-dress, the *saya* and *manto*. The former is composed of an elastic silk petticoat, like a stocking, which is drawn over the head down to the ankles, and then fastened round the waist with a buckle; this is the *saya*. It is usually worn of a deep blue, black, or cinnamon colour. Its elasticity makes it set perfectly tight, showing the contour of the person; and some ladies wear it so contracted at the ankles that they can scarcely step over the little streams which run down the streets. The *manto* is formed of a large square piece of silk, which is first placed behind, and two strings attached to the corners are tied in front; it is then brought over the back of the head down to the waist, and held there by the arms, which are enveloped in it. One eye is alone visible, and generally the left. It appears at first impossible to recognise one's acquaintance in the street in this costume, but custom soon overcomes the difficulty. This is the walking-dress of all respectable persons, indeed of every class above the menial slaves, and they may be seen occasionally with an old *saya* that does not fit them, which belonged to their mistress. An Englishman, who arrived at Lima during my stay there, observed a remarkably fine figure in the street, and determined to find out her abode. He followed her down several streets, and as she entered her house she threw back her *manto*, and to his great regret he discovered a black face. I am informed that ladies wear, during the warm months, under the *saya* and *manto*, merely a shift finely ornamented with lace, and a neckhandkerchief. The ladies, when concealed in this dress, are termed *tapa-das*, and the appearance of so many in the street is not a little extraordinary.

In the house, the costume partakes more of the ordinary fashion of Spain than of France. The hair is ornamented with flowers, and a black veil is thrown back on the head. The manners of the ladies are extremely agreeable, and they are as kind and attentive to foreigners as the Spanish women everywhere show them-

selves. In their persons they are extremely cleanly, taking the cold bath several times a day, although it must be stated that they smoke a little, and occasionally take snuff. They get rid of the unpleasantness which attends the former operation by chewing paper. It is not unusual for them to smoke a little at the theatre, but they always choose small cigars, and, placing their fan before them, retire to the back of the box. This custom may be therefore considered on the wane. It proceeds, in a great measure, from the almost constant fogs which prevail in Lima, and from an idea, not without foundation, that it prevents stomach attacks. The habits of the people have generally a tropical turn in everything. Dances are not so common as in Chile, nor any of those games so prevalent in that country. Cards, chess, and music, which require little exertion, and sitting tranquilly at the bull-ring, are the more usual enjoyments of Lima. The people of rank rise early, and their slaves bring them directly a light breakfast of chocolate and fruit; sometimes, it must be confessed, stewed meat is added. Dinner takes place about two o'clock, and consists of excellent fish, meat dressed in a variety of ways, and highly seasoned. The wine is either Peruvian or European. The siesta follows until six o'clock, and about nine o'clock, a cup of chocolate forms their supper. At evening parties, which are of constant occurrence, punch is the more usual beverage.

*Caldcleugh's South America.*

JOURNEY AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE.—John Kilburn, a person well known on the turf as a list-seller, was at a town in Bedfordshire, and, according to a turf phrase, quite broke down; it was in harvest time, the week before Richmond races, near which place he was born; and to arrive there in time, he hit on the following expedient:—He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words "Richmond jail," which, with a chain, was fixed to one of his legs, and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoping they would not let him lie till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the jail, accosted the keeper with, "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well: it is Kilburn; I have known him many years." "We suppose that he has broken out of your jail, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark." "A prisoner! I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, sir. They have been so good as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not give them any further trouble. I have got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it; I thank them for their good usage." The distance he thus travelled was about one hundred and seventy miles.

\* Some of the most beautiful women in Lima are natives of Guayaquil.

## SONG.

Round Love's Elysian bowers  
 The fairest prospects rise;  
 There bloom the sweetest flowers,  
 There shine the purest skies,  
 And joy and rapture gild awhile  
 The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round Love's deserted bowers  
 Tremendous rocks arise;  
 Cold mildews blight the flowers,  
 Tornadoes rend the skies:  
 And Pleasure's waning moon goes down  
 Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, Youth, thou fond believer!  
 The wily Siren shun:  
 Who trusts the dear Deceiver  
 Will surely be undone.

When Beauty triumphs, ah! beware:  
 Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

*Montgomery.*

## GOOD NIGHT.

Day is past!  
 Stars have set their watch at last,  
 Fountains that through the deep woods flow  
 Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,  
 Flowers have shut with fading light—  
 Good night!

Go to rest!  
 Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast!  
 If within that secret cell  
 One dark form of memory dwell,  
 Be it mantled from thy sight—  
 Good night!

Joy be thine!  
 Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine!  
 Go, and in the spirit-land  
 Meet thy home's long parted band,  
 Be their eyes all love and light—  
 Good night!

Peace to all!  
 Dreams of heaven on mourners fall!  
 Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams  
 Pass from thine own mountain streams;  
 Bards! away to worlds more bright—  
 Good night!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## I GO, SWEET FRIENDS.

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me  
 When spring's young voice awakes the flowers:  
 For we have wander'd far and free,  
 In those bright hours—the violet's hours.

I go—but when you pause to hear,  
 From distant hills, the Sabbath bell  
 On summer winds float silvery clear,  
 Think on me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth  
 When cheerily shines the ruddy blaze,  
 For dear have been its hours of mirth  
 To me, sweet friends! in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard  
 To melt in strains of parting woe,  
 When hearts to love and grief are stirr'd—  
 Think of me then! I go! I go!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## A LOVE SONG.

Dear Kate, I do not swear and rave,  
 Or sigh sweet things as many can;  
 But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,  
 My heart will not disgrace the man.  
 I prize thee—aye, my bonnie Kate,  
 So firmly fond this breast can be,  
 That I would brook the sternest fate  
 If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life  
 Shall know no shade on heart or brow;  
 For human lot and mortal strife  
 Would mock the falsehood of such vow.  
 But when the clouds of pain and care  
 Shall teach us we are not divine,  
 My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,  
 And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance  
 The murmurs of dissent may rise;  
 Fierce words may chase the tender glance,  
 And angry flashes light our eyes:  
 But we must learn to check the frown,  
 To reason rather than to blame;  
 The wisest have their faults to own,  
 And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,  
 For such an honest strain as this:  
 I love thee dearly, but I hate  
 The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."  
 There's truth in all I've said or sung:  
 I woo thee as a man *should* woo;  
 And though I lack a honey'd tongue  
 Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

*Eliza Cook.*

*Written at the time Bonaparte was preparing to invade  
 England.*

When green is red, and red is white;  
 When pigs and poultry curse and swear;  
 When light is dark, and dark is light;  
 When people shut their eyes to stare;

When herrings grow on apple trees;  
 When Hampstead Hill o'er Highgate hops;  
 When lawyers do refuse their fees;  
 When rumps of beef are mutton chops;

When fire is cold, and ice is hot:  
 When pewter plates are made of tin;  
 When your old shirt's an iron pot—  
 The water boils, and I jump in;

When brewers' drays are barbers' shops;  
 When barbers' blocks talk French with ease;  
 When mops are brooms, and brooms are mops;  
 When sign-posts turn aside to sneeze:

When oysters grow on orange trees;  
 When silver is to gold preferred;  
 When this old hat's a Cheshire cheese,  
 And my grandmother's George the Third,  
 Then little Boney will come over,  
 And land a million men at Dover!

*Epitaph in Bewdly Church-yard, Worcestershire.*  
 Low beneath this greensward, oh!  
 Lies the wife of Thomas Rowe;  
 Her body's here, her soul's in heaven,  
 17 hundred 67.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

SCOBIE'S CANADIAN ALMANAC FOR 1852.—An

Almanac, in these busy times, becomes almost one of the necessities of life; although the days are happily past when a large proportion of her Majesty's subjects resorted to the pages of Moore or Murphy as unerring guides to the state of the weather—wet or dry—damp or dusty. Not many years since few excursions were undertaken, no matter whether a jog to market, a wedding trip or a pic-nic, without first consulting the Almanac, and ascertaining that fine weather was predicted at the wished-for period. In the present day we are wiser than our ancestors—at least we think so—and we look to these annual visitants for information of a more matter-of-fact, or, at all events, of a more reliable kind. "Scobie's Canadian Almanac" contains ninety pages, closely filled with a variety of useful information.

## ON DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

In all ages, and in all countries, barbarous or civilized, the higher orders of precious stones have been the objects of attention, and sought after with avidity. In the remotest periods of antiquity they have been selected from among all the productions of nature as emblems of perfection; the most eloquent and imaginative among the poets have found nothing, in the whole range of nature, better adapted to the illustration of their ideas of all that is of incomparable value and absolute completeness.

The wildest extravagance of oriental fiction, when bent on the most prodigious accumulation of splendour, can do no more than multiply and magnify these costly products of the secret laboratory of nature. Staffs of emerald, and cups excavated from a single ruby, are the proudest addition they have given to the real treasures of the Caliphs; and the splendid palaces of imaginary beings, the works of peris and magicians, could only be made to excel the substantial edifices of mortal potentates, by the unmeasured profusion of jewels with which they were adorned by the hand of fiction. Even the talismans by which the powers of another world were controlled, were gems; and the seal of Solomon, and the far-famed carbuncle of Giamschid, were alike rare in substance and tremendous in their properties.

When the glories of the new Jerusalem were revealed to the eye of the rapt Evangelist, and the visions beheld in Patmos were to be commemorated in language not altogether unsuitable to the wonders he had seen, in describing the ineffable splendours of the Holy City he found no imagery more worthy of presenting to the minds of men an idea of the effulgence of its walls, than the united brightness of all kinds of precious stones; the ramparts were of all imagined splendours, and the very foun-

dations an accumulation of sapphire, emerald, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, amethyst, and chryso-prase.

Diamonds, the most rare and most valuable of all precious stones, are sold by a particular standard, which appears to be universally adopted. The integer of weight is termed a *carat*, and it is divided into four grains.

Diamonds, when well set, always appear larger than when they are loose, and this circumstance gives great advantage to the seller. Shallow brilliants, that have a great surface, are for this reason always in request, and are generally set *close*. A brilliant is said to be *close set* if the setting has a back; it is said to be open, *au jour*, if it has no back. Fine brilliants are always set open. Thus a stone of only a carat may appear as large as a well proportioned stone of six grains.

The smallest flaw, or *foul* (as it is called) greatly diminishes the price of the diamond; and if it be tinged with yellow, brown, &c., a fault characterised by the technical term *off colour*, its value falls very considerably, and is frequently reduced from a third to one-half. To counteract these defects, and to conceal the appearance of what are deemed imperfections, great ingenuity is exercised, and often with success, so that an inferior stone obtains the price of a perfect brilliant.

White topazes and rock crystal have been exposed for sale as diamonds, and glass has also been made into peculiar forms to resemble the rough gem. These deceptions have often been practised abroad, and sometimes with success.

Brilliants from two grains to three, may be bought in lots at from 7 gs. to 8*l.* per carat; from three to four grains, if fine, they are worth from 8 gs. to 9*l.* per carat; from five to six grains, if pure, worth 13 to 14*l.*

Brilliants of two carats each are worth from 27 to 30*l.* Stones of this weight, if well proportioned, are considered of a fine size, and well calculated for pins, or the centre of clusters. Indeed, well proportioned diamonds from six grains to two carats each, are always in demand, and are retailed at from 20 to 35*l.* each according to their degree of perfection, or as the retailer may think fit to charge them.

For brilliants of three carats, if fine and well formed, from 70 to 80*l.* may be obtained.

Brilliants of four carats, if fine, are worth from 100 to 130*l.*

Brilliants of five carats are not frequently met with in general trade, and are variable in price, as the dealers exact more if they know that such stones are wanted, than they would in the regular course of business. The prices may be said to vary from 130 to 200*l.*

Brilliants of six carats, as before stated, are not common; they are suitable for centre stones of expensive necklaces, and single stone rings; if perfect and well shaped, they sell from 230 to 250*l.* or more.

Rough diamonds, selected as fine, and well formed for cutting, may be estimated as follows: Square the weight of the stone, multiply the product by two, and the result will be the value

in pounds sterling. This rule, however, is by no means in general use. Brilliants, if fine, may be estimated by squaring the weight in carats, and multiplying the product by eight, which will give the amount in pounds sterling.

*The Mirror.*

ADVANTAGES OF SYSTEMATIC CIVILITY.—We learn from the Memoirs of Sir John Sinclair, by his Son (a very interesting book), that the venerable baronet was deeply sensible of the advantage of systematic or universal civility. "His ancestors," says the biographer, "had acquired a right of superiority over the burgh of Wick, the county town; and in virtue of that right he possessed a veto on the election of the provost and bailies. Considering the minority of their superior a favourable opportunity for the invasion of his rights, certain malcontents in the burgh and neighbourhood had recourse to intimidation, offering various insults to himself and his adherents. These outbreaks of local violence were met by proper firmness on the part of the young proprietor. He resolved that no concession should be wrung from him by threats; he sent a special summons to his own tenantry and those of his surrounding friends; and, assembling an array of twelve hundred persons, overawed the disaffected burghers so completely, that they abandoned their design of interrupting the election. From this affair Mr. Sinclair received a lesson which he never afterwards forgot. 'One of the leaders in these disturbances,' he says in his private memoranda, 'informed me that he was exasperated to oppose me by my neglect in not answering a letter. I was thence induced never to fall again into the same error.' " The biographer elsewhere makes the following statement:—"Sir John, when president of the Board of Agriculture, observed invariably a rule to receive with civility all visitors, whether they came to ask or to give intelligence. He knew how frequently the conductors of a public department consider themselves insulted by individuals presuming to advise them, as if advice implied aspersion on their sagacity or knowledge. For his own part, he made no pretensions to this official plenitude of wisdom. Even when the propositions made to him were manifestly absurd, he listened to his adviser with attention, and dismissed him with urbanity. A gentleman, who proposed to drain the kingdom with the broken china of the East India House, was so pleased with his polite reception, as to offer, in return, his vote at the next election, either for Kent or Middlesex."

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—Some animalculæ are so small, that many thousands together are smaller than the point of a needle. Leewenhock says there are more animals in the milt of a codfish, than men on the whole earth, and that a single grain of sand is larger than four thousand of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalculæ has been found, by calculation, to be as much less than a globe of 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is less than the whole earth.

He states, that a grain of sand, in diameter but the 100th part of an inch, will cover 125,000 of the orifices through which we perspire; and that of some animalculæ, 3000 are not equal to a grain of sand. Human hair varies in thickness, from the 250th to the 6000th part of an inch. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th part of an inch in diameter, and that of the finest only the 1500th part. The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 5000th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is perhaps six times finer, or only the 30,000th part of an inch in diameter, insomuch that a single pound of this attenuated, yet perfect substance, would be sufficient to encompass our globe. Speaking of odours, the author says, a single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for the space of twenty years. How often, during that time, the air of the apartment must have been renewed, and have become charged with fresh odour! At the lowest computation the musk had been subdivided into 320 quadrillions of particles, each of them capable of affecting the olfactory organs. The diffusion of odorous effluvia may also be conceived from the fact, that a lump of *assafoetida*, exposed to the open air, lost only a grain in seven weeks. Again, since dogs hunt by the scent alone, the effluvia emitted from the several species of animals, and from different individuals of the same race, must be essentially distinct, and being discerned over large spaces, must be subdivided beyond our conception, or powers of numbers. The human skin is perforated by a thousand holes in the space of a square inch. If, therefore, we estimate the surface of the body of a middle-sized man to be sixteen square feet, it must contain not fewer than 2,304,000 pores. These pores are the mouths of so many excretory vessels, which perform the important function in the animal economy of *insensible perspiration*.—*Shaw's Nature Displayed.*

ON THE USE OF ROLLERS.—The most remarkable instance of the application of rollers is the transport of the rock which now serves as the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg. This rock, a single block of granite, was discovered in the centre of a bog, four miles from the waterside; it weighed, after being cut into a convenient shape, 1217 tons. Notwithstanding its enormous weight, it was raised and turned upon its side, and placed upon a frame. A road was made across the bog, and a timber railway laid down; the whole was then left till the depth of winter, when the boggy ground was frozen, and the operations then commenced. The railway consisted of two lines of timber, furnished with hard metal grooves; similar and corresponding metal grooves were fixed to the under side of the sledge, and between these grooves were placed the rollers, which were spheres of hard brass, about six inches diameter. The impossibility of confining cylindrical rollers to a perfectly parallel direction, and without which the friction would have been considerable, rendered the adoption of spherical rollers or balls running in a groove



a matter of necessity, as otherwise the small surface upon which they can bear, and the consequent danger of crushing, or at least flattening that surface, is a serious objection to spheres: once placed upon the rollers, it was drawn by means of capstans. The resistance does not appear to have been great, considering the enormous weight, since sixty men at the capstans, with treble purchase blocks, moved it with ease.

The transport of this enormous rock under such disadvantageous circumstances of country, over a distance of four miles, and its subsequent passage of thirteen miles by water, in a vast cassoon or vessel constructed for the purpose, was a work surpassing anything of the sort attempted by the ancients; and, indeed, in modern times the only thing which can be compared to it is the dragging a ship of the line up a slip; the weight is in this case nearly the same as that of the rock, but the distance traversed is short, and the difficulties to be overcome much less.

**MATRIMONIAL BALANCE.**—An American paper a few years ago related the following anecdote: "Not long since a reverend gentleman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage, was resolved to prevent it, by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and giving the other to his wife. He went to work, but fearing still for his safety, 'My dear,' said he, 'tie the rope round your waist,' no sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dingling and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman, luckily passing by, delivered them from this perilous situation.

**THE TORTOISE.**—The tortoise may occasionally be met with in gardens in this country. The *Testudo geometrica* I have certainly seen here; but the occurrence is rare. One of three tortoises (the common) laid three eggs in a garden at Montrose. one of these I forwarded to Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh. The size to which this creature occasionally attains is quite monstrous. I remember, some years ago, to have seen one, then semi-torpid, exhibited near Exeter 'Change, London, which weighed, if I recollect aright, several hundred-weight. Its shell was proportionally thick, and its other dimensions bore a corresponding ratio. It was stated to be about eight hundred years old. In the library at Lambeth Palace is the shell of a land tortoise, brought there about the year 1623; it lived until 1730, and was killed by the inclemency of the weather during a frost, in consequence of the carelessness of a labourer in the garden, who, for a trifling wager, dug it up from its winter retreat, and neglected to replace it. Another tortoise was placed in the

garden of the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, by Bishop Laud, when bishop of that see, in 1628: this appears to have died a natural death in 1753. It is not known what were their several ages when placed in the gardens. That of which I am about to give an account, I saw in the bishop's garden at Peterborough, adjoining the Cathedral, in the summer of 1813. It died only four or five years ago. Why this Episcopal predilection, is a question perhaps not unworthy antiquarian research! The *Testudo Græcia* is found in the island of Sardinia—generally weighing four pounds, and its usually computed age is about sixty years. From a document belonging to the archives of the Cathedral, called the *Bishop's Barn*, it is well ascertained that the tortoise at Peterborough must have been two hundred years old. Bishop March's predecessor in the see of Peterborough had remembered it above sixty years, and could recognise no visible change. He was the seventh bishop who had worn the mitre during its sojourn there. If I mistake not, its sustenance and abode were provided for in this document. Its shell was perforated, in order to attach it to a tree, &c., to limit its ravages among the strawberry borders. This animal moved with apparent ease, though pressed with a weight of 80 stone; itself weighed 13½ pounds. In cloudy weather, it would scoop out a cavity, generally in a southern exposure, where it reposed, torpid and inactive, until the genial influence of the sun roused it from its slumber. When in this state, the eyes were closed, and the head and neck a little contracted, though not drawn within the shell. Its sense of smelling was so acute, that it was roused from its lethargy if any person approached even at a distance of twelve feet. About the beginning of October, or latter end of September, it began to immure itself, and had, for that purpose, for many years selected a particular angle of the garden; it entered in an inclined plane, excavating the earth in the manner of the mole; the depth to which it penetrated varied with the character of the approaching season, being from one to two feet, according as the winter was mild or severe. It may be added, that for nearly a month prior to this entry into its dormitory, it refused all sustenance whatever. The animal emerged about the end of April, and remained for at least a fortnight before it ventured on taking any species of food. Its skin was not perceptibly cold; its respiration, entirely effected through the nostrils, was languid. I visited the animal, for the last time, on the 9th June 1813, during a thunder-storm; it then lay under the shelter of a cauliflower, and was apparently torpid.

*Murray's Experimental Researches.*

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## DANGER OF APPEARING ILL USED.

It is extremely dangerous for any one who wishes to make his way in the world to appear ill used—it is so sure to afford some presumption not quite favourable to him. The clever, the well-born, the wealthy, the agreeable—all whom nature or accident has placed in a situation to be looked up to or courted by their fellow-creatures—rarely have any occasion to describe themselves as ill used. It is the opposite classes in general who are not well used by their fellow-creatures—the stupid and troublesome, because nobody can endure them; the poor and lowly, because nobody cares anything about them. Such has been the way of the world since its beginning, and all our associations are formed accordingly. Hence, when any one is heard complaining of being ill used, he is more apt to be set down as one of the latter than of the former classes—a circumstance which may be in no respect discreditable to him, but which, nevertheless, is not likely to be favourable to his prospects. No matter how real may be the wrongs he has suffered, or how eminently entitled they may be to sympathy, few have opportunities of becoming satisfied of their reality; and even if sympathy be extended, it does no good. The general impression is bad, and he finds too late that, by complaining of ill usage, he has only put himself in the way of continuing to be ill used.

This is a principle which we have seen exemplified so often, that the only difficulty is to make a selection of cases. T—— G—— was good-looking, had a winning address, and began the world with the favour and applause of a large circle of admiring friends. He might have

got any one of twenty ladies. Unluckily, his profession was one in which success is both slow and uncertain: it was that of a barrister. He was disappointed in getting a particular preferment to which he thought himself entitled. About the same time, it did happen that a fair dame to whom he preferred his suit, did not accept him. He got a little soured, and began to talk satirically of things. He might have done still very well, if he had kept up a hopeful air. But when he began to assume the tone of an ill-used man, there was no more good to be expected of him. As friends became cold, his satirical and complaining manner increased, and then they became colder. In short, T—— G—— joined the ranks of the gentlemen who are not anxious for business, and concluded in gloom and settled discontent a career which commenced under the fairest and gayest auspices. He had shipwrecked on the great mistake of *letting it be supposed that he was ill used.*

J—— R——, on the contrary, was a man of plain aspect and few friends. His society was not sought by the men, nor were his advances well received by the ladies. He had fortunately chosen a profession in which cut of face and style of manner are not of particular consequence. Being a man of some sense, he never complained of the unsociableness of his fellow-creatures, or said a word of the many refusals he got from the ladies. On the contrary, J—— had always rather a cheerful air, talked of being asked out here, and invited there, and appeared as if he knew that he had only to ask any lady he chose, in order to make her his humble servant. This succeeded. People became accustomed to his unfavourable looks, and began to pay involuntary



respect to one who appeared to be on such good terms with the world. He not only rose to wealth and consequence, but at last obtained the hand of one of the most favourite belles of the place. The secret was, J—— *never appeared ill used.*

In like manner, Sophia —— was a pretty and interesting girl, while her friend Charlotte —— was decidedly homely. Any one asked to guess their fate, would have assigned to Sophia some high matrimonial location, and to Charlotte the task of helping to rear her friend's children. But Sophia had the misfortune to be jilted, at the very outset, by some thoughtless youth, whom her parents thought it their duty to prosecute for breach of promise of marriage. The consequence was, that the poor girl came under general notice as one who had been ill used. That she really had been ill used, a verdict of damages in her favour sufficiently proved. But nothing could do away with the general bad effect of appearing in this character. No other gentleman liked to be the man who was to use well the lady whom some other gentleman had used ill. The consequence was, that Sophia remained unmarried, while her friend Charlotte, prudent, unobtrusive, and always bearing the air of a hopeful and well-used person, chanced to get a good match.

Of all the evils which arise from litigation, decidedly the worst is the effect which it sometimes has in putting men into the position of ill-used people. Most men who find themselves wronged by law and lawyers—and how rarely are they otherwise than wronged!—have the good sense to absorb the injury, and appear as if they felt it not. But there are a few natures which do not easily brook wrong. These persons, foolishly thinking to avenge or redress themselves by an appeal to the world, trumpet forth their injuries wherever they go, and make themselves intolerable to all around them by long recitals of their case in all its details. They take on the character of ill-used people, and soon experience the natural consequences in the cold regards of their fellow-creatures. It is of course horridly base for those who once smiled upon them in prosperity, now to shun them in their adversity; but the plain truth is, that it is not in human nature long to en-

dure a man who is always telling how ill he has been used.

The principle is of immense importance with reference to office and preferment. When a greyish captain is heard perpetually complaining of the long postponement of his majority, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Horse-Guards has its reasons for the delay. When an artist is found constantly railing against the hanging committee for the ignorance or prejudice which causes them to place his pictures in certain modest situations near the floor or ceiling, no one can doubt that the hanging committee does exactly what it ought to do. When a fashionable novelist is so weak as to complain that the Quarterly Reviews make a point (poor Goldy's phrase) of not noticing him, who can wonder that the fact is as he states it? Or when a would-be author tells everywhere of the rejections which his compositions meet with from booksellers and editors, does it not become clear that he must have been treated exactly according to his merits? In competitions for situations of any kind, it is absolutely self-ruinous for any candidate, under whatever circumstances, to say a word of his having been ill used. We once knew a learned and respectable person who competed, with good pretensions, for a chair in one of the Scottish universities. Another, somewhat his superior in reputation, was preferred. Unluckily, he conceived that some injustice had been done to him in the canvass, and, still more unluckily, he publicly complained of it. He assumed the ill-omened cognizance of the Ill-Used. The consequence was, that, on a similar vacancy occurring soon after in a neighbouring university, he was not preferred, although, as far as proficiency in that branch of scholarship went, he was unquestionably the first man on the list. The only reason that could be assigned for his non-success on this occasion was, that he had lowered his pretensions, and shaken the general credit of his understanding by appearing as an ill-used man.

In the well-known case of Mr. Buckingham, the world has recently had a remarkable example of the uselessness of coming forward with a complaint of ill usage. For ten years, this gentleman proclaimed the wrongs he had suffered,

or conceived himself to have suffered, in India; and much exertion was made to obtain redress from the state. But even while his complaint was allowed to be just, the appearance of being ill used had its usual effect in defeating all his efforts. The world became tired of hearing of the wrongs of Mr. Buckingham. The thing became a subject of wit. The iteration provoked a counter feeling. And the case ended in the claim being disallowed. All this came of appearing ill used—the thing which mankind detest and condemn above all others. Even a nation may go through the same process of complaining, and be only additionally ill used for its pains. Poland, for instance, was so unfortunate as to get into the condition of an ill-used state some forty years ago. Every body allowed and allows that it was ill used. Parted like the garments of a condemned criminal among the executioners—obliterated from the map of Europe—

*Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime—*

such are a sample of the sympathising phrases which have been used regarding it. But the complaint of being ill used has done nothing for it. The neighbouring states, which used it ill, are as much respected as ever. And the talk about the ill usage of poor Poland begins to grow tiresome—in short, a bore. Unquestionably, if Poland was to submit to be parted or suppressed, the best course for it would have been to appear to consent cordially in the measure, which might have then passed as something for its advantage. The character of the country would thus have been maintained. On the contrary, Poland has complained, until its complaints fall on the ear, and elicit sentiments by no means calculated to improve its situation. The same would have been the fate of France if it had also been parted, as was designed. But France rose as one man, and preserved its soil from invasion. It is fully as desirable for nations as for individuals, that they should avoid the *appearance of being ill used*.

Let no one, then, who wishes to attain or preserve a respectable place in the world, ever appear as if he had been ill used. If a young man of business, let him never tell that he has been cheated or worsted in any sort of way, for then he will appear as having been ill used. If a

young artist, let him never breathe a word as to the prejudice or ill will of “that hanging committee,” in putting his pictures up at the ceiling or down at the floor, for then he will be confessing that he has been ill used. If a candidate for an office or place of any kind, let him carefully avoid all complaint as to the suppression of his testimonials, or the start allowed to his rivals in the canvass, for then he will be owing to ill usage. If a wooer, let him utter no whisper of jilting or rejection, unless he be able to tell at the same moment with a cheerful face, that, while ill used by one lady, he has been well used by another. In short, let no man who values his prospects in this world, ever, by word, deed, or sigh, allow it to be supposed that he has ever been, is now, or believes he ever can be, ill used.—*Chambers’ Ed. Journal.*

## THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

There is an inborn and inbred distrust of “foreigners” in England—continental foreigners, I should say—which keeps the current of French and Italian society as distinct amid the sea of London as the blue Rhone in Lake Leman. The word “foreigner,” in England, conveys exclusively the idea of a dark-complexioned and whiskered individual, in a frogged coat and distressed circumstances; and to introduce a smooth-cheeked, plainly dressed, quiet-looking person by that name, would strike any circle of ladies and gentlemen as a palpable misnomer. There is nevertheless a rage for foreign lions in London society, and while a well-introduced foreigner keeps his cabriolet, and confines himself to frequenting soirees and accepting invitations to dine, he will never suspect that he is not on an equal footing with any milor in London. If he wishes to be disenchanted, he has only to change his lodgings from Long’s to Great Russell Street, or (bitterer and readier trial) to propose marriage to the Honorable Augusta or Lady Fanny.

Every body who knows the society of Paris, knows something of a handsome and very elegant young baron of the Faubourg St. Germain, who, with small fortune, very great taste, and great credit, contrived to go on swimmingly as an ado-



rable *roue* and idler of fashion till he was hard upon twenty-five. At the first crisis in his affairs, the ladies, who hold all politics in their laps, got him appointed consul to Algiers, or minister to Venezuela, and with this pretty pretext for selling his horses and dressing-gowns, these cherished articles brought twice their original value, and set him up in fans and monkeys at his place of exile. A year of this was enough for the darling of Paris; and not more than a day before his desolate loves would have ceased to mourn for him, he galloped into his hotel with a new fashion of whiskers, a black female slave, and the most delicious histories of his adventures during the ages he had been exiled. Down to the earth and their previous obscurity, dropped the rivals who were beginning to usurp his glories. A new stud, an indescribable vehicle, a suit of rooms in the Algerine style, and a mystery preserved at some expense, about his negress, kept all Paris, including his new creditors, in admiring astonishment for a year. Among the crowd of his worshippers, not the last or least fervent were the fair-haired English beauties who assemble at the *levees* of their ambassador in the Rue St. Honore, and upon whom *le beau Adolphe* had looked as pretty savages, whose frightful toilets and horrid accent might be tolerated one evening in the week.

Eclipses will arrive as calculated by insignificant astronomers, however, and debts will become due as presumed by vulgar tradesmen. *Le beau Adolphe* began to see another crisis, and betook himself to his old advisers, who were inconsolable to the last degree; but there was a new government, and the blood of the Faubourg was at a discount. No embassies were to be had for nothing. With a deep sigh, and a gentle tone, to spare his feelings as much as possible, his friend ventures to suggest to him that it will be necessary to sacrifice himself. "Marry one of these *bêtes Anglaises*, who drink you up with their blue eyes and are made of gold!"

Adolphe buried his face in his gold-fringed oriental pocket handkerchief; but when the first agony was past, his resolution was taken, and he determined to go to England. The first beautiful creature he should see, whose funds were

enormous and well invested, should bear away from all the love, rank, and poverty of France, the perfumed hand he looked upon.

A flourishing letter, written in a small, cramped hand, but with a seal on whose breadth of wax and blazon all the united heraldry of France was interwoven, arrived through the ambassador's dispatch box, to the address of Miladi —, Belgrave Square, announcing, in full that *le beau Adolphe* was coming to London to marry the richest heiress in good society; and as Paris could not spare him more than a week, he wished those who had daughters to marry, answering the description, to be made acquainted with his visit and errand. With the letter came a compend of his genealogy, from the man who spoke French in the confusion of Babel to Baron Adolphe himself.

To London came the valet of *le beau Baron*, two days before his master, bringing his slippers and dressing-gown to be aired after their sea-voyage across the Channel. To London followed the irresistible youth, cursing, in the politest French, the necessity which subtracted a week from a life measured with such "diamond sparks" as his own in Paris. He sat himself down in his hotel, sent his man Porphyre with his card to every noble and rich house, whose barbarian tenants he had ever seen in the Champs Elysees, and waited the result. Invitations from fair ladies, who remembered him as the man the French ladies were mad about, and from literary ladies, who wanted his whiskers and black eyes to give their *soirees* the necessary foreign complexion, flowed in on all sides, and Monsieur Adolphe selected his most minion cane and his happiest design in a stocking and "*rendered himself*" through the rain like a martyr.

No offers of marriage the first evening! None the second!! None the third!!!

*Le beau Adolphe* began to think either that English papas did not propose their daughters to people as in France, or, perhaps, that the lady whom he had commissioned to circulate his wishes, had not sufficiently advertised him. She *had*, however. He took advice, and found it would be necessary to take the first step himself. This was disagreeable.

He went to Almack's, and proposed to

the first authenticated fortune that accepted his hand for a waltz. The young lady first laughed, and then told her mother, who told her son, who thought it an insult, and called out *le beau Adolphe*, very much to the astonishment of himself and his man *Porphyre*. The thing was explained, and the Baron looked about the next day for one of better taste. Found a young lady with half a million sterling, proposed in a morning call, and was obliged to ring for assistance, his intended having gone into convulsions with laughing at him. The story by this time had got pretty well distributed through the different strata of London society, and when *le beau Adolphe*, convinced that he would not succeed with the noble heiresses of Belgrave Square, condescended, in his extremity, to send his heart by his valet to a rich little vulgarian, who never had a grandfather, and lived in Harley Street, he narrowly escaped being prosecuted for a nuisance. Paris being now in the possession of the enemy, he was obliged to bury his sorrows in Belgium. After a short exile his friends procured him a vice-consulate in some port in the North Sea, and there probably at this moment he sorrowfully vegetates.

This is not a story *founded upon fact*, but literally true. Many of the circumstances came under my own observation, and the whole thus affords a laughable example of the esteem in which what an English fox-hunter would call a “trashy Frenchman,” is held in England, as well as of the ludicrous consequences that follow the attempt to transplant the usages of one country to another.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

#### PARIS—THE BET.

I would not give twopence for the man who should open his eyes after his first night's sleep in Paris, and who should coolly ring for his shaving water, and then lie yawning with the same indifference that he would do in his own bed at home. This was not my case; I was all alive to get dressed, and to be out; and if it had been otherwise, I should have been allowed but little opportunity of indulging in laziness; for a lively little French marquis of my acquaintance was with us before we had got rid of our robes-de-chambre. “Ah, my dearest friend!” exclaimed he in French, and at the same time embracing me with all the fervour of continental manner, and bowing with repeated reverence and compliments to

my companion, “welcome to Paris a thousand times!—welcome to this great centre of art, of science, and of taste! Ah hah! now I shall have my revenge! Now I have you in my power! Now I have it in my power to repay you for all your kindness to me when I was a stranger—yes, and more—an exile in your country. Now I shall enjoy the honour of making you wonder at the splendour, the magnificence of Paris—of Paris, the great emporium of all that is excellent in the civilised world! And, *morte de ma vie*, messieurs! how fortunate you are to have arrived just in time to be present at one of the most sublimely imagined spectacles that ever the mind of man conceived, surpassing indeed anything that was ever thought of in the classic days of Greece or of Rome!” “My dear marquis,” replied I, “you excite my curiosity greatly to know what this glorious spectacle is to be.” “Glorious indeed!” replied the marquis. “This most auspicious day, messieurs, is dedicated to the highly important ceremony of placing the Corinthian capital upon the imperishable column of Bourbon sovereignty. The statue of the good *Henri IV.* is to be this day restored to its ancient position on the *Pont Neuf*. *Mes tres chers amis*, all Paris is agog with expectation. The statue, exalted on a grand triumphal car of immense magnitude, is to be drawn to the spot destined for it, by forty of the most beautiful oxen in all France. Only fancy the grandeur of its slow and steady advance amidst the acclamations of the people; typical, as it were, of the gradual but sure progress of the growth of strength of the Bourbons in the affections of the French nation!” “Ah, that will indeed be a fine sight,” said I; “that is if the bullock's have been carefully trained for the work they have to perform.” “Nay, as to that, I know not,” said the Marquis; “but they belong to the king, and how can they, how can any thing fail on such a day? *Mais, allons*. I must hasten to visit some other friends, and shall be with you again in good time to be your guide thither.”

Having hastily devoured breakfast, and dispatched the important business of securing a good carriage and a valet de place, in the selection of which last we were less fortunate, we drove to Lafitte's for a supply of money, and then made a hasty tour of some of the principal streets, to deliver divers letters of introduction. Our most agreeable visit was to the so justly celebrated Biot. The very elegant compliments he has paid to Great Britain, and the sense he entertains of its hospitality, so gratefully expressed by him in some of his writings, are not words of course or mere empty phrases. His intelligent countenance beams with pleasure when he sees one of our countrymen. He received us with so great a warmth of kindness, and he was so full of anxiety to know how he could be useful to us, that I shall never forget the agreeable interview we had with him and Madame Biot. We got back to our hotel just in time to receive Monsieur le Marquis.



He came, accompanied by a certain rich, good-natured, fox-hunting English baronet of our acquaintance, who, in addition to his being a perfect stranger in France, was utterly ignorant of its language, so that our friend the marquis always spoke English when in his company. This, to be sure, he was disposed to do as much for his own gratification as from necessity, for he particularly prided himself upon his great acquirements in our language.

"But, I say, Mooshee le Marquis," exclaimed the baronet, after the ordinary ceremonies of recognition were over, "do you really think, now, that these forty bullocks you speak of can be made to pull together in harness? If you French can do that, I'll say that you are bang-up fellows indeed." "Ah, my dear frainde," replied the marquis, with a shrug, and an air of complaisant contempt, "you not know vat ve can do en France—mais you vill see." "I dare say you are very clever," replied the baronet; "but I'll bet you fifty guineas to ten that your forty horned cattle don't bring the statue to the Pont Neuf by midnight." "Vat you say?" exclaimed the marquis; "de forty bullock not bring de statue of Henri IV. to de Pont Neuf bifer midnight! Ho! ho! ho! dat is too mosh good, I declare. I tell you, saire, van leetle secret. De king's master of de horse will be dere—and do you tink dat de master of von hundred horse cannot manage von forty sons of cows?" "Well, mooshee," replied the baronet, "you shall have the master of the horse if you please—ay, and all the butchers of Paris to boot, if you will—and I take it that your knights of the cleaver will in this case be your most useful auxiliaries—though I believe that your French butchers have more to do with bull-frogs than with bullocks—but be that as it may, I bet you an hundred guineas to ten that old Harry is not set up on the bridge by twelve o'clock to-night." "I do say done to dat bait," said the marquis hastily, and rather a little out of temper; "and—aha, monsieur, you vill see dat you vill ave to pay me de guinée to-morrow; ha, ha, ha! dat is goot indeed. Come, messieurs; it is time to go."

The baronet mounted the box of his open carriage, of English build, drawn by four spanking blood horses. We three got into it; and, as he gathered up his ribbons, he looked knowingly over his shoulder to the Frenchman, and said, "Mooshee, though we can't drive horned animals in our country, we know how to make horse-cattle put down their pumps—ya-hip!" And then most scientifically flourishing the silk about the ears of his leaders, off he dashed with us, and, rattling through more of the narrow streets than was absolutely necessary, evidently for the express purpose of astonishing the natives, he, by the piloting hints which he from time to time received from our French friend within, at last brought us to the Boulevard, and as near to the show as the crowd and the drawn sabres of the dragoons would allow us to approach.

From the magniloquent expressions of Mon-

sieur le Marquis, our minds had been filled with the anticipation of something like a Roman triumph. But fancy our mortification, when, on stretching our eyes over the dense mass of the crowd ere we got down from the carriage, the first thing that caught our attention, rising vast above the heads of the people, was a blue silk drapery, thickly sown with silver fleurs-de-lys, and completely shrouding a huge unintelligible mass over which it was thrown. Under this the statue appeared like a shapeless block, or, if shape it had at all, it was rather like that of some of those strange uncouth-looking figures which the boys are sometimes seen to erect of snow on a village green, the head appearing without features, like that of a Dutch doll. As we were still at a great distance from it, the undulating motion of the sea of human beings by which it was surrounded produced the deceptive effect that it was in slow motion. "Aha, Monsieur le Chevalier," cried the marquis in perfect ecstasy, "vat do you say now? De oxes of France more viser, more gentle, more sensible, more imagination, dan de oxes of England. See how grand, how sublime, dey do move! Not fast, fast, fast, like your orses, but vid all de grand dignity dat suit de solemnity of de occasion. Superbe!—magnifique!—no shout from de people—all struck vid awe. It is vare fine!" "Why, Mooshee," cried the baronet, turning round on his box, "they are standing stock-still. If there be any movement at all, it must be in your own brain, for oxen, car, and statue, are all as fixed as the monument." "Hay!" cried the marquis, rising on the seat of the carriage, and stretching forward over the back of the box to get the better view, and rubbing his eyes to assist his vision, "dey do move more lentement dan I did suppose; mais de more lentement, de more sublime." "Ay, old Harry seems to be aware of that," said the baronet, laughing; "and so he thinks that the most sublime thing of all is to stand still, and his forty oxen are of the same opinion." "No, no, no!" cried the marquis impatiently, "none of your joke, Monsieur le Chevalier; dey not stand stock. Let us descend, and go to see more near."

We now all left the carriage, and, pursuing our way through the crowd, we soon reached the car and the oxen. The car was immovable; not so the oxen, for they, covered with ribbons and silk draperies, were kept in continual motion by the terrific goads and whips, and shouts and execrations, of their drivers. They sprang to this side and to that, and backwards, and they made furious plunges forward also; but, unfortunately, when one ox was pulling forward, the rest were making their independent exertions each to a different point of the compass. The marquis was thunder-struck. He bit his nails with vexation; and, devoted to the reigning family as he was, it was well for his feelings that they were too much absorbed in disappointment at this failure of the grand spectacle of which he had prognosticated so much, to hear the murmurs of disloyal satisfaction that were every where burst-

ing from the chuckling populace around him. In his present state of mortification, it was charity to endeavour to withdraw him from the scene. "It may be but a temporary stop, Monsieur le Marquis," said I; "suppose you take us to see the Pont Neuf, where the statue is to be erected. His majesty may, perhaps, very soon follow us thither." "I'll bet double the money that he will not be there by twelve o'clock to-night," said the malicious baronet. The marquis said nothing, but hurried us on to the carriage, shrugging his shoulders as he went.

On reaching the Pont Neuf, we found a crowd almost as large as that we had left, impatiently expecting the arrival of the statue; and as some of the jeering expressions which fell from the populace around us, regarding the delay of the procession, began to strike the ears of the marquis, and greatly to disconcert him, he anxiously urged us forward, with the view of visiting the cathedral of Notre Dame. We had, however, no sooner satisfied ourselves with an inspection of this ancient and interesting structure, than the indefatigable marquis hurried us away to look at the Palais de Justice, which figures so prominently in the history of the revolutionary troubles.

Having returned to the carriage, we got in, and the baronet mounted the box. "Had we not better drive to the Boulevard, to inquire how the old gentleman in the blue cloak gets on?" said he over his shoulder. "Non, non!" cried the Marquis impatiently. "Allons! dis vray, dis vray; I will direct you to the Louvre; you must see l'exterieur of dat." The baronet chuckled, and drove on, and by dint of the directions he received from the marquis, we were soon in the court of that magnificent palace. An hour or two were thus spent, but at length there was a general inclination to move.

The wicked baronet now made good his point, in spite of all that the marquis could do. Having taken up our valet-de-place on the box beside him, he secretly consulted him as to the route that led to the Boulevard; and in spite of all the impatient exclamations of monsieur, he whisked us off thither with as much certainty, and with more expedition than any Parisian fiacre could have done. To the great relief and inconceivable joy of the marquis, and to the partial discomfiture of our honorable coachman, we discovered to our surprise that the car with the statue had been moved a few yards forward on its journey, by what means we could not learn. But there again it and the forty animals stood in what our American brethren would call a dead and unhand-some fix. What was strange, the marquis and the baronet were each rendered more sanguine by this survey of the state of things, and we went to dine at a restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, with all parties in the best possible humour.

After dinner was over, we sat for some time in the English fashion, recreating ourselves over an excellent bottle of Burgundy,

and with the window close to us wide open, in order to enjoy the freshness of a most delicious evening. We sat thus apart in a little world of company, for there were two rooms *en suite* filled with numerous tables, where small parties of ladies and gentlemen were accommodated. The mixture of the sexes gives an air of superior civilisation to public eating-rooms abroad, and the presence of woman seems to insure a strict adherence to the rules of propriety and refine politeness. Each little group enjoyed its own conversation without observation or interference from the others. Looking out as we did on the rich verdure of the grass and the trees, and the refreshing waters of the fountain continually playing in the midst of the great open space, all of which give additional beauty to the architectural façade by which they are surrounded, and beholding the many lively groups of people who either were happy, or were determined to appear so, we almost forgot that there could be any thing like rottenness and poison within. After we had had our coffee, the baronet eagerly proposed a trip to the Boulevard to ascertain how old King Harry was getting on, but we, who understood French, felt it easy to account for the disinclination of the marquis to agree to this, from having overheard certain triumphant exclamations of satisfaction that burst from some of the people in the coffee-room, and which indicated any thing but the success of this Bourbon show. He proposed the opera, where we went for an hour. There the hopes of the marquis were again buoyed up about his bet by some rumours which he heard from a friend whom we met, and he returned with us in the highest glee to sup at the Palais Royal, where, in the exultation of his heart, he called for ortolans and Champagne.

The baronet very much relished the wine, and having a strong, and, as he thought, well-grounded hope, that his bet was secure, his spirits rose, and he helped himself to several bumpers in succession. "I require this, Mooshee," said he to the marquis, with a significant nod and a comical leer in his eye; "I require this to give me nerve to stand the loss of my hundred guineas." "Ah ha! den you tink you ave loss, Monsieur le Chevalier?" replied the marquis, with an air of triumph. "Ah ha! ve shall see. It is near twelve a-clock, so ve shall ordaine van voiture to take us down to the Pont Neuf to decide vho as to pay de oder." He sent out a waiter for a fiacre, and becoming extremely animated in his talk, he proceeded to prove to us that it was quite impossible that so grand a spectacle could have failed. After he had been so occupied for some time, the fiacre was announced; but then, on looking around us for the baronet, we found he was missing. We expressed our surprise—we inquired of the garçon—but all that we could learn was, that the gentleman had left the house in a fiacre which he had previously ordered. Ah ha! exclaimed the marquis triumphantly, "he as gon hom; he is ashamed to go to de Pont Neuf—ha, ha, ha! But we most go dere, dat you may decide and prove to im



vitch as vin and vitch as loss. Allons, ve shall be dere before twelf."

Ordering the driver of the fiacre to go as fast as he could, we were soon set down at the end of the Pont Neuf. The streets in this neighborhood were by this time nearly deserted, and the sky dark, save in one place, where the moon shone feebly through a filmy part of the clouds. The light was enough, however, as we advanced along the bridge, to enable us to see that the pedestal intended for the statue, close to the parapet, was not unoccupied. "Ah ha!" cried the marquis, in ecstasy, "I do vin my hundred guinea! Bravo! pitty vell done de forty oxes of France. Aha! dere he stand—le bon Henri Quatre! Vat say Monsieur le Chevalier now? But you are vitness dat I do vin my bait. It is not yet twelf a-clock. Ah, dere it do begin to strike in de tower of Notre Dame. Mais n'importe—le bon Henri Quatre is dere. Ah ha, Monsieur le Chevalier, you not lay von hondred guinea to ten vid me again, je suppose." "And why not, Mooshee?" demanded the statue, with a hearty laugh. "Ha!" cried the astonished marquis; "am I to be insult? Parbleu, I vill ave satisfaction. Come down, sare—I vill ave pistols and swords—come down, sare, I say;" and utterly unable to control the sudden rage into which he had been thrown by this sudden discovery of the baronet's trick, he sprang up on the pedestal to pull him down. In making this effort, he unfortunately pitched his head right into the stomach of the portly representative of the royal statue, who was at the time standing balanced in one of the finest attitudes he could assume. The consequences were fatal; the baronet lost his equilibrium, and was precipitated headlong over the parapet into the Seine. Seized with horror, we rushed to the side of the bridge, and vainly stretched our eyes through the obscurity, to ascertain the fate of the unfortunate man: we could see nothing but the indistinct flow of the water as it curled sluggishly away. The marquis stood for a moment stupified; then the whole of the sad reality of this melancholy catastrophe having come upon him at once, he leaped down upon the pavé, and began beating his breast and tearing his hair like a maniac. "Merciful powers!" cried he in French, and in accents of the bitterest anguish, "what have I done? Murdered my friend in the madness of my rage! What shall I do? But I will not survive so fearful a calamity. No! The same watery grave that has entombed him, shall receive me also;" and rushing to the parapet, he would have thrown himself over, but for our exertions, and it required all our strength to hold him.

Having succeeded in dragging him back, we carried rather than led him from the bridge, whilst he raved and stormed like a madman. At length we found our fiacre; and as it was impossible to abandon him, we put him into it, and drove with him to his hotel, where much time was expended in persuading him to retire to his apartment; and we felt it necessary to give particular instructions to his valet to see

that he should on no account allow his master to quit the house. We then drove with all manner of expedition to the hired mansion of the baronet, to inform his servants of what had happened, and to send them to make the necessary inquiries at the Morgue and elsewhere. We found a favourite Yorkshire groom in waiting. "Joe," said I, "a sad calamity has befallen your poor master." "Ees, sur, I knows all about it," said he, with a dismal visage. "But, Joe, have you sent to seek for his body?" "Whoy, sur, his body be comed whuome," replied Joe, in the same tone; "I hae jist been a-rubbin' it hard down wi' a wisp o' strae. It's in here—walk this way, gentlemen." Shocked at the coarseness of the fellow who could have employed straw for such a purpose on such an occasion, we followed him in silence. The door was opened; but what was our surprise at the spectacle we beheld! There sat the baronet in his nightcap, before a roaring fire, with his body wrapped up in blankets, his feet and limbs in a knee-bath, a large jug of hot brandy punch smoking on the table beside him, and a lighted cigar in his mouth. "Glad to see you, glad to see you, gentlemen," cried he; "pray be seated, and no ceremony. Joe, you dog, chairs for the gentlemen. Faith I had nearly paid dear for my trick on mooshee. But lucky it was for me that I was bred at Eton, and can dive and swim like a wild-duck. I no sooner found myself in the water, than I shook my ears, struck out like an otter, and reached one of those big boats where we saw those funny washerwomen so busy this morning—and so, by clambering over it, I got ashore. By great good luck I met with a jarvy, who, after a little palaver, and some cross purposes between us, took me home; and so after having been well wiped down by Joe there, just as he does the hunters after a hard day's run, I now feel myself pretty comfortable. Joe, some hot brandy and water, and cigars, for the gentlemen." At this moment a noise was heard without, a scuffling as it were in the passage, and in rushed the marquis in his dressing-gown and slippers, with his servant after him. He stood for a moment staring with astonishment, and then flying upon the baronet with a yell of joy, he almost suffocated him with his embraces, whilst he laughed, cried, shouted, and danced, till we began to think he had only escaped one madness to fall into another of a merrier but equally hopeless description.

*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

#### MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I was mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following:—

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
That has survived the fall!

Cowper, to be sure, was never married *in propria persona*: but he wrote so movingly about sofas and hissing tea-urns, and evening walks,

not to mention fire-places and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs. Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidentism* against any two in Euclid; the one is, that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half finished nearly half a century,) it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss: married Jemima Bradshaw, and took a house in Coram Street, Russel-square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine to be not a good plan. I am told that pastry-cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies, to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couple should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs. Malaprop; old ones sometimes end with not a little; but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—Benedicts have nothing to do with the laws of hymen, but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She had studied "The Task" on a bench in the High Street, and I read "Alexander Selkirk" on the Well Walk. Long before the period of our allotted banishment from town, I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

O Solitude, where are the charms  
That Sages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which shewed that I felt what I read. On our arrival in Coram Street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing all the names of relations on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact the bride-cake had done the business at starting. "Well, my dear Jemima," said I, "our confectioner did the civil thing at the outset, but your relations have been rather niggardly in returning the compliment. I

think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our japan canister empty away." My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day's work of it: Mr. George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr. William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent Road, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw in Green Street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Morning-lane, Hackney, and Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fulham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom; dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr. George Bradshaw of Finsbury-square, was the first person on the visiting list. From him I learned that the Street called Old Bethlem, was newly christened Liverpool Street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield Street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer's boy were never seen in either;) that Bethlem Hospital was removed to St. George's Fields; and that there was a brick of London-wall now left standing. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs. George Bradshaw not to pour my shrimp sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it on a detached portion of my plate. I sat at a table next to a bill-broker in boots, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre.—The Paragon in the Kent Road next opened its semi-circular bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner-table of Mr. William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife's first cousins from Canonbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end-road: worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Matters were thus far at a discount; but the next party on the dinner-list raised them considerably above par. Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, of Green Street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and shaved the crown of his head to look like Mr. Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and walked with an air of considerable sagacity; his politeness too was exemplary:



he ventured to hope that I was in good health, he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram Street; he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house; but he must take leave to be permitted to hint that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr. Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete; Lord Liverpool's house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr. Secretary Peel was a capital affair; but still, with great deference, he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, was in the habit of dining at each of the above enumerated residences; and the bend of my head was meant to imply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I recommend to my friend Mrs. Opie for her next edition.

I now began to count the number of miles that the sending forth of our bride-cake would cause us to trot over: not to mention eighteen shillings per diem for the glass-coach, and three and sixpence to the coachman. My wife and I had now travelled from Coram Street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon in Kent-road, and to Green Street, Grosvenor-square; and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the peregrinations. As I re-entered my house from the last mentioned visit, the house-maid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my aunt Edwards of the two volumes which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's manuscript observations in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here are two volumes of Cowper bound in red morocco: I will keep them by me, "a gross of green spectacles is better than nothing;" so saying, I opened one of the volumes at a venture, and read as follows:—

"The sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks. —The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditations. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews now took their turn to request the honor of our company to dinner in Morning-lane, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-lane that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Life's Morning March," in the

Soldier's Dream; of "Oh, how sweet in the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this Morning," as sung by Storage in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation! Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane. Indeed the conversation strengthened the imputed etymology, for nothing was talked of but the shameful height to which the exhumation of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gas-lighted, said another. It is a shame, cried the third, that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued, cried a fourth, till a few of those felonious fellows are hanged at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks:—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a seconder of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that as the days of Amina in the Arabian Nights had passed away, I took it for granted that these highly-rebuked exhumators did not raise the bodies to eat them: and that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection; that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice; and, therefore, that I saw no great objections in taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My line of argument was not at all relished by the natives of a parish who all feared a similar disturbance; and Mrs. Oldham, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homerton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail her astonishment that Jemima Bradshaw should have thrown herself away upon a man of such libertine principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wearied; but the sight of land encouraged me. So, like a young stock-broker enrolled a member of the Whitehall Club, I pulled for my dear life, and entered the haven of Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row, Fulham. The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg; the servant-maid crammed my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum; and there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master. But when

Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices of self-love, by occupying our ears with "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions," shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers: reminding us that her father, the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and leatherseller, was hand and glove with the butler of the late Lord Ranelagh,—the trees of whose mansion waved sullenly in our view: that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the late Sir B. B.: and the said Agatha, in answer to a question as to the second series of Sayings and Doings, "read very little English," I could not but mutter to myself, "Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the stream of the same river!"

So much for my wife's relations; and for ought I know, the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the background. It is all very well for my wife: she is made much of: dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right-hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as bride; whilst I, as bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed *sans ceremonie*, at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper's Works as I used to be. "Domestic Happiness" (if every married body's is like mine,) may have "survived the Fall," but has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a-year (my wife will keep calling it a thousand;) and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soapboiler's vat. It is possible that felicity may reach me at last: perhaps when my aunt Edwards's Fitzroy-square gets its two deficient sides and becomes the handsomest square in all London. In the mean time "the grass grows." I say nothing: but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present soother of my sorrows, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen, my advertisement for a new helpmate shall run in the following form:

"Wanted a wife whose relations lie in a ring-fence."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

### ON COALS,

AND THE PERIOD WHEN THE COAL MINES IN ENGLAND WILL BE EXHAUSTED.

Coal was known, and partially used, at a very early period of our history. I was informed by the late Marquis of Hastings that stone hammers and stone tools were found in some of the old workings in his mines at Ashby Wolds; and his lordship informed me also, that similar stone tools had been discovered in the old workings in the coal-mines in the north of Ireland. Hence we may infer, that these coal-mines were worked at a very remote period, when the use of Metallic tools was not general. The burning of coal was prohibited in London in the year 1308, by the royal proclamation of Edward I. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the burning of coal was again prohibited in London during the sitting of parliament, lest the knights of the shire should suffer injury during their abode in the metropolis. In the year 1643, the use of coal had become so general, and the price being then very high, many of the poor are said to have perished for want of fuel. At the present day, when the consumption of coal, in our iron-furnaces and manufactories and for domestic use, is immense, we cannot but regard the exhaustion of our coal-beds as involving the destruction of a great portion of our private comfort and national prosperity. Nor is the period very remote when the coal districts, which at present supply the metropolis with fuel, will cease to yield any more. The annual quantity of coal shipped in the rivers Tyne and Wear, according to Mr. Bailey, exceeded three million tons. A cubic yard of coal weighs nearly one ton; and the number of tons contained in a bed of coal one square mile in extent, and one yard in thickness, is about four millions. The number and extent of all the principal coal-beds in Northumberland and Durham is known; and from these data it has been calculated that the coal in these counties will last 300 years. Mr. Bailey, in his survey of Durham, states, that one-third of the coal being already got, the coal districts will be exhausted in 200 years. It is probable that many beds of inferior coal, which are now neglected, may in future be worked; but the consumption of coal being greatly increased since Mr. Bailey published his Survey of Durham, we may admit his calculation to be an approximation to the truth, and that the coal of Northumberland and Durham will be exhausted in a period not greatly exceeding 200 years. Dr. Thomson, in the *Annals of Philosophy*, has calculated that the coal of these districts, at the present rate of consumption, will last 1,000 years! but his calculations are founded on data manifestly erroneous, and at variance with his own statements; for he assumes the annual consumption of coal to be only two million eight hundred



thousand tons, and the waste to be one-third more,—making three million seven hundred thousand tons, equal to as many square yards: whereas he has just before informed us, that two million chaldrons of coal, of two tons and a quarter each chaldron, are exported, making four million five hundred thousand tons, beside inland consumption, and waste in the working.\* According to Mr. Winch, three million five hundred thousand tons of coal are consumed annually from these districts; to which if we add the waste of small coal at the pit's mouth, and the waste in the mines, it will make the total yearly destruction of coal nearly double the quantity assigned by Dr. Thomson. Dr. Thomson has also greatly overrated the quantity of the coal in these districts, as he has calculated the extent of the principal beds from that of the lowest, which is erroneous; for many of the principal beds crop out, before they reach the western termination of the coal-fields. With due allowance for these errors, and for the quantity of coal already worked out, (which, according to Mr. Bailey, is about one-third,) the 1,000 years of Dr. Thomson will not greatly exceed the period assigned by Mr. Bailey for the complete exhaustion of coal in these counties, and may be stated at three hundred and fifty years.

It cannot be deemed uninteresting to inquire what are the repositories of coal that can supply the metropolis and the southern counties, when no more can be obtained from the Tyne and the Wear. The only coal-fields of any extent on the eastern side of England, between London and Durham, are those of Derbyshire and those in the west riding of Yorkshire. The Derbyshire coal-field is not of sufficient magnitude to supply, for any long period, more than is required for home consumption, and that of the adjacent counties. There are many valuable beds of coal in the western part of the west riding of Yorkshire which are yet unwrought; but the time is not very far distant when they must be put in requisition, to supply the vast demand of that populous manufacturing county, which at present consumes nearly all the produce of its own coal-mines. In the midland counties, Staffordshire possesses the nearest coal districts to the metropolis, of any great extent; but such is the immense daily consumption of coal in the iron-furnaces and foundries, that it is generally believed this will be the first of our own coal-fields that will be exhausted. The thirty-feet bed of coal in the Dudley coal-field is of limited extent; and in the present mode of working it, more than two-thirds of the coal is wasted and left in the mine.

If we look to Whitehaven or Lancashire, or to any of the minor coal-fields in the west of England, we can derive little hope of their being able to supply London and the southern counties with coal, after the import of coal fails from Northumberland and Durham. We

\* The waste of coal at the pit's mouth may be stated at one-sixth of the quantity sold, and that left in the mines at one-third. Mr. Holmes, in his *Treatise on Coal Mines*, states the waste of small coal at the pit's mouth to be one-fourth of the whole.

may thus anticipate a period not very remote, when all the English mines of coal and ironstone will be exhausted; and were we disposed to indulge in gloomy forebodings, like the ingenious authoress of the "Last Man," we might draw a melancholy picture of our starving and declining population, and describe some manufacturing patriarch, like the venerable Richard Reynolds, travelling to see the last expiring English furnace, before he emigrated to distant regions.†

Fortunately, however, we have in South Wales, adjoining the Bristol Channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and ironstone, which are yet nearly unwrought. It has been stated, that this coal-field extends over about twelve hundred square miles, and that there are twenty-three beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is ninety-five feet, and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 63,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal, equal to 32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now if we admit that the five million tons of coal from the Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to nearly one-third of the total consumption of coals in England, each square mile of the Welsh coal-field would yield coal for two years' consumption; and as there are from one thousand to twelve hundred square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for two thousand years, after all our English coal-mines are worked out.

It is true, that a considerable part of the coal in South Wales is of an inferior quality, and is not at present burned for domestic use; but in proportion as coal becomes scarce, improved methods of burning it will assuredly be discovered, to prevent any sulphureous fumes from entering apartments, and also to economize the consumption of fuel in all our manufacturing processes.

*Bakewell's Introduction to Geology.*

#### LOVE AMONG THE LAW BOOKS.

Mrs. Culpepper's "uncle, the Sergeant," of whom reverential mention has been made in one of these immortal epistles, has fallen in love! He felt a slight vertigo in Tavistock-square, of which he took little notice, and set off on the home circuit; but imprudently venturing out with the widow Jackson in a hopfield, at Maidstone, before he was well cured,

† The late Richard Reynolds, Esq., of Bristol, so distinguished for his unbounded benevolence, was the original proprietor of the great iron-works in Colebrook Dale, Shropshire. Owing, I believe, partly to the exhaustion of the best workable beds of coal and ironstone, and partly to the superior advantages possessed by the iron-founders in South Wales, the works at Colebrook Dale were finally relinquished, a short time before the death of Mr. Reynolds. With a natural attachment to the scenes where he had passed his early years, and to the pursuits by which he had honourably acquired his great wealth, he travelled from Bristol into Shropshire, to be present when the last of his furnaces was extinguished, in a valley where they had been continually burning for more than half a century.

the complaint struck inward, and a *mollities cordis* was the consequence. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole had arrived at the age of 59, heart-whole; his testamentary assets were therefore looked upon by Mrs. Culpepper as the unalienable property of her and hers. Speculations were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper as to the quantum. It could not be less than thirty thousand pounds; Bonus, the broker, had hinted as much to the old slopseller in the bow-window of Batson's, while they were eyeing "*the learned in the law*" in the act of crossing Cornhill to receive his dividends.—Hence may be derived the annual turtle and turbot swallowed by "my uncle, the Sergeant," in Savage-gardens: hence Mrs. Culpepper's high approbation of the preacher at the Temple Church: and hence her horse-laugh at the Sergeant's annually repeated jest about "brother Van and brother Bear." As far as appearances went, Plutus was certainly nearing point Culpepper; Nicholas Nethersole, Esq., Sergeant-at-law, was pretty regularly occupied in the Court of Common Pleas from ten to four. A hasty dinner swallowed at five at the Grecian, enabled him to return to chambers at half-past six, where pleas, rejoinders, demurrers, cases, and consultations, occupied him till ten. All this (not to mention the arrangement with the bar-maid at Nando's) seemed to ensure a walk through this vale of tears in a state of single blessedness. "I have no doubt he will cut up well," said Culpepper to his consort. "I have my eye upon a charming villa in the Clapham Road: when your uncle, the Sergeant, is tucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: it's a sweet spot: not a stone's throw from the Swan, at Stockwell!" Such were the Alnascar anticipations of Mr. Jonathan Culpepper. But, alas! as Dr. Johnston said some forty years ago, and even then the observation was far from new, "What are the hopes of man." Legacy-hunting, like hunting of another sort, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and they who wait for dead men's shoes, now and then walk to the church-yard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole grew fat and kicked: he took a house in Tavistock square, and he launched an olive-coloured chariot with iron-grey horses. There is, as I am confidently told, an office in Holborn where good matches are duly registered and assorted. Straightway under the letter N, appears the following entry, "Nethersole, Nicholas, Sergeant-at-law, Tavistock-square, Bachelor, age 50. Income 3,500*l*. Equipage, olive green chariot, and iron-grey horses. Temper, talents, morals,—blank!" That numerous herd of old maidens and widows that feeds upon the lean pastures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Alfred-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel of the first water and magnitude to be set in the crown of Hymen, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The Sergeant was at no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the ratifia cakes which came in with the Madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnest of future golden rings.

The poet, Gay, makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera, thus chant in duet;

"A curse attends that woman's love  
Who always would be pleasing!"

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then allowed, and, indeed, necessitated to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

"Cease, then, fair one, cease to shun me  
Here let all our difference cease;  
Half that rigour had undone me,  
All that rigour gives me peace."

Accordingly, it may be observed, that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his *devoirs*, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the Hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the *ultima Thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaim, "Where is he?" Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive-green chariot, gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to prey upon some newer benedict. Two only kept the field, Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow; both of whom hovered on the verge of forty. "It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in Bedford-place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety: she is never out of Mr. Nethersole's house, and jangles that old harpischord of his with her "Love among the Roses," till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson on the very same day to another particular friend at the Bazaar, in Soho-square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's goings on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there: I caught her in the act of screwing her pin-cushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethersole's mahogany table—what right has she to knit him purses?" The contest of work-table *versus* harpischord, now grew warm: betting even: Miss Jennings threw in a crimson purse and the odds were in her favour: the widow, Jackson, sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half-a-dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N., surmounted with a couple of red hearts: this was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpischord a number of the Irish melodies, and started off at score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza; and I



am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time, Love, tired of his aromatic station, "among the Roses," of all places in the world, began to take up his abode among the dusty law books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole's chambers. Certain amatory worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coifs and white wigs of the legal authors who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the aforesaid Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery and mixed themselves with the decorous company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Naso, with his *Art of Love* in his pocket, presumed to shoulder Mr. Espinasse at Nisi Prius; Tibulus got astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone; Propertius lolled indolently against Bacon's Abridgment, and "the industrious Giles Jacob" could not keep his two quartos together from the assurance of one Waller, who had taken post between them. In short, the Sergeant was in love! Still, however, I am of opinion, that "youth and an excellent constitution," as the novelists have it, would have enabled the patient to struggle with the disease, if it had not been for the incident which I am about to relate.

The home circuit had now commenced, and Sergeant Nethersole had quitted London for Maidstone. Miss Jennings relied with confidence upon the occurrence of nothing particular till the assizes were over, and in that assurance had departed to spend a fortnight with a married sister at Kingston-upon-Thames. Poor innocent! she little knew what a widow is equal to. No sooner had the Sergeant departed in his olive-green chariot, drawn by a couple of post-horses, than the widow Jackson, aided by Alice Green, packed her portmanteau, sent for a hackney-coach, and bade the driver adjourn to the Golden-cross, Charing-cross. There was one vacant seat in the Maidstone coach: the widow occupied it at twelve at noon, and between five and six o'clock in the afternoon was quietly dispatching a roasted fowl at the Star-inn, with one eye fixed upon the egg-sauce and the other upon the Assize Hall opposite.—The pretext for this step was double: the first count alleged that her beloved brother lived at Town Mallings, a mere step off, and the second averred an eager desire to hear the Sergeant plead. On the evening which followed that of the widow's arrival, the Sergeant happened not to have any consultation to attend; and, what is more remarkable, happened to be above the affectation of pretending that he had. He proposed a walk into the country: the lady consented: they moralized a few minutes upon the *hic jacets* in the church-yard, and thence strolled into the adjoining fields where certain labourers had piled the wooden props of the plant that feeds, or ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in conical (query, comical) shapes, not unlike the spire of the New Church in Langham-place. The rain now began to fall: one of these sloping recipients stood invitingly open to shelter them from the storm: "Speluncarn

Dipo dux et Trojanns." Ah, those pyramidal hop-poles! The widow's brother from Town Mallings was serving upon the Grand Jury: his sister's reputation was dear to him as his own: "he'd call him brother, or he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nethersole and Amelia Jackson were joined together in holy matrimony.

The widow Jackson, now Mrs. Nethersole, was a prudent woman, and wished, as the phrase is, to have every body's good word. It was her advice that her husband should write to his niece, Mrs. Culpepper, to acquaint her with what had happened. She had, in fact, drawn up a letter for his signature, in which she tendered several satisfactory apologies for the step, namely, that we are commanded to increase and multiply: that it is not good for man to be alone: but chiefly that he had met with a woman possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy. "Why no, my dear," answered the Sergeant, "with submission to you, (a phrase prophetic of the fact) it has been my rule through life, whenever I had done a wrong or foolish deed (here the lady frowned) never to own it: never to suffer judgment to go by default, and thus remain 'in mercy,' but boldly plead a justification. I have a manuscript note of a case in point in which I was concerned. In my youth I mixed largely in the fashionable world, and regularly frequented the Hackney assemblies, carrying my pumps in my pocket. Jack Peters (he is now in Bombay) and myself, went thither, as usual, on a moon-shining Monday, and slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney stage on the following morning was returned *non est inventus*, without giving us notice of set off; the Clapton coach was therefore engaged to hold our bodies in safe custody, and them safely deposit at the Flowerpot, in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had we sued out our first cup of Souchong, when the Clapton coach stopped at the door. Here was a demurrer! Jack was for striking out the breakfast, and joining issue with the two inside passengers. But I said no; finish the muffins: take an order for half an hour's time; and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice to set off, entering the vehicle with a hey-damme sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders, that if there was any impertinence in their bill, we would strike it out without a reference to the master. The scheme took, and before we reached Saint Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage: if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances: leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said the lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward!" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable: a nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife, she is no better than

she should be!"—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding." "Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about brother Van, and brother Bear." "Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may, possibly, be no issue of the marriage." Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends, from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace, in the Regent's-park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the register-office above-mentioned, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony of Nethersole's, who, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nando's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole was on the wane,

"My sprite  
Popp'd through the key-hole swift as light."

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of his library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak, and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were refitted to their upper-shelf, the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.—*N<sup>o</sup> 210 Monthly Magazine.*

### THE RAILROAD KING—MR. HUDSON.

Mr. George Hudson, the Member for Sunderland, and dictator of the railway interest, undeniably holds a most prominent and important place in the House of Commons. He has been scarcely two years in parliament; yet he occupies, or rather occupied, a position, side by side with Lord George Bentinck, Lord John Manners, Mr. Disraeli, and others, on the front bench of the Opposition, which is usually only held by the leaders of party. Substantially, indeed, he is recognised as one of the chiefs of that large majority of the Conservative party who seceded from Sir Robert Peel when he became a free-trader; and he is treated by all parties in the House as if he held that high post by right. But honors more real and valuable are also enjoyed by him, which are more to his taste than these mere insignia, or formal recognitions, of his power. He also wields an influence which, under all the circumstances, may truly be said to be unparalleled, and which cannot be accounted for by the rules of precedent. Were he treated with as an authority, or recognised even almost as a dictator, on matters connected with railways and their management, or cognate commercial subjects, his success would be admitted to have given him a claim to such consideration. Because, undoubtedly, his whole career shews him to be a man of singular energy, shrewdness, knowledge, and grasp of mind, upon all such topics.

But, in fact, Mr. Hudson's sphere of parliamentary action is not limited even to so grand a scene as these subjects afford. He interferes, with increasing activity, in matters wholly beyond the scope of his peculiar pursuits; in questions of national policy; and, whatever opinion the judicious may form of the quality or value of his interference, it is remarkable what deference is paid to him by the oldest members of the house, and by the leading statesmen of the day. Nor is this confined to his serious moods, or when he makes formal speeches. Mr. Hudson, in the fulness of his prosperity and triumph, condescends at times to have playful intervals; and it is no uncommon thing to see him persevere, to the admiration of an obsequious house, in evolutions quite harmless in themselves, and which, in fact, are so many proofs of his utter freedom from false pride or affectation, but which in a less fortunate, powerful, or determined man, would, if not laughed at, or coughed down, be regarded as serious offences. But, in truth, there is no place where success is so worshipped as in the House of Commons; and Mr. Hudson has given so many solid proofs of his energy and power, that his very elevated position, although it may be quite anomalous in other respects, is not so surprising.

Before we describe Mr. Hudson in his parliamentary capacity, it may not be uninteresting to the reader if we recall a few of the leading facts in the career of this remarkable man—remarkable even as a living illustration of that great characteristic of the age, the facility and certainty with which men of conduct, ability, and perseverance, may rise, by legitimate means, to the enjoyment of wealth and honors such as, under the old system of society, could only be attained by those illustrious men who were qualified by their genius to tread the loftiest path of civil and military glory. We do this, not to gratify a mere appetite for biographical details, but to shew that if Mr. Hudson has been what is commonly called "lucky," that luck can only apply to the degree of his success, and that had he been left to his own unaided exertions, he would still have relatively risen high in the scale.

Fortune is more liberal and impartial in her gifts of opportunities, than the recipients of her favours are steady or enterprising in seizing on them. It is a common thing to hear detractors of Mr. Hudson exclaim that his success as a railway director is not so remarkable, because he was comparatively a rich man before he began. But, while that may be true as regards the scale and extent of his operations, if we find, from a retrospect of his career, that he displayed the same energy, conduct, ability, perseverance, in a more humble capacity, any position he achieved without external aid becomes the more remarkable in proportion to the difficulties which beset him.

Forty-seven years ago, Mr. Hudson came into the world, at the small village of Howsham, near York, his father being the occupant of a small farm there, and although a worthy and honest man, and, moreover, a dignitary in his



way, as head constable of the place, still not standing very high in the agricultural scale. Like Mr. Cobden, Mr. Hudson's early destiny seemed likely to chain him to the plough, but the death of his father, when he was only six years old, prevented that plan from being carried out; and although the informant from whom we derive these particulars loses sight of him for some eight years or so, there is reason to suppose that he was duly engaged cramming that amount of learning and pudding which is vouchsafed to Young Yorkshire. At the end of that period his friends apprenticed him to a draper at York, who was not long in discovering that in his young assistant he had one to whom life was a reality and a serious business,—a task, a labour, a duty. Application, good conduct, and perseverance, when they are spontaneously developed at so early an age as fourteen or fifteen, seldom fail to procure lasting fruits; and so it was with young Hudson. Even thus early much of his after character developed itself, and he exhibited many of those peculiarities which now distinguish him from all men of his class. As is the oak so was the acorn. He is described as energetic and active to a degree that commanded the respect as well as the liking of his superiors; but, on the other hand, he was so unpolished, peremptory, and *brusque* in his manners, as to excite attention even in a place where such characters abound. And, as if to make up for this *brusquerie*, which was no doubt an inveterate habit of which he was scarcely conscious, his politeness was alarming in its contrast. But if it was awkward and clumsy in its rough eagerness, it was also marked by a laughable simplicity. He was as energetic in his amiable as in his rougher moods. If he gave his orders to an errand-boy with the same peremptoriness that in after years conveyed the railway dictator's will to some non-amalgamating line, he would unfold a roll of linen to some fair and favoured customer with the same profusion of courtesy, the same incoherent professions, the same short, heavy duckings and bowings, with which he will now apologise to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after having pertinaciously plagued him for ten minutes about what has, perhaps, arisen from some mistake of his own, but maintained with his accustomed self-relying determination. He was also remarkably pious in this early part of his life, and, although now, we understand, a member of the Church of England, he was then a member of the Wesleyan body.

His apprenticeship over, Mr. Hudson, according to our informant, determined to start for London, trusting to his energy for his future fortune. He was immediately offered by his employers a share in their business, so necessary had his valuable qualities made him to them. This is a strong corroborative proof that Mr. Hudson is not indebted to mere luck for his subsequent eminence. Let no one sneer because the elevation we here record was from the comparatively humble position of an assistant behind a counter, to the higher

post of master in a mere linen-drapery concern in a provincial town. The first steps in life are, to one of humble origin, the most difficult; and it often bespeaks much higher qualities of mind, that a person so situated shall clear away these early obstructions, than that he shall afterward succeed more brilliantly on a grander stage, after the way has become smoothed before him. In the one case, every thing is perilled, and all the faculties of the mind, all qualities, the temper, disposition, principles, are exposed to the severest trial: in the other, it is a question of the extent and power of the intellect. Of course, many hundreds of apprentices have, before Mr. Hudson, been "taken into the master's firm," and have never developed in after life into railway kings, or any thing else but plodding respectable citizens. But that truism does not preclude us from striving to trace in this early evidence of Mr. Hudson's ability to force himself upwards, the germ of his subsequent extraordinary energy, perseverance, and success. Fortune favoured, soon after this, his honest exertions. The chief partner (a Mr. Bell) retired; and the firm was carried on in the name of Nicholson and Hudson. By the time the latter was twenty-seven years of age, he had already become, by his own exertions and prudence, a man of sufficient means to be considered, for a provincial tradesman, a very wealthy man. At this juncture, a rich, but distant relative of his—one Matthew Bottrill—died, and most unexpectedly left to Mr. Hudson a fortune of 30,000*l*. Thus, by the double result of his own hard work, and the caprice of one who was said to have left his own nearer kin unprovided for, was Mr. Hudson provided with the means of enjoying a luxurious retirement for the remainder of his days. And most men would, assuredly, have considered that they could not do better than drink of the cup thus held forth. But Mr. Hudson was made of different stuff. The same qualities which had raised him in so few years from the position of a humble and moneyless farmer's son—an orphan—to his present comparative eminence, spurred him on still further.

If it be possible to trace in the preceding facts the germ of that enterprise and aptitude for business which afterwards enabled Mr. Hudson to produce such astonishing results in the railway world, the subsequent events of his life, ere he became a public character, will also, in some measure, account for that passion for politics, and more especially for ultra-Toryism, which has given rise to the anomalous portion of his parliamentary functions. Every one has had occasion to see, at some time or other, what prominence a pushing, bustling, energetic, talkative man, may attain in provincial party struggles, to the exclusion even of those whose position would give them a more legitimate influence. It was not long before Mr. Hudson became in his own person a striking example of this facility. Entitled, as a rich citizen of York, to take part in the politics of the city, it was not long before his extraordinary activity and determination of

character placed him among the local leaders. His indomitable spirit and singular powers of organisation gained him an ascendancy with the Conservatives, who were at that time in especial want of some fearless man to help them to make head against the calamities threatened and produced by the dreaded Reform-bill. Within three years after his last accession of wealth, he became the head of the party in York—no well knew how or why. As in after cases in his career, he determined to be the leader, and there was scarcely any one to question his will. And he had not long directed their councils, ere he established by his services so strong a claim on their gratitude, that there was less reason or disposition to question his right than ever. Napoleon-like, he cemented his throne by victories. The best proof at once of his services, and of the gratitude of those whom he served, was his being soon after (in January 1836) elected an alderman of York; and, in November 1837, lord-mayor of that city, which office he has filled not once only, but also a second and a third time. Having thus succeeded, on the smaller stage of a provincial city, in rendering himself one of the most, if not the most, important political personage of the place, it is the less surprising that, when afterwards removed to the higher sphere of the House of Commons, he should have been actuated by the same ambition, or that he should so far have succeeded in it as to be chosen counsellor of the *soi-disant* leaders of the Protectionist opposition.

Let us now return to him in his capacity as a man of business. In the year 1833 he was the originator, and for a long time afterwards the manager, of the York Banking Company, a joint-stock concern, which, unlike so many provincial companies of the kind, did *not* ruin its shareholders, but, on the contrary (and chiefly through Mr. Hudson's excellent management), withstood all shocks to its credit, and became a "paying" concern. From this first successful venture in speculation, he soon after launched forth into one of greater magnitude and risk, but which proved the foundation of his subsequent splendid fortune. It is observable of all Mr. Hudson's public undertakings, that however they may have contributed to fill his own pockets, they have all been calculated, more or less, to benefit the city of York, to which he was so much indebted for his early prosperity. Of the York and North Midland Railway he was one of the early promoters. He entered into it with his accustomed vigour, and gave full scope in its support to his sanguine temperament. He took shares very largely in the line, and was soon appointed chairman of the board of directors. Here, as in every other phase of his life, he soon obtained an absolute ascendancy. He did just as he liked; and what he likes is to do things well. Although the shares fell to a frightful discount, he was not discouraged: he bought them up from the panic-stricken holders; and his courage and foresight were rewarded by their becoming afterwards of enormous value.

And, it should be added, that his perseverance is said to have been in opposition to the great body of the shareholders and the directors. But so it ever is. The strong-minded man not only sees, but wills, and works his end.

The success of his manœuvres with the York and North Midland soon led to his becoming the chairman of other lines, and ultimately to the adoption of his amalgamating schemes, and of that system of uniform working, which, however it may affect the public interest, has at least proved beneficial to the proprietors. As in more glorious pursuits, success brought with it a *prestige*. To have won one battle bears the conqueror far on his way towards winning a second: his own men are inspired with a new courage, his enemies with an unwonted fear. So with Mr. Hudson. Railway boards entered into brisk competition to have him for their chairman, and the public had faith in his measures. A hint that "Hudson" was going to "take up" such-and-such a line, would send the shares up in the market with magical buoyancy. Partly by the singular confidence he had created, and partly by the vigour and excellence of his management, the advent of the "Railway King," as he was now called, was the sure harbinger of prosperity. When the addition of his name to the direction of a line was the signal for hundreds of thousands of pounds to change hands, or for the property he so patronised to become enhanced in value almost to the extent of millions, it is not surprising that Mr. Hudson should have himself amassed enormous sums of money. Every period has its peculiar speculative channel. Fortunes are made and lost at one time in the funds, at others in mines, at others by contracts. The present age is signalised by enterprise in railways; and Mr. Hudson has been the most fortunate of all those who have profited by the national fever. He was thus able to thrive himself, and yet to scatter fortunes around as an oak drops acorns. We have heard amusing stories of the dictatorial style of his treaties with suppliant companies, and the gigantic self-confidence implied in his demands. Of that which was to be created by his fiat, he always secured the control of the lion's share. Thus it was well to be near George Hudson when the crumbs fell from the royal table. We are told that he never forgot his friends. Many a rich manor of shares at, or to be at, a premium, was parcelled out among his followers, the only condition of service being a friendly vote, if necessary, at a general meeting. But to those out of whose embarrassed affairs all this wealth for themselves and others, was to be created, the tone assumed by this saviour of bankrupt railroad companies was amusingly dictatorial. It was the old nursery saying, "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what God will send you!" Woe to those who demurred, or desired independent action! They were left inexorably in the lurch. But, let Mr. Hudson have his own way, do his bidding willingly and well, and you were rewarded, not only with the royal smiles, but also with more solid



advantages. The amount of influence and patronage he has from time to time wielded is enormous. If you called on him,—and to go to him for no adequate cause were worse than to enter a lion's den at feeding time, without food,—you found him immersed in a multitudinous sea of papers—estimates, evidence, correspondence—surrounded by clerks, giving audience to deputations, or members of parliament, or engineers. He affected, or required, a lofty economy of time. Your business must be ready cut and dried. He listened, not always patiently or politely, but with sundry fidgettings and gruntings, to your story, gave you your answer in a few brief monosyllables, turned his back, took up the affair that came next, and—you were shewn out. He is quite an Abernethy in his way of treating those who go to him with their complaints or their cases, their inventions or suggestions. His experience and clear insight make him impatient of details; he cuts off the most anxious applicant or the most convincing statement with a “Yes!” or a “No!” or a “That won’t do!” and, having got so much distilled from the royal lips, the sooner you abscond the better. A gentleman called on him one day with an introduction from an old friend. His invention was a most important one, but it had already received the royal attention, and his majesty had decided against it. But the letter of the old friend did not weigh as light. The applicant, at first received with *brusque* pomposity, soon saw the rotund visage illumined by a smile, the rotund person painfully bending in an effort, not a bow. He was beginning his story, and had got as far as the name of his invention, when he was stopped with an “Ah! I know all about that. It will never do. Excuse me; I can’t waste my time on it. But Tom—says you are a partickler friend of his: mind what I say: go down into the city and buy as many shares as you can; get in the — and — at any price below —*l*. Good bye!” And the visitor was left to measure the breadth of the imperial back, bending over a batch of papers which had that moment been brought in; but with the subsequent compensation of a handsome sum in premiums on the shares he bought.

An amusing story is told of him, which illustrates the quaint abruptness of his address. During one of his years of office as lord-mayor of York, the annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science was held in that city; and, at the close of the proceedings, it was the desire of the corporation to invite the most distinguished of the visitors and scientific professors to dinner,—the Right Honourable George Hudson, being of course, the mouthpiece of their courteous intentions. It happened, however, that in the course of the proceedings of the meeting, the “Advancement of Science” had been somewhat impeded by some rather unscientific misunderstandings. During many years past, we need scarcely remind our readers, that time-honoured pride and recreation of the ultra-orthodox of all creed, the *odium theologicum*, has

been for a time supplanted in some pious breasts by another source of spiritual warfare: as modern inquirers, and hardy reasoners, have made progress in one particular branch of physical science. The old *odium* has been fairly superseded and driven out of the field of controversy by another kind of hatred, which may be called the *odium geo-logicum*. The city of York, too, is rather dangerous ground for the introduction of any such subjects; for we need not observe that the worthy dean of the diocese, Dr. Cockburn, has acquired a widely extended reputation by his many manifold battlings against too speculative professors who would bring their antediluvian relics and profane speculations thereon to bear against the buttresses of the faith and the Church. Imminent was the danger of exploding them, when some of these gentlemen came and perpetrated their grave theorising even within sound of the cathedral bells! A spark was enough, and local history tells that the disturbance was terrific. What it must have been may be guessed from the fact, that when the time came for the corporation to invite some of the belligerent professors, a grave difficulty arose, because such had been the personalities that it was impossible for the geologists to meet each other at the dinner. Which side was to give way? Many were the suggestions and proposals, in the hope that some mutual arrangement might be made. But who would attempt, or could effect, a reconciliation under such circumstances? Not Mr. Hudson. With his usual determination, he cut the Gordian knot at once; for he brought the affair to a close in a summary way, when officially communicating with the opposite parties, by saying, with characteristic straightforwardness, “Why, gentlemen, I’m really very sorry gentlemen, the affair can’t be arranged, gentlemen; but,”—smiling and bowing,—“the fact is, gentlemen, I’ve talked the thing over with the corporation, and—*we’ve decided for Moses and the dean!*”

But although the *brusquerie* which made him a “character” when behind a counter at York, may have developed into dictatorial habits in the railway potentate; although he may be more feared and disliked than beloved, even by those who have been benefited by his exertions, one thing must be admitted by all,—that he must be a man of no ordinary energy, ability, and power of organisation, to have risen to so unparalleled a height of power and influence, when he has had to compete with some of the most intelligent men this country, pre-eminent in the development of men with a genius for commerce, has yet produced. From a farmer’s son he has become a member of parliament, a leader of party, a millionaire, a magistrate in Yorkshire and Durham, and the holder of extensive landed property in different parts of the kingdom.

Mr. Hudson represents in his own person, in exaggeration, the merits, the faults, and the characteristics of the important class to which he belongs. Such able, successful, and powerful persons, elevate the character of

the man of business almost to a level with that of the man of genius. Indeed, a man may have a genius which takes that particular shape; and if it be one of the signs of genius that it arises to the call, and adapts itself to the wants, of particular ages or periods of human existence, why, assuredly we must not refuse to place in the category that spirit of enterprise, and that singular power of combination, which stimulate and perfect the development in the service of human improvement, the extraordinary scientific activity, and the determination to subjugate physical agencies, that have marked the present age. The individual who learns to place himself in the van of his contemporaries, even in so commonplace a pursuit as the management of railroads, is entitled to honour and distinction so far as he excels them. He may be, in comparison with men of acknowledged attainments, illiterate, and devoid of those intellectual and personal graces which are usually so powerful a charm in men of genius; but it is not enough to break the totality of such a character in fragments, and impute specific deficiencies. It must be regarded as a whole, and credit must be given for that positive mental power which enables its possessor, otherwise, perhaps, deficient, to work out such results. Mr. Hudson's triumphs can be very easily accounted for: but that does not detract from their merit. An indomitable will, a determined perseverance, and a disposition to bear down all obstacles,—to consider all opponents (while opponents) as enemies, and to treat them as such,—these qualities, seconded by excellent habits of business, considerable practical knowledge, and unusual powers of calculation, seem to have constituted the force of Mr. Hudson's genius for management. They have obtained for him a sway over railway directors and shareholders throughout the kingdom as thoroughly imperial as any that Napoleon ever exercised over prostrate nations. It is worthy of record, too, that Mr. Hudson has always asserted the independence of his order. To some he may have seemed to be a tuft-hunter; but we believe that the balance has been on the other side, and that the Mammon worshippers have precluded him from the dangerous and seductive opportunity. If any thing, Mr. Hudson carries this pride of class too far. So proud is he of having sprung from the people, and of having been the architect of his own fortune, that he occasionally allows his independence to degenerate into something approaching to rudeness and arrogance. His early *brusquerie* is by no means dead. He more often crows and abashes, than convinces, those with whom he does not agree, and by so much weakens the foundation of his own power, should a run of ill-luck ever fall upon him.

Mr. Hudson's parliamentary career, although it has been quite as remarkable for good fortune as his railway life, does not present the same solid guarantees of permanent success and influence. Elected for Sunderland in August, 1845, he gave Sir Robert Peel a qualified support on his first entrance into parliament;

but, on the repeal of the corn laws being announced, he became one of the right honorable baronet's most determined opponents. This brought him into direct relations, offensive and defensive, with the Protectionist party; and when Lord George Bentinck determined to seize on the leadership of the Opposition, after Sir R. Peel's downfall, Mr. Hudson was to be seen sitting by his side. Such alliances are not new in principle. Aristocracy wanted the substantial aid of wealth and power, and wealth and power were not sorry to have the countenance of aristocracy. So Lord George became "my noble friend" to Mr. Hudson, and that gentleman became right honorable ditto to Lord George. All old ideas have been so completely overturned during the session, that the House grew accustomed to the novelty; and Mr. Hudson now kept, as a politician, the seat and the position which were originally accorded to him as the great railway potentate of the day. Upon railway subjects he is listened to by all parties with respect, because he is known to have a right to express his opinions. Here, in fact, he is a positive authority. His decision, *pro* or *con*, on a measure connected with railway management, is almost law. But on questions of a political or more general nature, it is not probable that he will retain his supremacy, so soon as parties shall have formed themselves in the new parliament. There are so many members who are far better qualified to speak or to take the lead, that Mr. Hudson will, no doubt, with his usual good sense, leave the field to them.

Mr. Hudson is not at all qualified to shine as a speaker. True, indeed, to the proud simplicity of his character, he makes no pretension to do so. Nature has not fitted him for such displays. He is of extra-aldermanic bulk, his frame is naturally broad and massive, with a tendency to develope every way but upwards. He is scarcely of the middle height, and very rotund; but his chest is broad and well thrown out, and, although ungainly, and even clumsy, in his figure and movements, he is strong, active and muscular. He walks with great effort, his large arms swinging vigorously to aid the difficult action of his legs, yet he gets over the ground more rapidly than the average of men. It seems as if the same determined will sways his body that reigns over his mind, for, the more he grows in size, and the more he has to carry about with him, the more active he seems to be. His head is a formidable looking engine: it is as round and as stern-looking as a forty-two pounder. In fitting it on the body, the formality of a neck has been dispensed with. The face carries a whole battery; the eyes quick and piercing, the mouth firm, and characteristic of resolution. The whole aspect is far removed from the ideal standard of Caucasian beauty, but it is stamped with power. Looking at the honorable gentleman when he is speaking, ready primed and loaded to the muzzle with facts and assertions, while the resolute will gleams from those keen eyes, you are not surprised that one discharge of that stern artillery should be enough to



scatter whole boards of railway directors, or put dissentient shareholders to irrecoverable rout. He speaks in volleys, with a thick utterance, and as though the voice had to be pumped up from cavernous recesses, and he primes and loads after each discharge. His words are just those that come first, chiefly monosyllabic, and not always marshalled by the best grammatical discipline; but although he seems to speak with difficulty, and almost to blunder, yet he succeeds in making himself thoroughly understood. His plain, practical sense, the evident result of hard thinking and reasoning, is much esteemed; but he would secure and retain a more solid and lasting influence if he would avoid, except in cases of extreme necessity, the higher walks of politics, and select, in preference, subjects which he treats as a master, and on which, among the multitude of pretenders in parliament, his experience and strong mental powers would render his opinion invaluable.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### ANTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

We have often given accounts of the habits and character of these remarkable little creatures, the ants; here are a few more particulars regarding them, from the travels of Dr. Poeppig, a German, in Chili, Peru, and adjacent countries in South America. We quote from a translation in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. "The lower classes of the animal kingdom are here exceedingly numerous and hostile, and this is particularly the case with the insects. You are annoyed and persecuted by them in everything you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant, for instance: for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the north of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him and his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest, is a ques-

tion which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mischievous and troublesome animals; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service, still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counterbalanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the Incas *guagna-miague*; a name which is commonly and very justly translated, 'which makes the eyes water;' for, if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is not known where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does not injure the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward, disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing; while, on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part and goes out of the way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile, while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavours to escape, but in vain; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton."

## NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

Night sinks on the wave,  
Hollow gusts are sighing,  
Sea-birds to their cave  
Through the gloom are flying.  
Oh! should storms come sweeping,  
Thou, in Heaven unsleeping,  
O'er thy children vigil keeping,

Hear, hear, and save!

Stars look o'er the sea,  
Few, and sad, and shrouded!  
Faith our light must be,  
When all else is clouded.  
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,  
Wind and billow stilling,  
Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling—  
Power dwells with thee.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I dream of all things free!  
Of a gallant, gallant bark,  
That sweeps through storm and sea  
Like an arrow to its mark!  
Of a stag that o'er the hills  
Goes bounding in his glee;  
Of a thousand flashing rills—  
Of all things glad and free!

I dream of some proud bird,  
A bright-eyed mountain king!  
In my visions I have heard  
The rushing of his wing.  
I follow some wild river,  
On whose breast no sail may be;  
Dark woods around it shiver—  
I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,  
With the fawns and flowers at play;  
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,  
With the stars to guide his way;  
Of a chief his warriors leading.  
Of an archer's greenwood tree—  
My heart in chains is bleeding,  
And I dream of all things free!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## DELAYS.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;  
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;  
Creeping snails have weakest force;  
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;  
Good is best, when soonest wrought,  
Ling'ring labours come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;  
Seek not time, when time is past,  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.  
After wits are dearly bought,  
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks behind;  
Take thou hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies, he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourn'd have many stays;  
Long demurs breed new delays.

*Robert Southwell, 1595.*

## EARLY RISING.

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour,  
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower,  
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,  
And the wild kid sports merrily.  
The sun is bright, the skies are clear,  
Wake, lady! wake and hasten here.

Up! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air;  
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream  
Is dancing in the sunny beam.  
Waste not these hours, so fresh and gay,  
Leave thy soft couch, and haste away.

Up! time will tell, the morning bell  
Its service-sound has chimed well:  
The aged crone keeps house alone,  
The reapers to the fields are gone.  
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,  
Lo! while thou sleep'st, they haste away.

*Miss Baillie.*

## SONG.

When Love came first to earth, the Spring  
Spread rose-buds to receive him,  
And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing  
To heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring, departing, saw his faith  
Pledged to the next new-comer—  
He revell'd in the warmer breath  
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights  
An archer for her lover,  
And even in Winter's dark, cold nights  
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,  
For this time were his reasons—  
In short, young Love's a gallant boy,  
That likes all times and seasons.

*Campbell.*

## SONG.

Men of England! who inherit  
Rights that cost your sires their blood;  
Men, whose undegenerate spirit  
Has been proved on land and flood:—

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,  
By the glorious deeds ye've done,  
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,  
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers  
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,  
If the patriotism of your fathers  
Glow not in your hearts the same.

*Campbell.*

## WOMAN'S WIT OR LOVE'S DISGUISES.

They sat within a bower of roses twined,  
A pale dark youth beside a bright-eyed girl:  
Behind her parted lips shone wealth of pearl,  
As ever and anon she smiling turned  
To that dark youth, and he with fevered mind  
Gazed on that bright-eyed girl, and mutely drank  
The beauty that on her fair features burned,  
Till all their witchery to his heart's depths sank.  
He seized her hand, and, borne upon the tide  
Of swelling passion, straight before her knelt.  
He felt—he felt—he knew not how he felt—  
But feel he did, and said so; she replied,  
"All very fine this, Master Tom, no doubt,  
But does your mother really know you're out?"



## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—We have received the October number of this periodical, the principal portion of which is devoted to a review and critique of the Provincial Agricultural Show, illustrated with woodcuts of the show grounds, &c. As soon as time and space will allow, we shall devote a page or two to an analysis of the contents of the published numbers of this journal; in the mean time, we would suggest to the Editor the propriety, when he attempts a criticism, of being certain of his ground, and then to state his objections openly and boldly; this “damning with faint praise” is “not the thing.” We have been led into these remarks by the following passage in his notice of the Fine Arts department of the exhibition:—

“Wood-cutting and engraving on copper and steel were also very inadequately represented, and if the artists in these departments desire to secure to themselves the growing demand for works of the kind in Canada, a little more exertion is desirable. Most of the wood-cuts have been repeatedly exhibited before—the new ones being chiefly the maps and illustrations of Smith’s Canada, exhibited by Mr. McLearn, are well known, and scarcely do justice to the state of the art in Toronto, however fairly they represent the existing demand.”

Now, we can state, upon “the best authority,” that the maps contained in “Smith’s Canada” were all engraved by Messrs. Sherman & Smith—the parties who engraved Bouchette’s large map of the British Provinces—who are universally admitted to be the *first* map engravers in the city of New York. The Vignette Title, the only other illustration in the work, was also engraved by one of the best engravers on steel in the same city. Although the Editor of the *Canadian Journal* thinks these engravings “scarcely do justice to the state of the art in Toronto,” we can assure him that could they have been *as well* executed here, many hundreds of pounds would have been retained in the province, which were unavoidably sent out of it within a very brief period: and both authors and publishers would have been saved a vast amount of inconvenience. We may add, that “Smith’s Canada” contains no *wood-cuts*, as the notice quoted above would lead persons to suppose.

## THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN.

The undue preference long given to Greek and Roman literature in education is rapidly declining, and in this we recognise the indisputable progress of reason. From time to time, however, attempts are made by the patrons of these studies to maintain their importance; and among the numerous fallacies by which they are defended, one of the latest has been the argument that Greek and Roman literature constitutes the true education of a gentleman. It is said that the ancient classics not only improve the memory, expand the intellect, and sharpen the judgment, but that they communicate to the mind that nameless grace—that sympathy with all that is delicate and exalted—that high-toned dignity and vigor which must be acquired by all those individuals of humble parentage, who, by the exercise of their talents and their virtues, aspire to obtain an exalted station. Seminaries for Greek and Latin, therefore, it is said, ought to be supported as the places in which embryo gentlemen may meet and associate with embryo gentlemen, while their minds are yet delicate and their manners uncontaminated, that they may preserve their quality pure. They ought to be maintained also, it is added, by parents in the middle-ranks, whose breasts are fired by a laudable ambition of promoting the rise of their children in the world; because in such schools only can they obtain access to those examples of noble bearing, and realise that refinement, tact and mental delicacy which they must possess before they can reach the summit of social honour.

This argument is a grand appeal to the vanity and the ignorance of those to whom it is addressed. We yield to no class of educationists in our estimate of the value of acuteness and vigour of mind, combined with taste, delicacy and refinement of manners; but we differ widely from the patrons of ancient literature in our estimate of the best means of imbuing the youthful mind with these qualities. We regard the qualities themselves as the results of two causes—First, the decided ascendancy of the moral feelings over the lower passions of our nature; and, secondly, the vigorous activity of a well-trained and truly enlightened intellect.

The basis of all real refinement lies in pure and generous affections, just and upright sentiments; with a lively sensibility to the intrinsic excellence of beauty and grace, both physical and mental, wherever these exist. Now, we humbly, yet confidently, maintain, that the pages of classic literature are not those in which these dispositions are presented in their strongest colours and most inviting forms to youthful minds, or in a way calculated to engage their sympathies, captivate their imaginations, or subdue their understandings in their favour. On the contrary, many ancient works are remarkable for the indelicacy of their subjects—veiled only occasionally by brilliancy of fancy and playfulness of wit, and thereby rendered more deleterious and seductive to the youthful mind; for the base selfishness of their heroes; for the profligacy of their

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BLANKETS.—Blankets took their name from one Thomas Blanquet, (or Blonquet.) who established the first manufactory for this comfortable article at Bristol, about the year 1340.

men of rank and fashion; for an utter contempt of the people; and, although among their philosophers and sages, some truly great men are to be found, yet their writings do not constitute the burthen of classical literature taught in schools; nor are their manners in any respect patterns which could be followed with advantage by young men of modern times. In Greek and Roman literature there is an almost entire destitution of interest in mankind as a progressive race; the idea seems never to have entered the imaginations of ancient authors, that the day could ever come when slavery should cease—when the common people should be enlightened and refined—and when social institutions should be arranged not for the advantage of a patrician class, but to promote the general enjoyment of all. In short, scarcely one of the more important practical principles of Christianity, enlightened policy, or true philanthropy, is to be discovered in their pages.

No system of education which rests on such a basis, can impart true refinement to the youthful mind. It affords no adequate stimulus for the purest and noblest sentiments. It thus trains men up to condemn and stigmatise the immense majority of their fellow men, and to brand them with one single comprehensive epithet of dislike, embodying so completely every form of offensiveness, as to leave room for neither discrimination nor exception in its application to the people—"vulgarity." "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*"—I hate the profane vulgar, and drive them away—is a maxim too easily imbibed from the classic page.

We have not space at present in our columns to enter on the question of the effects of classical literature on the intellectual faculties. Suffice it to say, that we are far from depreciating the value of the study of Greek and Latin. As a mental exercise, it ranks, in our estimation, along with painting, music, poetry, and sculpture. It is one of the fine arts, and is calculated, when pursued as such, to elevate, improve, and benefit the taste and intellect: but as we would not make the fine arts the staple of education for legislators and citizens of the world, neither would we make Greek and Latin the grand objects to which the years of training of our children should be chiefly devoted.—*Scotsman.*

#### THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

A marked change has taken place, within a few years, in the manners of our schoolboys.—Formerly boys used rather to pique themselves on being slovenly in their habits, indifferent to dress, and inattentive to cleanliness. They thought of nothing but their sports, and held all things in contempt, a care for which would embarrass them when engaged in their rough recreations. In our time, a boy who kept his hands and face clean, his hair in form, his linen smooth, and his clothes in nice order, would have been the scoff of all his companions; a negligence respecting all these matters being considered as a mark of manliness. It was supposed that a boy who minded his clothes

and his person could not enter with sufficient abandonment into the rougher sports; he was therefore despised as a milksop. Now our young people have changed all this. Our schoolboys of the present day are all dandies. At ten years of age, they are all Brummels in miniature, with their starched neckcloths, Stulz coats, Cossack trousers, and boots. Their fathers, on the other hand, did not put on a cravat till they were about sixteen, and wore open frills, short jackets, and corduroy trousers, well rubbed at the knees, by reason of the acquaintance that part never failed to scrape with the gravel of the play-ground. Their jackets, too, were seldom masterpieces of tailoring, as it was scarcely worth while to have any thing particularly smart, considering the ancient custom of always wiping the slate with the cuff of the coat; by which practice it acquired, like some other things, a high polish at the expense of substance. We make no doubt that the young gentlemen of the present day use sponges to clean their slates; and perhaps they have attained to such a pitch of refinement as to dip their sponges in water, instead of the old and more primitive plan of simply spitting on them, to which we cleaved in our time. We have spoken of "the young gentlemen," which is not exactly the right phrase. In our day there were schoolboys; there are no such things now. There are Eton men, and Westminster men, and Harrow men, and Winchester men—boys are out. A short time ago, we asked what we took for an Eton lad of about twelve, whether there were many boys in the school then (it was just after the holidays), when he answered, pulling up his shirt collar, with an air never to be forgotten, "No, there are not many men here just now." In our time, we wore our hair cropped as short as possible, because there was less trouble about combing it, and keeping it tidy; and moreover, because it afforded less vantage to an assaulting enemy, and could not be made a handle of by the ushers, who had a pestilent habit of holding us by that tender part while putting interrogatories about breaking bounds, or some such matter, the answer to which might warrant a cuff. Now the men wear long hair, because it is better for curling. A hat was formerly a thing which never retained a likeness to a hat, or answered any of the known purposes of a hat, one week after the expiration of the holidays. All boys disapproved of the scheme of hats. They therefore played at football with them, till they knocked the crowns out, then tore off the brims, and thus procured the advantage of sun and air; but as in this shape the identity of a hat was apt to be doubtful, they put their marks on them by burning their names on them in large characters, with burning glasses, which with a faint sun, operate better on black felt than on any known substance. The other day, on visiting a school, we observed that all the hats had complete crowns, and knowing, well-turned brims; and it was fit they should be so, seeing the dandified little company that carried them on one side of their prim heads. These things



we regard as signs of an utter revolution in the manners of our young people. Whether they gain or lose any advantage by being fine gentlemen before their time, we are not prepared to decide. It is possible that the coxcombs so early adopted are discarded sooner than formerly. Certainly, men are less dandified now than in past days, as boys are more so. The old school were rough in their boyhood, finical in their manhood, and finished in their age. The new school are finical in their boyhood, and rough in their manhood—what they will be in their age remains to be seen. We guess that we shall be extremely bearish, selfish, and disagreeable old fellows. The habit of our fathers of the old school of making sacrifices to politeness, either conquered or concealed in a great measure the disposition to selfishness incidental to age. The men of the new school have no such habit; they are mainly addicted to the study of their own ease, and as it is the fashion, are at no pains to disguise the principle on which they act. Hence the manners which are called brusque. How this *brusquerie*, which is anything but amiable in youth, will appear in age, we have yet to see; but we do imagine that the old of the old school will have greatly the advantage of the old of the new school.—*Atlas*.

#### CURIOUS WILLS.

JOHN AYLETT STOW, late of the Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, deceased, proved 8th June, 1781.

"I hereby direct my executors to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture, of the viper biting the hand of the benevolent person who saved him from perishing in the snow, (if the same can be bought for that money) and that they do in memory of me give it to Edward Bearcroft, Esq. a king's counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating, and by a comparison between that and his own virtues, be able to form a certain judgment which is best and most profitable, a grateful remembrance of past friendship, and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence: this I direct to be presented to him in lieu of £3,000, I had by a former will (now revoked and burnt) left him."

SAMUEL PURLEWENT, late of Lincoln's-Inn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, proved November 19, 1792.

"It is my express will and desire that I may be buried at Western, in the county of Somerset, if I die there, if not, to be carried down there, (but not in a hearse) nor will I have any parade or coach to attend upon me, but let me be carried in any vehicle, with all the expedition possible to Bath, so as the same does not exceed the sum of £25; and when I arrive there, I direct six poor people of Western do support my corpse to the grave, and that six poor women and six poor men of Western do attend me to the grave, and that I may be buried at twelve at noon, and each of them to have half-a-guinea: and I hereby order and direct, that

a good boiled ham, a dozen fowls, a sirloin of beef, with plum-puddings, may be provided at the Crown, in Western, for the said eighteen poor people, besides the clerk and sexton. And I allow five guineas for the same; and I request and hope they will be as merry and cheerful as possible, for I conceive it a mere farce to put on the grimace of weeping, crying, snivelling and the like, which can answer no good end, either to the living or dead, and which I reprobate in the highest terms."

THE FAKEER'S ROCK AT JANGUARA.—It is distant about two hundred yards from the right bank (of the Ganges), immediately opposite to the village of Sultangunge. It rises about seventy feet above the level of the water, towering abruptly from its bosom! There is one place only at which a boat can approach, and where there is a landing place, and a very steep and winding path leading to its summit. Here is found a small building, a *madussa*, or college of Fakeers, or wandering monks, who reside in it. This remarkable rock has doubtless been of more consequence at some remote period than at present; for, on examining its abrupt and weather-worn side, by passing round it in a boat, a variety of sculpture, comprising the principal Hindoo deities, men and animals, is seen covering nearly the whole face of the cliff. The same may be observed on the opposite shore of Sultangunge. Some of these figures are tolerably executed, but the greater part are rudely and grotesquely designed, and point out their origin to have been very remote. The whole forms a pretty object as you run in a boat; the thick and luxuriant foliage which crowns the summit adds much to the effect of the picture.—*Ibid*.

A capital farmer in Lincolnshire had a favourite greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog, by way of keeping that room clean, to be *tied up*. About an hour after, he inquired of the servant, if he had done as he directed, "Yes, Sir, I *has*, I dare say he is dead before now." "Why, fellow, you have not hanged him?" replied the master; "Yes, Sir, you bid me *tie him up*."

The late celebrated penurious — Jennings, Esq. of Acton Place, who was reported to be the richest commoner in England, *when at the age of ninety-two*, was applied to by one of his tenants, then in the *eightieth year of his age*, to renew his lease for a further term of fourteen years, when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "*take a lease for twenty-one years, or you will be troubling me again!*" and this was accordingly granted.

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## THE SQUIRE OF CRANBERRY HATCH.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

Some years ago there came to reside in the neighbourhood of the village of Cranberry Hatch, in Bedfordshire, one of those strange characters whose tempers, though perhaps originally good, have been spoiled in India, whither they had gone in search of fortune, and who return in middle life to England, apparently with the benevolent intention of venting their crotchety humours on poor relations, and generally all persons who have the misfortune to become acquainted with them.

Mr. Samuel Buckley, as the present returned Old Indian was named, resembled others of his class; had a yellow leathery complexion, was immensely rich, very purse proud, and exceedingly desirous of rendering himself conspicuous in the society amidst which he took up his residence—in fact, he was anxious to take the lead in the district as a public man. In this object of his ambition, however, he found himself completely circumvented. Every little district in Britain already possesses its well-recognised object of worship, in the form of some wealthy landed proprietor, and Cranberry Hatch was not without its divinity. Lord Martinvale was its great man. He was looked up to as a leader and patron on all occasions, and it therefore defied all Squire Buckley's ingenuity, backed by his enormous wealth, to dislodge him from his place in the public estimation. But more of this anon.

The squire, finding himself a good deal nonplussed in his efforts at rendering himself the ruling power in the village and its neighbourhood, abandoned himself to the management of his own family, over whom he exercised an unchallenged sway. His family, to be sure, was not

very numerous, but its members made excellent subjects of an arbitrary government. They consisted of an elderly tamed-down housekeeper—one of those poor women who have endured a world of misfortunes, and are glad to put up with any kind of usage for the sake of house-room—two black servants, and a gentle young creature, to whom we may with propriety, give the title of a white slave, for such she really was, in consequence of the caprices of her uncle.

Fanny Lee was the only child of Squire Buckley's sister, a lady who had forfeited her brother's favour by marrying a half-pay subaltern in preference to accompanying him to India, ministering to his comforts, submitting to his whims and fancies, and receive the wages of incessant revilings, in return for her services. She did not long survive the birth of her daughter. Her husband married again, and becoming the father of a numerous offspring, did not consider himself justified in rejecting the proposal which his wealthy brother-in-law made, on returning to England, of taking Fanny into his own family.

Mr. Lee, it is true, did not greatly approve of the manner in which the brother of his deceased wife couched his request, if request it might be called, which amounted to a demand, of his child as a long dormant right of his own, which it had at length pleased him to reclaim. The feelings of the father, and the spirit of the gentleman, alike revolted at the offensive tone of superiority assumed on this occasion by the purse-proud man, who looked down on him and his with undisguised contempt; and he felt, in the first instance, disposed to return a decided negative to his insolent brother-in-law; but then he remembered that Buckley was a childless old bachelor,



and Fanny, as his nearest kin, would in all probability become the heiress of all his wealth—wealth that almost exceeded his powers of calculation, and which might be wholly alienated if he were offended. The anxious father looked round with painful emotion on his unprovided little ones, and thought that Fanny would never suffer them to want, if she became the possessor of affluence; and stifling the secret conviction that the change would not be for the present happiness of his daughter, however her future prospects might be improved by it, he suffered her to depart with apparent satisfaction.

Fanny Lee was at that time a blooming girl of sixteen, very pretty, an adept in the craft of pie and pudding making, a good needlewoman and accountant, and an excellent nurse; but she did not possess one accomplishment. She could sing like a lark, it is true, but her voice was perfectly uncultivated, for she knew not a note of music, and had no idea of acquired graces of any kind. Every movement of her heart was fresh, joyous, and unsophisticated. She expressed all her feelings without disguise, laughed when she was merry, and wept when she was sad, without regarding the presence of any one, and was wont, in the unrestrained freedom of her heart, to say she should do the same even in the company of the king. Alas! the restraints which the presence of royalty would have rendered necessary, were nothing at all in comparison with those which the squire imposed; and he was withal of a temper so capricious and uncertain, that, though a repetition of the same offence was sure to bring down an outpouring of the heaviest vial of his wrath, it was hopeless to expect him to be pleased twice with the same thing.

The assistance of masters, aided by natural talent, and persevering application, soon enabled Fanny to go through the usual routine of dancing, music, and drawing, with credit to herself; and she made a considerable progress in the French and Italian languages. Yet there was no satisfying her uncle, who, though he was not the slightest judge of such matters, wearied her with his incessant reproofs, and criticisms on her various attempts and performances in these things; and when he had mortified her to tears,

it was his pleasure to revile her for weeping. Nothing that she did was right in his eyes, nor would he allow that anything was ever well intended. Her mirth was vulgar levity, her gravity gloom, her silence sullenness, her conversation a bore, her sadness discontent and ingratitude, and her patient endurance the thing he hated worse than all—apathy, for it afforded him no excuse for tormenting her.

I will not attempt to describe the homesickness, and yearning of heart, after the beloved companions of her childhood, and the weariness and vexation of spirit with which the heiress-presumptive of the rich Mr. Buckley was oppressed during the first four years of her residence beneath his inhospitable roof, where she was the nominal mistress, but, in reality, the most miserable slave that ever ate the bitter bread of bondage. She was, however, subdued to the yoke. The buoyant spirits of youth, which in the early days of probation prompted her to occasional acts of resistance to her tyrant's will, were broken and gone, and she was reduced to a passive and uncomplaining, but still sensitive victim.

When she had completed her twentieth year, a new subject of aggravation suggested itself to the splenetic mind of her uncle—a subject on which he concluded the pride of a young female would be very assailable. She had no lover, nor had any gentleman ever made proposals of marriage to her. This circumstance was in truth a far keener wound to his self-esteem than to the vanity of a creature so meek and unpretending as Fanny Lee. He was mortified that no one had been sufficiently allured by the report of his wealth and consequence, to be ambitious of courting his alliance: and he assured Fanny, that, had she been anything but what she was, he should have been beset by half the gentlemen in the county, in their anxiety to form a connection with him. She began, therefore, to cherish a wish on a subject which had never before occupied a serious thought. In a word, she anxiously desired to get married, for no wiser reason than that she might avoid the epithet of old maid, the dread of which has rendered many a happy young one a wretched wife.

At this perilous crisis, a gentleman of family and fortune, rather plain in his

person, formal in his manners, and verging on the period of ancient bachelorhood, purchased an estate in the neighbourhood; and having seen Fanny Lee at the parish church, and hearing that she was the reputed heiress of the rich Mr. Buckley, he obtained an introduction to this formidable personage, whose good will he so successfully cultivated, that he was one day, without any previous preparation, presented to Mr. Buckley's niece as "his friend, and her future husband." Four years ago, the light-hearted careless Fanny would have shuddered at such an intimation, and probably expressed unfeigned abhorrence, regardless of all consequences. Now, she only looked demure, and curtsied silently, as the thought, "So, I am to have a husband, after all," crossed her mind, putting all the rue-and-wormwood anticipations that had lately clouded her fancy to the flight. Yet it can scarcely be said that these sombre images were succeeded by visions of a more agreeable character, when she glanced at her spouse elect, and strove to picture to herself the charms of a conjugal life with Mr. Brownlow.

Something of a dissentient tone appeared rising to her lips, as a feeling of revulsion stole over her young heart; but then, the alternative of pining away the residue of her days in forlorn spinsterhood with her uncle, rose in gloomy perspective before her; and she decided, that, of the two evils, it would be more tolerable to become the wife of the one old bachelor, than to remain the domestic slave of the other, especially as Mr. Brownlow was a civil, quiet-tempered man, who professed himself very desirous of promoting her happiness. As for the sentiment of love, Fanny had indeed seen it occasionally mentioned in the few novels she had perused by stealth, but of its real meaning she had not formed the slightest idea; and Mr. Brownlow found her heart perfectly free from any pre-engaging interest, and remaining like a spare room, vacant for the reception of lumber.

Charmed with this very satisfactory observation, and delighted with the meekness and polite attention with which his affianced treated him, Mr. Brownlow became much attached to her, and strove in every way to render himself agreeable

to her. He made great improvements in his house and grounds, consulting her taste in every particular, which Fanny, who never before was aware that she had a taste, regarded as a flattering mark of his esteem. She felt proportionably grateful, and even began to contemplate the approaching change in her condition with some degree of complacency.

Things had now arrived in such a train of forwardness, that settlements were drawn, carriages and furniture purchased, and new bridal garments talked of, when Mr. Buckley and the bridegroom elect differed in opinion at a county meeting respecting the expediency of bringing a projected railway through that district; and the dispute became so warm, that Mr. Buckley assured his opponent "that he would sooner follow his niece to the grave, than see her his wife." In conclusion, he peremptorily forbade Fanny "ever to think of that empty-headed old coxcomb Brownlow as a husband again."

Obedience to this mandate cost a very trifling effort. Fanny was perfectly resigned, and her uncle, as a mark of his approval of her dutiful acquiescence in his determination, told her she was a good girl, and he would look out a better match for her. For a whole month after this affair, he treated her with such unwonted indulgence, that she regarded the change as almost miraculous. By degrees, however, he relapsed into his former splenetic humour, and before the year had expired, actually began once more to annoy her with insulting remarks on her maiden estate, no second suitor having been sufficiently venturesome to encounter the surly dragon by whom the hapless damsel was guarded, while the universal dislike which his manners and conduct excited, caused them to remain in a state of almost unbroken solitude.

At length a dissolution of parliament, followed by a general election, put the whole county into a state of excitement, which enlivened even the stagnating temperament of Fanny's narrow circle, and brought an unlooked-for change of feeling within her bosom. A young baronet, professing himself an ardent advocate for reform, offered himself as a candidate for the county, in opposition to Lord Martinvale's son, and the other Tory member



who had represented the county in the last parliament; and Mr. Buckley, who exulted in the opportunity of making his noble neighbour feel that his animosity, backed as it was by the influence of a full purse, *was* something in the scale of a contested election, formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Sir Frederick Marden. The young baronet opened the commencement ball with Miss Lee, and the next day made proposals of marriage to her, with the entire approbation of her rich uncle, who pledged himself to give her a portion sufficient to cover a black escutcheon with golden blazonry.

As for Fanny, her poor head was well nigh turned at the intoxicating prospect thus unexpectedly opened before her, of becoming the wife of the handsomest and most elegant young man she had ever seen, a man of rank withal, who was moreover the most passionate of lovers. He assured her he could brook no delays, but must insist on the superlative felicity of calling her his own as soon as the election should be decided in his favour.

Fanny, of course, offered no very serious objections to such an arrangement, which had already received the important sanction of Mr. Buckley's unqualified approbation. He was, indeed, the person who appeared to derive the greatest pleasure of all from the approaching alliance. His satisfaction even betrayed him into various unwonted levities, very contrary to his usual sour solemnity. He winked at Fanny whenever Sir Frederick's name was mentioned, proposed their united healths at his own table, called them "the lovers," and sometimes even departed so far from his wonted pompous formality of deportment, as to slap her on the back, and salute her by the title of "My Lady Marden."

Sir Frederick's name stood at the head of the poll at the close of the first day's contest, and there were no bounds to the exultation of the squire. On the second, the heir of Lord Martinvale had obtained the precedence of his rival candidates, but Sir Frederick stood next in order. On the third and fourth days he was at the bottom of the poll, on the fifth he was three in advance of Sir George Burbage, on the sixth they were precisely equal, on the seventh there was a rupture between the Tory candidates on the subject

of the Catholic emancipation, on which an immediate coalition took place between the heir of Martinvale and Sir Frederick Marden, who thus obtained so considerable a majority over Sir George, that the latter considered it useless to keep the poll open any longer. By this arrangement, Sir Frederick Marden gained his election, but lost his wife. Mr. Buckley, whose engrossing desire it had been to throw Mr. Martinvale from the representation of his native county, was so exasperated at his *protégé* having consented to the amicable arrangement which secured their mutual return as knights of the shire, that he forbade his niece ever to think of Sir Frederick Marden again, and forthwith penned a letter to that gentleman, rejecting his alliance in a manner every way insulting to his feelings as a man of rank and honour. Sir Frederick replied to this impertinence by laying his cane across the shoulders of Squire Buckley the next time he encountered him in public, thus rendering the breach between them irreparable. Mr. Buckley entered an action of battery and assault against Sir Frederick, and obtained a verdict in his favour, with the award of one farthing damages. Fanny, meanwhile, remained in a manner stunned and stupified by the unexpected explosion which had overthrown all her brilliant matrimonial anticipations. It was some days, indeed, before she appeared fully convinced that she was not under the influence of a frightful dream. The news of Sir Frederick's approaching marriage to a niece of Lady Martinvale, followed by a more than ordinary access of ill humour on the part of her uncle, sufficiently awakened her to the direful reality of all that had happened, and certainly the six months that succeeded these events might be reckoned the most dreary of her cheerless existence. Not that Fanny could have been said to love Sir Frederick Marden, her acquaintance with him had been of too brief and general a nature for that; but she had greatly admired and been deeply interested in him. He was the most accomplished young man she had ever seen, and the only one who had treated her with the gallantry of a youthful lover, and she had contemplated the prospect of becoming his wife with feelings of proud delight; but as Sir Frederick was

now the husband of another, duty forbade her regarding him in any other light, and it was not the least bitter of her trials that she was constantly reminded of him by the brutal taunts of her uncle. Time, however, which heals the deepest wounds, rendered the smart of hers less acute. Years passed away, and her uncle, who had long been afflicted with a painful chronic disease which frequently confined him to his chamber, now suffered so much from the increasing violence of its attacks, that he resolved to try the benefit of the Cheltenham waters, and accordingly visited that place, accompanied by Fanny, who was so necessary to his comforts that he relied upon her for everything, and seldom permitted her to stir from his side.

At Cheltenham, Fanny became acquainted with a widow lady, and her son, a young clergyman, who had just been admitted into orders. Less gifted by fortune than by nature,

Nor wealth nor power had he,  
Wisdom and worth were all he had;

and in the society of Henry Herbert, Fanny Lee soon learned to regard these as all to her.

A new and powerful interest was now awakened in her heart, and she had every reason to believe that she was not indifferent to the object of her preference, when her uncle, with his usual caprice, one morning while she was administering his medicine to him, poured forth a torrent of peevish vituperation against Cheltenham, its springs, lodgings, company, and inhabitants, and bade her hold herself in readiness to depart with him the following morning to Bath.

"So soon?" demanded Fanny, in a faltering voice. "Have I not said it?" responded Mr. Buckley, in a tone that convinced her his determination was unalterable.

The next morning they left Cheltenham at so early an hour as to preclude the possibility of a farewell interview with Henry Herbert. It would be tedious to enter into the particulars of Fanny's sojourn at Bath, and the other places which Mr. Buckley visited, in a vain pursuit of that health which his own restless irritability of temper had mainly contributed to banish. Suffice it to say, that, after an absence of many months, he re-

turned to his home a confirmed valetudinarian, and, if possible, in a worse humour than when he left it.

Some changes had taken place during his absence; among the rest, the curate had been presented with a living, and had gone to take possession of his benifice. Mr. Buckley, who hated every creature in the parish, expressed himself charmed at his departure, marvelled at the folly of the patron who had promoted him to a living, and finally visited the church on the following Sunday, to honour his successor with his presence. He was accompanied by Fanny, who, as *his* niece, he imagined, would be considered as a personage of importance also by the new curate. The interest with which Fanny was certainly beheld by the young minister, was, however, by no means a reflection from the superior splendour of her rich uncle, for that minister was Henry Herbert.

It is needless to enter into the detail of Fanny's emotions at the recognition; it was mutually delightful to both; even the great Mr. Buckley appeared to derive satisfaction from the circumstance of the curate being a stranger to every member of the congregation, himself and his niece excepted; and he immediately formed the magnanimous resolve of patronising him, in the hope of securing his exclusive attention to himself. Accordingly, he was profuse of his invitations, both to him and his mother, and was charmed by observing that both appeared to regard his house as infinitely more attractive than that of his neighbours. It never occurred to him in his blind egotism that his gentle and lovely niece might be the magnet that drew them thither, nor was it till a most perfect and lover-like understanding subsisted between Fanny and Herbert, that he was at all aware of what had been going on for months before his eyes. To this he was unexpectedly awakened at a public dinner, at which he was lauding the superiority of the new curate over his predecessor, especially in the discrimination he displayed in his choice of society. "Mr. Herbert is a frequent visitor at your house, indeed," observed one of the gentlemen, pointedly. "I am happy to say he is, and always a welcome guest," returned Mr. Buckley; "I consider it a point of duty on my part to encourage persons of taste and talent whenever I



am so fortunate as to encounter them, and Mr. Herbert has given decided proofs of both in many ways, and the congeniality of his sentiments with my own is evident from the almost exclusive manner in which he has confined his visits to my house." "Your house may probably afford considerable attractions to the young gentleman," rejoined one of the company. "I flatter myself it does," replied Mr. Buckley. "In the person of your amiable niece, or public report is erroneous on the motives of Mr. Herbert's visits," said Mr. Brownlow.

Here Mr. Buckley made a coarse retort on the score of a disappointed lover's jealousy, and Mr. Brownlow in return entreated him "not to deceive himself into the belief that a young man of Mr. Herbert's acknowledged taste could submit to the penance of his society, unless from some motive of the most powerful nature. Affection for Miss Lee, the world said, was his inducement, and he believed the world for once was right."

In consequence of this conversation, Mr. Buckley returned home boiling with wrath, and the first effusion of his displeasure was of course vented on Fanny, of whom he demanded in a voice of thunder, "whether it were true that Mr. Herbert came to his house on her account." Fanny, who had been long deliberating in what manner to break this very matter to her uncle, and who perceived that a storm was about to burst over her, gathered courage from the very desperation of her circumstances, and replied demurely, "I hope so."

"You hope so, hussy!" retorted Mr. Buckley. "What is your meaning?" "That I am sincerely attached to Mr. Herbert, who is on his part devoted to me," said Fanny. "Pe-wgh!" ejaculated her uncle, with a long drawn note of contempt, which brought the indignant color into her cheeks: and she resumed, with some quickness, "And we have only waited for a suitable opportunity of acquainting you with the state of our affections, and that it is our intention to marry as soon as circumstances will permit." "State of your affections—stuff! Marry! fiddle fiddle!" interrupted the squire insultingly. "Be so good as to go to bed, Miss Lee, and in the morning I will let you know my sentiments on the busi-

ness." "With your leave, uncle, I would rather be informed of them to-night," said Fanny resolutely. "Well, then, madam, you shall be gratified in your preference of time," said her uncle, replacing his chamber candlestick on the table, and regarding her with a look that was intended to inspire her with apprehension. "It is my opinion that both you and Mr. Herbert have acted in the most base, treacherous, and ungrateful manner towards me, in daring to form this clandestine, improper and unbecoming connection, under my very roof." "Nay sir," interrupted Fanny, "permit me to observe, that your own language in applying such terms to our engagement, is both improper and unbecoming, since it is of a nature that we are not ashamed of proclaiming before God and man." "Well, then, Madam Shameless," returned her uncle, "I beg leave, in reply, to inform you that it is my positive commands that you think no more of Mr. Henry Herbert." "Obedience to such a mandate is not in my power," replied Fanny coolly. "Whether you think of him or not, it is my pleasure that you put an end to all correspondence or connection with him, under peril of forfeiting a place in my house forever! I see you are ready to return some insolent and foolish rejoinder, but I will hear nothing you have to say to-night. You now know my determination, and to-morrow morning I shall expect to be favored with yours," said the old despot, waving his hand for her to depart.

The next morning, at an early hour, Fanny stood by her uncle's bedside, arrayed in a travelling dress, and, drawing aside his curtain, requested permission to speak to him. "Heyday! what does the fool want, disturbing my rest at six o'clock in the morning, and I could not sleep all night for the gouty twinges in my toe?" muttered he very waspishly. "I beg your pardon, uncle, for the intrusion, but you requested to hear my determination this morning," said Fanny. "Well, and if I did, what occasion was there to come pestering me about it now? Why could not you have waited till breakfast-time?" "Because, uncle, I shall probably be twenty miles off by your breakfast hour." "Stuff and nonsense! And what are you dressed up in that masquerading style for?"

"Because it is my intention to leave your house immediately—I have perhaps too long submitted to oppression; and that I shall do no longer. My resolution is also taken not to give up my engagement with Mr. Herbert, for whom, when you allowed your own unbiassed judgment to operate, you testified proper respect." "Why what's all this of it?" said the old gentleman, evidently a good deal stupified with the spirit of his niece; "why, are you really aware, Miss, that in departing you quit my house for ever?" "Perfectly, uncle; and as a proof that it is my intention to do so, I have sent down to the village to order a post-chaise, which will be here presently." "And pray, Miss Lee, may I ask whither you mean to go?" "Home!" replied Fanny. "Home!" echoed Mr. Buckley; "where do you mean?" "To my father's house," replied she, bursting into tears, "where my joyous days of infancy and early youth were passed in peace and contentment, where even care was sweet amidst the general sympathy of affectionate hearts, and where I tasted that happiness which I have never known under your roof."

"Very pretty, Miss Fanny; so, this is your gratitude for all my favours; and the return you make to me for maintaining you in luxury for eight years, and hiring masters to teach you all manner of accomplishments, is to abandon me while I am laid up with the gout. Oh, my toe! I felt it coming on in the night—all your doings! brought on by anxiety on your account—shan't be able to stir hand or foot for a month. That's right, put your finger in your eye, and run home to daddy, and leave your poor old uncle to help himself as he can." "Nay, uncle, it was no wish of mine to leave you. It was yourself offered me that alternative, provided I would not resign Mr. Herbert, which I would rather die than do," said Fanny. "Yet you resigned both Mr. Brownlow and Sir Fred'k Marden without remonstrance; why cannot you render the same obedience in this instance?" "Because uncle, I love Herbert," replied Fanny, blushing. "And did you not love them?" "I could not have resigned them so easily if I had," replied Fanny, smiling. "Yet you looked vastly queer for a twelvemonth after you lost Sir Frederick. However, I must confess you

behaved very dutifully in that affair; and if you will but give up your present caprice——"

"Surely, uncle, after having lost two good husbands in compliance with your caprice, it is but fair that I should now be permitted to take one to please my own, if you give my affection for Henry Herbert that name," returned Fanny. "I cannot consent to your throwing yourself away on a poor curate." "Ah! he is rich in all that maketh true happiness," responded Fanny; "and you are yourself a proof, uncle, that wealth cannot purchase content." "Pshaw, fiddle, faddle; what has that to do with the present question? What occasion is there for you to marry at all?" "Nay, uncle, you have said so much in disparagement of old maids, that you can scarcely expect me to remain one of that despised body when I have the alternative of becoming a happy wife. But here comes the chaise—adieu, uncle." "Order it back to the village, and go to bed again—there's a good girl—and you shall have every thing in reason," said her uncle, who now saw that he was within an ace of losing his only means of solace—the only friend he had in the world. He also perceived that a single word would set all to rights, but shame forbade him to utter it. In this crisis, Fanny observed that there was surely nothing unreasonable in her wishing to become the wife of the man whom she both loved and esteemed. "Yes, there is; you will leave me if you marry Henry Herbert." "No, no, uncle," rejoined Fanny; "we will both stop beside you, and take care of you." "Oh, well, well, I see you will have your own way; and that it is plain I am to be made a fool of between you both in my old age." "No, uncle—a happy man." "Well! well! well! that is as it may turn out. There, get away with you, and let me have an hour's sleep after all this fuss, if I can; and tell Henry Herbert he may breakfast with us if he likes."

Fanny only curtsied her thanks, closed the curtain and withdrew to communicate her triumph to the happy lover, and within a week from that day she became Mrs. Herbert.

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A YOUNG LADY being asked "What is wit," replied, "It is fine sense at play."



## ANECDOTES OF A TAMED PANTHER.

I am induced to send you some account of a panther which was in my possession for several months. He and another were found when very young in the forest, apparently deserted by their mother. They were taken to the king of Ashantee, in whose palace they lived for several weeks, when my hero, being much larger than his companion, suffocated him in a fit of romping, and was then sent to Mr. Hutchison, the resident left by Mr. Bowdich at Coomassie. This gentleman observing that the animal was very docile, took pains to tame him, and in a great measure succeeded. When he was about a year old, Mr. Hutchison returned to Cape Coast, and had him led through the country by a chain, occasionally letting him loose when eating was going forward, when he would sit by his master's side and receive his share with comparative gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up to Mr. Hutchison, on being allowed a portion of something else. The day of his arrival he was placed in a small court, leading to the private rooms of the governor, and after dinner was led by a thin cord into the room, where he received our salutations with some degree of roughness, but with perfect good-humour. On the least encouragement he laid his paws upon our shoulders, rubbed his head upon us, and his teeth and claws having been filed, there was no danger of tearing our clothes. He was kept in the above court for a week or two, and evinced no ferocity, except when one of the servants tried to pull his food from him; he then caught the offender by the leg, and tore a piece of flesh, but he never seemed to owe him any ill-will afterwards. He one morning broke his cord, and, the cry being given, the castle gates were shut, and a chase commenced. After leading his pursuers two or three times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by bouncing against them, he suffered himself to be caught, and led quietly back to his quarters, under one of the guns of the fortress.

By degrees the fear of him subsided, and orders having been given to the sentinels to prevent his escape through the gates, he was left at liberty to go where he pleased, and a boy was appointed to prevent him from intruding into the apartments of the officers. His keeper, however, generally passed his watch in sleeping; and Sai, as the panther was called, after the royal giver, roamed at large. On one occasion he found his servant sitting on the step of the door, upright, fast asleep, when he lifted his paw, gave him a blow on the side of his head which laid him flat, and then stood wagging his tail, as if enjoying the mischief he had committed. He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him every where like a dog. His favourite station was at a window in the sitting-room which overlooked the whole town; there, standing on his hind legs, his fore paws resting on the ledge of the window, and his chin laid between them, he appeared to amuse himself with what was passing beneath. The children also stood

with him at the window; and one day, finding his presence an incumbrance, that they could not get their chairs close, they used their united efforts to pull him down by the tail. He one morning missed the governor, who was settling a dispute in the hall, and who, being surrounded by black people, was hidden from the view of his favourite. Sai wandered with a dejected look to various parts of the fortress in search of him; and, while absent on this errand, the audience ceased, the governor returned to his private rooms, and seated himself at a table to write. Presently he heard a heavy step coming up stairs, and, raising his eyes to the open door, he beheld Sai. At that moment he gave himself up for lost, for Sai immediately sprang from the door on to his neck. Instead, however, of devouring him, he laid his head close to the governor's, rubbed his cheek upon his shoulders, wagged his tail, and tried to evince his happiness. Occasionally, however, the panther caused serious alarm to the other inmates of the castle, and the poor woman who swept the floors, or to speak technically, the *pra-pra* woman, was made ill by her fright. She was one day sweeping the boards of the great hall with a short broom, and in an attitude nearly approaching to all-fours, and Sai, who was hidden under one of the sofas, suddenly leaped upon her back, where he stood in triumph. She screamed so violently as to summon the other servants, but they, seeing the panther, as they thought, in the act of swallowing her, one and all scampered off as quickly as possible; nor was she released till the governor, who heard the noise, came to her assistance. Strangers were naturally uncomfortable when they saw so powerful a beast at perfect liberty, and many were the ridiculous scenes which took place, they not liking to own their alarm, yet perfectly unable to retain their composure in his presence.

This interesting animal was well fed twice every day, but never given any thing with life in it. He stood about two feet high, and was of a dark yellow color, thickly spotted with black rosettes, and from the good feeding and the care taken to clean him, his skin shone like silk. The expression of his countenance was very animated and good-tempered, and he was particularly gentle to children; he would lie down on the mats by their side when they slept, and even the infant shared his caresses, and remained unhurt. During the period of his residence at Cape Coast, I was much occupied by making arrangements for my departure from Africa, but generally visited my future companion once a day, and we, in consequence, became great friends before we sailed. He was conveyed on board the vessel in a large wooden cage, thickly barred in the front with iron. Even this confinement was not deemed a sufficient protection by the canoe men,\* who were so alarmed at taking him from the shore to the vessel, that, in their con-

\*The panther in these countries is a sacred, or Fetish animal: and not only a heavy fine is extorted from those who kill one, but the Fetish is supposed to revenge his death by cursing the offender.

fusion, they dropped cage and all into the sea. For a few minutes I gave up my poor panther as lost, but some sailors jumped into a boat belonging to the vessel, and dragged him out in safety. The beast himself seemed completely subdued by his ducking, and as no one dared to open the cage to dry it he rolled himself up in one corner, nor roused himself till after an interval of some days, when he recognized my voice. When I first spoke, he raised his head, held it on one side, then on the other, to listen; and when I came fully into his view, he jumped on his legs and appeared frantic; he rolled himself over and over, he howled, he opened his enormous jaws and cried, and seemed as if he would have torn his cage to pieces. However, as his violence subsided, he contented himself with thrusting his paws and nose through the bars of the cage, to receive my caresses.

The greatest treat I could bestow upon my favourite was lavender water. Mr. Hutchison had told me that, on the way from Ashantee, he drew a scented handkerchief from his pocket, which was immediately seized on by the panther, who reduced it to atoms; nor could he venture to open a bottle of perfume when the animal was near, he was so eager to enjoy it. I indulged him twice a week by making a cup of stiff paper, pouring a little lavender water into it, and giving it to him through the bars of his cage: he would drag it to him with great eagerness, roll himself over it, nor rest till the smell had evaporated. By this I taught him to put out his paws without shewing his nails, always refusing the lavender till he had drawn them back again; and in a short time he never, on any occasion, protruded his claws when offering me his paw.

We lay eight weeks in the river Gaboon, where he had plenty of excellent food, but was never suffered to leave his cage, on account of the deck being always filled with black strangers, to whom he had a very decided aversion, although he was perfectly reconciled to white people. His indignation, however, was constantly excited by the pigs, when they were suffered to run past his cage; and the sight of one of the monkeys put him in a complete fury. While at anchor in the before-mentioned river, an orang-outang (*Simia Satyrus*) was brought for sale, and lived three days on board; and I shall never forget the uncontrollable rage of the one and the agony of the other, at this meeting. The orang was about three feet high, and very powerful in proportion to his size; so that when he fled with extraordinary rapidity from the panther to the further end of the deck, neither man or thing remained upright when they opposed his progress; there he took refuge in a sail, and although generally obedient to the voice of his master, force was necessary to make him quit the shelter of its folds. As to the panther, his back rose in an arch, his tail was elevated and perfectly stiff, his eyes flashed, and, as he howled, he shewed his huge teeth: then, as if forgetting the bars before him, he tried to spring on the orang, to tear him to atoms. It was long before he recovered his tranquillity; day and night he

appeared to be on the listen; and the approach of a large monkey we had on board, or the intrusion of a black man, brought a return of his agitation.

We at length sailed for England, with an ample supply of provisions; but, unhappily, we were boarded by pirates during the voyage, and nearly reduced to starvation. My panther must have perished had it not been for a collection of more than three hundred parrots, with which we sailed from the river, and which died very fast while we were in the north-west trades. Sai's allowance was one per diem, but this was so scanty a pittance that he became ravenous, and had not patience to pick all the feathers off before he commenced his meal. The consequence was, that he became very ill, and refused even this small quantity of food. Those around tried to persuade me that he suffered from the colder climate; but his dry nose and paw convinced me that he was feverish, and I had him taken out of his cage; when, instead of jumping about and enjoying his liberty, he lay down, and rested his head upon my feet. I then made him three pills, each containing two grains of calomel. The boy who had the charge of him, and who was much attached to him, held his jaws open, and I pushed the medicine down his throat. Early the next morning I went to visit my patient, and found his guard sleeping in the cage with him; and having administered a further dose to the invalid, I had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly cured by the evening. On the arrival of the vessel in the London Docks, Sai was taken ashore, and presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change, to be taken care of till she herself went to Otlands. He remained there for some weeks, and was suffered to roam about the greater part of the day without any restraint. On the morning previous to the duchess's departure from town, she went to visit her new pet, played with him, and admired his healthy appearance and gentle deportment. In the evening when her Royal Highness's coachman went to take him away, he was dead, in consequence of an inflammation on his lungs.—*Loudon's Magazine of Natural History.*

## THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

### THE HAREM.

We arrived at Constantinople during the Ramazan, or Lent; and my first anxiety was to pass a day of Fast in the interior of a Turkish family.

This difficult, and in most cases impossible, achievement for an European was rendered easy to me by the fact that shortly after our landing I procured an introduction to a respectable Turkish merchant; and I had no sooner written to propose a visit to his harem than I received the most frank and cordial assurances of welcome.

A Greek lady of my acquaintance having offered to accompany me, and to act as my interpreter, we crossed over to Stamboul, and,



after threading several steep and narrow streets, perfectly impassable for carriages, entered the spacious court of the house at which we were expected, and ascended a wide flight of stairs leading to the harem, or women's apartments. The stairs terminated in a large landing-place, of about thirty feet square, into which several rooms opened on each side, screened with curtains of dark cloth embroidered with coloured worsted. An immense mirror filled up a space between two of the doors, and a long passage led from this point to the principal apartment of the harem, to which we were conducted by a black slave.

When I say "we," I of course allude to Mrs. — and myself, as no men, save those of the family and physician, are ever admitted within the walls of a Turkish harem.

The apartment into which we were ushered was large and warm, richly carpeted, and surrounded on three sides by a sofa, raised about a foot from the ground, and covered with crimson shag; while the cushions that rested against the wall, or were scattered at intervals along the couch, were gaily embroidered with gold thread and coloured silks. In one angle of the sofa stood the *tandour*, a piece of furniture so unlike any thing in Europe, that I cannot forbear giving a description of it.

The *tandour* is a wooden frame, covered with a couple of wadded coverlets, for such they literally are, that are in their turn overlaid by a third and considerably smaller one of rich silk: within the frame, which is of the height and dimensions of a moderately sized breakfast table, stands a copper vessel, filled with the embers of charcoal; and, on the two sides that do not touch against the sofa, piles of cushions are heaped on the floor to nearly the same height, for the convenience of those whose rank in the family does not authorise them to take places on the couch. The double windows, which were all at the upper end of the apartment, were closely latticed; and at the lower extremity of the room, in an arched recess, stood a classically-shaped clay jar full of water, and a covered goblet in a glass saucer. Along a silken cord, on either side of this niche, were hung a number of napkins, richly worked and fringed with gold; and a large copy of the Koran was deposited beneath a handkerchief of gold gauze, on a carved rosewood bracket. In the middle of the floor was placed the *mangal*, a large copper vessel of about a foot in height, resting upon a stand of the same material raised on castors, and filled, like that within the *tandour*, with charcoal.

The family consisted of the father and mother, the son and the son's wife, the daughter and her husband, and a younger and adopted son. The ladies were lying upon cushions, buried up to their necks under the coverings of the *tandour*; and, as they flung them off to receive us, I was struck with the beauty of the daughter, whose deep blue eyes, and hair of golden brown, were totally different from what I had expected to find in a Turkish harem. Two glances sufficed to satisfy me that the mother was a shrew, and I had no reason subsequently

to revoke my judgment. The son's wife had fine, large, brilliant, black eyes, but her other features were by no means pleasing, although she possessed, in common with all her countrywomen, that soft, white, velvety skin, for which they are indebted to the constant use of the bath. To this luxury, in which many of them daily indulge, must be, however, attributed the fact that their hair, in becoming bright and glossy, loses its strength, and compels them to the adoption of artificial tresses; and these they wear in profusion, wound amid the folds of the embroidered handkerchiefs that they twine about their heads in a most unbecoming manner, and secure by bodkins of diamonds or emeralds, of which ornaments they are inordinately fond.

They all wore chemisettes or under garments of silk gauze, trimmed with fringes of narrow ribbon, and wide trowsers of printed cotton, falling to the ankle: their feet were bare, save that occasionally they thrust them into little yellow slippers, scarcely covering their toes, in which they moved over the floor with the greatest ease, dragging after them their ante-rys, or sweeping robes; but more frequently they dispensed with even these, and walked barefoot about the harem. Their upper dresses were of printed cotton of the brightest colours—that of the daughter had a blue ground, with a yellow pattern, and was trimmed with a fringe of pink and green. These robes, which are made in one piece, are divided at the hip on either side to their extreme length, and girt about the waist with a cachemire shawl. The costume is completed in winter by a tight vest lined with fur, which is generally of light green or pink.

Their habits are, generally speaking, most luxurious and indolent, if I except their custom of early rising, which, did they occupy themselves in any useful manner, would be undoubtedly very commendable; but, as they only add, by these means, two or three hours of *ennui* to each day, I am at a loss how to classify it. The time is spent in dressing themselves, and varying the position of their ornaments—in the bath—and in sleep, which they appear to have as entirely at their beck as a draught of water; in winter, they have but to nestle under the coverings of the *tandour*, or in summer to bury themselves among their cushions, and in five minutes they are in the land of dreams. Indeed, so extraordinarily are they gifted in this respect, that they not unfrequently engage their guests to take a nap, with the same *sang-froid* with which a European lady would invite her friends to take a walk. Habits of industry have, however, made their way, in many instances, even into the harem; the changes without have influenced the pursuits and feelings of the women; and utter idleness has ceased to be a necessary attribute to the high-bred Turkish female.

As it was the time of the Ramazan, neither coffee nor sweatmeats were handed to us, though the offer of refreshments was made, which we, however, declined, being resolved to keep Lent with them according to their own fashion. We

fasted, therefore, until about half past six o'clock, when the cry of the muezzin from the minarets proclaimed that one of the watchers, of whom many are employed for the purpose, had caught a glimpse of the moon. Instantly all were in motion; their preliminary arrangements had been so zealously and carefully made that not another second was lost; and as a slave announced dinner, we all followed her to a smaller apartment, where the table, if such I may call it, was already laid.

The room was a perfect square, totally unfurnished, save that in the centre of the floor was spread a carpet, on which stood a wooden frame, about two feet high, supporting an immense round plated tray, with the edge slightly raised. In the centre of the tray was placed a capacious white basin, filled with a kind of cold bread soup; and around it were ranged a circle of small porcelain saucers, filled with sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare, and sweetmeats of every description: among these were scattered spoons of box-wood, and goblets of pink and white sherbet, whose rose-scented contents perfumed the apartment. The outer range of the tray was covered with fragments of unleavened bread, torn asunder; and portions of the Ramazan cake, a dry, close, sickly kind of paste, glazed with the whites of eggs, and strewn over with aniseeds.

Our party was a numerous one: the aged nurse, who had reared the children of the family—the orphan boy of a dead son, who, with his wife had perished by the plague during the previous twelve months—several neighbours, who had chosen the hour of dinner to make their visits—a very pretty friend from Scutari—and a very plain acquaintance from the house of death, the widow of a day, whose husband had expired the previous morning, been buried the same evening, and, as it appeared, forgotten on the morrow; for the “disconsolate widow” had come forth in a pink vest and sky-blue trousers, with rings on her fingers and jewels in her turban, to seek the advice and assistance of the master of the house in securing some valuable shawls, and sundry diamonds and baubles which she had possessed before her marriage, from the grasp of the deceased’s relatives.

As soon as the serious business of the repast really commenced, that is, when we had each possessed ourselves of a cushion, and squatted down with our feet under us round the dinner tray, having on our laps linen napkins of about two yards in length richly fringed, the room was literally filled with slaves, “black, white, and grey,” from nine years old to fifty.

Fish, embedded in rice, followed the side or rather circle saucers that I have already described; and of most of which I sparingly partook, as the only answer that I was capable of giving to the unceasing “Eat, eat, you are welcome,” of the lady of the house. With the fish, the spoons came into play, and all were immersed in the same dish; but I must not omit to add that this custom is rendered less revolting than it would otherwise be, by the

fact that each individual is careful, should the *plat* be partaken of a second time, (a rare occurrence, however, from the rapidity with which they are changed) always to confine herself to one spot. The meat and poultry were eaten with the fingers; each individual fishing up, or breaking away, what pleased her eye; and several of them tearing a portion asunder, and handing one of the pieces to me as a courtesy, with which, be it remarked, *par parenthese*, I should joyfully have dispensed. Nineteen dishes, of fish, flesh, fowl, pastry and creams, succeeding each other in the most heterogeneous manner—the salt following the sweet, and the stew preceding the custard—were terminated by a pyramid of pillau. I had the perseverance to sit out this elaborate culinary exhibition; an exertion which is, however, by no means required of any one, by the observance of Turkish courtesy.

Gastronomy is no science in the East, and *gourmands* are unknown; the Osmanlis only eat to live, they do not live to eat; and the variety of their dishes originates in a tacit care to provide against individual disgusts; while the extreme rapidity with which they are changed sufficiently demonstrates their want of inclination to indulge individual excess. The women drink only coffee, sherbet, or water; but some few among the men are adopting the vices of civilized nations, and becoming addicted to beverages of a more potent description. No person is expected to remain an instant longer at a Turkish table than suffers him to make his meal; the instant that an individual has satisfied his appetite, he rises without comment or apology, washes his hands, and resumes his pipe or his occupation. Nor must I pass over without comment the simple and beautiful hospitality of the Turks, who welcome to their board, be he rich or poor, every countryman who thinks proper to take a seat at it; the emphatic “Bourmon” is never coldly or grudgingly uttered; and the Musselmauns extend this unostentatious greeting to each new comer, without reservation or limit, upon the same principle that they never permit them to find fault with any article of food which may be served up. They consider themselves only as the stewards of God, and consequently use the goods of life as a loan rather than a possession; while they consider themselves bound to give from their superfluity to those who have been less favoured.

As we rose from the table, a slave presented herself, holding a basin and strainer of wrought metal, while a second poured tepid water over our hands from an elegantly formed vase of the same materials; and a third handed to us embroidered napkins of great beauty, of which I really availed myself with reluctance.

Having performed this agreeable ceremony, we returned to the principal apartment, where our party received an addition in the person of a very pretty old *massalje*, or tale-teller, who had been invited to relieve the tedium of the evening with some of her narrations. This custom is very general during the Ramazan, and is a great resource to the Turkish ladies,



who can thus recline in luxurious inaction, and have their minds amused without any personal exertion. Coffee was prepared at the mangal and handed round: after which the elder lady seated herself on a pile of cushions placed on the floor, and smoked a couple of pipes in perfect silence, and with extreme *gusto*, flinging out volumes of smoke that created a thick mist in the apartment.

I had just begun to indulge in a violent fit of coughing, induced by the density of this artificial atmosphere, when in walked a slave to announce the intended presence of the gentlemen of the family; and in an instant the whole scene was changed. The two Turkish ladies whom I have already mentioned as being on a visit in the house rushed from the room barefooted, in as little time as it would have required for me to disengage myself from the taudour; the less agile *massalje* covered her face with a thick veil, and concealed herself behind the door—the Juno-like daughter (one of the most majestic women I ever remember to have seen, although very far from one of the tallest,) flung a handkerchief over her head, and fastened it beneath her chin; while the son's wife caught up a *feridjhe*, or cloak, and withdrew muffled amid its folds, to her own apartment. The elder lady was the only one of the party undisturbed by the intelligence; she never raised her eyes from the carpet, but continued inhaling the aroma of the "scented weed," gravely grasping her long pipe, her lips pressed against its amber mouth-piece, and her brilliant rings and diamond-studded bracelet flashing in the light.

In a few minutes, the aged father of the family was squatted down immediately opposite to my seat, smothered in furs, and crowded with the most stately looking turban I had yet seen: on one side of him stood a slave with his chibouk, which his wife had just filled and lighted, and on the other his elder son, holding a little brass dish in which the pipe-bowl is deposited to protect the carpet. Near him, on another cushion, lay the tobacco-bag of gold embroidered cachemire, from which the said son was about to regale himself, after having supplied the wants of his father: and a few paces nearer to the door reclined the handsome Soliman Effendi, the adopted son to whom I have already alluded.

While the party were refreshing themselves with coffee, which was shortly afterwards served to them, a cry from the minarets of a neighboring mosque announced the hour of prayer; when the old man gravely laid aside his pipe, and, spreading a crimson rug above the carpet near the spot where he had been sitting, turned his face to the East, and began his devotions by stroking down his beard and falling upon his knees, or rather squatting himself in a doubled-up position which it were impossible to describe. For a while his lips moved rapidly, though not a sound escaped them, and then suddenly he prostrated himself three times, and pressed his head to the carpet, rose, and folding his arms upon his breast, continued his prayer—resumed after a brief space

his original position, rocking his body slowly to and fro—again bent down—and repeated the whole of those ceremonies three times, concluding his orisons by extending his open palms towards Heaven; after which, he once more slowly and reverentially passed his hand down his beard, and, without uttering a syllable, returned to his seat and his pipe, while a slave folded the rug and laid it aside. I remarked that at intervals during the prayer, he threw out a long respiration, as though he had been collecting his breath for several seconds ere he suffered it to escape, but throughout the whole time not a word was audible. The rest of the party continued to laugh, chat, and smoke quite unconcernedly, however, during the devotions of the master of the house, who appeared so thoroughly absorbed as to be utterly unconscious of all that was going on around him.

I ought not to have omitted to mention, that, on entering the harem, each of the gentlemen of the family deposited on a table at the extremity of the apartment his evening offering; for no Turk, however high in rank, returns home for the night, when the avocations of the day are over, empty-handed; it signifies not how trifling may be the value of his burthen—a cluster of grapes—a paper of sweetmeats—or, among the lower orders, a few small fish, or a head of salad—every individual is bound to make an offering to the *Dei Penates*; and to fail in this duty, is to imply that he is about to repudiate his wife.

The father of the eldest son, Usuf Effendi, had brought home Ramazan cakes; but Soliman Effendi deposited on the taudour a *boksha*, or handkerchief of clear muslin wrought with gold threads, and containing sweetmeats; among them were a quantity of Barcelona nuts, which, in Turkey, are shelled, slightly dried in the oven, and eaten with raisins, as almonds are in Europe. In the course of the evening, the elder lady resumed her place at the taudour; and in the intervals of conversation, she amused herself by burning one of the nuts at a candle, and, having reduced it to a black and oily substance with great care and patience, she took up a small round hand-mirror, set into a frame-work of purple velvet, embroidered in silver, that was buried among her cushions, and began to stain her eyebrows, making them meet over the nose, and shaping them with an art which nothing but long practice could have enabled her to acquire.

Their questions were of the most puerile description—my age—why I did not marry—whether I liked Constantinople—if I could read and write, &c., &c.; but no impertinent comment on fashions and habits so different from their own escaped them: on the contrary, they were continually remarking how much I must find every thing in Turkey inferior to what I had been accustomed to in Europe; and they lost themselves in wonder at the resolution that had decided me to visit a part of the world where I must suffer so many privations. Of course, I replied as politely as I could to these complimentary comments; and my companion

and myself being much fatigued with the exertions that we had made during the day, we determined to retire to our apartment, without waiting to partake of the second repast, which is served up between two and three o'clock in the morning.

From this period the Turks remain smoking, and sipping their coffee, detailing news and telling stories, an amusement to which they are extremely partial, until there is sufficient light to enable them to distinguish between a black thread and a white one, when the fast is scrupulously resumed. But it may be curious to remark, that, as not even a draught of water can be taken until the evening meal, and (still greater privation to the Osmanli,) not a pipe can be smoked, they have adopted a singular expedient for appeasing the cravings of re-awakening appetite. They cause opium pills to be prepared, enveloped in one, two, and three coatings of gold leaf; and these they swallow at the last moment when food is permitted to be taken; under the impression that each will produce its intended effect at a given time, which is determined by the number of envelopes that have to disengage themselves from the drug before it can act.

The apartment wherein we passed the night was spacious and lofty; and the ceiling was lined with canvass, on which a large tree in full leaf was painted in oils: and, as it was the great ornament of the room, and, moreover, considered as a model of ingenious invention, one of the slaves did not fail to point out to us that the canvass, instead of being tightly stretched, was mounted loosely on a slight frame, which, when the air entered from the open windows, permitted an undulation intended to give to the tree the effect of reality. I do not think that I was ever more amused—for the branches resembled huge boa-constrictors much more than any thing connected with the vegetable kingdom: and every leaf was as large and as black as the crown of a man's hat.

Our beds were composed of mattresses laid one above the other upon the floor, and these were of the most costly description; mine being yellow satin brocaded with gold, and that of my companion violet-coloured velvet, richly fringed. A Turkish bed is arranged in an instant—the mattresses are covered with a sheet of silk gauze, or striped muslin (my own on this occasion was of the former material)—half a dozen pillows of various forms and sizes are heaped up at the head, all in richly embroidered muslin cases, through which the satin containing the down is distinctly seen—and a couple of wadded coverlets are laid at the feet, carefully folded: no second sheet is considered necessary, as the coverlets are lined with fine white linen. Those which were provided for us were of pale blue silk, worked with rose-coloured flowers.

At the lower end of every Turkish room are large closets for the reception of the bedding; and the slaves no sooner ascertain that you have risen, than half a dozen of them enter the apartment, and in five minutes every ves-

tige of your couch has disappeared—you hurry from the bed to the bath, whence you cannot possibly escape in less than two hours—and the business of the day is then generally terminated for a Turkish lady. All that remains to be done is to sit under the covering of the tandour, passing the beads of a perfumed chaplet rapidly through the fingers—arranging and re-arranging the head-dress and ornaments—or to put on the *yasmac* and *feridjhe*, and sally forth, accompanied by two or three slaves, to pay visits to her favourite friends; either on foot, in yellow boots reaching up to the swell of the leg, over which a slipper of the same colour is worn; or in an araba, or carriage of the country, all paint, gilding, and crimson cloth, nestled among cushions, and making more use of her eyes than any being on earth save a Turkish woman would, with the best inclination in the world, be able to accomplish; such finished coquetry I never before witnessed as that of the Turkish ladies in the street. As the araba moves slowly along, the *feridjhe* is flung back to display its white silk lining and bullion tassels; and, should a group of handsome men be clustered on the pathway, that instant is accidentally chosen for arranging the *yashmac*. The dark-eyed dames of Spain, accomplished as they are in the art, never made more use of the graceful veil than do the orientals of the jealous *yashmac*.

#### YERE-BATAN SERAI.

The antiquities of Constantinople are few in number; and, when the by-past fortunes of Byzantium are taken into consideration, not remarkably interesting. I shall consequently say little upon the subject, and the rather that more competent writers than myself have already described them; and that these reliques of departed centuries are not calculated to be treated a *tutto volo di penna*. But, as it is impossible to pass them over altogether in silence, I shall merely endeavour to describe their nature and the effect which they produced upon myself.

Perhaps the most curious remain of by-gone days now existing, and certainly that which is least known, is *Yere-Batan-Serai*, literally the "Swallowed up Palace," anciently called *Philozyomos*. I had heard much of this extraordinary old Roman work, but we had repeatedly failed in our attempts to visit it, from the fact of its opening into the court of a Turkish house, whose owner was not always willing to submit to the intrusion of strangers.

We were not, however, fated to leave Constantinople without effecting our purpose; which we ultimately accomplished through the medium of one of the Sultan's Physicians, who provided us with such attendance as insured our success. Ismael Effendi, Surgeon-in-chief of the Anatomical School attached to the Serai Bournou, volunteered to become our escort, and we gladly availed ourselves of his kindness. He was a fine, vivacious, intelligent young man, endowed with an energy and mobility perfectly Greek, combined with that gentle and quiet courtesy so essentially Turkish: and we



were, furthermore, accompanied by one of his friends, who spoke the French language with tolerable fluency; and a soldier of the Palace Guard, to prevent our collision with the passers-by; a precaution which the rapid and virulent spread of the Plague had rendered essentially necessary.

After a little hesitation, the door of the Turkish house to which I have alluded was opened to us, and, passing through the great entrance hall, we traversed the courtyard, and descending a steep slope of slippery earth, found ourselves at the opening of the dim mysterious Palace of Waters.

The roof of this immense cistern, of which the extent is unknown, is supported, like that of *Bin Vebir-Direg*, by marble columns, distant about ten feet from each other, but each formed from a single block; the capitals are elaborately wrought, and in one instance the entire pillar is covered with sculptured ornaments.

At the period of our visit, Constantinople had been long suffering from draught, and the water in the cistern was much lower than usual, a circumstance that greatly tended to augment the stateliness of its effect. There was formerly a boat upon it, but it has been destroyed in consequence of the numerous accidents to which it gave rise.

The Kiara of the Effendi who owned the house had accompanied us to the vault; and he mentioned two adventures connected with it that had taken place within his own knowledge, and which he related to us as having both occurred to Englishmen.

The first and the saddest was the tale of a young traveller, who about six years ago arrived at Constantinople, and, in his tour of the capital, obtained permission to see the *Yere-Batan-Serai*. The boat was then upon the water; and, not satisfied with gazing on the wonders of the place from land, he sprang into the little skiff, and, accompanied by the boatman who was accustomed to row the family in the immediate vicinity of the opening, he pushed off, after having received a warning not to be guilty of the imprudence of advancing so far into the interior as to lose sight of the light of day. This warning he was unhappy enough to disregard. Those who stood watching his progress remarked that he had provided himself with a lamp, and they again shouted to him to beware; but the wretched man was bent upon his purpose; and having, it is supposed, induced the boatman, by the promise of a heavy reward, to comply with his wish, the flame of the lamp became rapidly fainter and fainter, and at length disappeared altogether from the sight of those who were left behind; and who remained at their station anxiously awaiting their return.

But they lingered in vain—they had looked their last upon the unfortunates who had so lately parted from them in the full rush of life and hope—the boat came no more—and it is presumed that those within it, having bewildered themselves among the columns, became unable to retrace their way, and perished miserably by famine.

I should have mentioned that the spot on which we stood was not the proper entrance to the cistern, of whose existence and situation they are even now ignorant, but an opening formed by the failure of several of the pillars, by which accident the roof fell in, and disclosed the water-vault beneath.

Another similar but less extensive failure of the extraordinary fabric in a yard near the Sublime Porte betrayed its extent in that direction; a third took place in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Sophia; and a fourth within the walls of the Record Office; thus affording an assurance that the cistern extended for several leagues beneath the city. Further than this the Constantinopolitan authorities cannot throw any light on its dimensions; and, as far as I was individually concerned, I am not quite sure that this fact did not increase the interest of the locality—the mysterious distance into which man is forbidden to penetrate—the long lines of columns deepening in tint, and diminishing in their proportions as they recede—the sober twilight that softens every object—and the dreamy stillness that lords it over this singular Water Palace, which the voice of man can awaken for a brief space into long-drawn and unearthly echoes, that sweep onward into the darkness, and ere they are quite lost to the ear, appear to shape themselves into words: all combined to invest the spot with an awful and thrilling character, which, to an imaginative mind, were assuredly more than an equivalent for the privilege of determining its limits.

The second local anecdote related to us by the Kiara was that of an Englishman, who, only a few months previous to our visit, had requested permission to make use of the little boat that had replaced the one in which the traveller, to whom I have already alluded, had been lost. Many objections were started; and the fate of his unfortunate countryman was insisted upon as the reason of the refusal; but on his repeated promises of prudence, the old Effendi at length consented to his wish; and having lighted a couple of torches, and affixed them to the stern of the boat, the traveller drew out a large quantity of strong twine, which he made fast to one of the pillars, leaving the ball to unwind itself as he proceeded.

As no one could be found who was willing to accompany him, he started alone; and hour after hour went by without signs of his return; until, as the fourth hour was on the eve of completion, the flame of the torches lit up the distance, and was reflected back by the gleaming columns. The wanderer sprang from the boat chilled and exhausted; and, in answer to the inquiries of those about him, he stated that he had progressed for two hours in a straight line, but that he had seen nothing more than what they looked upon themselves—the vaulted roof above his head, the water beneath his feet, and a wilderness of pillars rising on all sides, and losing themselves in the darkness.

This second adventure so alarmed the worthy old Osmanli to whom the boat belonged, that he caused it to be immediately destroyed;

and visitors are now compelled to content themselves with a partial view of *Yere-Batan Serai* from the ruined opening.—*Miss Pardoe.*

### JIM SOOLIVAN.

Jim Soolivan was a dacent, honest boy as you'd find in the seven parishes, an' he was a beautiful singer, an' an illegant dancer intirely, an' a mighty pleasant boy in himself; but he had the devil's bad luck, for he married for love, an' av course he never had an asy minute affther. Nell Gorman was the girl he fancied, an' a beautiful slip of a girl she was, jist twinty to the minute when he married her. She was as round an' as complate in all her shapes as a firkin, you'd think, an' her two cheeks was as fat an' as red, it id open your heart to look at them. But beauty is not the thing all through, an' as beautiful as she was, she had the devil's tongue, an' the devil's temper, an' the devil's behaviour all out; an' it was impossible for him to be in the house with her for while you'd count tin without havin' an argument, an' as sure as she riz an argument wid him, she'd hit him a wipe iv a skillet, or whatever lay next to her hand. Well, this wasn't at all plasin' to Jim Soolivan, you may be sure, an' there was scarce a week that his head wasn't plastered up, or his back bint double, or his nose swelled as big as a pittaty, with the violence iv her timper, an' his heart was scalded everlastinly wid her tongue; so he had no pace or quietness in body or soul at all at all with the way she was goin' an. Well, your honour, one cowlid snowin' evenin', he kim in affther his day's work regulatin' the men in the farm, an' he sat down very quite by the fire, for he had a scrimidge wid her in the marnin', an' all he wanted was an air iv the fire in pace; so devil a word he said, but dhrew a stool an' sat down close to the fire. Well, as soon as the woman saw him, "Move aff," says she, "an' don't be intrudin' an the fire," says she. Well, he kept never mindin', an' didn't let an to hear a word she was sayin', so she kim over, an' she had a spoon in her hand, an' she took jist the smallest taste in life iv the boilin' wather out iv the pot, an' she dhropped it down an his shins, an' wid that he let a roar you'd think the roof id fly aff iv the house. "Hould your tongue, you barbarrian," says she; "you'll waken the child," says she. "An' if I done right," says he, for the spoonful of boilin' wather riz him intirely, "I'd take yourself," says he, "an' I'd stuff you into the pot an' the fire, an' boil you," says he, "into castor oil," says he. "That's purty behaviour," says she; "it's fine usage you're givin me, isn't it?" says she, gettin' wicked every minute; "but before I'm boiled," says she, "thry how you like *that*," says she; an', sure enough, before he had time to put up his guard, she hot him a rale terrible clink iv the iron spoon across the jaw. "Hould me, some iv ye, or I'll murder her," says he. "Will you?" says she, an' with that she hot him another tin times as good as the first. "By jabers," says he, slap-

pin' himself behind, "that's the last salute you'll ever give me," says he; "so take my last blessin'," says he, "you ungovernable baste," says he; an' with that he pulled an his hat an' walked out iv the door. Well, she never minded a word he said, for he used to say the same thing all as one every time she dhrew blood, an' she had no expectation at all but he'd come back by the time supper id be ready; but faix the story didn't go quite so simple this time, for while he was walkin', lonesome enough, down the borheen, with his heart almost broke with the pain, for his shins an' his jaw was mighty troublesome, av course, with the thratement he got, who did he see but Mick Hanlon, his uncle's sarvint *by*, ridin' down, quite an' easy, an the ould black horse, wid a halter as long as himself.

[To make a long story short, Jim gets on the horse along with the *by* (boy), and is carried to his uncle's house, where he is drifted up with snow for upwards of a week. Meanwhile the mutilated body of a man is found near Jim's home, and being taken for Jim, is waked and buried as such. His widow, "bad luck to her," marries Andy Curtis, and all is comfortable with the pair when Jim finds his way back to his own door one very cowlid night.]

So, one night (as the story proceeds), when Nell Gorman an' her new husband, Andy Curtis, was snug an' warm in bed, an' fast asleep, an' everything quite, who should come to the door, sure enough, but Jim Soolivan himself, an' he began flakin' the door wid a big blak-thorn stick he had, an' roarin' out like the devil to open the door, for he had a dhrop taken. "What the devil's the matter?" says Andy Curtis, wakenin' out iv his sleep. "Who's batin' the door?" says Nell; "what's all the noise for!" says she. "Who's in it?" says Andy. "It's me," says Jim. "Who are you?" says Andy; "what's your name?" "Jim Soolivan," says he. "By jabers you lie," says Andy. "Wait till I get at you," says Jim, hittin' the door a lick iv the wattle you'd hear half a mile off. "It's him, sure enough," says Nell; "I know his speech; it's his wandherin' sowl that can't get rest, the crass o' Christ between us an' harm." "Let me in," says Jim, "or I'll dhrive the door in a top iv yis." "Jim Soolivan, Jim Soolivan," says Nell, sittin' up in the bed, an' gropin' for a quart bottle iv holy wather she used to hang by the back iv the bed, "don't come in, darlin', there's holy wather here," says she; "but tell me from where you are is there anything that's throublin' your poor sinful sowl?" says she. "An' tell me how many masses will make you asy, an' by this crass I'll buy you as many as you want," says she, "I don't know what the devil you mane," says Jim. "Go back," says she, "go back to glory, for God's sake," says she. "Divil's cure to the bit iv me 'ill go back to glory, or anywhere else," says he, "this blessed night; so open the door at onst, an' let me in," says he. "The Lord forbid," says she. "By jabers you'd better," says he, "or it 'ill be worse for you," says he; an' wid that he fell to wallop in the door till he was fairly



tired, an' Andy an' his wife crassin' themselves an' sayin' their prayers for the bare life all the time. "Jim Soolivan," says she, as soon as he was done, "go back, for God's sake, an' don't be freakenin' me an' your poor fatherless children," says she. "Why, you bosthooon, you," says Jim, "won't you let your husband in," says he, "to his own house?" says he. "You *war* my husband, sure enough," says she, "but it's well you know, Jim Soolivan, you're not my husband *now*," says she. "You're as drunk as can be consaved," says Jim. "Go back, in God's name, pacibly to your grave," says Nell. "By my sowl, it's to my grave you'll sind me, sure enough," says he, "you hard-hearted bain', for I am jist aff wid the cowl," says he. "Jim Soolivan," says she, "it's in your dacent coffin you should be, you unfortunate spirit," says she; "what is it's annoyin' your sowl, in the wide world, at all?" says she; "hadn't you everything complete?" says she, "the oil, an' the wake, an' the berrin'?" says she. "Och, by the hoky," says Jim, "it's too long I'm makin' a fool iv myself, goshterin' wid you outside iv my own door," says he, "for it's plane to be seen," says he, "you don't know what you're sayin', an' no one *else* knows what you mane, you unfortunate fool," says he; "so, onst for all, open the door quietly," says he, "or, by my sowkins, I'll not lave a splinter together," says he. "Well, whin Nell an' Andy seen he was gettin' vexed, they beganned to bawl out their prayers, with the fright, as if the life was laven' them; an' the more he bate the door, the louder they prayed, until at last Jim was fairly tired out. "Bad luck to you," says he, "for a rale divil av a woman," says he. "I can't get any advantage av you, any way; but wait till I get hould iv you, that's all," says he. An' he turned aff from the door, an' wint round to the cow-house, an' settled himself as well as he could, in the straw; an' he was tired enough wid the travellin' he had in the day-time, an' a good dale bothered with what liquor he had taken; so he was purty sure of sleepin' wherever he thrun himself. But, by my sowl, it wasn't the same way with the man an' the woman in the house; for divil a wink iv sleep, good or bad, could they get at all, wid the fright iv the spirit, as they supposed; an' with the first light they sint a little gossoon, as fast as he could wag, straight off, like a shot, to the priest, an' to desire him, for the love o' God, to come to them an the minute, an' to bring, if it was plasin' to his ravrence, all the little things he had for sayin' mass, an' savin' sowls, an' banishin' spirits, an' freckenin' the divil, an' the likes iv that. An' it wasn't long till his ravrence kem down, sure enough, on the ould gray mare, wid the little mass-boy behind him, an' the prayer-books an' the bibles, an' all the other mysterious articles that was wantin', along wid him; an' as soon as he kem in, "God save all here," says he. "God save ye, kindly, your ravrence," says they. "An' what's gone wrong wid ye?" says he; "ye must be very bad," says he, "intirely, to disturb my devotions," says he, "this

way, jist at breakfast time," says he. "By my sowkins," says Nell, "it's bad enough we are, your ravrence," says she, "for it's poor Jim's spirit," says she; "God rest his sowl, wherever it is," says she, "that was wandherin' up an' down opposit the door all night," says she, "in the way it was no use at all thryin' to get a wink iv sleep," says she. "It's to lay it, you want me, I suppose," says the priest. "If your ravrence 'id do that same, it 'id be plasin' to us," says Andy. "It 'ill be rather expinsive," says the priest. "We'll not differ about the price, your ravrence," says Andy. "Did the spirit stop long?" says the priest. "Most part iv the night," says Nell, "the Lord be merciful to us all!" says she. "That'll make it more costly than I thought," says he. "An' did it make much noise?" says he. "By my soul, it's it that did," says Andy; "leatherin' the door wid sticks and stones," says he, "until I fairly thought every minute," says he, "the ould boards id smash, an' the spirit id be in an top iv us, God bless us," says he. "Phiew!" says the priest, "it'll cost a power iv money." "Well, your ravrence," says Andy, "take whatever you like," says he; "only make it sure it wont annoy us any more," says he. "Oh! by my sowkins," says the priest, "it'll be the quarest ghost in the seven parishes," says he, "if it has the courage to come back," says he, "after what I'll do this mornin', plase God," says he; "so we'll say twelve pounds, an' God knows it's chape enough," says he, "considerin' all the circumstances," says he. Well, there wasn't a second word to the bargain; so they paid him the money down, an' he settled the table out like an althar, before the door, an' he settled it out wid all the things he had wid him; an' he lit a bit iv a holy candle, an' he scattered his holy wather right an' left, an' he took up a big book, an' he went an readin' for half an hour, good; an' whin he kem to the end, he tuck hould iv his little bell, and he beganned to ring it for the bare life; an' by my sowl he rang it so well, that he wakened Jim Soolivan in the cow-house, where he was sleepin', an' up he jumped, widout a minute's delay, an' med right for the house, where all the family, an' the priest, an' the little mass-boy, was assembled, layin' the ghost; an' as soon as his ravrence seen him comin' in at the door, wid the fair fright, he flung the bell at his head, an' hot him sich a lick iv it in the forehead, that he stretched him an the floor; but faix he didn't wait to ax any questions, but he cut round the table as if the divil was after him, an' out at the door, an' didn't stop even as much as to mount an his mare, but leathered away down the borheen as fast as his legs could carry him, though the mud was up to his knees, savin' your presence. Well, by the time Jim kem to himself, the family persaved the mistake, an' Andy wint home, lavin' Nell to make the explanation. An' as soon as Jim heerd it all, he said he was quite contint to lave her to Andy, intirely; but the priest would not hear iv it; an' he jist med him marry his wife over again, an' a merry widdin' it was, an'

a fine collection for his reverence. An' Andy was there along wid the rest, an' the priest put a small pinnace upon him, for bein' in too great a hurry to marry a widdy. An' bad luck to the word he'd allow any one to say on the business, ever after, at all at all, so, av course, no one offended his reverence, by spakin' iv the twelve pounds he got for layin' the spirit. An' the neighbours wor all mighty well plased, to be sure, for gettin' all the divarsion of a wake, an' two weddin's for nothin'.—*Dublin Un. Mag.*

### THE GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT.

There is no fruit of the British garden or orchard equal to the strawberry for fragrance of flavour, or the gooseberry for utility or general acceptance. The gooseberry, and its congener the currant, are indeed the vines of the north; and it is a new instance of paternal care, that this substitute should have been afforded to our climate, for the delicious grape of warmer regions. Viewed in this light, it is a curious fact that these fruits, and especially the gooseberry, just begin to acquire their good qualities when the grape in the open ground begins to degenerate. In the southern provinces of France, for example, where the vine is successfully cultivated, the gooseberry produces fruit scantily, and of no value; and in the north of that country, and more especially in the counties of England adjacent to it, where the vine is niggardly of its produce, the gooseberry grows luxuriantly, and acquires an agreeable taste, which increases as it extends northward.

The history of the gooseberry is little known. If it be not a native of Britain, it has, at all events, been long naturalized here, and it nowhere thrives better. In the reign of Henry VIII., it was familiarly known in this country as a garden plant, as appears by the following distich of Tusser, a writer on husbandry, who lived at that period:—

“The barberry, rasp, and gooseberry too  
Look now to be planted, as other things do.”

This plant may be said to be the solitary fruit of the labourer's garden, in the northern parts of our island; and to him it affords a wholesome and grateful luxury. In Lancashire it is eagerly cultivated by the manufacturing population, and the people vie with each other in the successful production of this fruit. It is, however, more toward the size than the flavour of the gooseberry that their competition is directed, because this is the most palpable, though assuredly not the most agreeable quality, the taste usually becoming less rich as the size increases.

“The gooseberry shows of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire and other manufacturing counties, are conducted with great system; and an annual account of them, forming a little volume, is printed and published at Manchester. The heaviest gooseberry which appears to have received a prize, was exhibited at the Shakespear Tavern, Nantwich, in 1825; it weighed 31 dwt. 16 grains. The prizes given on these occasions are adapted to the

manners of the comely people who contend for them, being generally either a pair of sugar-tongs, a copper tea-kettle (the favourite prize), a cream-jug, or a corner cupboard. The proceedings of these contests, and the arrangements for future years, are registered with as much precision as the records of horse racing; and doubtless the triumphs which are thus handed down to the colliers' or the weavers' children, by the additions which the goodman makes to his household ornaments, are as deeply valued as the ‘gold-cups of Newmarket.’”

The moral effect of the cultivation of the gooseberry, in the manufacturing districts, is spoken of with approbation in the “Library of Entertaining Knowledge,” and most certainly such an agreeable relaxation is unspeakably preferable to the degrading vice to which the population of these crowded parts of the country are addicted. If the healthful occupation of the garden withdraws the manufacturer from the corruptive habits contracted in the tavern, much is gained, at least of a negative nature, in preserving his morals; and doubtless something positive also, in opening and enlarging his mind, and promoting his domestic enjoyments. The prize-shows, however, are of a more doubtful character. If they tend to foster vanity, and excite any thing of the spirit of the *turf*, all that can be said of them is, that they are at all events a hundred-fold less pernicious than those favourite but demoralising amusements of their superiors, to which they have been compared.

The effect of the competition, above alluded to, on the gooseberry itself, is very conspicuous, but not entirely advantageous. It has, as I have already hinted, turned the attention of cultivators from the superior qualities of the fruit to its superior dimensions. In the fruit catalogue of the Horticultural Society of London, there are nearly two hundred different kinds enumerated, of which no fewer than one hundred and fifty are the Patagonian gooseberries of Lancashire.

The varieties of the gooseberry may be said to be almost endless, being propagated by seeds, the produce of which is not only affected by soil and climate, but is very various in itself, perpetually appearing in new kinds. The following, however, may be taken as a general description of the qualities, so far as they are associated with colour. The yellow are of a more rich and vinous flavour than the white—the white than the green. The red are very various in flavour, but are commonly more acid than the others, though to this latter remark there are many exceptions. From this description, it follows that the yellow are the most proper for the dessert, as well as being fermented into wine, while the red make the most agreeable preserves.

The currant is perhaps also a native of this country, although it has been regarded as the degenerated grape of Corinth, from which circumstance it derives its name; and, indeed, there is a small seedless grape, in the Levant, which is known by the same appellation, and



from which it is possible that it may be derived. In "Dodoen's History of Plants," translated in 1578, it is called "the red beyond-sea gooseberry." There are three distinct varieties of the currant, the white, the red, and the black, differing from each other in flavour as well as in colour, and each possessing some valuable characteristic qualities. The black currant, especially, has distinguishing peculiarities; its flavour is milder than that of the other two, and it is supposed to be particularly salubrious, and even medicinal.

I have already adverted to the providential arrangement, by which the gooseberry has been made to succeed the vine in our comparatively northern regions; and the same view has been so well expressed by an interesting writer, that I shall gratify both myself and the reader by concluding this account in his words. "Divine bounty is equalised to the nations. Italy has the grape; but there the gooseberry will not grow, or it will only live as an evergreen shrub, incapable of producing fruit; and it is further pleasant to observe, that, in the large field of the world, proper to the cultivation of our vine, its annual produce is less precarious than that of any other tree—a further proof that the things which are really best for man are also the most abundant and the most easily produced. Were the pine-apple, which sells at one guinea per pound, as easy to be had as the potato or the gooseberry, no family would ever have done with the physician."—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; Summer.*

#### OLD MERCANTILE HOUSES.

Mercantile firms are nearly as long-lived as landed families. Longman and Company, the London booksellers, have trade catalogues of their houses, dated as far back as 1704. In 1730, the Longman of that day was so important in the trade, as to be one of the publishers of the folio Universal History. In the present firm, there are a father and son of this name, the lineal descendants of the founder of the house. Rivington and Company, so distinguished for their publications connected with the church, are said to be of the seventeenth century. In Edinburgh, a family of Nories has been concerned in the business of house-painting since the beginning of the last century. In the Scots Courant for July 27, 1711, there occurs the following advertisement:—"That all sorts of the finest arras hanging, representing forestry, history, hunting, fields, &c., done upon canvass, which looks as well as any true arras, and better than any mock arras whatsoever, that comes from London or elsewhere, are painted and sold at as easy a rate as any in North Britain, by James Norie and Roderick Chalmers, about the middle of Dickson's Close, opposite the Bishop's Land, where all sorts of house-paintings are likewise performed by them." The James Norie here mentioned practised landscape painting, and a number of performances in that line still exist

on panels above mantel-pieces and doors, within the houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh, having been executed by him, as tradition avers, by way of compliment to those who had employed him to do the common work of his trade upon the walls. Runciman, the distinguished artist, was apprenticed to this or a later member of their family. Robert Norie and Son still form a copartnery in the practice of house-painting in the Scottish capital. The business now carried on under the firm of Eagle and Henderson, seed-merchants in Edinburgh, is upwards of a century old, during which time it has always been conducted in one place. It was originated by Mr. Archibald Eagle, who died at an advanced age many years ago. In the Caledonian Mercury for February 7, 1746, occurs the following advertisement:—"Archibald Eagle, merchant in Smith's Land, opposite Blackfriars' Wynd, and seedsman to the Honourable Society for improving Agriculture, has just now brought from the places abroad, a curious collection of garden and grass-seeds, together with a variety of flower-seeds, and several kinds of tree-seeds, especially the beech-mast, that's highly esteemed for its value: so that all who have given commission for such seeds, may immediately call for them; and all others that want, may be furnished to their satisfaction, at as cheap and low rates as any where else in town; likewise may be had every sort of gardeners' utensils, as also the finest Durham and Isle of May mustard, new Kentish hops, linseed, and all manner of falcongrath, &c." In an upper story of the large building in which Mr. Eagle carried on business, the Honourable Misses Murray, daughters of Lord Stormont, and sisters to the Earl of Mansfield, had taken up their abode. A young female friend of theirs from Perthshire, coming to visit them, chanced to enter Mr. Eagle's shop, to inquire the way up stairs; and having thus afforded him an opportunity of performing towards her a common act of civility, an acquaintance took place betwixt them, which, notwithstanding some family pride on her side, was in time ripened into a matrimonial union. As his widow, this lady carried on the business for many years, till it fell under the active management of the late Mr. Alexander Henderson, Lord Provost of the city in 1825, whose sons are now in possession of it. In Edinburgh there must be many instances of long-descended business, with which the present writer is not acquainted. The extensive upholstery business carried on by the heirs of the late Mr. William Trotter, dates from an early period of the last century; and the bank of Sir William Forbes and Company was established by the father of the late Mr. Coutts, upwards of a century ago.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

#### IRISH FUNERALS.

"An easy death and a fine funeral," is a proverbial benediction among the lower orders in Ireland. Throughout life the peasant is accustomed to regard the manner and place of

his interment as matters of the greatest importance; "to be decently put in the earth, along with his own people," is the wish most frequently and fervently expressed by him. When advanced in life, it is usual, particularly with those who are destitute and friendless, to deny themselves the common necessaries of life, and to hoard up every trifle they can collect for the expenses of their wake and funeral. Looking forward to their death as a gala given to them by their acquaintances, every possible preparation is made for rendering it, as they consider, "creditabile;" their shroud and burial dress are often provided many years before they are wanted; nor will the owners use these garments whilst living, though existing in the most abject state of wretchedness and rags. It is not unusual to see even the tombstone in readiness, and leaning against the cabin wall, a perpetual "memento mori," that must meet the eye of its possessor every time he crosses his threshold.

An old beggar woman, who died near the city of Cork, requested that her body might be deposited in White Church burial-ground. Her daughter, who was without the means to obtain a hearse, or any other mode of conveyance, determined herself to undertake the task, and having procured a rope, she fastened the coffin on her back, and after a tedious journey of more than ten miles, fulfilled her mother's request.

An Irish funeral procession will present to the English traveller a very novel and singular aspect. The coffin is carried on an open hearse, with a canopy supported by four pillars, not unlike the car used at Lord Nelson's funeral; it is adorned with several devices in gold, and drawn by four horses, and is, perhaps, more impressive to the beholder than the close caravan-like conveyance used in England; but what is gained in solemnity by the incongruity of the rest of the train, generally composed of a few post-chaises, the drivers in their daily costume of a long great coat and slouched hat. In addition to these, I have seen a gig, in which the clergyman (I imagine, by his being equipped in a white scarf and hat-band) drove a friend; afterwards came a crowd of persons of all descriptions on foot. No noise, no lamentations were to be heard; but the figure in the flowing white scarf brandishing his whip, gave it, at a little distance, the effect of an electioneering procession.

The open hearse is common throughout Ireland, and that used by the poorer classes becomes perfectly grotesque, from the barbarous paintings of saints and angels with which it is bedizened. The concourse of people which attends the funeral of an opulent farmer, or a resident landlord is prodigious; not only those to whom the deceased was known, but every one who meets the procession, turns to accompany it, let his haste be ever so great, for a mile or two, as nothing is accounted more unlucky or unfriendly than to neglect doing so.

The funeral of a gentleman acknowledged as

the head of a clan, (now an event of rare occurrence, and almost solely confined to the county of Kerry,) is one of those sights it is impossible to behold without feeling sublime sensations. The vast multitude, winding through some romantic defile, or travelling along the base of a wild mountain, while the chorus of the death-song, coming fitfully upon the breeze, is raised by a thousand voices. On a closer view, the aged nurse is seen sitting on the hearse beside the coffin, with her body bent over it; her actions dictated by the most violent grief, and her head completely enveloped in the deep hood of her large cloak, which falls in broad and heavy folds, producing altogether a most mysterious and awful figure.

Then at every cross-road, such roads being considered symbolic of their faith, there is a general halt; the men uncover their heads, and a prayer is offered up for the soul of the departed chief.

An Irish funeral howl is notorious, and, although this vociferous expression of grief is on the decline, there is still, in the less civilized parts of the country, a strong attachment to the custom, and many may yet be found who are keeners, or mourners for the dead by profession.—*Croker's Researches in the South of Ireland.*

#### REMARKABLE TIGER HUNT.

The following is an extract of a letter from Java, of the 19th of December 1832. The letter was written by a "true son of the ocean," and is addressed to his brother. "At seven A.M., on the 2nd of October last, I set out with my two sons, a Berzoeckie man in my service, and about fifty natives, armed with pikes and hogspears; I was armed with a gun and a spear. The tiger for which we were on the look-out was in a valley about two miles and a-half distant from our port. The moment we arrived near him we commenced operations. About nine A.M., we effectually drove him out of his den of underwood; and while he was doubling the brow of a hill, I had a rap at him, which took effect about six inches astern of his *tafferail*; had I taken his *tafferail*, it would have disabled his *tiller ropes*, and he would have been forced to *heave-to*, and we should have had some sport with him whilst in that situation. He now made over to the west side of the valley, and into a thorny bush. In half an hour we started him again; he then ran along the western side of the valley into another bush; several spears were now thrown at him, but without effect. We followed, and soon roused him again; he now made a start for his old station on the east side of the valley; he seemed to be very much fagged on account of the heat and a want of water, and it became difficult to arouse him; several spears flew after him, but they fell short. All this time, although pretty close, I could not get a shot at him, sometimes on account of my people, and at others not wishing to throw a shot away, not knowing how soon I might require it in self-defence. Close to his heels we followed



him across the valley. He now took shelter in a bush on the side of a hill, where he remained growling for some time. He now saw that he was in danger, so he made a start from that bush to another just at my feet, and lay for at least ten minutes, not ten yards from where I was with one of my sons, who was making an opening into the bush, so that at length I got a clear sight of him; but before we could finish our task, he made a spring with an intention to clear the heads of three men who were to my right at about a fathom distance; but they received and put three pikes and a hogspear into him; the former entered his belly, the latter entered his starboard shoulder; this he took with him, but the pike staves all broke. This shock to his delicate frame brought him down on one of the men, on whom he left the marks of three of his paws, but he got into a bush before I could turn round to have a rap at him. This was his last move. It was now just twelve at noon. We gathered up our broken pike staves, bound up the wounds of our man, and sent him off to the mill, to wait our arrival; but, determined not to give up our prize, we remained quiet for about an hour, to rest ourselves. During this time he growled once, but faintly; he was at that time drawing the hogspear out of his starboard shoulder. This gave him much pain, and made him growl. We now saw the bush shake very much, so again we began operations, by cutting down the small bushes to get a sight of him; this was soon done, and I put a shot into his head. Our work was now done, so we went up to him; but I think that he was *closing his book* more from the pikes than from the shot. I had him carried home. His weight was 333lbs., stood three feet three inches high; length of body six feet, tail two feet four inches. I then dressed the wounded hunter. He was fourteen days under my hands. He had ten wounds on his body, left arm, and head. This, you will say, is no children's play."—*Old Scrap-Book*.

#### THE INTRODUCTION OF THE USE OF SILKS.

Silk is said to have been brought from Persia into Greece 323 years before the birth of Christ, and from India into Rome in the year of our Lord 274. During the reign of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, a law was made in the senate, forbidding men to disgrace themselves by wearing silk, which was only fit for women; and so little were the Europeans acquainted with its culture, that it was then supposed to grow on trees like cotton.

In the year 555, two monks brought from Cerinda, in the East Indies, to Constantinople, the eggs of some silk worms, which having hatched in a dung-hill, they fed the young insects with mulberry-leaves; and by this management they soon multiplied to such a degree, that manufactories of silk were erected at Constantinople, at Athens, at Thebes, and at Corinth.

In the year 1130, King Roger of Sicily brought manufacturers of silk from Greece,

and settled them at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians the art of breeding silkworms, and of spinning and weaving their silk.

From Sicily they were carried all over Italy, thence to Spain; and a little before the time of Francis I., reached the south of France.

Henry IV. of France was at great pains to introduce manufactories of silk into his kingdom, and by his perseverance at last brought them to tolerable perfection.

In the year 1286, the ladies of some noble-men first appeared in England in silks, at a ball in Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire.

In the year 1620, the art of weaving silk was first introduced into England; and in the year 1719, Lombe's machine for throwing silk was erected at Derby—a curious piece of mechanism, containing 26,586 wheels turned by water. The perfect model of this machine is now preserved, and to be seen in the Tower of London.

Such was the first introduction of silk into England, which long continued to be too scarce and dear to be applied to common use.

Henry II. of France was the first European who wore silk stockings. In the reign of Henry VIII. no silk stockings had appeared in England. Edward VI., his son and successor, was presented by Sir Thomas Graham with the first pair that were ever seen in this country; and the present was, at that time, much talked of as valuable and uncommon.

COUNT DE LA LIPPE.—In his own territory in Germany, he amused himself with military manœuvres and experiments; and one day he invited his little court and visitors to dine with him after a review. The dinner was served in a tent on the ground; and towards the latter end of the repast, the count was observed to look several times at his watch and to put it up again, and call for another bottle: at last some one asked the reason of this?—"Why," said he, "I have ordered this tent to be *mined* by a new method—it is to be *blown up* at a certain *minute*, and I am anxious to go out to see the *explosion*." The tent, it will readily be believed, was soon cleared, without waiting for the other bottle.

ESCAPE OF NELSON.—In 1781, Captain Nelson was chosen to conduct the naval part of the expedition against St. Juan's. Being one day excessively fatigued, he ordered his hammock to be slung under some trees. During his sleep, that extraordinary animal called a monitor lizard (from its reputed faculty of warning persons of the approach of any venomous animal) passed across Nelson's face, which being observed by some of the Indian attendants they shouted and awoke him. He immediately started up, and throwing off the quilt, found one of the most venomous of the innumerable serpents in the country coiled up at his feet. From this remarkable escape, the Indians who attended entertained an idea that Nelson was a superior being.

## WINTER.

There's not a flower upon the hill,  
 There's not a leaf upon the tree;  
 The Summer-bird has left its bough,  
 Bright child of sunshine, singing now  
 In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's stillness in the harvest-field,  
 And blackness in the mountain glen;  
 And clouds that will not pass away  
 From the hill-tops for many a day,  
 And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look;  
 The lonely place is yet more dreary;  
 They go not now, the young and old,  
 Slow wandering on by wood and wold,  
 The air is damp, the winds are cold,  
 And Summer paths are wet and weary.

*Mary Howitt.*

## MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words—we meet again!  
 Love's own language, comfort darting  
 Through the souls of friends at parting  
 Life in death—we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,  
 Compass'd round with care and sorrow,  
 Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,  
 "Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,  
 O'er our lost endearments weeping,  
 Lonely, silent vigils keeping,  
 "Meet again!" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,  
 Happy they, whose spirits soaring,  
 Vast eternity exploring,  
 "Meet again!" in Heaven at last.

*Montgomery.*

## THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,  
 Where all will spring to meet us;  
 Where hands are striving as we come  
 To be the first to greet us.  
 When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,  
 And care be none so sorely pressing,  
 'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,  
 And find a fireside blessing.  
 Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,  
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we rock on a dreary way,  
 Though lonely and benighted,  
 If we know there are lips to chide our stay,  
 And eyes that will beam love-lighted?  
 What is the worth of your diamond ray,  
 To the glance that flashes pleasure  
 When the words that welcome back betray,  
 We form a heart's chief treasure?  
 Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,  
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

*Eliza Cook*

## AN ANSWER TO "WHAT IS TIME?"

"Know'st thou me not?" the deep voice cried;  
 "So long enjoyed, so oft misused;—  
 Alternate in thy fickle pride,  
 Desired, neglected and abused.

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
 Man and his marvels pass away,  
 And changing empires wane and wax,  
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem my hours,—the space is brief,  
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,  
 And measureless thy joy or grief,  
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever."

*Scott.*

## ADIEU.

Yes! dearest girl, the time is past,  
 When, rural pleasures flying,  
 You seek the busy town, while here  
 I stay, in absence sighing.  
 But seated at some splendid show,  
 While all with pleasure eye you,  
 Oh! then on me one thought bestow,  
 And wish that I were nigh you.

Till summer brings thee back my love;  
 Of pomp and tumult weary,  
 The heavy hours will slowly move,  
 And all be chill and dreary.  
 Fair Spring in vain will boast her reign,  
 And trees their leaves recover,  
 While far from thee, it still must be  
 December with thy lover.

*M. G. Lewis.*

## A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark park, hark!  
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun!  
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time  
 To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain—  
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—  
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;  
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
 Four horses as no other man can span;  
 Or, in the snug Olympic pit, sit, split  
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.  
 Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things  
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;  
 The gas up-blazes with its bright white light;  
 Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep!  
 But, frightened by policeman B. 3, flee,  
 And while they're going, whisper low—"no go."  
 Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,  
 And sleepers, waking, grumble "drat that cat!"  
 Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls  
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.  
 Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
 In childish dreams, and, with a roar, gore poor  
 Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;  
 But nursemaid in a night-mare rest, 'chest-press'd,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
 And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns  
 And his, from Rev. Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
 That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes.

*Hood.*



### OPENING OF THE NORMAL AND MODEL SCHOOLS.

Wednesday, the 24th ult., was the day appointed for the ceremony of opening the new buildings erected for these national establishments. The day was fine, and the buildings during several hours were open for public inspection. In the evening, the ceremony—which simply consisted of the delivery of a few valedictory addresses—was commenced by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Lillie; Mr. Harrison, the Judge of the County Court, then stated that as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions it was his business to preside on the occasion, and he presided accordingly. An address was next read by Mr. Chief Justice Robinson, but, whether from the construction of the Theatre, or some other cause, a large portion of it was inaudible in the front seat of the gallery, where it was our fortune to be placed.

The Inspector General then made a few observations, and excused himself from making “a speech” on the score of want of preparation,—not being aware that his name was announced as a partaker in the business of the evening till his arrival in town, and having since then been too busy to devote time or attention to the subject. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. McCaul, who addressed the meeting in his usual happy style, and made a few remarks on the advantage and necessity of an establishment for the purpose of training the teachers,—proved by the well-known fact, that those persons who are the most learned and accomplished themselves, are frequently the least competent to impart instruction to others. Dr. McCaul was followed by the Reverend Superintendent of Education, who entered into explanations and statistics connected with the Institution, and inflicted a not unmerited castigation on the Corporation of the City on the state of their roads, recommending them most strenuously (a recommendation in which we most heartily join) “to mend their ways.” The business was concluded with a short prayer from the Rev. Mr. Jennings, and the meeting separated.

Sir Allan McNab and the Hon. Robert Baldwin were announced in the bills as intending to take part in the proceedings, but were not present.

The Theatre of the Institution, in which the addresses were delivered, was well filled by a highly respectable audience.

ADDRESS OF AN ARAB ROBBER.—While some of the Mamelukes were encamped about Minich, a thief set his mind about carrying off the horse and wearing apparel of one of their beys, and with this intention contrived, in the dead of the night, to creep unperceived within the tent, where, as it was winter time, embers were burning, and showed the rich clothes of the bey lying close at hand. The thief, as he squatted down by the fire, drew them softly to him, and put them all on: and then, after filling a pipe and lighting it, went deliberately to the tent door, and tapping a groom, who was sleeping near, with the pipe end, made a sign to him for the horse, which stood piqueted in front. It was brought: he mounted, and rode off. On the morrow, when the clothes of the bey could nowhere be found, none could form a conjecture as to what had become of them, until the groom, on being questioned, maintained to his fellow-servants that their master was not yet returned from his ride; and told them how he had suddenly called for his horse in the night, which at last seemed to give some clue to what had really happened. Upon this, the bey, anxious to recover his horse, as well as curious to ascertain the particulars, ordered it to be published abroad, that if the person who robbed him would, within two days, bring back what he had taken, he should not only be freely pardoned, but should receive also the full value of the animal and of the suit of clothes. Relying on the good faith of this promise, and possibly, too, not a little vain of his exploit, the Arab presented himself, and brought his booty; and the bey also, on his part, punctually kept his word; but since, besides the loss, there was something in the transaction that placed the bey in rather a ludicrous light, it went hard with him to let the rogue depart so freely, and he seemed to be considering what he should do; so that, to gain time, he was continually asking over and over again fresh and more circumstantial accounts of the manner in which the stratagem had been conducted: the other was too crafty not to perceive that no good might be preparing for him, and began to feel anxious to get safe out of the scrape. He showed no impatience, however, but entered minutely into every detail, accompanying the whole with a great deal of corresponding action; at one time sitting down by the fire, and making believe as though he were slily drawing on the different articles of dress, so as to throw the bey himself, and all who saw and heard him, into fits of laughter. When he came at last to what concerned the horse, “It was,” he said, “brought to me, and I leaped upon his back;” and so in effect flinging himself again into the saddle, and spurring the flanks sharply with the stirrup-irons, he rode off with all the money that he had received for the animal in his pocket, and had got much too far, during the first moments of surprise, for any of the bullets to take effect that were fired at him in his flight, and nothing further was ever heard of him or the horse.—*Adventures of Giovanni Finati.*

MR. CANNING AND HIS SERVANT.

When at college, he was attended by a very faithful servant, who, like all surrounding his patron, became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished for his blunt honesty, and his familiarity with his master. During Mr. Canning's early political career Francis continued to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was innate, used sometimes to play off his servant's bluntness upon his right honourable friends. One of these, whose honours did not sit so easily upon him as upon the late premier, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Oxford. Francis complained to Mr. Canning that Mr. W. did not speak to him. "Pooh," said Mr. Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks *you* proud. He dines here to-day—go up to him in the drawing-room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. Surrounded by a splendid ministerial circle, Francis advanced to the astonished statesman, with "How d'ye do, Mr. W.? I hope you're very well—I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place will turn out a good thing." The roar was of course universal. The same Francis afterwards obtained a comfortable birth in the customs through his kind master's interest. He was a staunch Tory. During the queen's trial he met Mr. Canning in the street. "Well Francis, how are you?" said the statesman, who had just resigned his office, holding out his hand. "It is not well, Mr. Canning," replied Francis, refusing the pledge of friendship; "it is not well, Mr. Canning, that you should say anything in favour of that——." "But, Francis, political differences should not separate old friends—give me your hand." The sturdy politician at length consented to honour the ex-minister with a shake of forgiveness. It is said that Mr. Canning did not forget Francis when he returned to power—*Annual Biography and Obituary for 1828*.

LONDON MERCHANTS.—The peerage, as well as the baronetage of England, exhibits numerous proofs of voluntary respect paid to commerce by British sovereigns. The noble house of Osborne, which has attained the first honours of a subject, had for its founder Edward Osborne, apprentice to Sir William Hewet, a merchant who lived in London, and was lord mayor in 1553. Sir William had only one daughter, Anne, who, when a child, was by the carelessness of her nurse, dropped into the Thames. The apprentice, Edward Osborne, jumped into the river and saved her life. When the child grew up to womanhood, as she was rich, she had many suitors, among whom was the Earl of Shrewsbury, but the father refused them all, saying, that as Osborne had saved her he should have her. They were married, and their descendant is Duke of Leeds.—The Marquis Cornwallis is lineally descended from Thomas Cornwalley, merchant, who was sheriff of London in 1378. The house of Wentworth was founded by Sir W. Fitzwilliam, who was an alderman of London, and sheriff in

1506; he was a retainer of Cardinal Wolsey, and knighted by Henry VII. for his attachment to that prelate in his misfortunes. He built the greater part of the present church of St Andrew, Undershaft.—The Earl of Coventry is descended from John Coventry, mercer and lord mayor in the year 1425. He was one of the executors of the celebrated Whittington.—Laurence des Bouveries married a daughter of a silk mercer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and returning to England, laid the foundation of the house of Radnor.—The ancestor of the Earl of Essex was Sir William Capel, lord mayor of London in 1503. The ancestor of the Earl of Dartmouth, T. Legge, or Legget, a skinner, was twice lord mayor—in 1347 and 1354, and lent King Edward III. no less a sum than £300 for his French war.—Sir William Craven, merchant tailor and lord mayor of London, was ancestor of the present Earl of Craven; and the present Earl of Warwick is lineally descended from William Greville, a citizen of London, and "flower of the wool-staplers."—Thomas Bennet, mercer, sheriff in 1594, and mayor in 1603, laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Earls of Tankerville, who are lineally descended from him.—The ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret was Richard Fermour, who having amassed a splendid fortune as a citizen in Calais, came to England, and suffered attainder under Henry VIII., and did not recover his property till the 4th of Edward VI.—The Earl Darnley owes the first elevation of his family to John Bligh, a London citizen, who was employed as agent to the speculators in the Irish estates forfeited in the rebellion in 1641.—John Cowper, an alderman of Bridge Ward and sheriff in 1551, was ancestor of Earl Cowper; and the Earl Romney is descended from Thomas Marsham, alderman, who died in 1624.—Lord Dacre's ancestor; Sir Robert Dacre, was banker to Charles I., although he lost £90,000 by that monarch, left a princely fortune to his descendants.—Lord Dormer is descended from Sir Michael Dormer, lord mayor in 1541.—Viscount Dudley and Ward's ancestor was William Warde, a goldsmith in London, and jeweller to the consort of Charles I.—Sir Rowland Hill, who was lord mayor in the reign of Edward VI. was ancestor of Lord Berwick, Lord Hill, and "all the Hills in Shropshire."—*Newspaper*.

A JUNGLE IN INDIA.—The height of the grass struck me as particularly wonderful. I was mounted on a very fine elephant, not less than eleven feet high; the howdah, or seat, fastened on the animal's back, must have been full two feet high, it being strapped on a very thick pad: this would give thirteen feet. Now, when standing upright, the attitude usually adopted by sportsmen when beating the jungle in order to see better around them, my head must have been near nineteen feet above the ground, but the grass was generally three, and in some places six feet higher than my head. The stalks were full an inch and a half in diameter, and it would be almost impossible, certainly very fatiguing, to attempt to force a passage on foot through such a thicket, independent of the chance of meeting with a tiger on a sudden.—*Picturesque Tour along the Ganges*.



UTILITY OF DECISIVE MEASURES.—General Pieton, like Otway's Pierre, was a "bold, rough soldier," who stopped at nothing; he was a man whose decisions were as immutable, as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. While in the Peninsula, an assistant-commissary (commonly called an assistant-commissary-general, the rank of which appointment is equal to a captain's), through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division, under General Pieton's command, and on his being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared, with an affected consequence unbefitting the subject, that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days. This was reported to the General, who instantly sent for the commissary, and laconically accosted him with, "Do you see that tree, sir?" "Yes General, I do." "Well, if my division be not provided with rations to-morrow by twelve o'clock, I'll hang you on that very tree." The confounded commissary muttered, and retired. The threat was alarming; so he lost not a moment in proceeding at a full gallop to head-quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Pieton had held out to him. "Did the General say he would hang you, sir?" demanded his grace. "Yes my lord, he did," answered the commissary. "Well sir," returned the Duke, "if he said so, believe me he means to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations." The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous instrument in sharpening a man to activity; and the commissary found it so; for the rations were all up, and ready for delivery by twelve o'clock next day.—*Scrap Book*.

UNCOMMON GOOD SHOT.—The late Sheridan was more celebrated in the senate than in the field. It chanced that he once paid a visit to an old sportsman, and in order to avoid the imputation of being a down-right *ignoramus*, took a gun, and at the dawn of day went in pursuit of game. He was accompanied by a gamekeeper, a true Pat, who lost no opportunity of praising Sheridan's prowess. The first covey rose within a few yards of the statesman's nose, who waited till they were out of harm's way before he fired. Pat immediately observed, "I see you know what a gun is, it's well you wasn't nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country" Sheridan's second shot was not more successful. "Oh," cried Pat, "what an escape. I'll be bound you rumbled some of their feathers." The third shot was as little effective as the former. "Hah," exclaimed the Irishman, although astonished at so palpable a miss. "I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near us to-day. Master was too near you to be pleasant." On they went without a bird in the bag; at last, on their return, Sheridan perceived a covey and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a fire at them on the ground. He did so; but they all flew away untouched. Pat,

whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say; and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan, "You made them *lave* that any how;" and with this compliment to his sportsman-like qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement laughing heartily at his companion and rewarding him with half a crown for his patience and encouragement.—*Old Scrap Book*.

CLERICAL WIT.—The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment, at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted the petition, on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked, the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen was invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major ——— to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." Major ——— said he asked no more. "Well then, Major, I begin with the usual question, 'you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy.'" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.—On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet, he would preach half an hour on any verse or section of a verse in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out "*And the ass opened his mouth, and he spoke.*" The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.—*Mirror*.

#### ODD WILL.

John Goss, late of Bristol, Mariner, deceased, proved May 19, 1796.

"My executrix to pay, out of the first monies collected, unto my beloved wife, Hester Goss, (if living) the sum of one shilling, which I give her (as a token of my love) that she may buy hazel-nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

MOUNTAIN ANECDOTE.—A party had lately climbed up the usual track on the *Skiddow*, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company) who had given frequent *broad hints* of his *superior knowledge*, said to the guide, "Pray can you tell which is the *highest* part of this mountain?" "the *top*, sir," replied the guide.

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## THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN,

A STORY.

"Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the city hotel.

"That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles," said Horace; "really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognise your nearest of kin."

"You forget, Horace, that when I first saw Adelaide, she was a lively little hoyden, scarce ten years old;—the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman."

"Nay, if you begin to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship some seven years ago? But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?"

"Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return *incognito*, and I thought I would humour the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognise me. I arrived late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning;

and even you, Horace, did not at first know me."

"Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brush-wood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?"

"Certainly not longer than suits my present purposes, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because every body else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagered a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me 'bearded like the pard.'"

"Nay, if you like them," said Horace, laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win ladies' favour by wearing an unshaven face," answered Charles; "but pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin."

"She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault: like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American."

"What is it that my fair country women so much admire in their foreign lovers?" asked Charles.

"Oh, they say there is a polish and



elegance of manner belonging to foreigners, which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married scions of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a western farmer," said Charles, with a smile, "she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles."

"Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl," replied Horace, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly."

"If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured."

Horace shook his head.

"Come and dine with me, Horace; be careful to tell no one of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Madeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink it."

The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals told to the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.

"Cousin Horace," she exclaimed, as she saw her favourite cousin enter the room, "you have not been here these three days;" and then, in a lower tone, she added, "who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?"

Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room—"Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer."

The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little un-

comfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to shew her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chapeau-bras* which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ballroom. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the stiff awkward manner of an American, who always seems half ashamed of the undignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step and grace of motion perfectly unvalled. Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger, when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand, as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast table (a duty which she never neglected), it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

"These late hours will kill you, my child," said he, as he kissed her forehead; "I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I'll send for Dr. —."

So saying, he stept into his carriage and drove to his counting-house, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide's cheek, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted look.

"Poor child," murmured he, "I wonder how she is."

A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance,

looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

Mr. Walshingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. "If they are real lords," he used to say, "they don't want my daughter; and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them." His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters, were associated in his mind with everything German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

"Glad to see you, Horace—couldn't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy," drawing him aside, "who is that hairy-faced fellow?"

"That is Count Pipehammer, uncle."

"Count Pfeiffenhammer!—well, the Germans have an odd fancy for names. Pray what is his business?" "Business!" said Horace, laughing; "why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality."

"Principality!—fudge!—a few barren acres with half-a-dozen mud-hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—it won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake." "Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you shall not repent your kindness."

Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles? Adelaide soon began to discover, that, when the

Count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home; and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever her attendant.

A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the railleries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide," said he; "now you must gratify one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name was transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the declaration of independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father."

The earnestness of these admonitions from a father who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

"I wish he were an American," sighed she; "and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are!—how much feeling there is in all he says and does!"

Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the Count too were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant he had gradually be-



come the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt that, in exposing her own peace of mind, she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not exist long without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear; but Adelaide was in no mood for gaiety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures—of his personal feelings—and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her; then seizing her hand and clasping it between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach she attempted to answer him. Faulteringly but frankly she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both.

"Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the only obstacle," said the Count passionately; "say that you could have loved me, and I shall be content." Adelaide blushed and trembled.

"For the love of heaven, answer me but by a look!"

Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he *was* answered.

"Adelaide," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble Count?"

A slight pressure of the hand which lay in his, and a flitting smile on the tremulous lip, was a sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Adelaide," said her lover; "I will return to my country—I will restore my honours to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit ——"

"My utter contempt!" cried Adelaide, vehemently. "What, resign your country—forfeit the name of your fathers—desert your inheritance of duties!—No, Count Pfeiffenhammer! if a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion." "A transitory passion, Adelaide!"

"Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I fondly believed to be all that his lips professed. Would we had never met," added she, bursting into tears, "Adelaide," said the Count, "those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one;—your father will not be inexorable." "And therefore," said she, "you would have me make him wretched for life. Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature—I have been deceived in you." "You have! you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin!" cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. "You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer; will you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?"

Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. "What means all this?—Charles Winstanley!—the Count!" The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms. The anger of the lady, when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practised upon her—the merriment of cousin Horace—the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconciliation of all differences—may be far better imagined than described.

A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Walsingham's drawing-rooms, but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaved off his moustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was—a true American. “But why, Charles, did you woo me in such *outlandish* guise?” whispered she, smiling.

“Because you vowed to marry none but an *outlandish* wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged.” “Ay, ay, Charles,” said the happy father, “if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains rather than the lightness of his heels, and by the strength of his principles rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign foppery, and more of homely virtue in our country.”

## THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

### CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

The Sultan occasionally recompenses the faithful services of the slaves of the Imperial Serai by giving them their liberty, accompanied by a donation sufficiently liberal to enable them to establish themselves in an eligible manner. On a late occasion, he emancipated an elderly woman, who had secured his favour by her unremitted attentions to one of his wives during a protracted illness; and, being light of heart at the moment, and perhaps curious to learn how she would act on such an emergency, he desired her to put on her yeshmac, and to take a boat to Stamboul, where she was to hire an araba, and drive slowly about the city, until she saw an individual whom she desired for a husband; when, if he could be identified, she should be his wife within the week.

His Imperial Highness was obeyed on the instant. One of the palace caïques rowed to the door of the harem; and the freed slave, accompanied by an aged companion, stepped in, and was rapidly conveyed to Stamboul. On landing at “the Gate of the Garden,” she walked into the house of Hussein the watchmaker, with whose wife she was acquainted; and while the stripling son of the worthy Musselmaun was despatched for an araba, she took her place upon the sofa, and partook of the grape-jelly and coffee that were handed to

her by the officious hostess. These were succeeded by the *kadeun-chibouk*, or woman's pipe; and she had not flung out half a dozen volumes of smoke from her nostrils, ere all the harem of Hussein the watchmaker knew that she was free, and about to choose a helpmeet from among the tradesmen of the city.

At every “Mashallah!” uttered by her auditors, the self-gratulation of the visitor increased; and she, who a day previously had not wasted a thought on matrimony, smoked in silence, absorbed in dreams of tenderness and ambition.

The araba was, of course, a full hour ere it appeared, for the arabajhe had to smoke his *narghile*, or water-pipe; and the arabajhe's assistant had to repair the damages which the last day's journey had done to the harness, and to wash away the mud that yet clung about the wheels; and after that, there were comments to be made upon the horses, as they were slowly attached to the vehicle; and on the unusual circumstances of a Turkish woman hiring a carriage, without previously bargaining with the owner for the sum to be paid.

But Yusuf, the son of Hussein, who found more amusement in watching the slow motions of the arabajhe than in keeping guard over his father's chronometers, put an end to the astonishment of the party by informing them that the person that had engaged the vehicle was a slave of the Imperial Serai; a piece of information which tended considerably to expedite the preparations of the coachman, and to excite the curiosity of his companions.

The female Cœlebs, meanwhile, had emptied three chibouks; and as the ashes of each were deposited in little brass dishes that rested on the carpet, brighter and fairer visions rose before her; and on each occasion that she drew from amid the folds of the shawl that bound her waist the cachemire purse that contained her tobacco, and replenished her pipe, she indulged in a more flattering augury of her day's speculation.

To render the circumstance more intelligible to the European reader, it may be as well to state that there are few tradesmen in Stamboul who would hesitate to marry an Imperial slave, whatever might be her age or personal infirmities, as she is sure to bring with her a golden apology for all her defects; and thus it was not astonishing that the wife of Hussein sighed as she remembered that her son Yusuf was yet a child, and that, consequently, she could not offer his hand to her visitor; and the more sincerely that the worthy watchmaker did not stand high in the favour of fortune; the “accursed Giaours,” as the angry Hanoum did not hesitate to declare, selling, for the same price demanded by the Turkish artisan for his inferior ware, watches that were as true as the muezzin and as enduring as the Koran.

At length the araba drew up beneath the latticed windows; and the two friends, resuming their slippers, shuffled across the matted floor of the harem, followed by the compliments



and *teminas* of their hostess; mattresses and cushions were arranged in the vehicle by the hands of Hussein himself; and their yashmacs having been re-arranged, they were ere long jolting over the rough pavement of the city of Constantine.

They first bent their course to the Charshées; and the confidant pointed out many a grave-looking, middle-aged Musselmaun to the admiration of her companion; but the freed-woman only shrugged her shoulders, uttered a contemptuous "Mashallah!" and turned away her eyes.

The stream of life flowed on beside their path. Turbans of green, of white, and of yellow, passed along; but none of the wearers found favour in the sight of the husband-seeking fair one. Hours were wasted in vain; she was as far removed from a decision as when she stepped into the *caïque* at Beglierbey, and the patience of her companion was worn threadbare; she became silent, sullen, and sleepy—and still the *araba* groaned and drawled along the narrow streets. Human nature could endure no more; and after having been jolted out of a quiet slumber three several times, the confidant digressed from weariness to expostulation.

"May the Prophet receive me into Paradise! Is there not a True Believer in Stamboul worthy to become the husband of a woman whose hair is gray; and who has long ceased to pour out scented sherbet in the garden of roses? Had it been my *kismet*\* to come hunting through the thoroughfares of the city on the same errand, I should have chosen long ago."

The freed-woman only replied by desiring the *arabajhe* to drive to the quarter inhabited by the *sékéljhes*, or sweetmeat makers; the finest race of men in Constantinople. When they entered it, she began to look about her with more earnestness than she had hitherto exhibited; but even here she was in no haste to come to a decision; and although she passed many a stately Musselmaun whom she would not have refused in the brightest days of her youth, she "made no signs" until she arrived opposite to the shop of a manufacturer of *abva*, a sweet composition much esteemed in the East; where half a dozen youths, bare-legged, with their shirt sleeves rolled up to their shoulders, were employed in kneading the paste, previously to its being put into the oven.

"*Inshallah*—I trust in God! He is here—" said the lady as she stopped the carriage:—"See you not that tall stripling, with arms like the blossoms of the *seringa*, and eyes as black as the dye of Khorasan?"

"He who is looking towards us?" exclaimed her companion in astonishment; "The Prophet have pity on him! Why he is young enough to be your son."

The answer of the freed-woman was an angry pull at her yashmac, as she drew more closely together the folds of her *feridjhe*.

The young and handsome *sékéljhe* was sum-

moned to the side of the *araba*, and found to improve upon acquaintance; upon which he was informed of the happiness that awaited him, and received the tidings with true Turkish philosophy; and in a few days the bride removed into a comfortable harem, of which the ground-floor was a handsome shop, fitted up with a select stock of sweetmeats at the expense of the Sultan; and those who desire to see one of the principal actors in this little comedy, need only enter the gaily-painted establishment at the left-hand corner of the principal street leading into the *Atmeidan*, to form an acquaintance with Suleiman the *sékéljhe*.

#### THE FEZ MANUFACTURE.

No traveller should leave Constantinople without paying a visit to the Fèz Manufactory of Eyoub, where all the caps for the Sultan's armies are now made. The building, which is entirely modern, and admirably adapted to its purpose, stands in the port, near the place of *Azmè Sultane*, on the site of an ancient Imperial residence. It is under the control of Omer Lufti Effendi, late Governor of Smyrna, a man of known probity and talent;\* and its immediate superintendence has been intrusted to Mustapha Effendi: whose ready courtesy to strangers enables European travellers to form an accurate idea of the state and progress of the establishment.

After a delightful row from Galata, we landed at the celebrated pier of Eyoub; and, accompanied by a personal friend of Mustapha Effendi, proceeded to the manufactory, which we entered by the women's door. As we passed the threshold a most curious scene presented itself.

About five hundred females were collected together in a vast hall, awaiting the delivery of the wool which they were to knit; and a more extraordinary group could not perhaps be found in the world.

There was the Turkess with her yashmac folded closely over her face, and her dark *feridjhe* falling to the pavement: the Greek woman, with her large turban, and braided hair, covered loosely with a scarf of white muslin, her gay-coloured dress, and large shawl: the Armenian, with her dark bright eyes flashing from under the jealous screen of her carefully-arranged veil, and her red slipper peeping out under the long wrapping cloak: the Jewess, muffled in coarse linen cloth, and standing a little apart, as though she feared to offend by more immediate contact; and among the crowd some of the loveliest girls imaginable.

At the moment of our arrival, Mustapha Effendi was at prayers: and we accordingly seated ourselves to await him in an inner apartment, well-carpeted, and occupied by half a dozen clerks, who were busily employed in recording the quantity of wool delivered to each applicant; their seats were divided from the women's hall by a partition about

\* I have again to record a plague-victim in this distinguished man; the intelligence of whose death has reached me since my return to England.

breast-high; and I remarked that the prettiest girls were always those whose accounts were the most tedious.

On the other side of this spacious office was a wool-store, where a score of individuals were busily employed in weighing and delivering out the wool; and all were so active and so earnest in their occupation, that the most sceptical European would have been compelled to admit, when looking on them, that the Turk is no longer the supine and spiritless individual which he has been so long considered.

Immediately that his prayer was completed, Mustapha Effendi invited us to pass into his private room; a pleasant apartment opening to the water, and most luxuriously cushioned. Here coffee and chibouks were served; and after which a couple of the knitters were introduced in order that we might see the different qualities of wool, necessary to the manufacture of the various kinds of fêz.

During their performance, Mustapha Effendi asked many questions relative to Europe; and particularly how the English government were now disposed towards the Turks; and expressed his curiosity to learn the impression which the present state of the people had made upon ourselves. He appeared to have been piqued by some American travellers who had visited the establishment; for at the close of the conversation he said earnestly: "Europe begins to know us better; and the Franks to judge us more honestly—*Inshallâh*—I trust in God, that the day will yet come when we shall be able to convince even the Americans, that we are not wild beasts anxious to devour them."

When we had passed an hour with the Superintendent, we proceeded to inspect the establishment, which is on a very extensive scale, three thousand workmen being constantly employed. The workshops are spacious, airy, and well-conducted; the wool, having been spread over a stone-paved room on the ground floor, where it undergoes saturation with oil, is weighed out to the carders, and thence passes into the hands of the spinners, where it is worked into threads of a greater or less size, according to the quality of fêz for which it is to be made available. The women then receive it in balls, each containing the quantity necessary for a cap; and these they take home by half a dozen or a dozen at a time, to their own houses, and on restoring them receive a shilling for each of the coarse, and seventeen pence for each of the fine ones.

The next process is the most inconvenient, although perhaps the most simple of the whole. As soon as knitted, the caps are washed with cold water and soap; but, there being no rush of water sufficiently strong in the immediate vicinity of the capital, they are obliged to be sent to Smit, distant about ten leagues, where they are scoured and dried, and ultimately returned to Eyoub, in order to be completed.

Each fêz then undergoes three different operations of clipping and pressing; and at the termination of the third has no longer the slightest appearance of knitted wool, but all the effect of a fine close cloth. The next pro-

cess is that of dying the cap a rich crimson; and herein exists a difficulty which has been but lately overcome, and of which I shall give an account when I have sketched the whole routine of the manufacture.

Having been immersed during several hours in large coppers constantly stirred, and kept upon the boil, the caps are flung into a marble trough filled with running water, where they are trodden by a couple of men; and afterwards given to the blockers, who stretch them over earthen moulds to enable them to take a good shape. They are subsequently removed to the drying-room, where they are kept in a perpetual current of air until the damp is removed; and thence delivered up to the head workmen, who raise the nap of the wool with the head of the bulrush, and then clip it away with huge shears; precisely as cloth is dressed in England. Pressing follows, and the fêz is ultimately carried to the maker, who works into the crown the private cypher of the manufacture, and affixes the short cord of crimson, which is to secure the *flock* or tassel of purple silk, with its whimsical appendage of cut paper. The last operation is that of sewing on the tassels: and packing the caps into parcels containing half a dozen each, stamped with the Imperial seal.

The whole process is admirably conducted. The several branches of the establishment are perfectly distinct; and the greatest industry appears to prevail in every department. The manufactory was suggested and founded by Omer Lufti Effendi, in consequence of the extremely high price paid by the Sultan to the Tunisians, with whom this fabric originated, for the head-dress of his troops. Having induced a party of Arabian workmen from Tunis to Constantinople, he established them in the old palace, which has since been replaced by the present noble building; and under their direction the knitting and the shaping of the caps acquired some degree of perfection.

But the dye was a secret beyond their art; and the Turkish government anxious to second the views of the energetic Omer Effendi, made a second importation of Tunisians with no better success, although they were chosen from among the most efficient workmen of their country. The caps, while they were equal both in form and texture to those of Tunis, were dingy and ill coloured; and the Arabs declared that the failure of the dye was owing to the water in and about Constantinople, which was unfavourable to the drugs employed.

As a last hope, a trial was made at Smit, but with the same result; and the attempt to localise the manufacture was about to be abandoned, when Omer Effendi, suspecting the good faith of the Arabian workmen, disguised a clever Angorian Armenian, named Avanis Aga, as a Turk, whom he placed as a labourer in the dye-room. Being a good chemist and a shrewd observer, Avanis Aga, affecting a stupidity that removed all suspicion, soon made himself master of the secret which it so much imported his anxious patron to learn; and,



abandoning the ignoble besom that he had wielded as the attendant of the Tunisian dyers, immediately that he had discovered the fraud which, either in obedience to the secret orders of their Regent, or from an excess of patriotism, they had been practising ever since their arrival; he set himself to work in secret; and, with the water of the Smit, dyed two caps, which, being dried, he presented to Omer Effendi, who was unable to distinguish them from those of Tunis.

Delighted at this successful issue of his experiment Omer Effendi summoned the Arabs to his presence, and showed them the fêz, when, instantly suspecting the masquerade that had betrayed them, they simultaneously turned towards the Armenian, and, throwing their turbans on the ground, and tearing their hair, they cried out: "Yaccoup! Yaccoup!" (Jacob! Jacob!)

The Superintendent having dismissed them, after causing them to be liberally remunerated for the time which they had spent at Constantinople, sent them back to Tunis; while Avanis Aga, elected Head Dyer of the Imperial Manufactory of Eyoub, now enjoys the high honour of deciding on the exact tint to be worn by Mahmoud the Powerful, the "Light of the Sun," and "Shadow of the Universe."

Fifteen thousand caps a month are produced at the fabric of Eyoub, and they are said to equal those of Tunis. The finest Russian and Spanish wools are employed, and no expense is spared in order to render them worthy of the distinguished patronage with which the Sultan has honoured them. The Imperial apartments at the manufactory are elegantly fitted up, and sufficiently spacious to accommodate a numerous suit; and, as the building faces the arsenal, His Highness is a frequent visitor to the establishment of Omer Effendi, where he sometimes passes several consecutive hours.

*Miss Pardoe.*

## THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

### PRESENT STATE OF MELBOURNE.

The following is an extract from the private letter of an Indian officer upon sick leave:—

"Melbourne, June 18.—We arrived here on the 15th, after a very good and quick passage from Java Head. We found this place in a state of great excitement. The Bay is a most lovely one, and the entrance is narrow and difficult of entrance. At William's-Town, where the large ships lie, there is about fifty vessels lying, unable to get away. Melbourne is a fine large town, the streets broad and regular, all lying at right angles to each other. The houses, in size, are irregular, but none built of wood, the

government not permitting it. The excitement and business going on is wonderful. But I was most struck, upon landing by the number of idle-looking fellows wandering about. I asked what they were, and was told that they were gold-diggers, come down for a few weeks to spend their money. The hotels are numerous, but bad, being filled with these people. We put up at one called 'The Passengers,' something better than the others, and not, considering the times, very dear. Gold is being found in greater quantities than ever. As the winter advances food and necessaries will increase in price. They are already very high, the roads are cut up, and the creeks and rivers swollen. It is supposed that there are upwards of 40,000 people at the different diggings. The price of everything is exorbitant. Any man with some money might double it with the greatest ease and safety every month; but as to men of an income of £150 to £200 a-year, the commonest workmen are in a better position. A common carter makes £12 a-week; his expenses are perhaps £4. A cab, or rather a carriage driver, makes £30 to £40 a-week, or above £1,400 a-year. Masons and carpenters receive £1 a-day, but they won't work even for this. There is nothing of any kind going on. All houses or public buildings that were in progress are now at a standstill. No one can get servants. The Chief-Justice told me that his had left him long ago. His son opened the door to us, and I believe his wife, as many ladies have had to do, washes her own clothes. The Governor has no servants; every man is so independent that they will not hire themselves to do anything unless they get what they ask. Going into a shop, if you ask them to abate in their exorbitant price, they quietly tell you to walk out, that they don't want to sell anything to you. A load of water is 18s., a load of wood £4, a pair of shoes £2, Jack-boots, which are much used at the digging, £7. Pistols fetch any amount. An invoice, valued at £60, arrived a short time since; in a week's time they were all sold, having realised nearly £700. The way they generally go to the diggings is this:—They form themselves into parties of three or four, buy a cart and two or

three horses, load it with everything that is necessary for their living and working for two or three months, according to their own pleasure. Some men clear £300 or £400 a month, some not so much; some have done more. There is one just returned, and now in the hotel, who was away six weeks, and cleared £3,600; but the real way to make money is buying gold, if you have any capital. At the diggings it sells for £2 15s. and £2 17s. an ounce; in Melbourne for £3 5s. per ounce. The gold is sent down by escort, and can be realised, and the sovereigns sent by the return escort; therefore 8s. or 10s. may be had on every ounce twice a month. This is the way the banks and all the houses are making immense sums. The escort arrives every week. They brought more gold last time than they ever have before—above 55,00 ounces. There is also a private escort which brings down large quantities; private hands also bring a good deal. Melbourne is built upon an undulating country, and although across the promontory is not more than one or two miles from the bay, by the river Yarra (which is very narrow, but deep enough to float small steamers and ships) it is nearly eight. The banks of the Yarra are low, and covered with a small underwood, something like the English broom, but they call it here the tea tree, why, I can't find out, for it is not the least like it. The land near the town is very pretty, and not unlike the park scenery of England; the trees are scattered about very picturesquely, mostly of the gum species. There are botanical gardens near the town—few flowers, but prettily situated. No government house has yet been built. Mr. LaTrobe, the Governor, lives in a small house. Draught horses are all bought up here immediately they are heard of. We have a cart, and are trying to buy two carthorses to start with. We hoped to have got away yesterday, but could not procure horses. We have everything ready, a small tent, cooking things, a cradle, axe, shovels, &c., and a cart. All the things are moderate except the latter, and that is £40. They ask £60 each for a moderately good carthorse; six months since they sold for £10 and £15! We were offered a pair yesterday for

£185, but that we could not give. A cart is absolutely necessary to cart the soil to the water, besides taking our things up. If we can't get a horse to-morrow we shall be off on Monday to the diggings—to the Bendigo—and try our luck for a month or so. The rent of houses here is immense: for one of four or five rooms, unfurnished, you pay £350 and £400. All the poor government officials—from the Governor downwards, are being ruined, and unless their salaries are raised out of the increased revenue derived from the gold fields, many of them will be in a most painful position. The average salaries are from £300 to £400 per year, not so much as some of the smallest houses rent for. Lodgings cannot be had under £5 per week. You may imagine what other expenses are from this. The common waiters at the hotel we are living at get £200 a year each, and the boots gets above £100."

#### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

We have latterly heard many inquiries for some work on this, the "flowery language of the East." We have no doubt, therefore, that we shall gratify many of our readers, particularly "our fair friends," by devoting a few pages to an elucidation of the mystery. The language of the *eyes* is universally understood, it is the language of nature and requires no study: but flowers, in Eastern countries, are made, in their various combinations, to express far more than can be told by eyes alone. To the fair dames of the East pens and ink are superfluities, as a long communication is frequently comprised within a small *boquet* of flowers.

We believe our vocabulary of emblems will be found as full and perfect as any in existence.

| <i>Name of Flower.</i>              | <i>Emblem.</i>                         |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Acacia (white) .....                | Friendship, or Platonic love.          |
| Acacia (rose) .....                 | Elegance.                              |
| Acacia (yellow) .....               | Concealed love.                        |
| Acanthus .....                      | The Arts.                              |
| Achillis (hundred-leaved) War.—     | "I declare war."                       |
| Adonis, Philos, Pheasant's          |                                        |
| Eye .....                           | Sorrowful remembrance.                 |
| African Marigold .....              | Vain and vulgar.                       |
| Agnes Castus .....                  | Frigidity.—"Be thou chaste as ice."    |
| Agrimony .....                      | Acknowledgement. "I thank you."        |
| Almond Tree .....                   | A blunder.—"You came too late."        |
| Almond Laurel .....                 | Perfidy.—"You have poisoned my heart." |
| Aloe .....                          | Grief—affliction.                      |
| Althea Frutex (red or purple) ..... | "Fly from the world to me."            |
| Althea, variegated .....            | Charming variety.                      |
| Alyssum, sweet .....                | Worth beyond beauty.                   |
| Amaranth, globe .....               | Unchangeable—unfading.                 |
| Amayrillis .....                    | Splendid beauty.                       |
| American Starwort .....             | Welcome.                               |



|                                                     |                                        |                                    |                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| American Cowslip.....                               | "You are my divinity."                 | Cedar Leaf .....                   | "I live for thee."                |
| Ambrosia.....                                       | "Sweet as thy sigh."                   | Cereus [night-blooming].....       | "Meet me by moonlight alone."     |
| Anemone, Zephyr's flower.....                       | Korsaken.                              | Cereus [creeping] .....            | Honour.                           |
| Anemone, wild.....                                  | Sickness.                              | Chamomile .....                    | Energy in adversity.              |
| Angelica .....                                      | Inspiration.                           | Champion .....                     | Suspicion.                        |
| Angrec .....                                        | Royalty.                               | Cherry Tree.....                   | Good education.                   |
| Apple Tree Blossom.....                             | Preference.                            | Cherry Tree Blossom.....           | Spiritual beauty.                 |
| Arbor Vita.....                                     | "Live for me."                         | Chestnut Tree.....                 | "Render me justice."              |
| Asclepias, Swallow Wort, Cure for the heart-ache.   |                                        | Chestnut Tree [Indian, large]..... | Luxury—extravagance.              |
| Aspen Tree.....                                     | "My heart thrills to thy voice."       | Chickweed .....                    | An assignation.                   |
| Asphodel, Daffodil.....                             | "My regrets follow you to the grave."  | Chickweed [mouse-ear] .....        | Ingenuous simplicity.             |
| Ash Tree .....                                      | Grandeur.                              | China Rose .....                   | Lovely in each change.            |
| Aureolia .....                                      | Painting.                              | China Aster.....                   | Variety.                          |
| Auricula, scarlet .....                             | "Wealth is not happiness."             | China Aster [single].....          | After-thought.                    |
| Austrian Rose .....                                 | Beauty.—"Thou art all that is lovely." | Chrysanthemum [rose colour] .....  | Cheerfulness under adversity.     |
| Azulea .....                                        | Temperance.                            | Chrysanthemum [white].....         | Truth.                            |
| Bachelor's Button.....                              | Single and selfish.                    | Chrysanthemum [yellow].....        | Slighted love.                    |
| Balm .....                                          | Sympathy.                              | Cinquefoil .....                   | Parental love.                    |
| Balm of Gilead .....                                | Cure—relief.                           | Clematis [evergreen].....          | Artifice.                         |
| Balsam, yellow.....                                 | Impatience.                            | Clematis Blossom.....              | Intellectual beauty.              |
| Balsam, red .....                                   | Impatient resolves.                    | Clove Gillyflower .....            | Dignity.                          |
| Barberry .....                                      | Sourness—spite.                        | Clover [red].....                  | Industry.                         |
| Basil, sweet .....                                  | Good wishes.                           | Clover [purple] .....              | Provident.                        |
| Basil, wild .....                                   | Hatred.                                | Cock's comb.....                   | Foppery.                          |
| Bay Tree .....                                      | Glory.                                 | Colchicum .....                    | The light of other days.          |
| Bay, red .....                                      | Love's memory.                         | Columbine [purple].....            | Folly.                            |
| Bay Leaf .....                                      | "I change but in dying."               | Columbine [red].....               | Anxiety.                          |
| Bay Wreath .....                                    | The reward of merit.                   | Colt's-foot.....                   | "You shall have justice."         |
| Bay Rose .....                                      | Celibacy.                              | Convolvulus [major].....           | Extinguished hopes.               |
| Bearded Crepis .....                                | Protection.—"I will protect you."      | Convolvulus [minor].....           | Night—repose.                     |
| Bee Orchis.....                                     | Industry.                              | Coronilla .....                    | "Success crown your wishes."      |
| Beech Tree .....                                    | Prosperity.                            | Coronilla [wild].....              | Lasting—perpetual.                |
| Bella Donna .....                                   | Silence.                               | Corchorus .....                    | Impatience of absence.            |
| Belvidere, Wild Liquorice, "I declare against you." |                                        | Coreopsis Arkansa.....             | Love at first sight.              |
| Betany.....                                         | Surprise.                              | Corn .....                         | Riches.—"I wish I was rich."      |
| Bindweed.....                                       | Humility.                              | Coriander.....                     | Hidden merit.                     |
| Bindweed [small].....                               | Obstinacy.                             | Coronet of Roses .....             | Reward of virtue.                 |
| Birch Tree .....                                    | Mildness—meekness.                     | Cowslip.....                       | Pensiveness.                      |
| Bird's Foot Trefoil.....                            | Revenge.                               | Cowslip [American].....            | "You are my divinity."            |
| Bitter-sweet Nightshade .....                       | Truth.                                 | Creeping Cereus.....               | Honour.                           |
| Blackthorn.....                                     | Difficulty.                            | Crocus .....                       | Cheerfulness—smiles.              |
| Bladder-nut Tree .....                              | Frivolous amusement.                   | Crepis [bearded].....              | Protection.—"I will protect you." |
| Blackberry .....                                    | Simplicity.                            | Cross of Jerusalem.....            | Devotion.                         |
| Blue-bottle [Centaur].....                          | Delicacy.                              | Crown Imperial.....                | Majesty and power.                |
| Blue-flowered Greek Valerian .....                  | Rapture.                               | Cudweed Everlasting .....          | Never-ceasing embraces.           |
| Borage .....                                        | Bluntness.                             | Current .....                      | "I live but in thy smiles."       |
| Box .....                                           | Stoicism.—"I am a stoic."              | Cyclamen.....                      | Diffidence.                       |
| Bramble .....                                       | "I envy you."                          | Cypress.....                       | Mournful thoughts.                |
| Bridal Rose.....                                    | Happy love.                            | Cypress & Marigold united .....    | Despair.                          |
| Briony [white jalap] .....                          | "May you prosper."                     | Dahlia .....                       | "For ever thine."                 |
| Broken Straw, a .....                               | A quarrel.                             | Daisy Wreath.....                  | "I will think of it."             |
| Broom .....                                         | Neatness.                              | Daisy [red] .....                  | Unconscious beauty.               |
| Broom [Spanish] .....                               | "Light of my life."                    | Daisy [white] .....                | Innocence.                        |
| Buckbean .....                                      | Calm—repose.                           | Daisy [double] .....               | "I partake your sentiments."      |
| Bugloss.....                                        | Falsehood.                             | Damask Rose .....                  | The perfection of beauty.         |
| Bulrush .....                                       | Docility.                              | Dandelion .....                    | Oracle.                           |
| Burr .....                                          | Importunity.                           | Daphne [Odora].....                | Sweets to the sweet.              |
| Butterfly Weed .....                                | "Let me go."                           | Darnel .....                       | Vice.                             |
| Buttercup .....                                     | A smile for all.                       | Day Lily [yellow] .....            | Coquetry.                         |
| Cabbage Rose.....                                   | Emblem of England.                     | Dew Plant .....                    | A serenade.                       |
| Cactus Virginia.....                                | Horror.                                | Dittany.....                       | Birth.                            |
| Calla Ethiopica .....                               | Feminine modesty.                      | Dodder .....                       | Baseness.—"You are base."         |
| Calycanthus .....                                   | Benevolence.                           | Dogwood Blossom .....              | Indifference.                     |
| Camellia Japonica [red].....                        | "My heart bleeds for you."             | Dragon Plant .....                 | Beware!                           |
| Camellia Japonica [white].....                      | Perfect loveliness.                    | Dwarf Honeysuckle .....            | Rigour.                           |
| Campion Rose.....                                   | "Only deserve my love."                | Ebony Tree .....                   | Atrocity.                         |
| Canary Grass .....                                  | Perseverance.                          | Eglantine [Sweet Briar].....       | Poetry.                           |
| Candy-tuft .....                                    | Indifference.—"I care not."            | Elder.....                         | Compassion.                       |
| Canterbury Bell [blue] .....                        | Constancy.—"I love thee still."        | Enchanter's Nightshade.....        | Witchcraft.                       |
| Canterbury Bell [white].....                        | Gratitude.                             | Endive .....                       | Frugality.                        |
| Cape Jasmin .....                                   | Transport—ecstasy.                     | Eupatorium .....                   | "Ah! still delay."                |
| Capuchin Rose .....                                 | Pomp—magnificence.                     | Evening Primrose.....              | Inconstancy.                      |
| Cardinal's Flower.....                              | Distinction.—"You are distinguished."  | Evergreen .....                    | "Time shall not change me."       |
| Carnation [pink] .....                              | Woman's love.                          | Everlasting [Cudweed].....         | Never-ceasing remembrance.        |
| Carnation [striped] .....                           | Refusal.                               | Faded Leaves .....                 | Melancholy.                       |
| Carnation [yellow] .....                            | Disdain.                               | Fennel .....                       | Strength.                         |
| Carnation [red] .....                               | A blush.                               | Fern .....                         | Sincerity.—"I am sincere."        |
| Catalpa Tree .....                                  | "Beware of the coquette."              | Fig .....                          | "I would keep my secret."         |
| Catchfly [red].....                                 | Youthful love.                         | Filbert or Hazel.....              | Reconciliation.                   |
| Catchfly [white].....                               | A snare.—"I fall into the trap."       | Fir .....                          | Exaltation.                       |
| Cedar Tree .....                                    | Strength.                              | Fir Spruce, Norway .....           | Farewell.                         |
|                                                     |                                        | Flax .....                         | "I feel your kindness."           |
|                                                     |                                        | Foxglove, or Fairy's glove, .....  | "I am not changed—they wrong me." |

Flower of an Hour [Hibiscus] ..... Departure.—“I am going.”  
 Flowering Reed ..... Confide in Heaven.  
 Flora's Bell ..... Play on.  
 Fly Ophrys ..... Error.  
 Forget-me-not ..... “Forget me not.”  
 French Maryold ..... Jealousy.  
 Frog Ophrys ..... Disgust.  
 French Honeysuckle ..... Rustic beauty.  
 Frankincense ..... The incense of a faithful heart  
 Fringe Tree Blossom ..... Engaging timidity.  
 Fraxinella ..... Fire.  
 Fuchsia [scarlet] ..... Taste.  
 Fuller's Tessel ..... Misanthropy.  
 Fumitory [common] ..... Spleen.

Gentiana Frittellaria ..... A blessing.  
 Geranium [Apple] ..... Present preference.  
 Geranium [Crane's Bill] ..... Envy.  
 Geranium [Fish] ..... Disappointed expectation.  
 Geranium [Ivy] ..... “Your hand for the next quadrille.”  
 Geranium [Oak] ..... “Lady, deign to smile.”  
 Geranium [Silver-leaved] ..... Recal.  
 Geranium [Sorrowful] ..... Melancholy mind.  
 Geranium [Rose-scented] ..... Preference.  
 Geranium [scarlet] ..... Stupidity.  
 Glory Flower ..... “You are more than beautiful.”

Goat's Rue ..... Reason.  
 Golden Rod [Virga Aurea] ..... Encouragement.  
 Gorse ..... Gay through all trials.  
 Greville Rose ..... Ingenious modesty.  
 Grape [wild] ..... Charity.  
 Grass ..... Utility.  
 Guelder Rose ..... Winter.

Harebell ..... Resignation.  
 Harebell [wild] ..... Happy retirement.  
 Hawkweed ..... Quick-sighted.  
 Hawthorn ..... Hope.—“Hope on for ever.”  
 Hazel or Filbert ..... Reconciliation.  
 Heart's-ease [yellow and purple] ..... Content.  
 Heart's-ease [purple] ..... “You occupy my thoughts.”  
 Heart's-ease [wild] ..... Love in idleness.  
 Heath ..... Solitude.—“I am alone.”  
 Helenia ..... Tears.  
 Heliotrope ..... Infatuation.—“Soul of my soul.”

Hellebore ..... Calumny—scandal.  
 Hemlock ..... “You will cause my death.”  
 Henbane ..... Defect—fault.  
 Hepatica ..... Confidence.

Hibiscus [Flower of an Hour] ..... Departure.—“I am going.”  
 Holly ..... Foresight.  
 Hoarhound ..... Frozen kindness.  
 Hop ..... Injustice.  
 Hornbeam ..... Ornament.  
 Hollyhock [dark colour] ..... Ambition.  
 Hollyhock [white] ..... Female ambition.  
 Honey Flower ..... “Speak low, if you speak love.”

Honey Flower [Mourning Bride] ..... “I have lost all.”  
 Honeysuckle [coral] ..... Bonds of love.  
 Honeysuckle [French] ..... Rustic beauty.  
 Honeysuckle [monthly] ..... “I would not answer hastily.”  
 Honeysuckle [wild] ..... Generous and devoted love.  
 Honeysuckle [dwarf] ..... Rigour.  
 Hortensia ..... “You are cold.”  
 Houstonia ..... Content.  
 Hoya ..... Sculpture.  
 Hundred-leaved Rose ..... The ambassador of love.  
 Hyacinth [purple] ..... Jealousy.  
 Hyacinth [yellow] ..... A heart that demands other incense than flattery.

Hyacinth [feathered] ..... “Excess of beauty hath bewitched me.”

Hyacinth [rose-coloured] ..... Enthusiasm.  
 Hyacinth [white] ..... Unobtrusive loveliness.  
 Hyacinth [wild] ..... Game—play.  
 Hydrangea ..... A boaster.

Ice Plant ..... Rejection.—“You freeze me.”  
 Iceland Moss ..... Health.

Indian Cress ..... “I am resigned.”  
 Iris ..... A message.—“I have a message for you.”

Ivy ..... Matrimony.—“I cling to thee.”

Japanica Camellia [red] ..... “My heart bleeds for you.”  
 Japanica Camellia [white] ..... Perfect loveliness.  
 Japanica Volkamania ..... “May you be blessed, though I be miserable.”  
 Jacob's Ladder ..... “Come down.”  
 Japan Rose ..... “Beauty is your only attraction.”  
 Jasmin [white] ..... Amiability.  
 Jasmin [Cape] ..... Transport—ecstasy.  
 Jasmin [Spanish] ..... Rich and rare.  
 Jasmin [night-blooming] ..... “Only for thee.”  
 Jasmin [yellow] ..... Grace and elegance.  
 Jasmin [Indian] ..... “I attach myself to you.”  
 Jonquil ..... A wish.  
 Jonquil [rush-leaved] ..... Desire.—“I desire a return of affection.”

Judas' Tree ..... “You have betrayed me.”  
 Juniper Tree ..... Shelter—succour.  
 Justicia ..... Perfection.

Laburnum ..... Pensive beauty.  
 Ladies' Cushion ..... Maternal love.  
 Lady's Slipper ..... “Win me and wear me.”

*To be completed in our next.*

## A CHAPTER ON KISSING.

BY A PROFESSOR OF THE ART.

“Away with your fictions of flimsy romance, Those tissues of falsehood which folly hath wove : Give me the mild gleam of the soul breathing glance, And the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love,  
*Byron.*”

There is no rational custom so universally and so justly honoured with esteem and respect, “winning golden opinions from all sorts of people,” as kissing. Generally speaking, we discover that a usage that finds favour in the eyes of the vulgar is despised and detested by the educated, the refined and the proud; but this elegant practice forms a brilliant exception to a rule otherwise tolerably absolute. Kissing possesses infinite claims to our love, claims which no other custom in the wide world can even pretend to advance. Kissing is an endearing, affectionate, ancient, rational, and national mode of displaying the thousand glowing emotions of the soul;—it is traced back by some as far as the termination of the siege of Troy, for as they say, “Upon the return of the Grecian warriors, their wives met them, and joined their lips together with joy.” There are some, however, who give the honour of having invented kissing to Rouix, or Rowena, the daughter of Hengist the Saxon; a Dutch historian tells us, “she pressed the baker with her lipkens (little lips) and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husgin (little kiss);” and this latter authority we ourselves feel most inclined to rely on; deeply anxious to secure to our fair countrywomen the honour of having invented this delightful art.

Numberless are the authors who have written and spoken with rapture on English kissing.

“The women of England,” says Polydore Virgil, “not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of the blood-royal do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of their hand, as men do by way of saluting each other.”



Erasmus too—the grave, the phlegmatic Erasmus, melts into love and playful thoughts, as he thinks of kisses.—“Did you but know, my Faustus,” he writes to one of his friends, “the pleasures which England affords, you would fly on winged feet, and if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humoured, and whom you would prefer even to your favourite Muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave, every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you they give you a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses every where abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they were, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years exile in England, but would desire to spend there the whole of your life.”

Oh what miracles have been wrought by a kiss! Philosophers, stoics, hermits, and misers have become men of the world, of taste, and of generosity; idiots have become wise; and, truth to tell, wise men idiots—warriors have turned cowards and cowards brave—statesmen have become poets, and political economists sensible men. Oh, wonderful art, which can produce such strange effects! to thee, the magic powers of steam seem commonplace and tedious; the wizard may break his rod in despair, and the king his sceptre, for thou canst effect in a moment what they may vainly labour years to accomplish. Well may the poet celebrate thy praises in words that breathe and thoughts that burn; well may the minstrel fire with sudden inspiration and strike the lute with rapture when he thinks of thee; well might the knight of bygone times brave every danger when thou wert his bright reward; well might Vortigern resign his kingdom, or Mark Antony the world, when it was thee that tempted. Long, long, may England be praised for her prevalence of this divine custom! Long may British women be as celebrated for the fragrance of their kisses, as they ever were, and ever will be for their virtue and their beauty.—*Childe Wilful.*

#### ENGLISH ROADS.

The roads of England are the marvel of the world. The improvements which have been effected during a century would be almost miraculous, did we not consider that they had been produced by the spirit and intelligence of the people, and were in no degree dependant upon the apathy or caprice of the ruling power. The first turn-pike-road was established by an act of the 3rd Charles II. The mob pulled down the gates: and the new principle was supported at the point of the bayonet. But long after that period travelling was difficult and dangerous. In Dec-

ember, 1703, Charles III. king of Spain, slept at Petworth on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there by desire of the queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the prince's attendants, he states, “We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were over-turned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown out but once indeed in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his highness's body coach, would have suffered very much, if the nimble horses of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them; and, indeed, we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him.” Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says, “I saw him (the prince) no more, till I found him at supper in Windsor; for there we were overturned, (as we had been once before the same morning,) and broke our coach; my Lord Delaware had the same fate, and so had several others.—*Vide Annals of Queen Anne, vol. ii. Appendix, No. 3.*

In the time of Charles, (surnamed the Proud,) Duke of Somerset, who died 1784, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state, that, in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, travellers were obliged to make from the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty, as to occupy the whole day; and the Duke had a house at Guildford, which was regularly used as a resting place for the night by any of his family travelling to London. A manuscript letter from a servant of the duke, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his grace intends to go from London thither on a certain day, and directs that “the keepers and persons who knew the holes and the sloughs must come to meet his grace with lanterns and long poles to help him on his way.”

The late Marquis of Buckingham built an inn at Missenden, about forty miles from London, as the state of the roads compelled him to sleep there on the way to Stow—a journey which is at present performed between breakfast and dinner.—*Mirror.*

REPARTÉE.—The name of *Roger* having been written on a sack, by some chance the last letter was concealed, when a person read it, *Roge (Rogue)*. “How can that be?” retorted a bystander. “True,” replied the other, “it wants U (you) in it.”

## THE IRON MINES OF PRESBURG.

The following account of a visit to the iron mines at Presburg is given by Dr. Clarke in his *Travels in Northern Europe*:—

For grandeur of effect, filling the mind of the spectator with a degree of wonder which amounts to awe, there is no place where human labour is exhibited under circumstances more tremendously striking. As we drew near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns and prodigious machinery prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing upon the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view of the great opening as far as the eye could penetrate amidst its gloomy depths; for, to the sight, it is bottomless.—Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down; and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices, upon which the work-people (reduced by their distance to mere pigmies in size) were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures—a deep and gaping gulf—the mouth of the lowermost pit was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to the view. From the spot where we stood down to the place where the buckets are filled, the distance might be about seventy-five fathoms; and as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity we have mentioned, or until they entered it in their descent, they were visible, but below this point they were hid in darkness. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the trampling of the horses, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder, from the blasting of rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved. We descended with two of the miners and our interpreter into this abyss. The ladders, instead of being placed like those in our Cornish mines, upon a series of platforms, as so many landing-places, are lashed together in one unbroken line, extending many fathoms; and being warped to suit the inclination or curvature of the sides of the precipices, they are not always perpendicular, but hang over in such a manner, that, even if a person held fast by his hands, and if his feet should happen to slip, they would fly off from the rock, and leave him suspended over the gulf. Yet such ladders are the only means of access to the works below; and as the labourers are not accustomed to receive strangers, they neither use the precautions nor offer the assistance usually afforded in more frequented mines. In the principal tin-mines of Cornwall, the staves of the ladders are alternate bars of wood and iron: here they are of wood only, and in some parts rotten and broken, making us often wish, during our descent, that we had never undertaken an exploit so hazardous. In addition to the danger to be apprehended from the dam-

aged state of the ladders, the staves were covered with ice or mud, and thus rendered so cold and slippery, that we could have no dependence upon our benumbed fingers if our feet failed us. Then, to complete our apprehensions, as we mentioned this to the miners, they said, "Have a care! It was just so, talking about the staves, that one of our women fell, about four years ago, as she was descending to her work." "Fell!" exclaimed our Swedish interpreter, rather simply; "and pray, what became of her?" "Became of her!" continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it forcibly against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe, "she became (pankaka) a pancake."

As we descended farther from the surface, large masses of ice appeared, covering the sides of the precipices. Ice is raised in the buckets with the ore and rubble of the mine; it has also accumulated in such quantity, in some of the lower chambers, that there are places where it is fifteen fathoms thick, and no change of temperature above prevents its increase. This seems to militate against a notion now becoming prevalent, that the temperature of the air in mines increases directly as the depth from the surface, owing to the increased temperature of the earth under the same circumstances, and in the same ratio; but it is explained by the width of this aperture at the mouth of the mine, which admits of a free passage of atmospheric air. In our Cornish mines, ice would not be preserved in a solid state at any considerable depth from the surface.

After much fatigue, and no small share of apprehension, we at length reached the bottom of the mine. Here we had no sooner arrived, than our conductors, taking each of us by an arm, hurried us along through regions of "thick-ribbed ice" and darkness, into a vaulted level, through which we were to pass into the principal chamber of the mine. The noise of countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along this level, until, at length, subduing every other sound, we could not hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment we were ushered into a prodigious cavern, whence the sounds proceeded; and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, about fifty miners were in the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labours were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that the iron ore is not deposited in veins, but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder for blasting, and a tremendous blast was near the point of its explosion. We had scarcely retraced, with all speed, our steps along the level, and were beginning to ascend the ladders, when the full volume of the thunder reached us, as if roar-



ing with greater vehemence because pent amongst the crashing rocks, whence being reverberated over all the mine, it seemed to shake the earth itself with its terrible vibrations.

### THE LAST SHILLING.

He was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental survey of his wardrobe,—a military cloak, much the worse for wear—a blue coat, the worse for tear—a napless hat—a shirt neither white nor brown—a pair of mud-coloured gloves, open at each thumb—grey trowsers, too short for his legs—and brown boots too long for his feet. From some words he dropped, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent down to London to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination. Poor man, thought I, thou art going into a bitter line of business; and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an *emigre* of the old noblesse—smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters 'Vespasian House,' and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the foot path. The English classical usher stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory paw. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way. "I want another shilling," said the coachman. "You agreed to take a shilling a-head," said the English master. "You agreed to take one shilling for my head," said the French master. "It's for the luggage," said the coachman. The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a weazel-bellied brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast pockets, then his side pockets, and then his waistcoat pockets; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuff-box, and that was empty too. Lastly, he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre, would-be-white handkerchief, and shaking it; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result, but he went through the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a "Mistare Barbieri, be as good as to lend me von shilling." Mr. Barber, thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast, and down the outside of his thighs, but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin. "You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more," said the man with empty pockets. "No—no—no—you shall have no more," said the moneyless Frenchman. By this time the housemaid of

Vespasian House, tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden gate, and willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the foreigner's trunks. "It shan't go till I am paid my shilling," taking hold of the handle at the other end. The good-natured housemaid quitted her hold of the trunk, and seemed instantly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch, in her right side, while her hand groped busily under her gown—but it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers and a brass thimble. The stitch and cramp then seemed to attack her other side; again she stooped and fumbled, while hope and doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last hope triumphed. From the extremest corner of the huge dimitty pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm. "It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for two pence the year before. The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the meantime the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was stopped by the embargo on the luggage.—"What's the matter now?" asked the man of figures. "If you please, sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low curtsy, "it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights." "He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr. Barber. "He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman. "Coachman! what are we waiting here for?" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the coach. "Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior. "If you don't get up shortly I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box. At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear, which made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapt his pantaloons—coat tails—and felt about his bosom. "I haven't got one," said he, and, with a shake of his head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a two-penny post-man. "I an't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience. "Thank goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the doctor;" and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together. "Well, well, what's all this argumentative elocution; I command taciturnity!" "I'm a shilling short," said the coachman. "He says he has got one short shilling," said the foreigner. "Poo, poo, poo," said the thick lips and double chin, "pay the fellow his superfluous claim and appeal to magisterial authority." "It is what we mean to do, sir," said the English Usher, "but—" and he laid his lips mysteriously to the doctor's ear. "A pecuni-

ary bagatelle," said the doctor. "Its a palpable extortion, but I'll disburse it—and you have a legislative remedy for his avaricious demands." As the man of pomp said this, he thrust his forefinger into an empty waistcoat pocket—then into its fellow—and then into every pocket he had, but without any other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French mark. "It is very peculiar," said the doctor; "I had the prepossession of having currency to that amount. The coachman must call for it to-morrow at Vespasian House—or stay—I perceive my house-keeper. Mrs. Plummer, pray just step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation." Now, whether Mrs. Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs. Plummer only knows, for she did not condescend to make any search for it; and if she had not, she was right not to take the trouble. However, she attempted to carry the point by a bold stroke. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble voice, "here's pretty work indeed about a paltry shilling! If its worth having its worth calling again for; and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away!" "But may be I am," said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand. "John, I insist upon being let out," screamed the lady in the coach. "I shall be too late for dinner," roared the thunderer on the dickey. As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation.—"What shall we do?" said the English classical usher. "I do not know," said the housemaid. "I am a stranger in this country," said the Frenchman. "You must pay the money," said the coachman. "And here it is," said Mrs. Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the meantime: but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than the man in the moon.

#### ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF GEM ENGRAVING.

It is difficult to trace the origin of Gem Engraving; doubtless the mode of cutting and preparing hard stones was devised by the necessities of early nations, and employed by them in the formation of tools and military weapons, the knowledge of the superior utility of metals for those purposes being comparatively, if not quite, unknown. The antiquity of this invention is established beyond all question. Mr. Croly, in his remarks on this subject, in the "Gems," so charmingly etched by Dagley, remarks—

"That India, the common source of all the arts, probably gave birth to it. Signets of lazuli and emerald have been found with Sanscrit inscriptions, presumed to be of antiquity beyond all record. The natural transmission of the arts was from India to Egypt; the whole symbolic mythology of the latter people occurs upon hard stones of almost every

description. The stones of the Jewish High Priest's breastplate were engraved with the names of the twelve tribes, and of these stones one was a diamond!

"The Etruscans, a singular nation, whose existence is scarcely known but in the fragments of their arts, but who, on the faith of those fragments, must take a high rank among the polished nations of the old world, have enriched our collections with gems of a compound style. Their general shape is like the Egyptian—that of the Scarabæus; and where the shape differs, the Scarabæus was frequently found engraved. The subjects are chiefly Greek, but of the most ancient story of Greece: the war of Chieftains at Thebes; Peleus devoting his hair; Tydeus after bathing; Hercules bearing the tripod," &c.

There appears no proof that mechanical skill attained in the infancy of the art any considerable perfection. The Indian characters are sufficiently rude, and most of the Egyptian hieroglyphics are as coarsely indented as possible; indeed, if we give the case a moment's reflection, it could not be otherwise—the operation must have been chiefly effected, with much labour and loss of time, by the hand. Whatever conjectures might be hazarded upon the subject, it is quite clear that the Greeks have no claim to the invention of the machinery, by which the process of gem engraving is effected. The merit of it appears to rest with the Egyptians; but as the art travelled from the banks of the Nile to the shores of Attica, it became invested with a character of dignity and importance proportionate to its merits: and, patronised by the great names of antiquity, it kept pace with the higher studies of sculpture and painting. Thus, with the lapse of ages, and the progress of civilization the feeling of enthusiasm for this beautiful study, and the knowledge of its mechanical execution, increased; and in the time of Pericles, when Greece was at her loftiest eminence of splendour, the art of gem sculpture attained its justly boasted perfection.

The beauties of Grecian art expired not with her liberties. When the phalanxes of those whose ancestors conquered at Marathon and Plataea were scattered before the cohorts of Rome; when the spirit of freedom departed, the genius of the arts lingered behind, and shed a ray, dim and imperfect, but still lovely, over her vanished glories. The arts, in general, flourished with the rising majesty of Rome; nor were our beloved gems forgotten. On the contrary, their triumphant march continued; and prior to the reign of Augustus, as well as during that period, some of the Roman artists rivalled the excellence of their Greek predecessors. The works which yet remain to us incontestibly prove how much this art was appreciated—how much it was encouraged; and the consequent elevated station which was gained by those employed in its cultivation. Indeed the very large size of the apothecosis of Augustus and the Vienna gem (cameos of singular beauty), would almost induce a belief that the apparatus employed in those days differed



somewhat from that with which we are now acquainted.

Here a blank occurs in our history. The mother of nations was at length hurled from her pinnacle of universal empire, and it is bootless to seek for aught allied with mind, during the despotism of men who boasted "that no green thing ever flourished on the soil, where their horses' hoofs had once trod."

In the fifteenth century gem engraving revived; Italy was the chosen place for the recommencement of her career; and there are some interesting and curious specimens of her progress during that period still remaining.

We hasten now to more modern times. The names of Pikler and Natter, among the Germans, are familiar to every amateur of gems. Their productions (particularly those of the latter) approach very nearly to the beauty of the antique. Mr. Croly, in his work, has mentioned with praise-worthy complacency the very high rank which some of our own countrymen have attained in this department of art—the names of Brown and Marchant are sufficient to attest this fact—but why is that of *Burch* omitted, who was unquestionably the father of gem engraving in this country? To this list might safely be added the names of Wray, Dean, and Frewin, as not likely to be forgotten by those who are capable of appreciating excellence in works of this description.

Mr. Tassie, in his invaluable repository, has impressions of almost all the various collections of gems in the world, by means of which those works, which otherwise would have been buried in comparative oblivion, are attainable at a very trifling expense by every lover of the Fine Arts. This is the most complete collection in Europe, amounting to nearly twenty thousand in number, and comprising casts of almost every gem, whether antique or modern, of known celebrity.

It is not so fully known as it should be, that in Tassie's collection there are also above twelve hundred fine impressions from the splendid Greek and Roman coins, collected at an immense expense by the late Dr. Hunter. The importance to these also, deserves to make it a favourite study with the accomplished mind of England. These relics of antiquity, as well as the gems, may be truly said "to revive the forgotten skill and vanished beauty of by-gone ages." T. T.

### GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

Antiparos is one of the Cyclades, and is situated in the Ægean Sea, or Grecian Archipelago. It is a small island, about sixteen miles in circumference, and lies, two miles to the west of the celebrated Paros, from which circumstances it derives its name, *anti* in the Greek language signifying *opposite to*. Its singular and most interesting grotto, though so inferior in

size to the cavern in Kentucky, has attracted the attention of an infinite number of travellers. The entrance to this superb grotto is on the side of a rock, and is a large arch, formed of craggy stones, overhanging with brambles and creeping plants, which bestow on it a gloominess at once awful and agreeable. Having proceeded about thirty paces within it, the traveller enters a low narrow alley, surrounded on every side by stones, which, by the light of torches, glitter like diamonds; the whole being covered and lined throughout with small crystals, which give, by their different reflections, a variety of colours. At the end of this alley or passage, having a rope tied round his waist, he is led to the brink of an awful precipice, and is thence lowered into a deep abyss, the gloom pervading which makes him regret the "alley of diamonds" he has just quitted. He has not as yet, however, reached the grotto, but is led forward about forty paces, beneath a roof of rugged rocks, amid a scene of terrible darkness, and at a vast depth from the surface of the earth, to the brink of another precipice, much deeper and more awful than the former.

Having descended this precipice, which is not accomplished without considerable difficulty, the traveller enters a passage, the grandeur and beauty of which can be but imperfectly described. It is one hundred and twenty feet in length, about nine feet high, and in width seven, with a bottom of a fine green glossy marble. The walls and arched roof are as smooth and polished as if they had been wrought by art, and are composed of a fine glittering red and white granite, supported at intervals by columns of a deep blood-red shining porphyry, which, by the reflection of the lights, presents an appearance inconceivably grand. At the extremity of this passage is a sloping wall, formed of a single mass of purple marble, studded with sprigs of rock crystal, which, from the glow of the purple behind, appear like a continued range of amethysts.

Another slanting passage, filled with petrifications, representing the figures of snakes and other animals, and having towards its extremity two pillars of beautiful yellow marble, which seem to support the roof, leads to the last precipice, which is descended by the means of a

ladder. The traveller, who has descended to the depth of nearly one thousand five hundred feet beneath the surface, now enters the magnificent grotto, to procure a sight of which he has endured so much fatigue. It is in width three hundred and sixty feet; in length three hundred and forty; and in most places one hundred and eighty in height. By the aid of torch-light, he finds himself beneath an immense and finely-vaulted arch, overspread with icicles of white shining marble, many of them ten feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. Among these are suspended a thousand festoons of leaves and flowers, of the same substance, but so glittering as to dazzle the sight. The sides are planted with petrifications, also of white marble, representing trees; these rise in rows one above the other, and often enclose the points of the icicles. From them also hang festoons, tied as it were one to another in great abundance; and in some places rivers of marble seem to wind through them. In short, these petrifications, the result of the dripping of water for a long series of ages, nicely resemble trees and brooks turned to marble. The floor is paved with crystals of different colours, such as red, blue, green, and yellow, projecting from it, and rendering it rugged and uneven. These are again interspersed with icicles of white marble, which have apparently fallen from the roof, and are there fixed. To these the guides fasten their torches; and the glare of splendour and beauty which results from such an illumination may be better conceived than described.

Dr. Clarke, who visited this celebrated grotto in 1802, thus describes it:—

“The mode of descent is by ropes, which, on the different declivities, are either held by guides, or are joined to a cable which is fastened at the entrance around a stalactite pillar. In this manner, we were conducted, first down one declivity, and then down another, until we entered the spacious chambers of this truly enchanted grotto. The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, were entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation as white as snow. Columns, some of which were five-and-twenty feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads; fortunately some of them are so far above

the reach of the numerous travellers, who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or to remove them. Others extended from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to that of the mast of a first-rate ship of the line. The incrustations of the floor, caused by falling drops from the stalactites above, had grown up into dendritic and vegetable forms, which first suggested to Tournefort the strange notion of his having here discovered the vegetation of stones. Vegetation itself has been considered as a species of crystallization; and as the process of crystallization is so surprisingly manifested by several phenomena in this grotto, some analogy may perhaps be allowed to exist between the plant and the stone; but it cannot be said, that a principle of life existing in the former has been imparted to the latter. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the grandeur of its exhibition than any other. Probably there are many other chambers below this, yet unexplored, for no attempt has been made to penetrate farther: and, if this be true, the new caverns, when opened, would appear in perfect splendour, unsullied, in any part of them, by the smoke of torches, or by the hands of intruders.”

#### REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA,

*By a banished Lady. 2 vols.*

Siberia is not such a terrible place after all, if we are to trust to the representation of this “banished lady,” whose revelations are submitted to the English reader through the medium of Col. Lach Szyrma’s translation. She met with very good sort of people there, and partook of some entertainments that would make the heart of a London Alderman rejoice. Her offence was a political one, and her place of exile Beresov, the most northern part of the penal settlement, where, having spent about two years, she has much to tell of the characters and modes of life of the people. The book, however, has twice undergone the Russian censorship, and we may assume that everything unpalatable to the government has been struck out. The popular notion as to a Siberian climate will receive a corrective from her account of the warm season at Beresov, of the incredible vigor of sudden vegetation, the more than tropical nuisance of mosquitoes, and the welcome shade from the sultry noon in the



deep forest of larch trees. At page 159 we read:—"The heat now grew unsupportable, and kept us imprisoned in doors; there was no dew at night, no cooling breeze of sunset, no fresh air of morning—but ever and ever incessant sunshine burning and scorching unremittingly. The sun made scarcely a momentary dip under the horizon, even then not entirely concealing his burning rays, and soon he lifted up his fiery orb again. It was impossible to breathe, impossible to sit in a chair, or do any work; utter lassitude crept over the whole frame, repressing all vigor or vital power. I threw myself on the floor, deluged myself with buckets of cold water, but the benefit was but momentary, from the overpowering hot blast of the atmosphere." Not less novel or strange is the description of luxurious interiors and household elegance among the government functionaries, as well as a few voluntary residents. A fop, and even a "bloomer," are found in full blossom under a polar sky; visits and pic-nics are plentiful, and card parties give further evidence of civilisation. Some of the ladies are masculine in their habits, and among these a curious example will be found in a certain Madame X., a genuine Siberian, who wore men's clothes, was a good shot, devoted to hunting, and kept a collection of arms. She treated all the forms and usages of society with contempt, spurned them as shackles imposed upon free-will, fetters on the mind; and considered herself superior to the rest of her sex, in so far as she differed from them by the boldness of her conduct, and the singularity of her dress and manners. The Cossacks appear to have greatly degenerated; for our authoress found boys of twenty years of age crying like babies when they were kept waiting for their tea.

#### A TARTAR BEAUTY.

"At one of the post-stations between Kazan and Perm, a chief of a village, actuated, as I suspected, less by politeness than curiosity, arrived to pay his respects to us. He was no longer young, but looked robust. He was dressed in a broad kaftan, with a turban on his head, and led his wife by the hand, whom he presented to me. A long veil was thrown over her head, concealing the whole of her waist, and her other dress. Her face, however, was uncovered; but it was horrible to look at, so thickly was it overlaid with rouge, white and crimson; and her eyebrows were painted jet black. It bore not the slightest appearance to

a human face, but more that of a hideous mask, or a doll made of parchment. Her bedizenized visage, and her fantastic costume, made me think that we, at that moment, were at a masquerade, and had one of its most perfect patterns before us. It was not, however, long before I repressed my foolish wonder at her figure and resumed an earnest countenance. Having formerly had frequent opportunities of seeing the Tartars, and not being at all a stranger to their manners, I entered into conversation with this strange couple. 'How many wives have you got?' I asked the Mussulman. 'Four,' replied he. 'Why did you not bring them all here?' 'All the others are old and ugly; I never take them with me. This one is but thirty-two years, and I am proud of her,' answered he, casting a doating glance on his better half. 'How many children have you?' 'Only four sons and nine daughters,' replied he, with a mournful shake of his head, as if desirous we should pity him. To give his sorrow on that account, a ludicrous turn, I continued; 'They are handsome, lusty maidens, surely, and you will get a good round sum of money for them.' 'But has it not cost me much to rear them? I much doubt that I shall get back my money,' replied he. Such was this worthy and calculating *pater familias* of the Steppe."

#### THE BIRD-CATCHER.

Old Robin had not always been a bird-catcher. He had what is called fallen in the world. His father had been the best-acquainted and most fashionable shoemaker of the town of B., and Robin succeeded, in right of eldership, to his house, his business, his customers, and his debts. No one was ever less fitted for the craft. Birds had been his passion from the time that he could find a nest or string an egg; and the amusement of the boy became the pursuit of the man. No sooner was he his own master than his whole house became an aviary, and his whole time was devoted to the breeding, taming, and teaching the feathered race; an employment that did not greatly serve to promote his success as a cordwainer. He married an extravagant wife, and a neglected, and, therefore, unprosperous business, drove him more and more into the society of the pretty creatures whose company he had always so greatly preferred to that of the two-legged, unfeathered animal, called man. Things grew worse and worse; and at length poor Robin appeared in the Gazette—ruined, as his wife and his customers said, by birds; or, as he himself said, by his customers and his wife. Perhaps there was some truth on either side; at least, a thousand pound of

bad debts on his books, and a whole pile of milliners' and mantua-makers' bills, went nigh to prove the correctness of his assertion. Ruined, however, he was; and a happy day it was for him, since his stock being sold, his customers gone, and his prospects in trade fairly at an end, his wife (they had no family) deserted him also, and Robin, thus left a free man, determined to follow the bent of his genius, and devote the remainder of his life to the breeding, catching, and selling of birds.

For this purpose he hired an apartment in B. called the Soak, a high spacious attic, not unlike a barn, which came recommended to him by its cheapness, its airiness, and its extensive cage-room; and his creditors having liberally presented him with all the inhabitants of his aviary, some of which were very rare and curious, as well as a large assortment of cages, nets, traps, and seeds, he began his new business with great spirit, and has continued it ever since with various success, but with unabating perseverance, zeal, and good-humor—a very poor and a very happy man. His garret at Soak is one of the boasts of B.; all strangers go to see the birds and the bird-catcher, and most of his visitors are induced to become purchasers, for there is no talking with Robin on his favourite subject without catching a little of his contagious enthusiasm. His room is quite a menagerie, something like what the feathered department of the ark must have been—as crowded, as numerous, and as noisy.

The din is really astounding. To say nothing of the twitter of whole legions of linnets, goldfinches, and canaries, the latter of all ages; the chattering and piping of magpies, parrots, jackdaws and bullfinches, in every stage of their education; the deeper tones of Black-birds, thrushes, larks, and nightingales, never fail to swell the chorus, aided by the cooing of doves, and screeching of owls, the squeaking of guinea-pigs, and the eternal grinding of a barrel-organ, which a little damsel of eight years old, who officiates under Robin as feeder and cleaner, turns round, with melancholy monotony, to the loyal and patriotic tunes of *Rule Britannia*, and *God save the King*—the only airs, as her master observes, which are sure not to go out of fashion.

Except this little damsel and her music, the apartment exhibits but few signs of human habitation. A macaw is perched on the little table, and a cockatoo chained to the only chair; the roof is tenanted by a choice breed of tumbler pigeons, and the floor crumbered by a brood of curious bantams, unrivalled for ugliness.

Here Robin dwells in the midst of the feathered population, except when he sallies forth at morning or evening to spread his nets for goldfinches on the neighbouring commons, or to place his trap-cages for the larger birds. Once or twice a year, indeed, he wanders into Oxfordshire, to meet the great flocks of linnets, six or seven hundred together, which congregate on those hills, and may be taken by dozens; and he has had ambitious thoughts of trying the great field of Covent-garden.

But in general he remains quietly at home. The nest in the Soak is too precious a deposit to leave long; and he is seldom without some especial favourite to tend and fondle. At present, the hen nightingale seems his pet; the last was a white blackbird; and once he had a whole brood of gorgeous kingfishers, seven glorious creatures, for whose behoof he took up a new trade, and turned fisherman, dabbling all day with a hand-net in the waters of the Soak. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see them snatch the minnows from his hand, with a shy mistrustful tameness, glancing their bright heads from side to side, and then darting off like bits of the rainbow. I had an entire sympathy with Robin's delight in his king-fishers. He sold them to his chief patron, Mr. Jay, a little, fidgetty old bachelor, with a sharp face, and hooked nose, a brown complexion, and a full suit of snuff-colour, not much unlike a bird himself; and that worthy gentleman's mismanagement and a frosty winter killed the king-fishers every one. It was quite affecting to hear poor Robin talk of their death. But Robin has a store of tender anecdotes; and any one who has a mind to cry over the sorrows of a widowed turtle-dove, and to hear described to the life her vermilion eye, black gorget, soft plumage, and plaintive note, cannot do better than pay a visit to the garret in the Soak, and listen for half an hour to my friend the bird-catcher.

*Miss Mitford.*

#### DANGERS OF CHINESE AUTHORCRAFT.

One of the prevailing peculiarities of China is, that nothing which is established in that country must ever be changed. A severe despotism preserves every thing exactly as it happens to exist. Some time ago, an individual, named Whang-See-Heou, who followed the dangerous profession of author, so far forgot himself as to make some alterations on an existing dictionary of the Chinese language. His crime is thus set forth in the report of his judges:—

"We find," they say, "1st. That he has presumed to meddle with the great dictionary of Kang-hi; having made an abridgment of it, in which he has had the audacity to contradict some passages in that excellent and authentic work. 2d. In the preface to his abridgment we have seen with horror that he has dared to write the little names (that is, the primitive family names) of Confucius, and even of your majesty; a temerity, a want of respect, which has made us shudder. 3d. In the genealogy of his family and his poetry, he has asserted that he is descended from the Whang-tee.

"We asked why he had dared to meddle with the great dictionary of Kang-hi; he replied, 'That dictionary is very voluminous and inconvenient; I have made an abridgment, which is less cumbersome and expensive.'

"Being questioned how he could have the audacity to write in the preface to this dictionary the little names of the emperors of the



reigning dynasty, he answered, 'I know that it is unlawful to pronounce the little names of the emperors. I introduced them into my dictionary merely that the young people might know what those names were, and not be liable to use them by mistake. I have, however, acknowledged my error, by reprinting my dictionary, and omitting what was amiss.'

"We replied, that the little names of the emperor and of Confucius were known to the whole empire. He protested that he had long been ignorant of them, and that he had not known them himself till he was thirty years old, when he saw them for the first time in the hall where the literari compose their pieces in order to obtain degrees.

"When we asked how he had dared to assert that he was descended from the Whang-tee, he said, 'It was a vanity that came into my heart. I wanted to make people believe that I was somebody.'"

If there were in these charges anything really reprehensible, according to the broad principles of universal morality, it was in the fabrication of an illustrious genealogy; this imposture, censurable in any case, might have been designed to make dupes, and perhaps to make a party; but the judges of Whang-See-Heou attached less importance to this charge than to the other two. They declare the author guilty of high treason on the first charge, and pronounced this sentence:—

"According to the laws of the empire, this crime ought to be rigorously punished. The criminal shall be cut in pieces, his goods confiscated, and his children and relatives above the age of sixteen years put to death. His wives, and his children under sixteen, shall be exiled and given as slaves to some grandee of the empire."

The sovereign was graciously pleased to mitigate the severity of this sentence, in an edict to this effect:—"I favour Whang-See-Heou in regard to the nature of his punishment. He shall not be cut in pieces, and shall *only* have his head cut off. I forgive his relatives. As to his sons, let them be reserved for the great execution in autumn. Let the sentence be executed in its other points—such is my pleasure."

**HANDWRITING.**—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, some papers were read relative to handwriting. Among the facts stated the most remarkable was, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his nation. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in the French style; if German, Italian or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. I myself have observed the same circumstance. I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, and who is English in dress, habits, tastes, everything; who speaks English like one of our countrymen, and writes English with ten times more correctness than ninety-nine in the hundred of us, but who cannot, for the very life of him,

imitate our mode of writing. I have also heard speak of a Scotch youth who was carefully educated in this country, and for eighteen years of his life mixed exclusively with French people, but who, though he had a French writing master, and perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, always wrote in the same style as we all do: it was really national instinct. In Paris all the writing-masters profess to teach the English manner of writing; but with all their professions and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some person pretended that he could tell the characters of individuals from their handwritings. I know not whether he spoke truth or not, but assuredly he might have asserted, with the most perfect confidence, that he could distinguish a man's country by his handwriting. The difference between our writing and that of the French is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and a hundred written by a hundred of our own countrymen, and no one could fail to say which was the British and which the French, even though they should all be written in the same language and with the same pens and ink and paper. The difference between Italian and Spanish and German styles of writing is equally great. The truth is, there is about as great a difference between national handwritings as there is between national languages. And it is a singular truth, that though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language as well, perhaps better than his own, yet never, never, can he succeed in changing his handwriting into a foreign style.—*Edinburgh Weekly Review.*

A GENTLEMAN at table being famous for allowing the wine to remain a long time placed before him, was checked in the following manner:—"I am sorry," observed a *bon vivant*, "our friend opposite has been so reduced in circumstances as to patronise the office of a bottle-holder!"

**BEN JONSON.**—This eccentric man was a bricklayer and a soldier, and acquired great celebrity as a dramatic writer, with the assistance of his friend Shakspeare. At the accession of James I., he had the honour of preparing the device for the entertainment of the king in his passage from the Tower to Westminster Abbey. In 1621, he was appointed poet laureat, when the annual salary of 100 marks was raised to 100*l.* He died in 1637, and on his grave-stone, in Westminster Abbey, is the following short inscription:—

"Oh, rare Ben Jonson!"

At the examination of Col. Thompson, before the Lord Chancellor, a person present said, from his witty remarks, he thought him a *dry dog*. "You would be satisfied of that," said a gentleman at his elbow, "if you were to see the quantity of wine he drinks."

## NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE!

Near thee, still near thee!—o'er thy pathway gliding,  
 Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;  
 Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,  
 Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!  
     Not 'midst the festal throng,  
     In halls of mirth and song;  
 But when thy thoughts are deepest,  
 When holy tears thou weapest,  
     Know then that love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,  
 Or the sea music on the sounding shore,  
 Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,  
 Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;  
     When every thought and prayer  
     We loved to breathe and share,  
 On thy full heart returning,  
 Shall wake its voiceless yearning;  
     Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy soul's deep dream—  
 Oh! love is not an earthly Rose to die! [ing;  
 Ev'n when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,  
 Thine image wanders with me through the sky.  
     The fields of air are free,  
     Yet lonely, wanting thee;  
 But when thy chains are falling,  
 When heaven its own is calling,  
     Know then, thy guide is nigh!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## SONG.

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour  
 To bow at Beauty's shrine;  
 Now whilst our hearts confess the power  
 Of woman, wit, and wine;  
 And beaming eyes look on so bright,  
 Wit springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,  
 In such an hour as this,  
 While pleasure's fount throws up a shower  
 Of social sprinkling bliss,  
 Why does my bosom heave a sigh  
 That mars delight?—She is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour  
 When I indulged the spell  
 That love wound round me with a power  
 Words vainly try to tell—  
 Though Love has filled my checker'd doom  
 With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom.

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour,  
 Whose coming sunshine may  
 Clear from the clouds that hang and lower  
 My fortune's future day;  
 That hour of hours beloved will be,  
 The hour that gives thee back to me!

*Campbell.*

## EPIGRAM.

They say, my friend, that you admire  
 Yourself with all a lover's fire.  
 Men who possess what they desire,  
     Like you, are happy fellows;  
 But you can boast one pleasure more,  
 While blest with all that you adore,  
     "That no one will be jealous."

## BEAUTY AND DRESS.

Spare not, fair maid, each glittering gaud to seek—  
 Grudge not the wasted hour—  
 Tinge with a borrowed rose thy tender cheek,  
     Heightening thy beauty's power;  
 Summon more maidens for the mystic rites,  
     To aid thee at thy call;  
 Arrange the mirrors, and dispose more lights,  
     Then deck thee for the ball.

It was not always thus, in days gone by,  
 Simplicity, not Art,  
 Was thy first charm. Not to attract the eye,  
     But to subdue the heart.  
 Thoughtless of admiration, how could men  
     Not worship such as thou?  
 Success was certain to attend thee then.  
     As sure as failure now.

A modest blush supplied the frequent rose,  
 Flowers decked thy flowing hair;  
 No laboured arts delayed the toilet's close—  
     No foreign aid was there!  
 Then thou wert simple, innocent, and free—  
     Would thou wert so again;  
 Free—for the world had not then trammelled thee  
     With self-accepted chain.

Now let thy flowing flounces' ample round  
 Thy empty pride convey,  
 And thy fair locks, where ornaments abound,  
     A faulty taste display;  
 Let the imprisoning whalebone aptly show  
 Thy intellect confined;  
 The feather, with its restless, dancing flow,  
     Present thy fickle mind.

The softest satin of the loom shall e'en  
 Thy polished skin outvie;  
 And diamonds of Golconda, with their sheen,  
     Outsparkle the bright eye.  
 Thus deck'd thou wilt attract each passing look,  
     But not one heart retain:  
 The gaudiest bait that floats, without a hook,  
     Would floating, float in vain,

*Hon. E. Phipps.*

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

As light as down from nestling's wing  
 Is woman's love, they say,  
 Which every fickle gale in spring,  
     Will blow from spray to spray.  
 But woman's love, where'er it flew,  
 Too like the down would stay,  
 If man, as fickle, never blew  
     That tender love away.

## CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

## ON A GOOD WIFE.

Here lies my poor wife, much lamented;  
 She's happy, and I'm contented.

## IN A CHURCH-YARD IN NORFOLK.

Here lies Matthew Mud,  
 Death did him no hurt;  
 When alive he was Mud,  
 And now dead he's but dirt.



## MISHAPS OF JACK ALLBUT.

My friend Jack Allbut was almost all that he ought to be, but not entirely so. He was almost tall enough, almost well proportioned, almost handsome; but in all those particulars he fell short of the proper standard. Better would it have been for Jack had he been irretrievably ugly or diminutive, or had he possessed that consistent mediocrity of appearance between which and every approach to beauty the line is strongly marked. But unluckily he had enough of the latter quality to stimulate, though not to satisfy his vanity; enough to excite the hope of admiration, but not to secure him against frequent disappointment.

His person had, as Brown would have said, its capabilities; and, whether for his own sins or those of his ancestors, he was cursed with a genius to take advantage of them. He devoted himself altogether to the study of dress. His talents, which might have raised him to respectability if rightly employed, were wholly directed to the improvement of his exterior, and early in life he arrived at the unenviable distinction of being a first-rate coxcomb. Five hours out of every day were devoted to the adornment of his person, and the principal part of the rest to its exhibition.

The art of the toilette, like every other, is not to be completely acquired at once. Time and practice are requisite for its perfection. Jack's first attempts in this way did not evince any extraordinary degree of skill or judgment, and his failures sometimes exposed him to ludicrous distresses. He was, as I have observed, rather under the middle size. In the effort to appear tall, he acquired in walking a habit of springing upon his toes, and stretching his neck upwards like a fowl in the act of swallowing water. This gave him a fantastic and ridiculous air. He next adopted heels of a tremendous height, which combining with the tightness of his boots, made him hobble in his gait, and produced upon his feet corns, bunions, and callosities, in all their torturing varieties. The consequence was, that between boot-makers, chiropedisti, infallible salves, and unrivalled solvents, he was reduced at the age of five-and-twenty to the predicament of a gouty cripple.

He either had, or fancied he had, at one time a tendency to grow corpulent. His "beau ideal," with regard to the person, consisted in a slender shape, and his clothes were made so excessively tight, that they were perpetually bursting, and consequently were very soon worn out. All his movements were horribly impeded by his unnatural state of tension. He could not make a bow without the dislocation of a brace, or the detachment of a button. He could not stoop to pick up a lady's fan without making a vent in the knees of his breeches. A heavy dinner was sure to work serious damage in his costume. In winter the tenuity of his covering refrigerated the system, and its tightness in summer acted as a perpetual diaphoretic. Syncope was produced by his stays, and strangulation by his cravat; a

compression of the midriff resulted from the one, and a constant cephalalgia from the other. These, however, were not the most ridiculous of his afflictions. His hair was inclining to red, though not of a disagreeable shade, but his eye-brows and eye-lashes were naturally of an intense white. This anomaly he determined to rectify. He had heard of crude antimony as a specific for the disease of white eye-brows, and resolved to try it. The colour it produced formed an absurd contrast to his hair, and to his eye-lashes, which he did not venture to touch; and it was laid on with so little skill and discretion as to be palpable to every observer. The skin was coloured as well as the hair, and his countenance thus assumed a mingled expression of ludicrous ferocity. Thus disguised, he went among his intimates, and was everywhere received with a horse-laugh.

He next tried the pencil, but with no better success. The skin was darkened, but the white hairs still glistened above it. After a variety of experiments, he found means to make a tolerable imitation of nature with some kind of brown paint. Still, however, the operation of painting was tedious: if it should not be performed with excessive care, the deception might be discovered, and the effect was always liable to a casual removal. When he had succeeded thus far, an advertisement chanced to meet his eye, setting forth the marvellous virtues of some infallible die for the eye-brows and whiskers. It was to produce a colour natural, beautiful, and permanent. It bade defiance to the shrewdest scrutiny and to all the detergent powers of alkaline ablution. His ears pricked up at the intelligence, his heart beat with anticipated triumph; he lost not a moment in procuring the valuable liquid, for a bottle of which he only paid the moderate sum of thirty shillings. He was so confident of the success of his intended experiment, that he invited a large party of friends to dine with him at a coffee-house on the very day on which he intended to apply the liquid. He enjoyed in prospect the admiration his appearance would excite. How would he dispel the lurking doubts of some, and confirm the wavering faith of others! He meant to pass his hand repeatedly across his brows, and complain of the excessive heat; to call for a napkin to wipe his forehead, and even to apply a wet cloth to it under the pretext of an insipient head-ache. How would he startle the infidel by the result of these experiments! what incredulity could be proof against the evidence of the senses.

But alas! those splendid day-dreams were destined to be rudely dissipated. He applied the liquid, and, after the expiration of an hour, he went to the glass to witness its effect. But oh, what language can describe the appalling apparition that burst upon his sight? His brows, the hair, skin, and parts adjacent, presented one blaze of the most intense crimson. He looked like an Irishman with the recent marks of an affectionate shillelah upon his

temples, or like the blood-boltered ghost of Banquo. He tried, but ineffectually, to remove the sanguine stain. He washed, he scrubbed, he scraped, all to no purpose. One part of the advertisement at least was true, and he found to his cost that the permanence of the dye was no empty boast. So far was the discolouration from yielding to his efforts, that every washing seemed to increase its depth and intensity. The only effect of his labour was to add to the disfigurement of his countenance a most violent degree of pain and irritation. Finding that it was useless to make farther attempts for the removal of the stain, he shut himself in his room, pretended illness, and despatched notes of apology to his friends whom he had invited to dinner. No one received his notes; the gentlemen met, and dined together at their own expense: one of them indulged himself in very severe reprobation of what he termed Jack's ungentelemanly conduct. The latter heard of this, and as soon as he was able to appear abroad, sent a challenge to the offender. They met, and my friend was severely wounded in the left shoulder. Such was the result of his eccentricity!

*Lady's Magazine.*

A travelling gentleman saw by the side of the road, on a sandy heath, a colony of rats moving in grand divisions, and in the most perfect order, from a dilapidated mill towards a parson's barn. This was not so wonderful; but upon a nearer approach, to his great surprise, he saw, by the help of a good glass, two rats leading their aged parent, who was blind, in the following extraordinary manner:—A long wheat-straw was held in the centre between the gums of the old rat, for he was toothless as well as blind, at the extremities of which each of the sons, marching gently, conducted their sire to the destined spot.

**CAPABILITY BROWN.**—There came over to this country with King William III. from Holland a decided Dutch taste, and this was perhaps most apparent in the manner in which gardens and parks were laid out after this period. Every thing was in straight and formal lines. and trees were planted in avenues like troops in open order. Mr. Brown (or Capability Brown as he was called, from that word being constantly in his mouth) was the first to break through this outrage of nature, and to give a more free and appropriate figure to the romantic scenery of England, and several of the parks were laid out by him, particularly Stowe and Blenheim, which to this day stand unrivalled monuments of his correct taste. This proceeding was at that time thought to be a bold measure, but the good sense of the nation got the better of their former prejudices, and with the assistance of Hogarth's "line of beauty," were again brought to a proper view on these important points. When Blenheim came to the hands of John the great Duke of Marlborough, much was done at the expense of the nation, but as "a place" it was far from perfection. After entering at the great arch, a small stream met the eye, not by any means in character with the composition;

and politics running high, Dr. Evans seized hold of these two points, the arch and the stream, for an epigram, which was said at once to express the character of the hero. He was reported to be ambitious, and neither to reward or promote those who had assisted in his success. The epigram was this;—

The lofty arch his high ambition shews  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

This epigram was in the mouth of all, and none felt it more than the duke; and Brown at this period having met his grace at Blenheim, pointed out a spot possessing capability, and recommended that a lake should be formed at the entrance. This plan was eagerly caught at by his grace, as the sting would be taken out of the epigram and Blenheim become in all respects what it should be, and he left the whole management to Brown, who, finding that the ground was for some distance a dead level merely threw a dam across a mouth or outlet, and in a few days that fine lake which breaks upon the astonished view of the observer at the entrance of the park, and over which the bridge is thrown, presented itself. The duke returned—the *tout ensemble* was complete. Dr. Evans had obtained his *quietus*, and his grace was in raptures. Brown had watched the duke's countenance—he had witnessed his astonished look—he heard his exclamations with delight and satisfaction. At last the duke cried out "Good Heavens, Brown, why this is beyond my utmost expectations—how magnificent—how grand—it is quite extraordinary." "Yes," returned Mr. Brown, with dignity and gravity, elated with his achievement, drawing up his body and throwing back his head, "Yes, my lord duke, *I think I have made the River Thames blush to day.*"

#### THE IRISH BAR.

Lord Avonmore was subject to perpetual fits of absence, and was frequently insensible to the conversation that was going on. He was once wrapped in one of his wonted reveries; and, not hearing one syllable of what was passing, (it was at a large professional dinner given by Mr. Bushe), Curran, who was sitting next to his lordship, having been called on for a toast, gave "All our absent friends," patting, at the same time, Lord Avonmore on the shoulder, and telling him that they had just drunk his health. Quite unconscious of anything that had been said for the last hour, and taking the intimation as a serious one, Avonmore rose, and apologizing for his inattention, returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him by drinking his health.

There was a curious character, a Sergeant Kelly, at the Irish bar. He was, in his day, a man of celebrity. Curran gave us some odd sketches of him. The most whimsical peculiarity, however, of this gentleman, and which, as Curran described it, excited a general grin, was an inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of Counsellor Therefore. Curran said that he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran one Sunday near St. Patrick's,



he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; therefore I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts tomorrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning 'this is for walking!'" he finished his remark on the weather, by saying, "therefore, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day."

His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefores* kept him going on, though every one thought he had done. The whole Court was in a titter when the Sergeant came out with them, whilst he himself was quite unconscious of the cause of it.

"This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; therefore I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Into such absurdities did his favourite "therefore" betray him.—  
*Clubs of London.*

A FELLOW stole Lord Chatham's *large gouty shoes*: his servant not finding them, began to curse 'the thief.—"Never mind," said his Lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may *fit him!*"

COLLEY CIBBER visited the Duke of Wharton at Winchendon, and taking an airing with his Grace, the carriage could hardly be dragged through the heavy clay. "It has been said," observed Cibber, "that your Grace ran through your estate, but I defy you to *run* through this."

A YOUNG Englishman whilst at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first Ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There (said he) that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care (said the other) that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality (said the Englishman) I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray, (said his friend) be quiet and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered—"There (said he) I have brought you your snuff-box." "Well how did you obtain it?"—"Why, (said the Neapolitan Nobleman) I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

CHARADE.—A natural production, neither animal, nor vegetable, nor mineral—neither male nor female, yet often produced between both; it exists from two to six feet high, is often spoken of in romances, and strongly recommended by precept, example, and Holy Writ—A *kiss*.

ACCORDING to the Asiatic Researches, a very curious mode of trying the title of lands is practised in Hindostan:—Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in 'each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the *Client* and not the *Lawyer* who puts his foot into it.

A WILTSHIRE CICERONE.—One of the countless victims to the Fonthill Epidemic, at the moment of exhibiting that infallible incipient symptom which betrays itself in a visit to the princely mansions of the Pembroke, found his attention arrested at the very entrance by the noble equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*. After bestowing on this superb effort of the sculptor's art its due degree of silent admiration, he turned on a decent-looking native who stood nigh, and inquired for whom that figure was intended? 'Thot ther, Zur?' was the reply, 'iss shuer I know't—'tuz *Marquis O'Riley's*.'

WOMAN.—Nothing sets so wide a mark "between the vulgar and the noble seed" as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at women is generally a coarse profligate or a coarse bigot, no matter which.

ANGLING.—We have often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needle-work or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.—*Quarterly Review*.

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.—An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better." "To the grammar of it, sir! What! would you have me go to school again?" "And pray, sir," replied Foote, very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

TIMELY REPARTEE.—A soldier of Marshal Saxe's army being discovered in a theft, was condemned to be hanged. What he had stolen might be worth about five shillings. The marshal meeting him as he was being led to execution said to him, "What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for 5s." "General," replied the soldier, "I have risked it every day for five-pence." This repartee saved his life.

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## COUNTRY TOWN SKETCHES.

The aspect of some of our little quiet provincial boroughs, basking, as it were, in the sunshine of a summer day, is very prepossessing. To the dwellers in large cities, or the inhabitants of the woods and fields, a small country town forms equally an object of curiosity; the latter wonder how anybody can be found to live in a town at all, and the city folk, how they can live in a small town; and certainly small towns are to active-minded persons more suited for casual visits than for a permanent abode. There are, however, many shades of difference between them; some give an idea of laziness, some of dullness, and some of quietude only; while some are dirty, and some are bustling—characteristics which strongly impress themselves upon the mind of a traveller, even should his sojourn be limited to the change of horses at an inn. In the metropolis, the spectator, as he surveys the crowd which throngs in every thoroughfare, wonders how inhabitants can be found for the masses of the people which seem to choke up the avenues; while, in country towns, he suspects, in spite of some slight indications to the contrary—smoke from the chimnies, and flower-pots in the windows—that the houses are destitute of inhabitants. It seems to be a rule of etiquette among the genteeler sort never to be seen; tiers upon tiers of windows, five in a row, will stretch themselves along some substantial brick mansion, adorned with the whitest of little muslin curtains, and bright with continual cleaning; but not a head, not even the housemaid, appears at one of them. The shops are gaily set out with ribbons and gauds of the most tempting description, but they seem to possess no attraction for the belles of the place;

and if there should be a group of young ladies, either lounging at the door, or looking into the windows, ten to one but they belong to the carriage at the end of the street, which has just brought them in from the country.

A knot of two or three gentlemen may sometimes be seen congregating together under the portico of the chief inn, but the ladies are infinitely more secluded. Most of them, nevertheless, contrive not only to hear, but to see, all that is going on. The smallest movement in the place becomes known by a sort of magic. An event, no matter what, occurs at the eastern extremity of the town, and all about it is known in no time at the western boundary; the rapidity with which the intelligence travels resembling in some respect the velocity of an electrical shock, which is felt at both ends of a wire at the same instant of time. The incoming of any stranger is, in particular, a matter of extraordinary interest; it is as good as meat and drink—bed, board, and washing for a week—to half a hundred gossips, who are not long in ascertaining his pedigree up to the days of Noah, and his resources even to the odd pounds, shillings, and pence, lying in the hands of his banker. The arrival of a post-chaise is a great affair in these old-fashioned dreamy towns; and even the circumstance of the family carriage of the neighbouring squire having been seen on shopping excursions three times during the week, is a bit of news not to be despised. It is known beyond the possibility of doubt, that there will soon be a marriage in the family of the Barringers at the Lodge; that the postman has called at the cottage of Captain Riley five times within the last fortnight with letters, some of them with large red wax seals stamped



with a coat of arms—crest, a stag passant; that Miss Humphries has sported a new bonnet, which must have come from London; and that all the Creswells have gone into mourning—facts, the two latter, at least, which, but for some extraordinary vigilance, could not have transpired until the following Sunday, when the church bells would of course bring out the whole population, and, should the weather prove fine, all attired in their very best.

There is generally very great diversity in the buildings of a small town; one tall mansion will have minikin neighbours on each side, little better than stalls; others are low, and occupy a large portion of ground; and some are oddly squeezed into corners, as if every inch of land was of the greatest consequence. Upon walking down the principal streets, we see through the shops, and back-parlour windows, pretty gardens filled with many-coloured flowers, or a sudden opening gives a bright glimpse of country. The rural air, and the excessive cleanliness of those shops, render them very attractive; even that of the butcher losing all its offensiveness in the absence of many of the appurtenances connected with the trade in larger places.

The servants belonging to a provincial town form one of its curiosities; they are distinguished alike from those domesticated in the country families, and those who are found in the metropolis. The women perhaps have an advantage in the comparison; they are fresher looking, and dress quite as gaily, but in a more picturesque style; the crowns of their caps reach a higher altitude, and the ribbons are of a more gaudy description. The male servitors are, on the other hand, anything but smart, either in appearance or manners. Their awkwardness seems to bid defiance even to the powers of a drill-sergeant; and, though as much addicted as their metropolitan brethren to standing at street doors, they never acquire the indolent lounge of the latter. If out of livery, there is no mistaking the man for the master, unless the latter be a very vulgar person indeed. Now, in London, the butler is sometimes the finer looking gentleman of the two, while the footmen perform the duties of their office with a grace which seems perfectly marvellous.

Nothing incommoded by their long canes, they open the carriage doors, let down the steps, and present their arms to the ladies with the greatest possible ease and facility; they glide about dressing-rooms amongst the bijouterie, without raising alarm in the breasts of the beholders, performing the offices required of them with perfect command of countenance and action; the most ridiculous circumstance occurring in their presence would fail to move them to laughter, and they never speak except in a most respectful manner, and upon occasions of absolute necessity. In fact, they are so well bred in their official capacity, that it is rather a puzzle to know how they conduct themselves in private life, and whether the servants' hall is not equally as decorous as the drawing-room. Country servants, on the contrary, find it impossible to contain their merriment when anything ludicrous is said or done; they are loquacious upon every occasion, and nine times out of ten, are tolerably certain of extinguishing the candles should they attempt to snuff them, and of spilling the coals out of the skuttle when called upon to make up the fire. It is but justice, however, to recollect that what may be wanting in dexterity and polish, is compensated by fidelity and attachment—virtues of greater value. The country-town servant, who brews the beer, milks the cows, works in the garden, grooms the horse, drives the pony chaise, and waits at table, forms another species of person, an active hard-working man of much respectability. But it is the show-servants of some of the superior establishments who afford the best subjects for caricature, and may generally be ranked amongst the absurdities of the place.

The aristocratic principle is beautifully illustrated in places such as we allude to. The town and its suburbs are sectioned into compartments, of at least a dozen degrees of rank; all differing from each other, yet all nicely shading off down and down, from the most exalted to the most humble and poverty stricken. The members of each class, thus, visit among themselves and only recognise those below them at odd out-of-the-way times, or when their dignity may not be compromised by an appearance of familiarity. A stranger, therefore, paying a passing

visit to the place, must take infinite care how he calls upon any one in, or attaches himself to, the wrong circle; for there, to a certainty, he must remain. No power or address can save him, or, in other words drag him upwards, after making the false step—that is, always providing, and being it understood, that he is not an unmarried man with a competence or fortune. For, then, the case is entirely altered; the higher order, somehow or other, having always lots of daughters of a marriageable quality, whom they are anxious to see established in life, and for whose sake they are willing for a time to make a concession to the spirit of democracy.

Sometimes a very slender line of demarcation separates the visitable from the unvisitable; a sort of suburb is considered quite distinct from the town, and goes by a different name; and the houses standing separate, with gardens around them, the inhabitants are to all intents and purposes entitled to the benefits of such a position. But, while one end of the town is thus rendered fashionable, the other, even though divided by a bridge, enjoys not the same privilege; the houses may be as good, the gardens as spacious, yet those who dwell there must be content to call themselves town's-people, and to limit their ambition to the society which the place affords. Should it happen that a person of low origin, thriving in business, who has realised a fortune, chooses to retire from trade, and to establish himself in a good house in the town, in all probability he will not be visited; but if another individual in the same rank in life should acquire wealth elsewhere, no great matter how, and return to spend it in the place of his nativity, he will find no difficulty in getting into society.

Some persevering individuals, however, belonging to families which have no pretensions to dignity of birth, generally are found to rise to eminence in a country town; and should the name happen to be odd as well as vulgar, such as Cabbage, or Hoggins, or Snugs, or Ruggleton, the nature of the origin becomes manifest. There will be Mr. Ruggleton the banker, a very great man indeed; Mr. John Ruggleton the lawyer, very nearly, if not quite as great; then comes one Richard Ruggleton, scarcely acknowledged by his

proud relations, who keeps a secondary inn; James Ruggleton, a butcher, no connection at all, according to the statements of the grand people; while in some of the shabbiest lanes and alleys, a barber's pole will be seen protruding from the door of an extremely small shop, with Thomas Ruggleton written beneath it; and a little lower down, a placard of board, with the following inscription painted askew in white letters—"Mangling done here by Ann Ruggleton." The only roof under which these scions of the same stock meet, is the church. The Misses Ruggleton *par distinction*, the banker's daughters, walk up the principal aisle, attended by a servant in a bright blue livery coat, with bright yellow plush accessories, carrying their prayer-books; the lawyer's family are followed by a boy in pepper and salt, cuffed and collared with red, it not having been yet discovered the family liveries should always be the same; the inkeeper's daughters walk in by themselves, and unluckily occupy a pew whence they can bow to their grand relations; the butcher's daughters sit in greater obscurity behind, but near to their cousins of the Dog and Duck, with whom they are upon terms of the closest intimacy, while the poorer sort establish themselves in the meaner order of seats. Ann Ruggleton thinks it hard that she cannot get the custom of these fine people, who are all of her own kith and kin, and whom she remembers to have been no better off than herself. The barber has turned radical, and abuses the aristocracy on account of the treatment which he has received from relations who look down upon him, and the butcher is sometimes restive; he is only conciliated at elections, and is hardly to be persuaded into voting the right way. A few other members of the family, such as the milliners, and the post-office Ruggletons, are content to visit their rich relations clandestinely as it were, that is, when they have no other company; they are wise enough to know that the rules imposed upon society are of a very despotic nature, and that the gentry of the town would object to meet them while they continued in the situation from which their relatives had raised themselves. In fact, while each complains of the pride of the other, the greater number are more or less



jealous, and tenacious of their own consequence; the whole clan unite in their dislike of Ann Ruggleton, who takes in mangling, and were by no means pleased when the barber's brother got into the alms-houses; they would rather that he had been reduced to pauperism elsewhere; for, though unwilling to contribute to his maintenance, they were ashamed of his obtaining relief from the town funds.

Occasionally there are little histories connected with the inhabitants of the houses in these rural communities, which are very touching, although the town's-people themselves, long accustomed to the circumstances which have coloured the destiny of their neighbours, may attach little or no interest to them. One very respectable-looking house, with a large garden behind, situated in the centre of a particular town now in our eye, is inhabited by a lady, who has never crossed the threshold during the last fifty years. She is now seventy-three, and has always been in the enjoyment of excellent health. Her abjuration of the world was occasioned by the death of her husband, who expired suddenly on his wedding-day. The constitution and the intellects of the unhappy widow survived the shock, but she remained inconsolable in her grief. No persuasion could induce her to pass through the door which she had entered as a joyous bride—a long perspective of felicity opening before her—and whence the remains of her best beloved were taken to their last resting-place. Her firmness wearied her friends, who at length ceased their importunities; she has survived them all, and making no new acquaintance, receives no visitors. One confidential servant, some fifteen or twenty years younger than herself, manages her household, and attends her in her walks in the garden, the only place in which she is to be seen. Clad in the deepest widow's weeds, the old lady, on a bright summer day, passes up and down the broad gravel walk, or seats herself upon one of the grass plots, in an arm-chair brought out for the purpose, and a piece of carpeting under her feet. She tenants the back room in the house; and the idle passenger peering through the front windows, sees only two tolerably sized parlours, furnished exactly alike, with Turkey

carpets covering the centre of the floor, a small table beneath the looking-glass opposite the windows, high-backed chairs all round, and fire screens papered up on each side of the grate. Every person in the town is acquainted with the story, but it seems to make little impression, except upon the breast of the stranger, who, saddened by the tale of long and quiet suffering, carries the recollection away, and often returns in thought to the widow's abode, speculating upon the nature of her feelings, and marvelling at the union of sensibility and apathy which seem to have been the characteristics of her mind; the one leading her to the resolution which she adopted, the other carrying her through it.

All country towns may not be equally fortunate, but another house in the birth-place of the Ruggletons, has a still more remarkable tale attached to it. It is tenanted by a widow, the heroine of the story. The husband of this lady happened to be a very singular character, strongly addicted to antiquarian pursuits. He had the upper part of the house, the attic, converted into a museum, and built a room amongst them, lighted and ventilated in a very peculiar manner. Amid other curiosities there were two skeletons, objects so alarming to the servants, that none disputed with him the privilege of dusting and brushing; offices which he took upon himself, in consequence of the dread he entertained of injury to these precious relics. The dread of the skeletons was so great, that not one of the servants willingly approached the staircase leading to the room in which they were deposited; and one and all united in declaring that very strange sounds had been heard to proceed from these same attics. No one felt much surprised when his first wife died, for he had not the credit of being a good husband; nor did they expect that he would grieve long after her, since her death put him into uncontrolled possession of a very handsome fortune. Some astonishment, however, was manifested at the change which took place in the outward appearance of the widower; he became spruce in his dress, gay and courteous in his manners, and purchased no more curiosities, attending, however, still very diligently to those in his possession. Before the expiration of a twelve-

month, he had prevailed upon a very beautiful young lady, the portionless daughter of a curate, to become his wife. He told her plainly beforehand, that, in marrying her, she must submit to some, perhaps disagreeable, restrictions, as he had made up his mind never to leave the town in which he resided; and, therefore, in the first place, there would be no bridal tour. Business in which he was engaged formed part of the plea, but his eccentricity seemed to be at the bottom of it. He behaved better to the second wife than he had done to the first, treating her with a great deal of kindness, and refusing to allow her to assist him in dusting the curiosities, which she had offered to do, thinking to please him, but from which she was not sorry to be excused. Several children were the offspring of this marriage, and the wife was obliged to leave home occasionally, either for her own health, or that of her infants; but her husband did not accompany her in any of these excursions, being apparently immersed in business, and, notwithstanding his wealth, anxious to improve his fortune by mercantile speculations. At length, in about ten years after his second marriage, the vault in which the remains of his first wife had been deposited was opened, in consequence of some necessary repairs. It appeared that the undertaker had contrived to abstract the leaden coffin in which the body had been enclosed; the wooden one fell to pieces, and out tumbled the corpse. The perfect state of the body attracted attention; for a face, ghastly, it is true, but still undecayed, appeared beneath the mouldering shroud. Upon examination, the supposed corpse proved to be a wax figure, and an outcry arose in the vault that murder had been committed. A warrant being immediately made out for the apprehension of the suspected party, one of the magistrates of the place proceeded to his abode, and without any circumlocution acquainted him with the predicament in which he stood. After a few moments of strong perturbation, the accused exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have a living witness to prove my innocence of the crime imputed to me;" and, leading the way to the attics, he opened several doors, and brought out a prisoner, being no other than his first wife, whom he had contrived to keep

in close confinement during so long a portion of her existence. The agitation produced by the discovery, and the dread of its consequences, brought on an attack of cholera, and in a very few hours the oppressor was himself a corpse. These incidents proved more than a nine-days' wonder in the town, but the excitement they occasioned died away gradually. The second wife, who, fortunately, was well provided for in a will made with due knowledge of all the circumstances of the case, repaired to the Continent with her children, while the first wife, accustomed to confinement, seemed to have lost all enterprise and energy, and to be quite content to occupy the upper, instead of the lower part of the house, in which she had endured so tedious an imprisonment. She is a quiet old lady, fond of cards, enlivened occasionally by a little gossip, her own strange history not having so imbued her with a love of the marvellous, as to render her inattentive to common scandal. No one, however, ventures to speak to her of her own story; she never alludes to it herself, and seems anxious that it should be forgotten. The curiosities have all been removed from the attics; the skeletons have taken up their quarters at an aspiring surgeon's, who, forgetful that death's-heads would scare patients from the door, has placed them in an apartment, which, in consequence of some rumours of resurrection men, has already obtained a very bad name. No doubt, a great many stories could be told about that room, and it is questionable whether the owner could maintain his ground so well, were it not for a singularly handsome junior partner, lately added to the establishment, who condescends to dispense medicines in the shop himself, with his own hands, and has carried away all the custom for lavender water from the perfumers, the young ladies becoming patronesses to a great extent.

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

*Completed from our last.*

| <i>Name of Flower.</i>   | <i>Emblem.</i>             |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Lagerstræmis .....       | Eloquence.                 |
| Larch .....              | Boldness.—"You are bold."  |
| Larkspur [purple] .....  | Lightness—levity.          |
| Larkspur [pink] .....    | Fickleness.                |
| Laurel, in bloom .....   | Treachery.                 |
| Laurel, a Sprig of ..... | Martial victory.           |
| Laurel Wreath .....      | Reward of martial victory. |
| Laurustinus .....        | "I die, if neglected."     |
| Lavender .....           | Mistrust.                  |



Leaf, Rose ..... "Importune me not."  
 Leaves, Faded..... Melancholy.  
 Lemon Blossom ..... Discretion.  
 Lemon ..... Zest.  
 Lettuce..... Cold hearted.  
 Lichen [Tree-moss] ..... Solitude.—"I am alone."  
 Lilac [purple]..... The first emotion of love.  
 Lilac [white] ..... Youth.  
 Lily [white]..... Purity.  
 Lily [yellow] ..... Falsehood.  
 Lily [Water] ..... Silence.  
 Lily of the Valley ..... Return of happiness.  
 Linden Tree..... Conjugal love.  
 Liverwort..... "I confide in you."  
 Lobelia ..... Splendour.  
 Locust [the green leaves]..... Affection beyond the grave.  
 London Pride..... Frivolity.  
 Lotus Tree ..... Consent.  
 Lotos [Water]..... Eloquence.  
 Lotos Flower ..... Estranged love.  
 Lotos Leaf ..... Recantation.  
 Love in a Mist ..... Perplexity.—"You bewilder me."  
 Love Lies Bleeding ..... Hopeless, not heartless.  
 Lucern ..... Life.  
 Lupine [blue, wild] ..... "Her smile the soul of victory"  
 Lupine [rose-coloured]..... Imagination.  
 Lupine [white] ..... Always cheerful.  
 Lychnis [scarlet] ..... Sun-beamed eyes.  
 Lythrum ..... Pretension.

Madder..... Calumny—scandal.  
 Magnolia Grandiflora ..... High-souled.  
 Magnolia [Swamp]..... "Wouldst thou win fame?"  
 Maiden-hair ..... Discretion.  
 Maiden's Blush Rose ..... Sensitive modesty.  
 Maize ..... Plenty.  
 Mandrake ..... Rarity.  
 Maple Tree ..... Reserve.  
 Marigold ..... Grief and pain.  
 Marigold and Cypress u-  
 nited ..... Despair.  
 Marigold [Prophetic] ..... Prediction.  
 Marigold [French] ..... Jealousy.  
 Marigold [African] ..... Vain and vulgar.  
 Marjorum ..... Blushes.  
 Marsh Mallow ..... Beneficence.  
 Marvel of Peru ..... Timidity.  
 May Rose ..... Precocity.  
 Meadow Saffron ..... "My best days are past."  
 Meadow Sweet ..... Neglected beauty.  
 Melissa ..... A jest.  
 Mazereon..... Desire to please.  
 Mignonette ..... "Your qualities surpass your charms."  
 Mint ..... Virtue.  
 Mistletoe ..... "I surmount all."  
 Mock Orange ..... Counterfeit.  
 Moneywort ..... Transient friendship.  
 Monthly Rose..... Beauty ever new.  
 Monk's-hood ..... Chivalry.  
 Moonwort ..... Forgetfulness—oblivion.  
 Moschatel ..... Weak, but winning.  
 Moss ..... Maternal love.  
 Moss [Iceland] ..... Health.  
 Moss Rose [withered] ..... Slighted love.  
 Mouse-ear Chickweed ..... Ingenious simplicity.  
 Mulberry Tree [white]..... Wisdom.  
 Mulberry Tree [black]..... "I shall not survive you."  
 Mullein ..... "Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?"  
 Multiflora Rose ..... Gracefulness.  
 Mushroom ..... "I suspect you."  
 Musk Plant..... Weakness.  
 Musk Rose ..... Capricious beauty.  
 Musk Roses [a cluster of] ..... Charming.  
 Myosotes ..... "Forget me not."  
 Myrobalan [Indian Plum] ..... Privation.  
 Myrtle ..... Love.

Narcissus..... Egotism and self-love.  
 Nasturtium..... A warlike trophy.  
 Nettle ..... Cruelty.—"You are cruel."  
 Nightshade ..... Scepticism.  
 Nightshade [Bitter-Sweet] ..... Truth.  
 Nightshade [Enchanter's] ..... Witchcraft.  
 Nightshade [Great], or Bel-  
 ladonna ..... Silence.  
 Nosegay, a ..... Gallantry.

Oak ..... Hospitality.  
 Oak Leaf ..... Bravery.  
 Oak Wreath..... Reward of bravery.  
 Orleander..... "I fear you."  
 Olive ..... Peace.  
 Olive Wreath ..... For the peace-maker  
 Orange Tree ..... Generosity.  
 Orange Flowers ..... Chastity.  
 Orange [Mock] ..... Counterfeit.  
 Orchis ..... A belle.  
 Osier ..... Frankness.  
 Ox Eye ..... Patience.  
 Palm Wreath ..... Reward of peaceful victory.  
 Palm..... Peaceful triumph.  
 Pansy ..... Thought.  
 Parsley..... A banquet—festivity.  
 Pasque Flower ..... "You have no claim."  
 Passion Flower ..... Love in agony.  
 Patience Dock..... Patience.  
 Pea [Sweet]..... An appointed meeting.  
 Pea [Everlasting] ..... Unending pleasure.  
 Peach Blossom ..... "I am your captive."  
 Pennyroyal..... "Flee away."  
 Peony ..... Shame.  
 Peppermint ..... Warmth of feeling.  
 Pepper Plant ..... Satire.  
 Periwinkle [blue] ..... Pleasures of memory.  
 Periwinkle [white] ..... Tender recollections.  
 Persicaria ..... Restoration.  
 Persimmon ..... "Bury me amid Nature's beauties."

Phlox ..... Unanimity.  
 Pimpernel ..... Change.—"I fear the storm."  
 Pine [black Spruce Fir] ..... Pity.  
 Pine [Pitch] ..... Philosophy.  
 Pine [Spruce or Norway]..... "Farewell."  
 Pine [white] ..... Boldness—courage.  
 Pine-apple ..... "You are perfect."  
 Pink [rose-colour]..... Woman's love.  
 Pink [red, double] ..... Pure and ardent love.  
 Pink [deep red] ..... "Alas! for my poor heart!"  
 Pink Cuckoo] ..... Ardour.  
 Pink [Indian, single] ..... Aversion.—"I love you not."  
 Pink [Mountain] ..... Aspiring.  
 Pink [variegated] ..... Refusal.  
 Pink [white] ..... Ingenuoussness.  
 Plane Tree ..... Genius.  
 Plumbago ..... Meekness with dignity.  
 Plum Tree ..... "Keep your promises."  
 Plum Tree [wild] ..... Independence.  
 Polyanthus [lilac]..... Confidence.  
 Polyanthus [crimson and  
 yellow]..... The heart's mystery.  
 Pomegranate ..... Silliness.  
 Pomegranate Flower ..... Mature and finished elegance.  
 Poplar [white] ..... Time.  
 Poplar [black] ..... Courage.  
 Poppy [red, wild] ..... Consolation.  
 Poppy [variegated] ..... Flirtation.  
 Poppy [white] ..... Sleep of the heart.  
 Pride of China..... Dissention.  
 Primrose ..... Childhood.  
 Primrose [rose-coloured]..... Consolation.  
 Primrose [Evening] ..... Inconstancy.  
 Privet ..... Defence.  
 Prophetic Marigold ..... Prediction.  
 Pumpkin..... Coarseness—clownishness.

Quamoclit ..... Busy-body.  
 Queen's Rocket ..... "You are the queen of co-  
 quettes."  
 Ragged Robin ..... Wit.  
 Ranunculus [Asiatic] ..... "You are radiant with  
 charms."  
 Ranunculus [scarlet] ..... Ingratitude.  
 Reeds ..... Music.  
 Reeds [feathery]..... Indiscretion.  
 Rest-harrow ..... Obstacle.  
 Rhododendron ..... Danger.  
 Rocket ..... "I burn."  
 Rose [Austrian]..... Beauty.—"Thou art all that  
 is lovely."  
 Rose [Bay] ..... Celibacy.  
 Rose [Bridal] ..... Happy love.  
 Rose [Cabbage] ..... Emblem of England.  
 Rose [Campion] ..... "Only deserve my love."  
 Rose [Capuchin]..... Pomp—magnificence.  
 Rose [China] ..... Lovely in each change.  
 Rose [Damask] ..... Perfection of beauty.

- Rose [Greville] .....Ingenuous modesty.  
 Rose [Guelder] .....Winter.  
 Rose [Hundred-leaved] .....The ambassador of love.  
 Rose [Japan] .....“Beauty is your only attraction.”  
 Rose Leaf .....“Importune me not.”  
 Rose [Maiden's blush] .....Sensitive modesty.  
 Rose [May] .....Precocity.  
 Rose [Monthly] .....Beauty ever new.  
 Rose [Multiflora] .....Gracefulness.  
 Rose [Musk] .....Capricious beauty.  
 Roses [Musk, cluster of] .....Charming.  
 Rose [single] .....Simplicity.  
 Rose [thornless] .....Early attachment.  
 Rose [wild] .....Romance-inspiring charms.  
 Rose [yellow] .....Infidelity.  
 Rose [York & Lancaster] .....War.  
 Rose, in the middle of a tuft of Grass .....“There is everything to be gained in keeping good company.”  
 Roses, a Coronet of .....Reward of virtue.  
 Rose [red, half-blown] .....Love.  
 Rose [red, full-blown] .....Engagement.  
 Rose [red, withered] .....Loved and lost.  
 Rose [white, half-blown] .....Purity and sweetness.  
 Rose [white, full-blown] .....Delicate beauty.  
 Rose [white, withered] .....“I loved you once.”  
 Rose [Moss, half-blown] .....Confession.  
 Rose [Moss, full-blown] .....Voluptuous love.  
 Rose [Moss, withered] .....Slighted love.  
 Rosebud [Moss] .....Silent love.  
 Rosebud [red] .....Admiration.  
 Rosebud [white] .....A heart ignorant of love.  
 Rosemary .....Remembrance.—“Your presence re-animates me.”  
 Rudbeckia .....Justice—affection.  
 Rue .....Grace—purification.  
 Rue [wild] .....Morality.  
 Rue [Goat's] .....Reason.  
 Rush-leaved Jonquil .....Desire.—“I desire a return of affection.”  
 Saffron .....“Beware of excess.”  
 Sage .....Esteem.  
 Sardonia .....Irony.  
 Scabious [dark purple] .....Unfortunate attachment.  
 Scarlet Lychnis .....Sun-beamed eyes.  
 Sensitive Plant .....Sensitiveness.  
 Service Tree .....Prudence.  
 Shaking Sainfoin .....Agitation.  
 Siberian Crab-Tree Blossom .....Deeply interesting.  
 Side-saddle Flower .....“Come, pledge me, sweet.”  
 Single Rose .....Simplicity.  
 Snapdragon .....Presumption.  
 Snow ball .....To bind.  
 Snowdrop .....Refinement.  
 Solomon's Seal .....Mystery.  
 Sorrel [wild] .....Wit ill-timed.  
 Sorrel [wood, the Flower] Joy.  
 Spanish Jasmine .....Rich and rare.  
 Speedwell .....Female fidelity.  
 Spider Ophrys .....Skill. [you.”  
 Spiderwort .....“I esteem, but do not love  
 Spindle Tree .....“Your charms are engraven on my heart.”  
 Spruce Fir [Norway] .....“Farewell.”  
 Star of Bethlehem .....Faith.  
 Starwort [American] .....“Welcome.”  
 Stock Gillyflower .....Lasting beauty.  
 Stock [Ten Weeks] .....Promptitude.  
 Stonecrop .....Tranquillity.  
 Straw, a Broken .....A quarrel.—“Thus do I break my fetters.”  
 Straw, Entire .....Union.  
 Stramonium .....Disguise.  
 Strawberry .....Perfection.  
 Strawberry Tree .....Esteem and love.  
 Sumach [Venice] .....“Shine on.”  
 Sunflower [tall] .....False riches.  
 Sunflower [dwarf] .....“Your devout adorer.”  
 Sweet Briar .....Poetry.  
 Sweet Sultan .....“I wish you joy.”  
 Sweet William .....Finesse—craftiness.  
 Sycamore .....Curiosity.  
 Syringa [Carolina] .....Fraternal love.  
 Thistle [wild] .....Happiness.  
 Thistle [Scotch] .....Emblem of Scotland.—Austerity.—“Touch me not.”  
 Thistle [the Blessed] .....The milk of human kindness.  
 Thorn Apple .....Deceitful charms.  
 Thornless Rose .....Early attachment.  
 Thrift .....Sympathy.  
 Thyme .....Activity.—“Time steals on with downy feet, when we linger near those we love.”  
 Tiger Flower .....“I defy you.”  
 Trefoil, or Shamrock .....Emblem of Ireland.  
 Trefoil [Bird's foot] .....Revenge.  
 Tremilla Nostle .....Resistance.  
 Truffle .....Surprise.  
 Trumpet Flower .....Fame.  
 Tuberosa .....Voluptuousness.  
 Tulip [red] .....A declaration of love.  
 Tulip [yellow] .....Hopeless love.  
 Tulip [variegated] .....Pride—haughtiness.  
 Tulip Tree Blossom .....Rural happiness.  
 Valerian [red] .....Accommodating disposition.  
 Valerian [Greek, blue-flowered] .....Rupture.  
 Venus's Looking-glass .....Flattery.  
 Verbena, or Vervain .....Enchantment.  
 Veronica .....Fidelity.  
 Vine .....Intoxication.  
 Violet [white] .....Candour.  
 Violet [blue] .....Modesty.  
 Virgin's Bower .....Filial love.  
 Virginia Cactus .....Horror.  
 Volkamenia Japonica .....“May you be blessed, though I be miserable.”  
 Wallflower .....Fidelity in misfortune.  
 Walnut .....Stratagem.  
 Water Cress .....Always the same.  
 Water Lily .....Silence.  
 Wax Plant .....Susceptibility.  
 Weeping Willow .....Forsaken.  
 Wheat .....Prosperity.  
 Whortle-berry .....Treason.  
 Wild Rose .....Romance-inspiring charms.  
 Wild Sorrel .....Ill-timed wit.  
 Wild Tansy .....Happiness.  
 Winter Cherry .....Deception.  
 Woodbine [variegated-leaf] Fraternal love.  
 Wood Sorrel [the Flower] Joy.  
 Wormwood .....Absence.  
 Yarrow .....“Thou alone canst cure.”  
 Yellow Rose .....Infidelity.  
 Yew .....Sorrow.  
 York and Lancaster Rose War.  
 Zinnia .....Absence.

Some of the preceding Emblems may differ from those given in other Dictionaries; for we have not merely compiled a list from books, although the best authors have been consulted for our purpose. As to any variation in the designation of emblems to the various flowers, every poet, even Shakspeare himself, makes them subservient to his purposes, giving opposite significations, in different passages, to the same plant. Of the ivy, for example, in one comedy Shakspeare says, “The female ivy so enrings the bushy fingers of the elm;” so that *matrimony*, which we have given as the emblem of ivy, is perfectly appropriate. But in another play the immortal bard has this passage:—“He was the ivy which hid my princely trunk, and suck'd my verdure out on't;” thus making ivy emblematical of treachery. The Language of Flowers requires the aid of the imagination in no slight degree; floral linguists, therefore, claim poetic license.

In addition to the Emblems of the various flowers, it may be necessary to give a few rules as to the method of presenting them. Our readers are to understand that the meaning of a symbol varies according to the position in which it is placed. The marigold is symbolical



of grief and pain; thus, if placed on the head, it denotes trouble of mind; on the heart, it refers to the anxieties of love; on the bosom, it expresses the lassitude and weariness of *ennui*.

A flower presented in its natural state conveys a sentiment affirmatively; and the sentiment changes in the same degree that the state of the flower is changed, until it is completely negated. For example: a rosebud, with its thorns and leaves, signifies fear with hope; the thorns removed, it is emblematic of hope the most sanguine; if, on the contrary, the leaves be stripped off, and the thorns suffered to remain, it indicates fear without hope; and divested of both thorns and leaves, the construction is, there is neither fear nor hope.

By inclining the symbol to the right, the pronoun *I* is expressed; and the pronoun *thou* or *you* by inclining it to the left; thus, a withered white rose, inclined to the right, signifies "I loved you once;" but if inclined to the left, it means, "You loved me once."

A little attention to these simple rules will soon perfect the youthful and loving in the poetic language of flowers, and enable them to interchange their sentiments unscanned by vulgar eyes.

#### THE COBBLER OF MESSINA.

About sixty years ago, an English miscellaneous writer gave an account of a remarkable character who some time previously had flourished at Messina in Sicily, and whose conduct presented an instance of very peculiar lunacy, produced by flagrant depravity and universal corruption. This crazed being was an industrious mechanic or cobbler, whose daily occupation gave him an opportunity of observing the general degeneracy of manners which prevailed around him, and a want of power or inclination in government to chastise offenders. Under the impulse of these convictions, and stimulated by a zeal which individuals cannot be too cautious how they indulge, he boldly resolved to take on himself the arduous task of a reformer. Having previously determined, in his own mind, that the disease was spread too widely, and too deeply rooted to admit of palliative remedies, and conscious that the *verbal* remonstrances of a man of his obscure rank would not only be ridiculed and disregarded, but draw down destruction on his head, he resolved to work on the fears of the wicked, and those who were inattentive to the voice of conscience, and fearless of *future* punishment; to terrify by *instant visita-*

*tion* and signal destruction, from a quarter unknown, unseen, and which it would be out of their power to guard against or avoid.

Providing himself with a short gun, which he loaded and concealed under his cloak, he sallied forth on dark evenings, and, as safe opportunities offered, dispatched incorrigible offenders, of various ranks, whose notorious enormities had long condemned them in the public opinion. In different parts of Messina, and in the course of a few months, many individuals were found shot, but their property untouched; usurers who had ruined thousands by extortion; unjust, oppressive magistrates, who converted the laws of their country into instruments for gratifying avarice or revenge; bad ministers, who had involved their countrymen in unnecessary war; pretended patriots, who indiscriminately opposed and censured every measure of government, for the corrupt purpose of forwarding the interest of themselves and partisans, and ultimately succeeding to the places of those they abused. The general astonishment was considerable; no consummate villain of consequence dared to walk the streets; it was in vain that guards and spies were employed to discover the murderer; his systematic caution eluded all the arts of the police; perhaps the great mass of people were not wholly displeased at the judicial and exemplary display he made. After more than fifty of the worst men of the city had been put to death, without a single circumstance arising which could enable any one to guess by whom they were assassinated, the viceroy, thinking it necessary to exert himself in every possible way to discover the author, published a proclamation, in which, after enlarging on the general terror and the melancholy catastrophes which had taken place, he offered a reward of ten thousand crowns to any man who should apprehend, or be instrumental in apprehending, the offender or offenders; the same sum and a free pardon were also offered to the person who actually committed the murders in question, if he would confess them and the motives by which he was actuated. To render his sincerity unquestionable, the viceroy went publicly in procession, and with great pomp and splendour, to

the cathedral; received the sacrament, and solemnly repeated his promise at the altar, that he would strictly and without mental reservation, perform his vow in every particular. The assassin having satisfied his zeal for justice, and being willing to secure safety, as well as that independence which he thought he deserved, immediately repaired to the palace, demanded an audience, and after strong assurances from the prince that he would religiously observe his oath, confessed himself the murderer of the persons who, at different times, had been found in the streets. The viceroy paused, and suppressing, as far as he was able, the strong emotions of horror and surprise which struggled in his breast, proceeded to argue with the reformer on the unjustifiable cruelty and irregularity of his proceeding in thus putting to death so many persons without judicial process. The mechanic defended his conduct on the plea of justice, and the interests of morality and virtue; insisted, that the characters of those he had destroyed were too notorious to require any legal trial; and concluded by severely reprimanding the chief magistrate for suffering so many bad men to live. The royal representative, whatever might have been his inclination, religiously kept his word, paid the stipulated sum; and as it was judged that Messina might not in every respect be a proper residence for the mechanic after what had happened, he embarked, with his family and effects, in a merchant ship bound to Genoa, and passed the remainder of his life in the territory of that republic. —We give this curious story as it has been told, but cannot suffer it to pass without reprobating in the strongest manner the principles upon which the cobbler is said to have acted. No individual has a right to arrogate to himself the duty of punishing the wicked, which must be left to regular tribunals. As in all cases, the person who is here spoken of was deficient in omniscience to render his decisions unerring; he was not able to dive, like Him to whom all hearts are open, into the deep seated motives of human action. It is not probable that he had entirely banished from his heart those malignant and base passions which are sometimes concealed under the mask of patriotism and public spirit; passions

which, with all our efforts, we find it extremely difficult to shake off, whilst we continue in these tenements of clay.—*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*

#### POOR RELATIONS.

A poor relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your escutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed—He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again.—He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth days and professeth he is fortunate in having stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret,—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests



think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same as your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up he profereth to go for a coach—and lets the servants go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go thread-bare. His circumstances are better than folks would take

them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L—s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar; yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquanda suffiaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists on 'not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.—*London Mag.*

### SPRING-TIDE;

OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

*Senex.—Julian.—Simon Paradise.*

*Julian.*—Well, though not wedded to seclusion, I confess there are many charms in a country life; but much depends on association.

*Senex.*—He only whose early days were spent amidst rural scenes can truly love the country. Yet, as I stroll through these meadows, I feel, though lovely to look upon, they are, to my eyes, less beautiful than they were. The cowslip and the hare-bell blossom still; trees that were young when I was a boy, are still growing, and looking green; the lark carols as blithely as ever; the grasshopper vaults as high, and chirps as gaily; and the thrush sings from the hawthorn that feeds him in the winter. While nature each season renews her livery, man has but one Spring; and through the long vista of declining years regards the happy hours of youth as the first sinner looked back on Paradise.

Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide;  
The Form remains, the Function never dies;  
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise—  
We men, who in our morn of youth defied  
The elements, must vanish.

*J.*—I wonder what our friend Simon thinks of the country?

*S.*—You can ask him. I'll wager he would prefer his own native meadows to the streets

of London, notwithstanding the legends once current hereabouts that they are paved with gold. Believe me, the countryman looks anxiously for the return of the swallow and the cuckoo. Doesn't he, Simon? What is it they sing of the cuckoo in our country?

*Simon—*

The cuckoo's a vine bird,  
A zengs as a vlies,  
A brengs us good tidins,  
And tells us no lies;  
A zuchs th' smael birds eggs,  
To make his voice clear,  
And the mwore a cries "Cuckoo!"  
The zummer draaws near.

Now, vor my paart, I dwont pertickler like the wosbird. A's too vond o' other people's whoams; and, as to a's *voice*, a allus zeams to I to ha' zummut in's kecker. If a'd yeat a feaw scare o' snails, as the blackbirds and dreshes do, instead o' smael birds' eggs, a'd vind's zengin' mended 'oondervul, I'm zhure. But it's pleasant time when the cuckoo's about—that's zarttin. The whate be chittin'; the mawing grass looks vrur; the elmin trees ha' got ael their leaves on, and the young rucks are makin' a caddle,

*S.—*What other verse is it they have about the cuckoo?

*Simon—*

The Cuckoo comes in April,  
Stays the month o' May;  
Zings a zong at Midzummer,  
And then a gwoes away.

*S.—*Ay, that's it. The bird chooses the three most delicious months of the year; and, though his name has become a byword among us, his advent glads the heart of man, notwithstanding his "note of fear." The small birds, however, give him a dusting occasionally, either out of revenge for the petty larceny he commits on them, or for his resemblance to the hawk, with whom they sometimes venture too far, as with the owl, and suffer for their temerity.

*J.—*You spake of the thrush loving the hawthorn. There are several of those beautiful trees in this neighbourhood. One often sees them on the hills and downs, standing alone, their beautiful foliage exhibiting in strong contrast their gnarled and weather-beaten trunks. It is truly a most picturesque tree. Can you tell why they are so frequently seen thus detached?

*S.—*"A Bird of the air shall tell of the matter." Many of them are of very great age. I can fancy the thrush, the ouzle, or the wood-pigeon, scared by the fowler in ancient times, dropping a berry here and there, which took root, to the amazement of the wandering swineherd. The Anglo-Saxons regarded this tree with superstitious veneration; and in some parts of Ireland, to this day, if you talk of cutting one down, you will create a terrible hubbub in the neighbourhood. I am hardly free from the imputation of tree-worship, so much denounced by the Anglo-Saxon laws, and have an especial regard for the hawthorn, beautiful at this season, while it teams with its delicious perfume, and cheerful to look upon, studded with countless ripening berries, when hoar win-

ter nips both man and beast, and makes your hearthstone pleasanter than the meadows.

*J.—*I have no doubt many of these trees are of a great age, coeval, perhaps, with the oldest oaks and yews in the kingdom. Old records tell us of several of the latter two; but the hawthorn, perhaps, lost—if not its beauty—its dignity under the Norman rule. Speaking of the age of trees, did you ever notice the old saying that an oak is five hundred years growing, five hundred years in a state of maturity, and another five hundred in decaying. You will find it among the quaint list of "demaundes joyous," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511.

*S.—*From what we have confirmed, as to the age of the oak, there seems some truth in this saying of our forefathers. The oldest men in this neighbourhood, and some have reached eighty years, say they remember trees which are "not a mossle chainged" since they were breeched. But much has been written on ancient trees known to have been standing before the Conquest. Yonder is an elm, which was a lusty tree when the Parliament men chased the fugitive Royalists across these meadows.

*J.—*Heaven grant that such quiet scenes may never again be the theatre of such fearful doings. History usually gives us but the outline of events, and many an episode of blood and pillage in those strife-filled days is lost to remembrance.

*S.—*We may guess the fate of many a happy and innocent family at that period, abandoned to the rage and lust of an infuriate and licentious soldiery, whose characters may be inferred when we read of the devices borne by their officers. One Middleton, a Parliament man, had for his device an armed figure killing a bishop, with the motto, "Exosus Deo et sanctis," and underneath "root and branch." Langrish, another captain, bore a death's head, with a bishop's mitre, and "Mori potui quam papatus." But nothing can exceed the impiety and indecency of some of the Royalist captains, who adopted devices and mottoes which can neither be described nor written down. But come, Simon waits for us below the bridge; let us see what sport we are to have this fine morning. Ha! the May-fly is rising; the angler will not leave the river with an empty pannier to-day. "The insect youth are on the wing," as Paley prettily expresses it.

*J.—*When this fly is on the water, the fish will take no other, I have heard.

*S.—*Ask those who told you so if they ever tried. But we will soon put it to the test. The mention of that dogma reminds me that last season, in the month of April, with a cold north-west wind, which curled the surface of the water well, I took, in a part of this stream, within the space of half-a-mile, sixteen brace of fine trout, and most of them with the artificial May-fly, though, of course, not one of these creatures had made its appearance. I have been equally successful with the May-fly's "counterfeit presentment" in streams where that insect is never seen. The fact is, that when the trout is really inclined to feed there



are few things thrown lightly on the surface, or slowly drawn through the water, which he will not take.

*J.*—I have often observed fish rise and take the leaves which on a windy day are blown into the river. This seems to favour your opinion.

*S.*—True, but you will find the trout repeatedly reject them. I do not think them so obtuse as to seize everything as *food* which may fall near them; but, doubtless, experience, or perhaps instinct, prompts them to *examine* everything that comes in their way. Thus the hairy caterpillar, when feeding on a leaf, may, like the clown sawing the sign-board, on which he is perched, eat away until he is precipitated into the water. In this manner, though hardly discernible by us, the fish, perhaps, often devour any reptile or insect that may be launched on a floating leaf, which is sent adrift again as soon as it is cleared of the creatures sailing upon it. I have had wonderful sport in the months of August and September, the fish rising at almost every fly cast near them, while the leaves were falling occasionally, in consequence of a breeze. Now, then, on with a May-fly for “stretcher,” and use a hackle for the “bob.” Well, Simon, have you marked a good trout?

*Simon.*—Eez, zur; there’s a featish good un, just under thuck bank yander, if Measter Julian can crape along by them pales, and kip out o’ zite.

*J.*—I’ll try, Simon, I see him rising. Now see me give him “the line of invitation.” There! ha! he’s gone!

*S.*—Yes; there he goes up stream like a rocket. He saw the shadow of your rod. He is an old and cunning fish, and is not to be easily caught.

*Simon.*—The best woy to catch *he* is to drow a leetle bit above, and let the vly zail auver hin.

*J.*—That last word of our friend’s puzzles me a little; is it a corruption of *him* or *it*?

*S.*—It is no corruption, but the pure Saxon pronoun *hyn*; though, strange to say, the compilers of our provincial glossaries have not remarked it; a proof, one may easily perceive, that they have but a very slight acquaintance with the dialects they have undertaken to illustrate. The compilers of some of these works are greatly deceived if they suppose any English dialect is to be illustrated by merely turning over the leaves of an Anglo-Saxon dictionary. Others err as much in concluding, that, as a certain provincial word is not to be discovered in these vocabularies, it is necessarily not of Anglo-Saxon origin, and, having searched all the ancient northern tongues for derivations, boldly assume that it was *imported*!

*J.*—But, is not this word sometimes pronounced like *un*?

*S.*—It is; and the same change was, doubtless, remarked by the scribes in Anglo-Saxon times; hence the variation which we find in their orthography, even in the same page.

*J.*—Then there is the word “thuck,” which

I do not remember to have noticed before, though I have frequently remarked “thick.”

*S.*—The first word “thuck” is now not so frequently heard, and is only used by those who adhere to the “owld taak,” as they style it. “Thick” is the natural corruption of “thilk,” which you will find repeatedly in Chaucer, and “thuck” is an equally natural corruption of “thulk,” which you will discover in Robert of Gloster’s Chronicle, and in the MS. of Piers Ploughman, edited by Whitaker; so, you see, my friend here is only talking a language which the scholar and the gentleman once used.

*Simon.*—Won’t e try a leetle bit lawer down, zur. Ize zartin zure ye’ll vind a girt un or two in the mill-tail, if zo be Measter Julian ’oud like to try a minney.

*S.*—What say you to Simon’s suggestion? Shall we walk to the mill-tail and try a minnow?

*J.*—With all my heart. Come along; and, as we walk there, tell me what you have to say on “Ize” which I often hear in this neighbourhood.

*S.*—Ha, there you almost bring be to a *non plus*, and I fear you will get, in this instance, conjecture only, the hobby-horse of etymologists, in the place of illustration. The use of “Ize” or “Ise,” is not so easily explained. I have little doubt that it dates from the twelfth century; but I don’t remember meeting with it earlier than in Chaucer, in whose inimitable “Canterbury Tales” *I is* is used for *I am*, both by the Clerk and by the Miller. I cannot tell whether the illustrious old poet meant this for a provincial form of speech; but it is very likely to have been so. The introduction of Norman French produced many hybrid words, and it probably led to “Ize.” The use of *v* for *v* is not confined to the cockneys, as some suppose: it is common in the county of Kent; but there you often find “*I are*” for *I am*, as the vulgar Breton says *Je sommes*! The “English of Kent,” so much vaunted in old days, was doubtless a language to which Norman French was adapted, whereby it was made more cockney, and less truly English, than the dialects of the “Shires,” as the county people of that county to this hour call the other parts of England.

*J.*—I notice that they use “on” instead of *of*, almost invariably.

*S.*—There is a precedent for that from the earliest times, and it was in use down to the seventeenth century. What says the song,

Complain my lute, complain on him.

In the headings of the chapters of “Reynard the Fox,” you find how the different animals complained *on* him; and Dame Julian Berners, counting the terms used by sportsmen in her day, when describing the ages of the deer, says,

And ye speke of the Bucke, the fyrst yere he is  
A Fawyne soukyng on his dam say as I you wys.

You laugh at my illustrations; but I think you will find that I have authority for what I have advanced.

*J.*—In sober earnestness, I feel interested in

them; and henceforward, shall endeavour to become better acquainted with the language of your humble neighbours.

*S.*—I am glad to hear your confession that I have not pleaded vainly in behalf of my smock-frocked friends and their dialect, which, though I am no philologist, I hope I have shewn is entitled to some consideration, if only on the score of its antiquity. And, now, let us try for one of Simon's trouts, for here is the mill-tail. Ho! Simon! a minnow for Mr. Julian. Why, what's the fellow about.

*J.*—He's making a detour to avoid the miller's bees, who seem disposed to resent his entering their fee-simple without leave,

*Simon.*—Begg yar pardon, zur; but they there wosbirds zeemed rayther cam and mischievul. When I went oon woy, they wanted to gwo there too. Um zeemed minded to ha' a turn wi' I as they did wi' Jack Ockle.

*S.*—Why, when was that, Simon?

*Simon.*—Laast zummer, zur. Jack 'ad cot a girt beg trout just agin thuck pwoast, and a run backerds to kip 's line tight, right bang auver oone o' they hives. Massey haugh! what a buzzin' and vizzin' there was, to be zhure! out um coomed like vengeance, and pitched into Jack as if they was mad. The miller zeed it ael, but cou'dnt come anighst un. Jack roared like a town-bull, and drowed down his rod, and jumped bang into the river to zave hizzelf; but the leetle wosbirds watched un till a coomed up, and went at un agen. Very lucky var'n it coomed on to rain very hard, and a craawled out purty nigh dead, wi' his yead and vace covered wi' stinges, zo that a cou'd only zee's woy whoam out o' the carner o' oone eye. Poor owld Molly cou'dn't thenk what galley craw 'twas as coomed whoam to her. "Who in the 'ouruld be you?" zays Molly. "Why, I'll be whipped if 't aint our Jack!" and away a hobbled up street to vetch Measter Smith, the cow-doctor. 'Twas a lang time avoor a looked like hizzelf agen.

*S.*—A pretty episode in the life of an angler, and worthy to be recorded with the story I told you yesterday. Now, then, Julian, pitch your minnow into that eddy, and if you should peradventure hook a fish be warned by the fate of Jack Ockle, and don't run down a bee-hive in your ecstasy. You have him! steady! he's a fine fellow, and will fight for it; keep him clear of that post—that's well—wind up. No! another plunge, and another! don't pull him against the stream, or he's lost. Get below, and gently tow him down towards that slope. Give me the landing net. There he is! a fine fish, indeed; a good three-pounder, if I mistake not. Carry him into the miller's wife, and ascertain his weight, Simon. And, now, let me tell you a story of the voracity and daring of some of these larger fish, which, when not inclined to feed, you may tempt in vain, but at other times will suffer themselves to be caught by the veriest bungler. An elderly gentleman, fishing at Rickmansworth, on the river Colne, in Hertfordshire, in the summer of 1815, having laboured all day with the fly, and contributed but little to his panner, before

quitting the water-side, bethought of having a venture with a snail, which he substituted for his artificial temptations. In a short time he struck a very heavy fish, which, after playing for a while, he at length brought to the surface of the water, though not sufficiently near enough to make sure of him. The fish was a large one; and, the captor's attendant having quitted the ground, and gone to a neighbouring cottage, he was left without a landing-net. There was, consequently, no alternative but "playing him till tired,"—an antiquated practice now-a-days, and never resorted to but in desperate cases, like the present. The creature at length appeared to be exhausted, and was towed to the bank; but the angler, in trying to lift him out of the water, tore the hook from his mouth, and the prize slowly sunk to the bottom. The stream was at that spot deep and clear, but not swift; and the angler had the mortification of seeing his trout lying gasping almost within his reach. Perplexed and baffled, he put on another snail; but without hope. By this time the fish had recovered, and began to move out into the middle of the stream. The snail was placed before him, and, wonderful to relate, he darted at it, gorged it, and struck off up the stream. This time the angler was more successful; and, after a struggle of some minutes, during which his attendant returned, the fish was landed, and found to weigh five pounds. This is a well authenticated fact; and it is the more remarkable, as the fish must have seen his captor at their first encounter. But here's Simon, with our fish. Well, what does he weigh?

*Simon.*—Dree pound two ounces and a haaf, zur. A's a 'oondervul vine un, to be zhure. I 'onders how many scare o' minnies it's tuck to vat un.

*S.*—I think we may try for another in this mill-tail. Let me fit you with another minnow. Cast over to the opposite bank, and draw it towards you. There,—you had a run!

*J.*—Yes; he has taken my minnow, and got off.

*S.*—Try again. Another minnow, Simon.

*J.*—Here's another!

*S.*—Steady, Ha! he's gone! you lost that fish by pulling him against the stream; and, if I mistake not, a portion of your tackle, to book.

*J.*—Yes; confound him! he has taken my hooks, and about a yard of foot-line. I feel as much ashamed of this as a Spartan would have been at the loss of his shield.

*S.*—Don't fret about it. This is one of the chances of the angler; but, let me tell you, it is always most hazardous to pull a fish against the stream. It should ever be your especial care, the moment he is hooked, to get below him as promptly as possible. Let us proceed further up the river, and perchance we may, as we return, happen on this very fish. That this is not altogether impossible I will show you, as we walk along, in a story told me by an old angler some time since; though you may not recover your hooks in the same way. This gentleman was fishing for trout with a



minnow, when, either from the inadvertence of which you were guilty, or some fault of his tackle, it was carried away by a lusty trout. Having refitted with a fly, he proceeded down the stream, and met with good sport.—Returning by the pool where he had lost his tackle, he resolved to have another venture, and had scarcely made his cast, when he had the good fortune to hook a thumping fish.—He was greatly surprised, however, to find that his acquaintance, after a few plunges, came to the surface of the water reeling and dead-beaten. Having landed him, astonishment succeeded to surprise, when he discovered that, instead of hooking the fish, he had caught the dissevered tackle hanging from his mouth. During his absence the trout had evidently become exhausted by his endeavours to free himself from the hooks which he had carried away in the first assault. Here is a part of the stream where I have generally had good sport. We'll try it as far as that hawthorn-tree yonder, and then we'll see what Simon has in my second pannier in the way of luncheon, which we can eat beneath its shade, like true anglers, with the sauce of a good appetite. There, I think, if you can manage to cast your fly under those alder-bushes, you may raise a good fish; but, if you do, take care of that patch of weeds hard by.

*J.*—I have him! he's a thumping fish: he took the fly slowly, and, you see, is gone to the bottom?

*S.*—If I mistake not, you have hooked a chubb. Wind up a yard or two, and walk down stream with him. Yes; I guessed rightly. The landing-net, Simon,—there he is. He has taken your hackle, I see, as I predicted.

*J.*—You have a quick eye for a fish. How did you know it was not a trout?

*S.*—By the quiet manner in which he took the fly, and by his dull, leaden plunge. Though a large trout is not so brisk generally as a smaller one, he will give you infinitely more trouble than the chubb.

*Simon.*—A's a martial timzome vish, zur; but still um likes a good vat bait, too; specially a dumbledore.

*S.*—Yes, Simon is quite right; and, therefore, when you do fish for chubb, use a good, large, hairy palmer, or an imitation of the humble-bee or dumbledore, as they call it hereabouts. I have seen some in the fishing-tackle shops in London, dressed to perfection. And now I shall cross the ford here, and give you the meeting at the old hawthorn-tree, near which there is a foot-bridge. You will find some good fish just where the bank rises—*au revoir*. Simon will accompany you.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## ADVENTURE IN A VOYAGE TO THE LEVANT.

One evening lately, when at a small social party, I had the pleasure of sitting beside an old acquaintance, a Mr. Kerr, one who had some time before returned from a foreign

country, where for many years he had pursued a mercantile profession with advantage. In the course of our conversation, he alluded to a particular adventure he had once met in a voyage to the Levant, but immediately after seemed to shrink from the subject, as if the recollection of it were too painful to be endured. On my pressing the point, he at length, but with great reluctance, stated the following particulars:—\*

“On my return some years ago,” said Kerr, “from the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean, which I had visited partly from curiosity, and partly with a view of furthering the mercantile pursuits in which I had engaged, I was induced, by what I had seen and learned, to freight small vessels at Liverpool, with goods of various kinds, which I proposed to carry either to Alexandria or Beirout. The vessel selected for this purpose was an Italian Sloop, which seemed to me to be thrown in my way by a piece of great good fortune. It had brought over a cargo from Italy, and the master and crew, eight in number, all natives of that country, were waiting in the Mersey, after discharging their freight, for any chance that might occur of returning to the Mediterranean with fresh loading. This was an opportunity of the very kind I had wished, and an arrangement was speedily made with the Italian master, who engaged to convey my cargo to the first-mentioned port on very reasonable terms. This matter settled, and the weather being favourable, I lost no time in making the necessary preparations, and was soon enabled to set sail for the East, accompanied by my younger brother, the only other person on board besides the Italians and myself.

For a time our voyage was a pleasant one. But before we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, the wind changed, and with it came changes also of another and more alarming kind. The master of the sloop, who was a middle-aged man of sallow complexion, though with features not otherwise unpleasing, suddenly dropt the obsequiousness of his tone and manner, and appeared to shun all intercourse with my brother and myself. As the weather became more and more squally on our entering the Mediterranean, the man's behaviour became more and more distant and repulsive, and the expression of his eye at times was such as to excite the most unpleasant sensations in the mind of the two persons to whom it was directed, and who felt themselves wholly in his power. At length the thoughts brooding in the master's mind found vent in words. One day, as I stood on deck, the ship chanced to give a heavy lurch, and the Italian cried out, ‘I am ruined, and that accursed fellow is the cause of it!’ At that moment he pointed to me, and cast on me a look full of hate and menace, which was reflected from the counten-

\* As stories like the above are often only said to be true, we think it necessary to take this additional means of assuring the reader that the “Adventure in a Voyage to the Levant” is an incident which really occurred.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

ance of more than one of the crew. Similar expressions fell in mutterings from his lips day after day, until I became seriously alarmed, and for the first time consulted with my brother, to whom I had been unwilling to communicate my awakening fears. He had observed all that had passed, however, as closely and clearly as myself. Both of us were inclined, at first, to think that the fears of the master and crew regarding the weather—for the Italians are timorous sailors—had only temporarily drowned their better feelings, and their reasons also, seeing that the storm came not at our bidding. This explanation of their conduct proved but a pleasing illusion. The weather *improved*, but this circumstance was far from producing any favourable alteration in the deportment of the master and the crew. Their looks became more and more lowering; and, finally, open threats of *murder*, in daylight, and in hearing of almost every man on board, were vented against us by the master of the sloop!

My brother and myself had long been watchful and guarded in our movements, but this menace brought on a crisis. It was now but too plain that our destruction had been early meditated by the Italian captain, and that he had been hitherto merely lashing himself, as it were, into the proper pitch of fury, and gradually preparing the minds of his men for the entertainment and execution of the diabolical purpose. How dreadful was the condition in which we now found ourselves! In the centre of a vast sea—in which a thousand bodies might be buried and hid forever from the eye of day—cribbed up in a small vessel in the midst of wretches, ready and willing to destroy us—these enemies eight in number, while we were but two, and one of these two a youth of eighteen—the feelings of persons in such a situation can be but faintly conceived by those who have never confronted danger in so terrible a form. Though feeling, however, the full horror of our position, we did not permit ourselves to be overcome by despair. The cabin appropriated to us fortunately contained our own store of provision; and in this place, after the master's murderous threat, we shut ourselves up, barricading the door with all the heavy articles of furniture contained in the room. This proceeding was, as it were, a declaration of open war; it was an avowal of our knowledge of the purposes entertained against us; and it was the only step that could render us even for a moment secure.

The energies, bodily and mental, of human beings, frequently rise and become commensurate with the demands which occasion makes upon them. So I felt it to be with myself when I first laid down my head upon my pillow under the circumstances described. Above me I heard the tread of assassins, whose thirst for my blood would not permit them to rest; beside me lay a beloved brother, entrusted to my charge by a doating mother far away; a sense of fearful danger and deep anxiety were kept graven on my mind from these two present causes, independently of all

considerations of individual peril to myself, and yet I did not feel sickened or depressed by the prospect before me. On the contrary, I felt a buoyancy, an energetic vigour, both of mind and body, which can only be ascribed to the exciting nature of the circumstances in which we were placed. As I painted to myself the possibility of a death-grapple—a struggle for the lives of my brother and myself—with the men by whom we were surrounded, I felt my muscles become as hard in every limb as a cable rope, and was conscious of possessing such capabilities of exertion as would render my death no easy matter for even eight foes to accomplish.

This excited spirit did not forsake me. In the afternoon of the day following that on which we shut ourselves up, my brother and I found it impossible to endure any longer the close confinement of the cabin, without enjoying a mouthful of the fresh air; and after a consultation, the second that we held that day, we came to the resolution of going together on deck. At the same time determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We armed ourselves, before leaving the cabin, with two large carving-knives with which the room was fortunately provided, and also took with us every other defensive weapon which we possessed. Thus equipped, we stepped upon the deck, locking the cabin behind us. Glaring eyes like those of hungry tigers, were fixed upon us by the master and the crew, but the fire of watchful determination lit up the glances that were returned for theirs, and the villains quailed at the thought of attacking two determined men, or, more probably, they calculated upon having a future opportunity of taking us off our guard. We were allowed at least, to return to our cabin unmolested. But upon this we could build no hope of bettering our position. No man had spoken to us; no one had bid us good-morrow; every countenance was sullen, dark and lowering.

For many consecutive days a similar scene was repeated. Armed in the manner described, we went once every twenty-four hours upon deck, and barricaded ourselves at every other time within our cabin. During each of these two visits to the open air, every motion made by us was performed with such caution as became those whose movements were watched by demons, ready to spring upon their victims on the slightest show of incaution. But although it seems impossible that they should have been unsuccessful in a combined attack, their hearts uniformly failed them; for they saw well that some of them must have fallen—that we should not *die alone*!

Matters were in this situation—a situation still perilous and terrible, though we were growing accustomed to it—when by my calculations of time, it seemed to me that we should be approaching the eastern Mediterranean coasts, as our course had not been changed, as far as I could observe. An alarming confirmation of this conjecture was presented to me one night as I sat alone in the cabin, my brother having laid himself



down to sleep. The night was calm, and all was silent as my own brooding and voiceless thoughts, excepting the tramp—that often heard, that perpetual tramp—of two men walking upon the deck; these were the master and his mate—worthy and inseparable associates! Either they spoke louder, or the evening was stiller than usual; for I distinctly heard the murmur of their voices, which, in the like situation I had frequently endeavoured to catch in vain. I placed myself in the most favourable position for hearing, but my ear could gather sound only, not sense. At last, however, the voices increased in loudness—a violent stamp was made upon the cabin roof—and I heard the master's voice exclaim with a curse which I shall not repeat, and in tones which showed that passion had for the moment got the better of prudence, 'It *must* be done to-morrow, Antoine! Cowards! to think that we should have shrunk so long from two men! But, to-morrow they must die, or we lose our chance. We are close on shore, and will be boarded by some one immediately!' The mate appeared to have reminded him of his imprudence in making this loud exclamation, as they recommenced their walk, and their conversation sunk to the same murmuring tone as before.

On that momentous night I closed not my eyes, the ruminations that kept me awake were of a mixed character. The sentence which I had overheard, although in one sense a death-knell, was in another a signal of hope. We were approaching the neighbourhood of human beings who were not our enemies—of those who might rescue us from the fangs of the murderous harpies in whose clutches we were. But, alas! could we repel the attack, could we survive the death-struggle, which was impending? To be ready for whatever might happen, I packed up all our most valuable articles, partly in a box and partly about my person. I resolved also, to acquaint my brother with the words of the master, but to go upon deck by myself on the following day, and bear the brunt of the anticipated assault alone. That I should go on deck, I was determined, as *there* only could the means of emancipation be found.

But my brother had not been asleep; he had heard the words of the master as distinctly as myself, and he insisted in the morning upon going with me upon deck, and sharing my peril, whatever that might be. Again at this critical moment, did I feel in its full force all that tension of mind and body, of nerve and muscle, of which I have spoken. As I stepped on deck, I felt that the scowl that was cast upon me by the master was returned by a glare of as tiger-like a character as his own. My glance rolled keenly from side to side as I observed some more suspicious movements than usual on the part of the master and mate, and I prepared to buckle my dear beloved brother's body with my own, and die—if I was to die—like a brave man! The fatal moment—the collision—was evidently drawing nigh, and I again and again—silently but fervently

—commended my soul to my Maker, when suddenly—'A ship! a ship in the offing!' was the cry from one of the crew. The master and the rest all ran to the farther end of the sloop and gazed towards the vessel. I also would have fain gone and made signals to it, but dare not move from the spot. Things remained in this position for a few minutes, the crew being still busy with the ship in the distance, when my brother touched me on the arm, and whispered hurriedly, 'A boat! a boat close under us!' It was so. A small boat, with four men in it, had come near to us unobserved. I made eager signs for it to lie to, and at the same time motioned my brother to bring the box from the cabin. He did so, noiselessly; in one moment it was into the boat, and in another we had sprung into it also, with all the energy of desperation. 'Row! row! for our lives and for your own; and for *this*,' was my earnest whisper to the boatmen, showing a purse well filled with gold. The men seemed at once to comprehend that it was a case of peril, and pulled swiftly in the direction in which I pointed, which was, the reader may be assured, the opposite one to that in which the Italians still gazed. All this was the work of a moment, for it was work done by men whose faculties of exertion were indescribably aroused. When the crew of the sloop did observe our departure, we had made a considerable way from them, and all that they could do in their impotent rage and vexation was to send an unoffending shot or two after us. They did not attempt to follow. It may be, that on consideration, they congratulated themselves on the possession of the cargo, which must have been the main object of their desire, and trusted never to see us again.

The first thought, it may be supposed, of my brother and myself, on finding ourselves fairly free of the Italian sloop, was our gratitude to heaven for our deliverance from that awful bondage. Our rescuers proved to be fishermen of the Delta, dwelling near the mouth of the Western Nile. Once safely ashore, and the personal jeopardy of my brother and myself ended, my mind—such is human nature—reverted to my property, and I resolved not to let the treacherous Italians off without making some attempt to reclaim what was my own. Calculating, from the point at which I was landed, that they would most probably run in for the port of Alexandria, I hired a boat to carry us across the Bay of Aboukir, and through Lake Mareotis to that city. My conjecture was correct; the Italian sloop was in the harbour. The authorities were applied to, and so strong were my proofs of a right to the cargo, that the greater part of it was yielded up to me; but a due consideration of the scanty chances of justice there; and a deficiency of evidence, made me depart from my original purpose of charging the wretches with their perfidious intent to murder. I was even obliged to enter into intercourse and compromise with the villainous master, before my goods could be unshipped and disposed of.

My brother and I afterwards pursued our

course by another vessel to Beirout, where we made an advantageous sale of our cargo. It is only," Mr. Kerr added, "because you have in a manner forced me to tell this story, that I have been induced to go through its details, for nothing can be more positively painful to me than to enter upon it. For months after my escape, I could not sleep soundly. For two years I could not allude to the incidents without losing a night's rest in consequence; and, even now, the mention of the circumstances puts me into a state of nervous agitation of a very distressing kind. May you never, my good friend, pass twenty-two days in the way I spent them on my second voyage to the Levant!"—*Chamb. Ed. Journal.*

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER  
IN NORTH AMERICA.

In the year 1799, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the English army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat, and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers." So true was the maxim of the American General, that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army,—surprising their sentinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and to keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which

they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to rank it as treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!"

The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was now necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment; and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the Colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a bird chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is



the matter: but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery!"

The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and awaited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up with him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim; discharged my piece; and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and so completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves

in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bearing their bodies away, concealed them at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought.

#### MARRIAGES OF THE PERSIANS.

The mode of matrimonial courtship in Persia does not allow the eyes of the parties to direct their choice till they are mutually pledged to each other.—An elderly female is employed by the relations of the youth to visit the object selected by his parents or friends, or guessed at by himself; and her office is to ascertain the damsel's personal endowments, and all other subjects suitable to their views in the connection. If the report be favourable, the friends of the proposed bridegroom dispatch certain sponsors to explain his merits and pretensions to the relations of the lady, and to make the offer of marriage in due form. If accepted, the heads of the two families meet, when the necessary contracts are drawn up; the presents, ornaments, and other advantages proposed by the bridegroom's parents discussed and arranged; and when all is finally settled, the papers are sealed and witnessed before the cadi.

On the morning of the day fixed for the wedding, the lover sends a train of mules laden with the promised gifts for his bride, to the house of her parents; the whole being attended by numerous servants, and preceded by music and drums. Besides the presents for the lady, the procession carries all sorts of costly viands on large silver trays, ready prepared to be immediately spread before the inmates of the house. The whole of the day is spent in feasting and jollity; towards evening the damsel makes her appearance enveloped in a long veil of scarlet or crimson silk, and being placed on a horse or mule splendidly caparisoned, is conducted to the habitation of her affianced husband by all her relations, marching in regular order to the sound of the same clamorous band which had escorted the presents. When alighted at the bridegroom's door, the lady is led to her future apartments within the house, accompanied, by her female relations and waiting-maids. Her friends of the other sex meanwhile repair to those of the bridegroom, where all the male relations on both sides being assembled, the feasting and rejoicing recommence; the drums the other musical instruments still playing the most conspicuous part. When the supper-feast is over, the blushing bride is conducted to the nuptial chamber, and there the impatient lover first beholds his love, and the marriage is consummated without farther ceremony. The bridegroom, not long after, returns to his party, and an ancient matron in waiting leads the lady back to her female friends. A prescribed time is allowed for both sets of relations to congratulate the young people on their

union, after which they repair to the bridal chamber for the night, leaving their separate companies to keep up the revelry, which generally lasts for three days.

The marriage-contract stipulates the settlement on the bride of such jointure as may be agreed upon. It consists of a sum of money, proportionate to the fortune of the bridegroom, and other presents. If he is in middling circumstances he presents her with two complete dresses, a ring, and a mirror.—This jointure, called *mihir* or *kavin*, is destined for the support of the wife in case of divorce. The husband also supplies the requisite furniture, carpets, mats, culinary utensils, and other necessities.

It would be deemed the greatest possible disgrace to take back the bride after she had left her own house to go to the house of the bridegroom. When, therefore, the latter has promised a jointure beyond his means, a curious scene sometimes ensues. He shuts the door against the cavalcade, and declares he will not have the girl unless the jointure be reduced to a certain sum. A negotiation takes place between the parties, and the matter is finally adjusted according to the wishes of the bridegroom.—*Persia in Miniature.*

### THE SECRET BANDIT.

There lived formerly in Denmark a wealthy noble, who had an only child, a fair daughter. The maiden lacked not suitors, both for her beauty and amiable qualities, and for the lands she would one day inherit; but among them all she selected one who was distinguished by his handsome person and gallant bearing, nor less so for his apparent riches, although he was a stranger in those parts, and no one could tell where lay his possessions, or whence he came. In short, the day was fixed for their betrothment, upon which occasion a magnificent entertainment was to be given by the nobleman.

It chanced, however, that on the preceding eve the maiden walked out, unaccompanied by any attendant; and ere she was aware of the distance she had wandered, had lost herself in the intricacies of a deep wood. At length meeting with what seemed to be a path, she pursued the track, but found that it conducted to a dismal cavern, that extended for some way beneath the ground. Struck with wonder at its romantic appearance, she determined to explore it; and, advancing onward, soon discovered a spacious vault, that had every appearance of being inhabited, and that, too, not by a hermit or religious recluse, but by one who had a taste for wealth and luxury. She next proceeded into an inner chamber, where she saw a shining heap of gold and silver, which, on examination, she found to consist of richly chased goblets and other costly vessels, and gold coin. Continuing her search, she came to a third chamber, where, to her exceeding dismay and horror, she beheld the remains of human carcasses, dead men's bones, and hideous

sculls. She was now certain that she was in a retreat of robbers and murderers, and was about to make her escape as quickly as possible, when the sound of approaching footsteps warned her to conceal herself instantly behind a kind of projecting pillar at the extremity of this chamber of death. Hardly had she screened herself before a robber entered, bearing in his arms the dead body of a lady richly attired, from which he began to strip the jewels and valuable ornaments. While the barbarian was thus employed, the maiden caught a glimpse of his features, and a cry of horror nearly escaped her lips, as she discovered them to be those of her lover. He had now plundered the body of all but a very beautiful ring, when in his impatience to get it, he cut off the finger with his sword, but with such violence, that it flew to some distance very near the spot where the maiden was concealed. Fortunately, however, he did not stay to search for it, but having heard a signal from without, hurried away to rejoin his comrades. For some minutes the maiden stood rooted to the spot with horror at what she had just witnessed, and dread for her own fate; at length, hearing no noise whatever, she ventured from her hiding place, and soon after stole out of the cavern, having first picked up the finger that had been cut off, and succeeded in finding her way home, where she found her father awaiting her return in the greatest anxiety. She excused herself by saying that she had wandered much further than she intended, but mentioned not a word of the cavern, or the scene she had witnessed there.

On the following day the bridegroom arrived at the castle, attended by several companions, all splendidly attired, and the lady welcomed him as befitted one who was to be her future lord. As they afterwards sat at the festal board, and the goblet passed round, each guest recited some legend or wondrous tale. At length it came to the lady's turn to be narrator; whereupon she began to relate the adventure of a damsel, who, having lost herself in a forest, took shelter in a cave that was used by banditti for the purpose of concealing their booty. The bridegroom listened with the utmost anxiety.—“Within this cave,” continued the lady, “were many fair chambers, one of which was filled with heaps of gold and silver; in another were hands and legs, and other remains of dead bodies.” The bridegroom could scarcely conceal his agitation; yet seemed to lend an ear of unconcerned attention to the story, which proceeded to state how the damsel was surprised by the return of the robbers; how she concealed herself, and the shocking scene she beheld. “Ha! a pleasant tale truly,” exclaimed he, when the lady had finished; “yet methinks better for an old crone's fireside, than a banquet like ours.”—“I have reason to believe, however,” returned the lady, “that it is not a mere gossip's legend, but a fact.” “A fact!” exclaimed several of the guests. “Yes: one does not care to vouch for the truth of stories of the kind in general, but I am inclined to believe this, be-



cause—'tis, indeed, a very odd circumstance—I happen to have the very finger and ring that the robber cut off." What now followed may be easily conjectured. He who entered the castle as a welcome guest, was detained along with his comrades as a prisoner, and shortly after delivered up to the arm of justice. As for the lady, she thanked Heaven for having rescued her in the first place from imminent peril, and in the next from a union with a guilty assassin.

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“WATER BEWITCHED.”

A widow of the name of Betty Falla kept an alehouse in one of the market-towns frequented by the Lammermuir ladies (Dunse, we believe), and a number of them used to lodge at her house during the fair. One year Betty's ale turned sour soon after the fair; there had been a thunder-storm in the interim, and Betty's ale was as they say in that country, “strongest in the water.” Betty did not understand the first of these causes, and she did not wish to understand the latter. The ale was not palatable, and Betty brewed again to the same strength of water. Again it thundered, and again the swipes became vinegar. Betty was at her wit's end,—no long journey; but she was breathless.

Having got to her own wit's end, Betty naturally wished to draw upon the stock of another; and where should she find it in such abundance as with the minister of the parish. Accordingly, Betty put on her best, got her nicest basket, laid a couple of bottles of her choicest brandy in the bottom, and over them a dozen or two of her freshest eggs; and thus freighted, she fidgetted off to the manse, offered her peace-offering, and hinted that she wished to speak with his reverence in “preevat.”

“What is your will, Betty?” said the minister of Dunse. “An unco uncanny mishap,” replied the tapster's wife.

“Has Mattie not been behaving?” said the minister. “Like an innocent lamb,” quoth Betty Falla.

“Then—?” said the minister, lacking the rest of the query. “Anent the yill,” said Betty.

“The ale!” said the minister, “has any body been drinking and refused to pay?”

“Na,” said Betty, “they winna drink a drap.”

“And would you have me to encourage the sin of drunkenness?” said the minister.

“Na, na,” said Betty, “far frae that; I only want your kin' han' to get in yill again as they can drink.”

“I am no brewer, Betty,” said the minister gravely.

“Gude forfend, Sir,” said Betty, “that the like o' you should be evened to the gyle tub. I dinna wish for ony thing o' the kind.”

“Then what is the matter?” asked the minister.

“It is witched, clean witched; as sure as

I'm a born woman,” said Betty. “Naebody else will drink it, an' I canna drink it myself!”

“You must not be superstitious, Betty,” said the minister. “I'm no ony thing o' the kin’,” said Betty colouring, “an' ye ken it yoursel'; but twa brusts wadna be vinegar for naething.” (She lowered her voice.) “Ye mun ken, Sir, that o' a' the leddies frae the Lammermuir, that hae been comin' and gaen, there was an auld rudas wife this fair, an' I'm certie she's witched the yill; and ye mun just look into your buiks, an' tak off the witchin'!”

“When do you brew, Betty?”—“This blessed day, gin it like you Sir.”

“Then, Betty, here is the thing you want, the same malt and water as usual.”

—“Nae difference, Sir?”

“Then when you have put the water to the malt, go three times round the vat with the sun, and in *plis* name put in three shoofu's of malt; and when you have done that, go three times round the vat against the sun, and, in the devil's name, take out three bucketfuls of water; and take my word for it, the ale will be better.”

“Thanks to your reverence; gude mornin’.”  
—*Mirror*.

**ROASTED MONKEYS.**—The manner of roasting these anthropomorphous animals contributes singularly to render their appearance disagreeable in the eyes of civilized man. A little grating or lattice of very hard wood is formed, and raised one foot from the ground. The monkey is skinned, and bent into a sitting posture, the head generally resting on the arms, which are meagre and long; but sometimes these are crossed behind the back. When it is tied on the grating, a very clear fire is kindled below. The monkey, enveloped in smoke and flame, is broiled and blackened at the same time. On seeing the natives devour the arm or leg of a roasted monkey, it is difficult not to believe that this habit of eating animals, that so much resemble man in their physical organization, has, in a certain degree, contributed to diminish the terror of anthrophagy among savages. Roasted monkeys, particularly those that have a very round head, display a hideous resemblance to a child; the Europeans, therefore, who are obliged to feed on quadrumanes, prefer separating the head and the hands, and serve up only the rest of the animal at their tables. The flesh of monkeys is so lean and dry, that Mr. Boupland has preserved in his collection at Paris an arm and hand, which had been broiled over the fire at Esmeraldi; and no smell arises from them after a great number of years.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*.

**SPINSTERS.**—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen.—From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain on all law proceedings.

## THE CHOSEN ONE.

"Here's a long line of beauties—see!

Ay, and as varied as they're many:  
Say, can I guess the one would be  
Your choice among them all—if any?"

"I doubt it—for I hold as dust  
Charms many praise beyond all measure.  
While gems they treat as lightly, *must*  
Combine to form my chosen treasure."

"Will this do?"—"No: that hair of gold,  
That brow of snow, that eye of splendour,  
Cannot redeem the mien so cold—  
The air so stiff, so quite *un-tender*."

"This, then?"—"Far worse! can lips like these  
Thus smile as though they asked the kiss?  
Thinks she that e'en such eyes can please,  
Beaming—there is no word like *this*?"

"Look on that singer at the harp—  
Of her you cannot speak thus—ah, no!"  
—"Her!—why, she's *form'd* of flat and sharp—  
I doubt not she's a fine soprano!"

"The next?"—"What, she who lowers her eyes  
From sheer mock-modesty—so pert,  
So doubtful-mannered?—I despise  
Her, and all like her—she's a *Flirt*!"

And this is why my spleen's above  
The power of words: 'tis that they can  
Make the vile semblance be to Love  
Just what the Monkey is to Man!

But yonder I, methinks, can trace  
One *very* different from these:  
Her features speak—her form is Grace  
Completed by the touch of Ease!

That opening lip, that fine frank eye,  
Breathe nature's own true gaiety—  
So sweet, so rare *when thus*, that I  
Gaze on't with joy—nay, ecstasy!

For when 'tis thus you'll also see  
That eye still richer gifts express;  
And on that eye there still will be  
A sighing smile of tenderness!

Yes! here a matchless spirit dwells,  
E'en for that lovely dwelling fit!  
I gaze on her—my bosom swells  
With feelings, thoughts—oh, exquisite!

That such a being, noble, tender,  
So fair, so delicate, so dear,  
Would let one love her and *be friend* her—  
Ah, yes, *my Chosen One* is here!"

*London Magazine.*

## LEAVE ME NOT YET.

Leave me not yet—through rosy skies from far,  
But now the song-birds to their nests return;  
The quivering image of the first pale star  
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn:  
Leave me not yet!

Not yet!—oh hark! low tones from hidden streams  
Piercing the shivery leaves, e'en now arise;  
Their voices mingle not with day-light dreams—  
They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies:  
Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love.  
By day shut up in their own still recess:  
They wait for dew on earth, for stars above,  
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness:  
Leave me not yet!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## SIGNS OF RAIN.

The hollow wind begins to blow,  
The clouds look black, the glass is low,  
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,  
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.  
Last night the sun went pale to bed,  
The moon in halos hid her head,  
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,  
For see, a rainbow spans the sky.  
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,  
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernell.  
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack—  
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;  
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry:  
The distant hills are looking nigh.  
How restless are the snorting swine;  
The busy flies disturb the kine;  
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;  
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings.  
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws  
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.  
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,  
And nimbly catch the incautious flies;  
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,  
Illum'd the dewy dell last night.  
At dusk the squalid toad was seen  
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;  
The whirling wind the dust obeys,  
And in the rapid eddy plays;  
The frog has changed his yellow vest,  
And in a russet coat is drest.  
Though June, the air is cold and still;  
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.  
My dog, so altered in his taste,  
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast;  
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight—  
They imitate the gliding kite,  
And seem precipitate to fall,  
As if they felt the piercing ball.  
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow,  
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

*Dr. Jenner.*

## NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest:  
How sweet, when labors close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose—  
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Mix in fantastic strife:  
Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are!  
*Montgomery.*



## ORANGES.

Bear me to the Citron groves:  
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
With the deep ORANGE glowing through the green,  
Their lighter glories blend.—*Thomson.*

THE migration of oranges into England, will, no doubt, render some account of this universally admired fruit acceptable to our readers: it is extracted from *Mr. Phillips's Pomarium Botanicum*. The China, or sweet oranges, with which this country is now so amply supplied, and at such moderate prices that all classes of society enjoy them as perfectly as if they had been indigenous to the climate, were introduced into Europe about the eleventh or twelfth century. At this time, several varieties of the orange were cultivated in Italy, whence they were taken to Spain and Portugal. The orange is now grown to so great an extent in Italy, that there are almost forests of them. Prince Antonio Borghese, at his palace near Rome, has upwards of seventy sorts of orange and lemon trees, among which are some very rare kinds; it is a fruit so much esteemed in Italy, where it thrives well, that apples, pears, and cherries, have almost become extinct in that country. The delightful perfume of an orange-grove is such as to scent the air for miles: and the tree gives a succession of flowers during the whole summer, on which account it is cultivated in all greenhouses, and large orangeries have been built for the express purpose of housing these trees: the most magnificent one is that of Versailles, built by Louis XIV. A fine orange-tree in this collection is called the "GREAT BOURBON," and is more than four hundred years old!

Oranges were known in this country in the time of Henry VIII.; but it does not appear that they were cultivated prior to Queen Elizabeth's reign. Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., had an orange-house and orange-garden at her mansion, Wimbledon-hall, in Surrey; and when this property was sold by order of the parliament in 1649, we find that forty-two orange-trees, "bearing fayre and large oringes," were valued at ten pounds a tree, one with another; and a lemon-tree at twenty pounds.—Orange-trees have been grown in the southern parts of Devonshire for more than one hundred years past. When trained to walls they produce large handsome fruit, but not of equal value to the lemons grown in the same situation. Most of these were raised in this country from seeds, and they are thought to be more hardy than trees imported; but the orange-trees which are brought every year from Italy, and sold principally at the Italian ware-houses, in London, are as large as those of our own growth would be in twenty years. With proper care, these trees will have good heads, and produce fruit in about three years. The Mandarin orange was not cultivated in England until 1805. We have lately seen orange-trees imported from the south of France, which have arrived in small tubs; and so well packed that the fruit and blossoms remained on the trees when they reached the neighbourhood of London.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 114, there is a very remarkable account of a tree standing in a grove near Florence, having an orange stock, which had been so grafted on, that it became in its branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, three-formed; some emulating the orange, some the lemon or citron, and some partaking of both forms in one. These mixed fruits never produce any perfect seeds; sometimes there are no seeds at all in them, and sometimes only a few empty ones. The Maltese graft their orange-trees on the pomegranate-stock, which causes the juice to be of a red colour, and the flavour to be more esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his *Natural History of Barbadoes*, mentions the golden orange as growing in that island. He describes the fruit as a large fine orange, of a deep colour within, from whence it derives the name of *Golden Orange*. He adds, "this fruit is neither of the Seville nor China kind, though it partakes of both, having the sweetness of the China, mixed with the agreeable bitterness and flavour of the Seville orange."—*Time's Telescope* for 1828.

## MISERIES OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

*The Groans of Pædagogus and his Usher, with a few Sighs from his Wife.*

*Pæd.* Having a boy brought to your school, with the character of a great genius, which you soon find out to consist in doing everything he ought not to do, and avoiding every thing he ought to do.

*Usher.* Being accountable for this boy out of school hours.

*Mrs. Pæd.* Receiving a long letter once a fortnight from a maiden aunt, requesting me to see that he takes his medicine every night, and puts on his hat whenever he goes into the playground.

*Pæd.* Explaining a difficult passage, and suddenly discovering that the eldest boy in the class has drawn a caricature of you on a blank leaf of his Virgil, and is handing it round to the rest.

*Usher.* Finding you have been walking half a dozen times to and fro before a lady's boarding school in the neighbourhood with a paper on your back informing the world that you are an ass.

*Pæd.* Being informed by a parent that he is very well satisfied with your school, but he thinks his boy would come on faster, if he were removed now and then.

*Usher.* Yes, upon the same principle, I suppose, that a gardener transplants cabbages, to make them grow more rapidly.

(Enter servant, bringing letters. *Pædagogus* opens and reads.)

Sir,—Per Defiance I send back to school my son William—think him partic. deficient in correspondence—Please let him write me as often as convenient to improve his style. I shall always answer per first opportun. to show him how things ought to be done. Know the old prov. præc. makes perf.—Brings with him

"Advice to Young Tradesmen," which please set him to read for his amusement out of school-time. His mother wishes him to learn some poetry against a do which we are going to have, but I think it would be more improving for him to get off some of the Ready Reckoner. Hoping you'll attend to these directions,

I remain,

Yr hbble servt.

Lon. Augt. 6th. 15.

MM. WIDLIKENS.

Mrs. Widlikens complements to Mr. *Pædagogus* begs he will teach the young *Gentelman* to speak *Collins* ode on the *Passions*, with proper *haksent* and *gestikation*: also *Macbeth's* speech about the *dager*, and a few *helegant vusses* out of Mr. Wordsworth, in the moving and the pathtick line.—Mrs. W. will do *erself* the pleasure of riding *hover* on the 20th *Ult. Opes* Master W. will perfect by that time, as she intends to give a *speciment* of his talents to a select party of *amatoors* of *theatrikals*, which may be of use to Mr. *Padigogus's* school, which she will feel pleasure in *patrinising*, all as *luys* in my power, if so be as I am not disappointed in the speeches. Mrs. Jobbins informs me that *er* son is *studdyin* in the *belleter*; if its *noo* and *fashionable*, my young *gentelman* shall learn, if so, you'll *obleege* me by *purchising* one for him the *fast* timè you come to town, which if not immediately I can do for you if you will send me a description.

Yours and so forth.

MARTHA ANGELINA WIDLIKENS.

P. S. As restraint may cramp his *genus*, which I am *credably enformed* is all the rage of the *ier sirkles*, youell not suffer him to study to much.

Monday Morning.

Complements to Mrs. P.—Wen I see you I may *praps* truble you with a *foo idears* on *hedichashun* as I dare say you *kno* your *intrest* to well not to wish to be *enformed* what it is as is most required in *junteel life*.

Fish Street Hill, Monday Morning.

Hope Mrs. P. will attend to Master W.'s teeth *reglar*.

## GENEVA

Has very little, as a city, to recommend it. It is characterized by much active industry within doors, the *savans* and *mechaniciens* being pent up in their closets and ateliers, and very little gaiety prevades the promenades. Some parts of the town are sufficiently picturesque; the overhanging roofs, for which it is remarkable, are, however, too lofty to screen the pedestrian from the rain, especially if accompanied by a high wind, and form no shade from the sun. The pavement of the streets is bad, and their irregularity is a considerable drawback from the internal appearance. The pavement of the inclined plane in the Hotel de Ville, of which we gain the arduous ascent that conducts us to the passport office, is a curiosity of its kind, and perhaps unique. The city is tolerably well fenced in with walls within walls, draw and suspension bridges,

and gates; while stakes and chains secure from surprise on the part of the lake. The small canton of Geneva, though in the vicinity of the Great Alpine chain and the mountains of the Jura, includes no mountains. The name of the city and canton has been traced by the etymologists to a Celtic origin; *Gen*, a sally-port or exit, and *av*, a river, probably because the Rhone here leaves the Leman lake. The eagle on the escutcheon of the city arms indicates it having been an imperial city; and it is believed the key was an adjunct of Pope Martin V., in the year 1418. The motto on the serole, "Ex tenebris lux," appears to have existed anterior to the light of the Reformation. The number of the inhabitants may now be estimated at about 22,000; but it appears by a census in 1789, to have been 26,148. In this moral city, it is computed that every twelfth birth is illegitimate. The number of people engaged in clock and watch-making and jewellery, may be safely rated at 3,000. In years favourable to these staple manufactures 75,000 ounces of gold are employed, which is almost equally divided between watches and jewellery. The daily supply of silver is about 134 ounces. Pearls form an article of considerable value in the jewellery, and has been rated at no less sum than 1,200 francs daily. 70,000 watches are annually made, only one-twelfth of which are in silver. More than fifty distinct branches are comprised in the various departments, and each workman, on the average, earns about three shillings a-day—*Mr John Murray's Tour*.

AN INTELLIGENT MAID-SERVANT.—I declare it really wasn't prudent to trust that Emma to do a thing; and even that little lamb of a Kitty of mine was scarcely safe with a stupid like her in the house. For I recollect once, I had been thinking the simpleton had a great deal of spare time on her hands, and might just as well do a little needlework as sit twiddling her finger and thumb of an evening, so I told her that my little poppet of a Kitty was growing so fast that all her things were getting too short for her, and that she really wanted a tuck out in her best frock, and would certainly look all the better for it, so I would thank her to attend to it that night, and let it be done before she went to bed. In the evening, I was in the parlour, boiling down some quince pips to make a nice fixture for my hair, and all the while I could hear that sweet little cherub of mine down stairs crying; so I said to myself, "What the dickens can that idiot be doing with the child in the kitchen at this time of night, when it ought to have been undressed and in bed a good hour ago?" Off I trotted to see what precious bit of stupidity my lady was at now. When I reached the kitchen I thought I should have fainted, for there sat that Emma, with my little angel on her knee, dressed out in its best frock, and with its dear little innocent face daubed all over with treacle, just as if it had been tarred. "What on earth have you been doing with the child, Emma?" I exclaimed. "I thought you said it was to have



a tuck out in its best frock, ma'am," she replied; "it could have nothing nicer than plenty of bread and treacle." And then, to my horror, I learnt from her, that when I told her I fancied the child would look all the better for having a tuck out in its best frock, bless and save us if the stupid oaf didn't imagine that I wished it to have a grand feast in its Sunday clothes.—*The Greatest Plague of Life.*

AN IRISHMAN'S "MORNING."—At Galway assizes, Patrick Fox and others were charged with stealing flour in January last. Thomas Concannon, one of the principal witnesses, was cross-examined by the prisoner Patrick Fox.

Prisoner:—Were you drunk? Witness:—Ah, give me none of your blarney; no I wasn't. (Laughter.)

Prisoner:—You were. You did not know what you were doing.

Judge Ball:—Did you drink anything that morning? W.:—Yes, my lord.

Judge:—How much did you drink before you left Galway? W.:—Two dandies of punch.

Judge:—How much porter? W.:—I took two pints of porter.

Judge:—Very well: how much raw spirits did you take? W.:—I drank two naggins of whisky. (Laughter.)

Judge:—Would I be safe in going any farther? W.:—You would not, my lord. (Laughter.) This was drank in Galway before I left it. When I came to Oranmore I drank a naggin of spirits.

Judge:—How much punch? W.:—No punch there, my lord. It was too early, and the kettle wasn't boiling. (Loud laughter.) After drinking the naggin, I got a pint of whisky in a bottle, and put it into my coat, and as I went on I took some out of the bottle. When I came two miles further on, I stopped and I took another glass of whisky; and then I eat my breakfast. (Loud laughter.) Was sober enough to identify the prisoner. Often drank so much that I could not remember the number of glasses; but on these occasions had not anything else to do. (Laughter.)

#### THE VICISSITUDES OF COMMERCE.

In the year 1346, at the taking of Calais, Yarmouth assisted the king with 43 ships, on board of which were 1075 mariners; and it appears by the roll of the High Fleet of King Edward the Third before Calais, that there were 700 ships, and 14,157 mariners employed on that memorable occasion, and that Fowey then supplied the King with more ships than any sea-port in England, London not excepted. The following is a part of the list:—Fowey 47—Yarmouth 43—Dartmouth 31—Plymouth 26—Shoreham 26—London 25—Bristol 24—Sandwich 22—Dover 21—Southampton 21—Winchester 21—Weymouth 20—Looe 20—Newcastle 17—Boston 17—Hull 16. The ships carried from 16 to 30 men each, and the average might be from 25 to 30 each. The navy of England was at that period fitted out in a similar manner to which the militia is raised at present; every seaport, and other considerable

town being obliged to contribute its quota; the King, on the part of the government, furnishing 25 ships. The circle of importance of the different towns of that day, about 470 years since, when compared with what they are now, gives a most striking proof of the vicissitudes to which commercial places are subject. Truro, in Cornwall, sent nearly twice as many ships as London did, and the names of many of the towns which stood very high in the list, are now almost forgotten.

CATCHING TIGERS.—In some parts of South America, a great many tigers are caught with the lasso by the Indian and Creole inhabitants, for the sake of their skins. They are also sometimes entrapped in the following manner:—a large chest, or wooden frame, is made, supported upon four wheels, and is dragged by oxen to a place where the traces of tigers have been discovered. In the furthest corner of the chest is put a putrid piece of flesh, by way of bait, which is no sooner laid hold of by the tiger than the door of the trap falls; he is killed by a musket ball, or a spear thrust through the crevices of the planks.—*Memoirs of General Miller.*

POTATOES.—One is almost induced to imagine that certain orders of London conceive that "taters," as they commonly call them in their uncooked state, is a generical term; and that they only become entitled to the prefix of "pot," after they have been boiled.

A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets who had lost her master, and was ready to whelp; he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her (which it may be supposed he was not suffered to want) during her confinement.—*Southey's Omniana.*

TARRING AND FEATHERING.—Tarring and feathering, it seems, is an European invention. Holinshed mentions that one of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seamen was, "that if any man was taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known as a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land be put forth of the company to seek his adventure, without any hope of return to his fellows."

DEAD MARCH.—On the evening before Dr. Chubbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more even than upon his last visit; "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will tell you what it beats—it beats the dead march."

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"IT'S ONLY A BIT OF A STRETCH."

"And were there many at the race, Pierce?"

"Many, is it many, aunt? Faith, I believe ye; thousands upon thousands!"

"And did many horses run, Pierce?"

"Ay, hundreds!"

"Oh, Pierce, how could that be?—there would not be room; and, besides, I'm astonished at the people's coming out in the teams of rain."

"Och, aunt, ye're such a bother! Warn't there hundreds of tents to shelter them?"

"Is it to shelter thousands, Pierce?" said his aunt Kitty, laying down her knitting, and looking with her pale blue eyes steadfastly in his face.

"Lord! aunt, how can you go on believing every word a fellow says?"

"That's true my dear, when you are 'the fellow,'" answered aunt Kitty in her usual placid way.

"Sure," he continued, "there were plenty of people on the race-course, and that's all as one as thousands; and there were plenty of horses, and a good sprinkling of tents; but, aunt, you drive all the spirit out of a man with your regulation of questions. I tell you, you drive all the spirit out of me."

"Then I do very wrong," replied aunt Kitty, smiling. "I only want to exchange spirits—the spirit of truth for the spirit of falsehood."

"Falsehood, aunt!"

"Lying—whether black or white—if it pleases you better."

"By the powers!—and they're a large family—I wouldn't let a man say that of me."

"You could not prevent his thinking it."

"No man should dare tell me I was a liar!"

"I dare say not, Mr. Pierce Scanlan. You quarrelled last week with Miles Pendergast for repeating, as if it had been truth, what you afterwards said was a jest, and then you quarrelled with him for saying that something else was falsehood which you wished to be understood was truth. You said on both occasions you'd blow his brains out; but you have stated your intentions of doing so towards so many, that I suppose my friend Miles still has his brains. I hope he will keep them cool."

"I wish," exclaimed the young farmer, "I wish my mother had been any thing but an English woman."

"Why, Pierce?"

"Why, because then I should not have an English aunt to fuss about nothing. Now, don't look angry; no, not angry; you never look angry, that's the d—l of it—Nor don't blow me up—but no, that's as bad, you never blow me up; if you did, there would be some comfort in it, but you won't do neither. You won't do any thing but reason with me—it is really enough to make a fellow mad!"

"To be reasoned with?"

"Ay, to be reasoned with. My father used to say that it was one of the privileges of an Irish husband, that he was never expected to listen to reason."

"Irish husbands," said aunt Kitty very solemnly, while preparing to take up a stitch she had dropped, "are generally speaking, great tyrants; they have the most tender affectionate wives in the world, and they bluster their lives out. Storm!—storm!—fly!—fly!—and then (as was the case with my poor sister) when the trembling spirit has found



refuge in the grave, they cry over her ! Irish fathers are bad fathers !”

“Oh, Kitty, Kitty, if you warn’t my aunt !”

“But I am your aunt, I left my home and my country, when the Almighty took your parents, to share what I had with my sister’s children. All I want is for you to hear me.”

“Aunt, you want us to heed you too.”

“Not unless your reason is convinced, Pierce.”

“Bother the reason, aunt ! I want to have no call to it ; and I hope you won’t be coming over what you said just now to Eliza Byrne about Irish husbands.”

“Irish husbands are generally bad, and Irish fathers are even worse.”

“And their care for their comfort and prosperity amounts to nothing. Peer and peasant live up to what they have, and leave their children the Irish heritage of beggary. How did your own father leave you and your three little sisters ? It breaks my heart when I think of it ! You’re a good boy, Pierce ; a kind-hearted boy, if you’d give up stretching ; only stick to the truth, the bright ornament, Pierce. I do think if you would, you’d be almost as good a husband as an Englishman, as wise a one as a Scotchman.”

“Will you say that to Eliza Byrne, aunt ? Do aunt, like a darling, and I won’t give a stretch for a week !”

“Talking of Eliza Byrne,” said his kind, but peculiar aunt Kitty, “now I think of it, Eliza heard something you had said of Lucy Flynn that has cut her up very much.”

“Of Lucy Flynn ?”

“Yes either of Lucy or to Lucy, I am not sure which, so do not run away my story into a stretch. And, Pierce, what did you mean by saying that Brady owed Garrett more gold than his mare could carry, and that he’d be broke horse and foot if he could not pay.”

“Oh, by the powers,” replied Pierce, colouring deeply, “I never said such a word, not that I remember ; or, if I did, *’twas only a bit of a stretch*, just to taze old Mother Brady, that thought to haul me over the coals about a bit of fun concerning her son and Ellen Graves. I meant no harm at the time. Any how,

he does owe Bardy a matter of ten pounds.”

“*Is that more than his mare could carry ?*”

“Oh, aunt Kitty, be easy ; you’re too bad entirely ; faith the town land’s turning English upon us, observing every stretch a boy makes for divarsion.”

“There is plenty of divarsion on the subject, I assure you,” said his aunt. “Every lie in the parish is called a *Pierce Scanlan*.”

“By the powers ?” he exclaimed, “any man that will say that, I’ll break every bone in his body.”

“Would’t it be easier to break yourself of the habit of stretching, as you call it ?” inquired his aunt.

“Bad cess to the people that can’t see a joke, and ye’re enough, aunt, so you are, to set a body mad.”

The interview had proceeded to this particular point, when Pierce’s sisters Jane and Anne and little Mary entered together ; they had taken half a holiday, and crossed the hill to spend it at Eliza Byrne’s, and now returned, not laughing and talking as usual, but with sober steady countenances, and quiet footsteps. Each entered without speaking, and there was traces of tears on little Mary’s cheeks.

“Holloa, girls !” exclaimed their really good-tempered brother, “have you been to a funeral ?”

“Be easy with your nonsense,” said Jane.

“Too much of one thing is good for nothing,” muttered Anne.

“I wonder at you, so I do, brother Pierce, to say what you did of Eliza Byrne,” added little Mary.

“And your life isn’t safe in the country, I can tell you that,” recommenced Jane ; “for every one of the Brady people are up as high as the Hill of Howth.”

“And will have you as low down as the towers in Lough Neath,” added Anne.

“And Ellen Graves’s father has been all the way to Newtownmountchallagh-arshane, to see ’torney Driscoll, to take the law of you for taking away his daughter’s character.”

“Easy, girls, for the love of the holy saints !—easy I say,” said Pierce, looking, as well he might, bewildered ; “you open upon me all the world like a pack of

hounds. Easy—one at a time?" exclaimed the brother; "*easy with the hay, avourneens, and insense* me into it—quietly."

"Quietly!" repeated little Mary, who was the pet and beauty of the family; "it's mighty easy to say quiet to the waves of the sea, and the storm whirling them about."

"A joke's a joke," said Jane, "but what right had you to touch the girl's character?"

"And crying up Lucy Flynn before Eliza Byrne's brother's face. She'll have nothing more to say to you, I can tell you that," continued Anne.

"And meddling with the Bradys—the quarrelsomest people in the five parishes; we'll have the house burned over our heads through you," sobbed little Mary.

"And be brought before judge and jury, if that 'torney Driscoll smells out the yellow guineas Ellen Graves's father keeps hid in the ould stocking in the thatch of his house; and oh! on the race ground—I forgot that—how could you say that the councillor's *cowl* Conn was all head and tail like his owner! The councillor will be down upon ye, ye misfortunate boy, as well as the 'torney!" said Jane.

"And that's not the worst of it; but, Pierce, the stretch you made,——"

"Whisht, Anne," interrupted Mary; "what was it all to compare to little Matty O'Hay's turning up his nose when I said my aunt could fine-plait better than the lady's maid at the castle; he turns up and round his ugly nose, that looks for all the world like a stray root of mangold-wortzel, and says 'he supposes that must be put down as another *Pierce Scanlan*.'" "

"Did he say that," exclaimed Pierce, jumping upwards to where three or four exceedingly well-looking, well organized Shillalas were "seasoning"—up the chimney; and bringing down his favourite at a spring, he weighed it carefully in his hand.

There is something particularly national and characteristic in the manner of an Irishman's weighing a shillala; the grasp he gives it is at once firm and tender; he poises it on his open palm, glancing his eye along its fair proportions; and

then his hand gently undulates; again he regards it with a look of intense and friendly admiration, grasps his fingers round it, so as to assure himself of its solidity, until the knuckles of his muscular hand become white, and the veins purple; then in an ecstasy of enjoyment he cuts a caper; and while his eyes sparkle, and a deep and glowing crimson colours his cheeks, he wheels his national weapon round his head, and the wild "whoop!" of the wild Irish rings through the air. So did Pierce, and the "whoop," intended as a sort of a war-cry to the faction of the O'Hays, compelled his aunt Kitty to speak.

"My dear," said the good quiet English soul, fairly letting her knitting drop and placing her fingers on her ears, "My dear Pierce, put down that dirty stick; don't make such a noise, but sit down and *listen to reason*?" Now, let any one, understanding what an Irishman is in a state of excitement, imagine how Pierce received this well-intended but ill-timed admonition. Never had he been so badgered before; for a moment the stick was poised above his head, as if the good woman had been a sorceress, and had fixed it there; and then muttering a deep oath, he rushed towards the door with something like a determination of cracking the pate of the first man he met, merely to get his hand in practice for what was to come. It is not, however, easy for a man to escape from four women, and they hung around him with a tenacity of grasp, that he was literally dragged to "the settle."

"Now, my dear Pierce," said his aunt, when the cries and "ah, do's" and "ah, dont's" of the sisters had subsided, "will you listen to reason?"

"No!" roared Pierce, with the voice of a stentor.

"Ah, do, aunty Kitty, let him alone for a moment or two," whispered little Mary; "it's no use now, and he foaming mad alive with passion; let him come to a bit; or put," she added judiciously, "an ould crock or something in his way to breake: that always *softens* his temper."

Now, though aunt Kitty saw little Mary was right in both cases, she loved her crocks too well to attend to the second admonition. She could not help thinking



very truly what an immensity of harm is done by the *gaggish* and mean kind of wit which springs from falsehood; like the weeds growing upon rank and unwholesome soil; their fruit is poison; the innocent and playful mirth sparkling in the sunbeams of a warm imagination, and both giving and receiving pleasure, is healthful and inspiring; but in Ireland all classes are more or less cursed with a spirit of exaggeration, that, to my sobered senses, is nothing more or less than unredeemable falsehood; and there are a number of persons who have many good qualities, but I cannot respect them; they are perpetually lying. If they have walked a mile they tell you they have walked six; and if there is a crowd, it is magnified into thousands, like poor Pierce's people on the race-course. You must be, like Michael Cassio, "a good arithmetician," to deduct the item of truth from the million of falsehood. If you believe them, they are rude enough to laugh at you; and if you do not believe them, they are inclined to quarrel with you. Although I have in this instance made exaggeration a *peasant-failing*, I think the middle class are the most addicted to what I must call by its own vulgar name, "*humbugging*"—saying what is not true, that they may have the pleasure of laughing at those who do them the injustice to believe they have spoken truth.

In England we have no understanding for this spurious wit. No country cherishes truth as it deserves to be cherished; it is a blessed and a holy thing, but we do not in England profess to put truth to the blush. "He's a fine gentleman," said a cousin of Pierce Scanlan's to me, when speaking of his landlord; "he's a fine gentleman; the *very light of his eyes is truth*."

To those unaccustomed to the contradiction of the Irish character, it is extraordinary, that in a neighbourhood where eight or nine young men live, all known to belong to the *humbugging* class, any should be found weak or foolish enough to credit a word they say; and yet those very boys will go on telling falsehoods of each other, at which they will laugh one moment and about which (as is Pierce Scanlan's case) they will quarrel the next. It is very painful to associate with

those who never reflect that they sacrifice the moral dignity of manhood when they desecrate the temple of truth.

Pierce Scanlan's imaginations were very vivid, and he loved a laugh; he had given himself the habit of speaking without consideration; and as the jollity of the many stifled annoyances and pains of the few, he had gone on until even those who confessed "he meant no harm" became annoyed at his practical jokes. Elize Byrne had loved him, but not as well as he had loved her; and the match was effectually broken off, at least for a time, by her brother, who declared, after what Pierce had said of Lucy, his sister should have nothing to say to him.

Now Pierce had this for a stretch, a sort of desire to cut a dash, by showing that he had two strings to his bow; but Eliza's feelings were wounded, and though she had known that Pierce was a "*stretcher*," she did not seem to care for the fault, until it reached herself. This is the way in general—we laugh at the jest until it cuts home.

But to return to the cottage.

Pierce, although not wrought up to the pitch of being able to reason, was brought about by his sisters to think, though but little time was given either for that or any other consideration, for the Brady faction had mustered strong, and, stimulated by strong drink, entered the farmhouse, to the terror of his sisters, and almost the death of his aunt; and taking the law, as they are too fond of doing, in their own hand, beat the unfortunate Pierce in a way that rendered him dumb for a long time on the subject of whatever debts the Bradys might contract. He had only done it for a stretch; and what of that?—it had come home to the Bradys, and although one and all they were rather sorry the next day for "being so hard on Pierce, pleasant boy!" still that was but a poor salvo for his aching bones and insulted pride.

Aunt Kitty undertook to talk over old Jem Graves, and Mary accompanied her aunt to prevent her giving him too much English. I really think that Mary's bright eyes had more to do with the withdrawal of 'torney Driscoll's instructions touching "*the bit of a stretch*" which the honest old man imagined affected his daughter's fame, than all aunt Kitty's reasons.

Pierce made him an earnest and ample apology, and thus prevented further trouble on that score. The councillor had taken umbrage at the license Pierce had given to his imaginations when speaking of the colt. Words wound more deeply than swords; and long after the desire for fun had prompted the folly, the councillor remembered the foolish jest which Pierce had indulged in at the expense of him and his colt, and refused Pierce a new lease of a couple of acres which he had much desired to retain, and which his father and grandfather had tilled. Aunt Kitty could not understand why it was the Brady faction took the law into their own hands and thrashed her nephew, nor how it was that, having so done, her nephew did not take the law of them; but this want of comprehension was set down by her Irish neighbours to the score of English stupidity. The various rumours that these disturbances gave rise to spread all over the country, and far and near, Pierce was always reminded of his fault by, "Well, Pierce, what's the last?—have you got a new stretcher?" Pierce must have carried his art of exaggeration to great perfection to have attained such note in a country where the practice is so largely indulged in, but circumstances had given him peculiar celebrity, and his aunt had so far succeeded in making him listen to reason as to convince his reason that the practice was wrong. The painful part of the matter was that when he really spoke truth, no one would believe him.

Eliza Byrne more than once was on the point of relenting; but though Pierce swore over and over again that he was an altered man, every exaggeration in the parish was fathered upon him, and poor Eliza did not know what to do for the best. Her brother is certainly Pierce's enemy in the matter, and but for him I really think they would have been married. I wish it was a match, for Pierce Scanlan deserves a reward for fighting, as he has lately done—against a habit, the triumph of which is "*never to be believed!*" It may be a match! I saw them walking together last time I was at Artfinne; Eliza listening, and Pierce, with very little exaggeration either in his look or manner, making love earnestly yet soberly; the worst symptom I per-

ceived was, that Eliza Byrne shook her head frequently.

"Well Pierce," I said, as I passed them (they had paused for the purpose), "I hope you are weighing your words."

"Bedad! ma'am, I've been truer than standard weights and measures this many a day, but I get no thanks for it."

"But you will, Pierce, in time. The priest, the minister, and aunt Kitty say you improve."

"I am improved," he said, somewhat proudly, "though Eliza won't believe it. Yet, I know I'm improved."

"Pierce, Pierce!" exclaimed Eliza with a very sly quiet smile, "*isn't that a bit of a stretch?*"

I think Eliza might venture.

*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

## MIGNONETTE.

It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager.

In less than another age we predict (without the aid of Egyptian art) that the children of our peasants will gather this luxurious little plant amongst the wild flowers of our hedge-rows.

The *Reseda Odorata* first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, Little-darling, which was found too appropriate for the sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. By a manuscript note in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that the seed of the Mignonette was sent in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the royal gardens at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at Old Windsor; but we should presume that this seed was not dispersed, and perhaps not cultivated beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian, Van Royen, of Reyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Gardens at Chelsea, in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists, so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to fur-



nish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the *Task* soon afterwards celebrates it as a favorite plant in London.

—"the sashes fronted with a range,  
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed."

The odour which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house; but even those persons, we presume, must be delighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the "close-pent man," whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer's evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odours are but too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing the streets and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the Mignonette so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from those effluvia which bring disorders in the air. The perfume of Mignonette in the streets of our metropolis reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of their streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable.

Although it is so short a time since the Sweet *Reseda* has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; and, as Cupid does not so frequently bestow honors of heraldry as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the Pursuivant-at-Arms.

The Count of Walsthim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia de Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, except that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was an only child of

a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion, and as a stimulus to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a Rose; others a Carnation, a Lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of Mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the Count, so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, who, ever studious of Amelia's real happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw the affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the Rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plai qu'un moment,

which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the Mignonette:

Ses qualites surpassent ses charmes.

Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated by her attention to the Colonel, and neglect of the Count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the

Sweet *Reseda* to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,

Your qualities surpass your charms.

*Philip's Flora Historica.*

## POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

"I have invariably observed," says the lively and picturesque author of *Letters from the Levant*, "that the farther we progress towards the south in any country, the situation of females becomes more deplorable and unhappy. In northern latitudes alone," continues the same writer, "woman is the better half of creation: as we draw towards more genial climes, she gradually emerges into equality, inferiority, a deprivation of her rights and dignity; and at last, in the vicinity of the line, a total denial of a reasoning principle, or an immortal essence, which might enjoy in another world those privileges of which she is tyrannically debarred in this." The author then proceeds to illustrate his assertion, by citing Norway and Sweden as geographical specimens of countries where women enjoy the highest mental privileges, and Palestine and Syria as the spots marked by their lowest degradation.

It is not a little extraordinary how many of our most important discoveries owe their existence to chance. Every body knows the anecdote about Sir Isaac Newton and the apple; Doctor Jenner and the milkmaid; John Bunyan and drunken Penkins, &c. &c. But every body does not know the anecdote of Sir Peter Pontop, who found the bottom of a coal-mine by chance. I proceed, therefore, to relate it. Sir Peter had been quarrelling with one of his workmen, on the day previous to the catastrophe I am narrating, relative to wages. There are two modes of descending into coal-pits. The usual way is to be wound down in a machine; but they to whom the exit and entrance are matters of custom, content themselves in descending by grasping a rope, which communicates to a counteracting pulley. The weight of the individual thus carries him downward without dislocation. Sir Peter, on the day in question, adopted the latter expedient, as usual, in utter darkness. Judge of his horror, when or reaching the extremity of

his journey, he found that his feet failed to touch the ground. He instantly thought that the workman with whom he had quarrelled, had in revenge cut short the rope. He screamed and bawled till he was hoarse, but all the operatives had adjourned to their dinner. At length his strength failed him; he let go his hold, expecting to be dashed to atoms in the unfathomable abyss, and found that he had been for a full half-hour screaming about three inches from the ground. Here was a chance discovery which nettled Sir Peter sorely; insomuch that he actually felt half angry with himself for not having been precipitated some hundred feet, according to his reasonable expectation.

Equally casual with the foregoing was the incident which caused me to discover the truth of what the ingenious author of *Letters from the Levant* has averred, namely, that women are operated upon topographically by climate. My brother Tom married a decent sort of a young woman. Her father was a reputable hardwareman in Blackman-street, Southwark; and Tom, who was and is his partner in trade, upon his marriage, took a country house a little beyond Camberwell, closely adjoining to a public-house, which used to be called the Fox-under-the-Hill. Alas! how things are altered in that neighbourhood! In the good old times, about thirty years ago, that tavern stood in comparative solitude; and foot-pads and highwaymen would make many a pretty penny there after dusk. But now-a-days it is all watched and lighted with gas, and the people pass and repass at midnight in perfect security—sad change! Tom was, in the main, a good-natured sort of a fellow; but he seemed to me to treat his wife quite like a Navarino bashaw. She brought him his great coat when he got into his gig; held his umbrella in walking; called him Mr. B.; ate the gizzard wings of chickens; turned radical in compliment to her spouse's politics; and actually went the length of justifying the Thames Tunnel, Tom holding fifteen shares in the watery excavation. All this subordination was Greek to me, till happening to alight on the *Letters from the Levant*, "I'll be shot," exclaimed I to myself, "if I have not hit upon it. It is all owing to climate; Camberwell lies south of London, and Mrs.



Tom (as we call her in the family) lies in a latitude of subjection: her 'reasoning principle and immortal essence' are sadly in abeyance."

My theory was, at no distant period from the utterance of the above, put to the test, by the removal of the Tom household to another latitude. The lease of their house near the Fox expired, and the landlord wanted to increase the rent; according to Tom's wife's phraseology, "he riz 'em." Tom, however, would not be "rizzed," so he looked about him for another residence; and until an eligible one could be procured he hired lodgings in Hatton-garden. Hardly were the family removed to their new temporary abode, when I observed a marvellous change; protection and subjection were balanced, like two boys playing at seesaw. I have played it a hundred times myself, but never (as is alleged by the author of the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*) with a blind boy sitting in the centre as an umpire. If Mrs. Tom brought Tom his great coat, Tom brought Mrs. Tom her shawl. The last time I dined with them, I noticed that the wife had the liver-wing of the chicken; but as an equipoise, I found that Tom was helped to a slice of a leg of mutton nearest to the knuckle. It was not quite so pleasant when he came to the telling of stories. Here, as the man says in the *Critic*, "their unanimity was wonderful." They, in fact, told the same story at the same time. I have observed many married people about Ely-place, and elsewhere in that centrally-balanced neighbourhood, do the same. There is Mr. and Mrs. Double-de-Motte, who live in Lincoln's-Inn-fields; they have both got hold of an anecdote about the late Lord Kenyon, who, every body knows, was rather of an economical turn. The story, as far as I could make out, is as follows:—When Lord Kenyon died, an achievement was placed against his house, in which the motto was intended to be, "*Mors junua vitæ*." The manufacturer, however, had painted the concluding word "*vitæ*." "Really that false Latin has a very awkward appearance," said the late Lord Ellenborough to Mr. Jekyll. "Oh!" answered the latter, "don't be uneasy about it; it is all right."—"Right! how do you mean?"—"Why the defunct left

in his will particular directions to his executors not to put the estate to the expense of a diphthong." The reader, however, must not imagine that I got the anecdote from Mr. and Mrs. Double-de-Motte, in as short a time as I have occupied in communicating it to the public. Mr. Double-de-Motte had begun the story while his wife was drinking a glass of port wine. She was in such a hurry to tell it herself, that the wine went "the wrong way," as the phrase is. This enabled the husband to get as far as "that false Latin," before his wife overtook him. The latter made good for loss time by then getting a-head, till the husband came up with her by the time she had arrived at "Mr. Jekyll." They then run on neck to neck till they arrived at the word "executors." The husband took the lead up to "expense," and they concluded by bolting out "diphthong" in unison. I myself do not much mind these kind of duets. Those who do, and who prefer a solo would do well to look to the points of the compass before they accept dinner invitations. If they want the husband to have all the talk to himself, let them dine southward; somewhere about Abingdon-street, Westminster. If, on the contrary, they are desirous of making play with the wife, Baker-street, North, is the spot where a knife and fork may be most conveniently handled. But to return to my brother Tom.

A smart, bow-windowed, brick mansion in Hornsey-lane, highgate, happening to catch Tom's eye during one of his Sunday rides, with "This house to let, enquire within," pasted upon one of the windows. Tom straightway alighted from his steed, and settled for a seven years' lease. Thither the family repaired in due course. The wife soon found herself in a high northern latitude; adieu to anecdotes told in unison! Mrs. Tom soon had all the talk to herself—Tom sitting mum-chance, and patting the head of a poodle-dog. I never witnessed so instantaneous a metamorphosis. Frederick Reynolds would say, exit as Mrs. Lovemore, and re-enter as Mrs. Oakley. Tom meantime looks melancholy, and casts a wistful eye towards a residence in Palace-yard, as being within the liberties of Westminster. But no such liberties for him. We took a drive last Sunday to Finchley,

where Tom, quite unconscious of the Levant theory, spoke favourably of a white house with green shutters, on the left side as you enter on the common. I do not like to interfere between man and wife; but if he should again hanker after Finchley, I am determined to let him into the secret. No married man for whom I have a value shall run his head against the North Pole if I can prevent it. If his better half thus lords it over him in the latitude of Highgate, what may she not do when she gets him upon Finchley-common? She may even play Catherine-the Second at a short notice; and it will then be all "Czar Peter with him; and "Poor Tom's a cold" will be his epitaph.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### SCENES IN LIFE AS SEEN FROM A WINDOW.

Diagonally opposite to my window stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades. This edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to narrate, for it is a novelette in itself.

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for aught I knew to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my nook, and was struck with her surpassing loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in wealth and grandeur? No. I worshipped afar off. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure and a most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite to her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty!

2 M

How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through the "plate glass!" Involuntarily he drew his spirited horse and raised his hat! The action, the manner, the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment the hind wheel of an omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise, the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment the stranger rode up, and bowed with ineffable grace, and—(blessed encounter that with the omnibus wheel!)—his bow was acknowledged by a slight inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and in a few seconds the carriage took the same direction. All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed. "The lady's carriage, (it was a landau, and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up at the door, assisted her to the *pavé*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage. One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have declared the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the *gentleman* and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this affair for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterised him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico, pulled at the bell. The next



moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and imperious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! \* \* \* \* The declaration, the confession, the acception, all passed beneath me most edifyingly. By his animated gestures, I could see that he was urging her to take some sudden step. She at first appeared reluctant, but gradually became more placable, yielded. In ten minutes the landua was at the door. They came out arm in arm, and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman, "Drive to St. John's Church." "An elopement!" thought I. "Having been in at breaking cover, I will be at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landua, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal Street. I followed full fast on foot. When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the "Happy pair," already joined together, were crossing the *trottoir* to re-enter it, the grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, following them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family-carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls; then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. *There was a scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him. "You sh'n't." "I will." "I say you sh'n't." "I say I will," were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street-door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired, as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law!"

"And, sir, *who* may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L—y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir."

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride, who had come imploringly forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter."

"You are mistaken, sir; she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's charming housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and, like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove to the servant's hall door, and my heroine came forth closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery!

*New York Mirror.*

#### NON-PUNCTUALITY OF THE FAIR SEX.

Madam de Genlis, in a work on the subject of Time, relates an anecdote of a certain Chancellor D'Aguesseau to the following purport: "The Chancellor, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, and being loath to lose so much precious time daily, commenced the composition of a work, which he prosecuted only whilst he was thus kept waiting. The result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three volumes quarto, which has gone through several editions, and is much esteemed." The anecdote is told as an illustration of the value of time, and to shew how much might be made of the very crumbs and parings of this valuable commodity. But we have always regarded it in a different light. To our mind it stands up as an overwhelming reproach of the fair sex, for the troubles with which they visit mankind through their thoughtlessness respecting time. Three quarto volumes of sound law (as it probably was) written in fifteen years, during the various quarters of hours which Madame spent in superfluous labours upon her curls, or more than sufficient solicitude about her rouge! In what a strong light does this place the frivolity and non-punctuality of the one sex, against the patience and assiduity of the other! It is very strange that Madam de Genlis, who was a woman of acute understanding, should have so far overlooked the interests of her order as to relate an anecdote telling so powerfully against them. It can only be accounted for by supposing that she was so absorbed in reflecting on the industry of the worthy Chancellor as quite to lose sight of the bearing of the anecdote on the character of his wife. She had never once thought of what the world was to think of Madame, and, by implication, of that strange, perplexing, bewildering, tormenting tribe of beings to which she belonged, and whom, we all know, there is no living either with or without.

In very sober truth, the story is most characteristic. It speaks with perfect coolness of the conduct of Madame D'Aguesseau, as if it were quite a matter of course. The writer of the anecdote, being herself a lady, could see no harm in the act of keeping a husband waiting ten or twelve minutes daily for his dinner past the appointed time. No sympathy for dishes cooling on her part. Meat and temper might alike be spoiling for anything she cared. Such conduct was exactly what her own would have been in similar circumstances; and it never would have occurred to her that there was anything particular in the case unless some one whom she kept waiting had happened to think of employing the otherwise lost time to some remarkably good purpose.

Is there a man in this world who has a sister, or a wife, or a daughter, to take out on walks, to accompany on shoppings, or to wait for at meals, who can lay his hand on his heart and say that he finds them, in one out of ten instances, punctual, or apparently inspired with the least sense of the value of time? We make bold to pronounce that there is no man so Quixotishly chivalrous as to say so. The most perfect "lady's man" on earth would shrink from alleging, even in joke, that woman and punctuality are compatible terms. Our theory on the subject is, that women *could* be punctual, but don't choose. Their intellects cannot be altogether non-horological; they must have some small development of the organ of time; but, like the monkies who, according to the Indians, abstain from speech only for certain good reasons, we hold that the ladies have reasons for all the dawdling, dallying and lingering they are guilty of. They study to be too late. The trial of man's patience is to them a matter of the nicest calculation. It is not that, for mere sport, they like to see how long an unfortunate husband will wait greatcoated and hatted in the lobby, while they are adjusting their bonnet-strings; it is not that they take a wicked pleasure in seeing the poor man's dinner cool and spoil before they will consider themselves ready to come down to partake of it: it is not for these reasons that they keep the robust sex dangling. It is only for the purpose of trying their consequence with the hapless lords of creation. It would be most unwomanish to be ready to go out exactly at the same moment with one's husband. He would not know he *had* a wife if she were to study his convenience so far. It is necessary to let him know that he is married—though by something like the same means as that which convinced a certain shipwrecked mariner that he had landed in a civilized country. He must be tormented into a knowledge of his happy condition. As for the troubles which sisters and daughters inflict, it is all one thing. The creatures are only trying on brother or father the powers which they are ultimately to exercise in full vigour on husband. The "nature of the critter" is to give trouble to mankind, and it matters little on what particular kind of relative

the instinct operates. A little girl, who is most accurate in her attendance at school, will be found, if desired to accompany one on a walk, to contrive one way or another, to keep one waiting a quarter of an hour more than there is any necessity for. What is strange, good looks, and much notice on account of them, seem to be connected in some mysterious way with this part of the female nature. The prettier a young lady is, she is always the less punctual in matters of time. She who, from her face, might be supposed the most independent of bonnet and tippet, always somehow takes more time to adjust these matters than any other body. This must be from the inferior sense which notoriously goes along with beauty; for, when any of these young ladies grow a little dim, supposing them not to be married, it is remarkable that they become much more punctual. Above forty, indeed, by which time the understandings of men and women get much alike, women in a great measure cease to be remarkable for want of punctuality.

One of the most vexatious processes, as far as we are aware, to which a man can be subjected, is to have to accompany a lady on a shopping excursion. It must of course be presumed that the gentleman and lady are not lovers, for then the complexion of the case is totally changed. But suppose it be a cool, sensible man of some thirty-five or forty, accompanying a wife to whom he has been united for the better part of a dozen years—then is the case truly one of torment. In the first place, he gets ready exactly at the time appointed, and has to wait half an hour before she is ready to appear. This time he spends in a state of ineffable fume and fret, with umbrella in hand, and coat buttoned, dancing between the lobby and the parlour, sending to see if she is not ready *yet*, calculating how he could have employed the time otherwise to the advantage of his patrimonial interest, stamping to keep his feet warm (as he thinks), brushing his hat for the fifth time, comparing his watch with the lobby clock, threatening not to wait any longer, and vowing he will never engage to go with her again. At last she comes down stairs with all the coolness imaginable, wondering how he could be so impatient; and off they set. The matters of business in which he is mainly interested refer to shops in distant parts of the town, and, in proceeding thither, he has to accompany her into others, where she has affairs to manage, and in which he is not interested at all. She has a certain kind of ribbon to buy in one shop, a certain piece of lace to be matched in another, a pair of silk mitts to be got in a third—all of them affairs of the greatest importance to her, requiring full time for deliberation, choice, and chaffering, and to the details of which he is forced to be witness, as well as to the sufferings of the unfortunate fellow-men whom providence has ordained to stand from morning to night in those magazines of feminine evanescences, to be bored with frivolity and unpleasableness. A full quarter of an hour is spent in each shop,



during which some twenty drawers and as many shelves are ransacked and tumbled into confusion: an incessant chatter has been kept up: he has been fretting between the chair at the end of the counter and the door, and the shop-keeper has exhausted every phrase of recommendation in behalf of his goods, and every phrase of civility in deference to the lady; when, at last he sees some such sum as tenpence paid for a trifle wrapped up in thin white paper, and leaves the place with the feeling of a man who has been party to one of the shabbiest transactions that ever was committed. Thus he goes on for an hour or two, his only choice being between lingering within the shop, there to be inculturated in such disgraceful proceedings as these, and lounging without, there to be jostled by the crowd, and chilled by the damp pavement, till he has not a spark of manly dignity or vigour left in his composition. And, after all, the affairs in which he is really interested have yet to be attended to. At the conclusion of the business it is likely he finds that, left to himself, he could have executed in half an hour, what, in company with a time-destroying wife, it has cost him the better part of a day to accomplish. As to the wear and tear of temper, the matter is too metaphysical to bear calculation; but every man who has ever gone a-shopping in such circumstances, must have a perfect idea of it: and he who has not, let him content himself with supposing it to be great, and not think of putting the thing to the proof—a piece of conduct of which we could only say, that, compared with it, that of the boy who hanged himself to see what hanging was like, was legitimate and philosophical curiosity.

For many years we have employed ourselves occasionally in endeavours to devise a remedy for this notorious fault in the female character. It at one time occurred to us, that the Chancellor D'Aguesseau might be turned to some account in an attempt to reform it. His work must be still extant in his native country. Suppose it were reprinted, on a large type, in the style of brooks of print running through meadows of margin, and in *folio*, and in as many volumes as it could feasibly be made to run to; and suppose every honest man who suffers from unpunctual womankind were to go to the expense of a copy, and have it erected in some conspicuous part of the house—for instance, beside his wife's toilette—as a great monumental satire on female non-punctuality: we thought that some good might thus be done through the efficacy of very shame. But then again we reflected that, if the fault had been capable of reform from any such cause, the Chancellor's own lady would have been reformed by the knowledge of what he was doing, long before he had got near the end of his task, so that, from her great punctuality, the work would have been stopped, and the world deprived of the anecdote. No—since Madame D'Aguesseau held out against the reproach which the growing work implied, it cannot be supposed that the lady-world in general would

care much about the exhibition of a mere copy of it, which, in no long time, would become a familiar and unheeded object. This plan being found insufficient, we are forced to confess that we have never, to this hour, been able to devise any other a whit better. Till a better can be hit upon, the "ministering angel" must just be left to follow out the instinct of her nature in this respect, and inflict whatever torment she pleases upon the unfortunate being whose fate it has been to have so much of his weal and woe connected with her existence.

#### THE ENGLISH AND THE AMERICANS COMPARED.

We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding-place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial-places are yet to be seen; we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr. Pinkney, who was minister to this court; and Mr. Witt, the attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr. Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak better English than is common among the well-educated men in America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England and America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire; and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief; or for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—any where, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair not once a-week.

An Englishman will brush the first with his coat sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off; and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind, in temper and constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The Englishman has more courage; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence; the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still; a beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid; not sharply but strongly marked, and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth; that of an American has less breath, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression of an Englishman's face is greater; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shows, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had, has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a corresponding indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive; he has not a higher opinion of his country than the Englishman has of his; but then, he is less discreet, more talkative, and more presumptuous; less assured of the superiority which he claims for his country: more watchful and jealous, and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous, and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shows his high opinion of his country by silence; the American his, by talking: one by his conduct, the other by words; one by arrogance, the other by superciliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike, or rather there are individuals of both countries so like

each other, that I know many Americans who would pass every where for Englishmen, and many Englishmen who would pass any where for Americans. In heart and head they are both more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative; never very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless; turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome, but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited, and, of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance; the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude; the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources; the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so it is with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable; the English woman is of a healthier mind; more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower, the latter a plant. One sheds perfume, the other sustenance. The English woman is better suited for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel;—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go the scaffold with a beloved one; but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

The three longest reigns in British history are those of three Kings, each the third of their respective names. Henry III. reigned 53 years, Edward III. 51, and George III. 59.



## THE MARRIAGE LESSON.

[We are indebted to an old number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for the following lively nouvelle, from the *Conde Lucanor* of the Infante Don Juan Manual, written in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It has much of the *naïveté* and light humour peculiar to the Spanish novelist, and, to quote the ingenious reviewer, "besides its own merit, possesses that of some striking resemblance to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*."] ]

In a certain town there lived a noble Moor, who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world. He was not, however, wealthy enough to accomplish half the many laudable objects which his heart prompted him to undertake; and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power. Now in that same town dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father, and he too had an only daughter, who offered a strange contrast to this excellent young man, her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of a union with such an infuriate shrew.

Now this good youth one day came to his father, and said, "Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive becoming and honourable. It will, therefore, be incumbent upon me to lead a mean and indolent life, or to quit the country; so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer the best to form some marriage alliance, by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things." And the father replied that it would please him well if his son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the only daughter of that good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprised, and answered, that as he understood the matter, there was not a single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked it as a particular favour that he would bring about his marriage, and so far insisted, that however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent. In consequence, he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her. Now when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best friend, he said to him;—"Good God, my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you a very bad turn; for you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treacher yon my part, if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death. Nay I may say worse than death, for better would it be for him to be dead than to be married to my daughter! And you must not think that I say

thus much to oppose your wishes; for as to that matter, I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to any body's son, who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her." To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led him to speak thus; and intreated that, as his son seemed bent upon the match, he hoped he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage. He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place. The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper and to set out the feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the ensuing day, the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers, and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the following day they should either find the young man dead, or in some very bad plight indeed.

So it came to pass, that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table, and before the dreaded bride had time to open her lips the bridegroom, looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff dog, and he said to him somewhat sharply, "Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands;" and the dog stood still, and did not do it. His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up in a great passion from the table, and seizing the sword, ran towards the mastiff, who seeing him coming, ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables and the fire, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length reaching the dog, he smote off his head with the sword, then hewed off his legs, and all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood. He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore; and soon casting his eyes around, he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands, and because he was not obeyed, he said, "How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow, that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fare as I did the mastiff;" and when he found it was not done, he arose, seized him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out, showing even more rage than against the poor mastiff. Then in a great passion he returned to the table, and cast his eyes about on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length he fixed his eyes upon his horse that was standing before the door, though he had only that one; and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. "How now, Mr. Horse," cried the husband, "do you imagine, because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live, and not do as I command you! No! I will inflict as hard a death on you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in

the world which I will spare, if I be not obeyed." But the horse stood where he was, and his master approached with the greatest rage, smote off his head, and cut him to pieces with his sword. And when his wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and heard him declare he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm, that she hardly knew if she were dead or alive. For, all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, swearing that had he a thousand horses or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest, he would kill them all; and he again began to look round him, holding his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him, and found no living thing near him, he turned his eyes fiercely towards his wife, and said in a great passion, "Get up, and bring me some water to wash my hands!" and his wife, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his hands, said to him, "Ah, how I ought to return thanks to God, who inspired you with the thought of doing as you have done! for otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved the same to you as to them." Afterwards he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and that in such a tone, that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the floor; so that in this way was the understanding between them settled during that night, and she never spoke, but only did everything he required her to do. After they had reposed some time, her husband said, "The passion I have been put into this night hinders me from sleeping; get up, and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare for me something well cooked to eat."

When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers, and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened, and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead, or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed when they saw the bride standing at the door, and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she walked gently on tiptoe towards them, and whispered, "False friends, as you are, how dared you to come up to the door in that way, or to say a word! Be silent! as you value your lives, and mine also." And when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly wondered; but when they learnt all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man, for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house. And from that day forth, so excellently was his wife governed, and well-conditioned in every respect, that they led a very pleasant life together. Such, indeed, was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days afterwards the father-in-law, desirous of the same happy change in his household, also killed a horse; but his wife only said to him, "By

my faith, Don Fulano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day; we are too well acquainted with each other."

#### THE FRIENDS' FAMILY.

The family about to be depicted have their abode at the Mount, a neat small villa, in the neighbourhood of a large manufacturing town in the centre of England. It matters not what their name is; but, for convenience, we shall suppose it to be Lamb, which is not an uncommon name in the Society. The family consists of five individuals; Joseph Lamb, the father, and Esther, his wife; the eldest son Joseph, and two daughters Susanna and Deborah. The names of the two daughters suggest to us the recollection of a member of the family long dead and gone, namely, Margaret Lamb, the mother of the elder Joseph—a person noted in her day as an eminent *minister*; that is to say, one of those females who undertake a public duty in the Society. The memory of Margaret Lamb was kept alive by a *testimony*, which was for a long time read in the yearly meeting, setting forth her good works, her faith, her patience, her exemplary life and conversation, and her many years' ministry, in the course of which she had visited most of the meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, as also the United States of America. The good name of this valuable woman still shed a light on the heads of her descendants, and in their history it would be an unpardonable omission to overlook a circumstance of so much importance. The two young women above mentioned had received their names at the request of Margaret Lamb, in remembrance of her "dear friends and fellow-labourers in the ministry," Deborah Darby and Susanna Horne.

Joseph Lamb has long been established in business as a chemist or druggist in the town near which he resides. His shop is the most frequented, and the most respectable in every sense of the word, in the town. Others may be more showy, may be larger, may be situated in more fashionable streets, but Joseph Lamb's annual receipts average as much as any other two, and that is the main thing in business. Our Friend, however, has not resided at his shop for the last five years. His son was found to be a very efficient helper; he was, in fact, a better chemist than his father; he infused somewhat of modern and improved method into the old system, and the senior often found himself at fault, or at least free to confess that his son was every way his equal in business. The mother, too, found, as the family grew up to man's and woman's estate, and the general establishment of the business became larger, that the house was too small, and therefore proposed to her husband that they should reside in the outskirts of the town, especially as it might be good for her husband's health; he had, she thought, looked thin of late, though we question if Joseph Lamb had ever looked much better. And, as if to second her wishes, that very house upon which our worthy Friend had advanced considerable sums



of money, was about to be sold. True, "the Mount" was a much larger house than they had ever thought of inhabiting, and would require a much larger establishment than they had hitherto kept. But then Joseph Lamb did not see how he could much better invest some part of his spare money, than in the purchase of that which in reality was almost his own already; and they would have so much more room to accommodate travelling Friends, and Friends who came to the quarterly meetings, that, in every point of view, there appeared something to recommend it; and the Mount accordingly was thenceforth their residence, and it is at the Mount that we will more particularly make their acquaintance.

But be it known to my readers that there never would be a chance, either at the shop or at this their more dignified residence, in calling on the Friends' family, to find the door opened by a hurried, slipshod maid, half sloven and half coquette; nor should we find her on her knees cleaning the door-stone, nor the knocker; these things are always done, but never seen in the doing. The maid who opens the door—for they have not yet arrived at the luxury of a man-servant, nor in all probability will they—is neat and clean, good-tempered, and healthy looking; for the orderly habits of the Friend's family, their excellent living and regular hours, soon tell even in the persons of their servants. The room into which you are ushered is always in exact order; there is neither dust nor stain nor rent in the furniture; and if the room lack somewhat of elegant ornament, there is nothing either in bad taste, tawdry, or shabby, to offend the eye. The window-glass is bright and unbroken; the Friend does not even tolerate a cracked pane. The flowers that decorate the room appear as if fresh gathered, and yet ten to one you will never find either Deborah or Susanna busied in arranging them; however graceful and feminine such an employment may seem for a young lady, it suits far better our young Friends' notions of propriety to have all these things done before there is a chance of any one calling. The Friend's house seems governed by invisible agency.

The rooms occupied by the family are three—to all intents and purposes, dining and drawing rooms, and boudoir or small library; but probably they may be designated by our unpretending household, the parlour; the large, or small parlour, according to its size in proportion to the other, and the work-room. We will describe them, or rather we will describe one, the dining room—and that is a fair specimen of the others; for the Friend admits of so little variety in taste, that, except he may use silk damask instead of worsted, rosewood instead of mahogany, and introduce a cabinet in the place of a sideboard, there is little diversity between dining and drawing room. We will take the former, however—the *parlour*, as it is called. This, then, is handsomely furnished with the very best of mahogany furniture; sideboard, tables, sofas, and easy-chairs; the carpet is a Brussels, of rather a small pattern, in various shades of greens and drabs.

The walls are painted of a modest green and fawn, or perhaps papered of the same colour; the Friend has no fancy for salmon-colours, nor for any of the family of reds. A crimson-flock paper he never chooses for his dining room; he has no pictures in gilt frames to be set off by such a ground. He has no notion of contrasts in colour; uniformity and accordance are his idea of beauty. The ample window-curtains, therefore, are drab, to match with the walls; they are of damask, the very best that money can buy—rich in their multitude of folds, but without fringe or ornament whatever. The tables are covered with good green cloth, perfectly free from soil or stain, and as fresh-looking as when it was new. In this room, in one particular corner, and near the fire, with a little side-table somewhere near him, sits Joseph Lamb, in a capacious arm-chair covered with black, or perhaps dark-green morocco leather. He is engaged in reading the morning paper, or some report of a bible society, tract association, peace or temperance society, or perhaps he may be deep in a book of travels—Friends are fond of voyages and travels, and have taken a very reasonable interest in the discovering of African rivers and north-west passages. Joseph Lamb, however, is not so absorbed in his volume but that he frequently lays it down, and from the relay of books and pamphlets with which his table is stored, considerably diversifies his reading in the course of the day.

Joseph Lamb, be it here stated, wears a brown broad-cloth coat and waistcoat of the regular orthodox cut; combs his hair backwards, and by this means, as well as by natural conformation, exhibits a fine capacious head, slightly inclining to bald; his eyes are small and grey, but with a keen intelligent expression; eyes they are of a close observation, that have not been used to look superficially on anything—the intellect peers through them. His cheeks are large, his nose straight and well formed, and his chin slightly double; he wears spectacles when reading, but he invariably takes them off in conversation, and holds them either between his finger and thumb, or puts them into the volume to mark the place where he left off. He has altogether the countenance and air of a shrewd, intelligent, observant, and placid, yet determined, character. His legs are clothed in drab kerseymere, grey merino stockings, and well-blackened buckled shoes; in cold weather, or when he travels, he wears drab gaiters, but never boots. Such is the father of our Friend's family; he is always the same; the colour and make of his apparel never vary, nor does, in appearance, the calm sedate expression of his countenance. His life, likewise, is as unchanged; one day is like another, except as it is diversified by visits of Friends quiet as himself, or by his own visits to the regular meetings of the district in which he resides, or, by what in fact is the great event of the society, the annual gathering in London, which Joseph Lamb has attended with but two distant intermissions for the last seven-and-twenty years.

Joseph Lamb, of course, pays neither tithes nor church-rates; he suffers his goods to be taken, for conscience sake; yet he and the clergyman are on excellent terms, exchange presents of fruit and early vegetables, and occasionally exchange visits also. But by the same rule so is he friendly with the dissenting ministers of the place; and on extraordinary occasions, such as great missionary or bible meetings, two or three of his beds are at the service of Baptist, Methodist, or Unitarian ministers. He subscribes largely to all the benevolent institutions of his neighbourhood, and has put several widows' sons and orphan children to school, and afterwards established them in life. Such is Joseph Lamb. Let us now turn to his wife.

She likewise sits in the parlour, at a little table which occupies a light but warm place near a window, and there the whole day through she appears to sit at her work. Strange is it that our Friend seems never to have done hemming those everlasting strips of beautiful book-muslin, and yet we know that she makes up the caps of which these are the plain borders, and that she makes shirts, and sheets, and petticoats, and aprons, and hems handkerchiefs, and even knits stockings; but so it is, go in whenever you may, Esther Lamb is hemming a strip of book-muslin. Her work is done with wonderful exactness; the accurate arrangement of warp and woof in the material she sews is not greater than the accuracy with which she puts in her stitches. The very towels she hems are done by the thread; and so habitual is her precision of mind and action, that whatever she does is done by rule; for it is a proverb with her, and a guide of action also, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

She is in age about sixty, and looks perhaps as much; but she is a fine woman of those years; she is one who will grow old with dignity. She wears no false hair; her own brown locks, thickly strewn with grey, are closely braided on her calm forehead, under that snowy but most transparent and unsoiled small cap, which seems as if it never could lose its form, even when worn under her close bonnet. The wrinkles on her face are almost imperceptible, and yet they are there; but in the absence of furrows, and the ravages of agitating and conflicting passions, have left the face, even in age, placid and smooth almost as that of a child. She seems as if in youth she must have been handsome, but she was not so; the comeliness of her age is the result of the quiet tenor of a life spent in the indulgence of the affections, and with the absence of anxieties.

Like her husband's, her impulses are benevolent; she gives freely where money is needed; and where good counsel and even personal exertion is required, she gives that too. She remembers Margaret Lamb, that mother in Israel, and, like her, she desires to weary not in well doing; but then she has neither the natural energy of her mother-in-law, nor does she believe herself called upon for such active duties. Esther is the wife of a rich

man, with her whole family grown up about her; Margaret was a widow with seven sons, six of whom died as they reached manhood. She was a woman of many sorrows, but the lines have fallen to her daughter-in-law in pleasant places.

The dress of our Friend, like that of her husband, is very uniform: that spotless cap, and a handkerchief equally so, crossed over her bosom in the exactest folds, over which she wears a dove-coloured silk handkerchief, not large enough to be called a shawl, and yet of sufficient size to reach the elbows, pinned on either side. She wears neither gold pin nor brooch, but the snowy handkerchief is confined at the throat by the very daintiest pin of the commonest kind. Our Friend is very particular in the choice of her pins, unimportant as this may appear; but the dress of a Female Friend, with all its minute proprieties, depends much upon small details. Hence it is almost impossible for a person not regularly trained and educated, as one may say, to the Friend's dress, ever to assume it properly; some little point is overlooked on which the whole depends; or something is added, a mere nothing in itself, which mars the whole.

Esther Lamb never wears border, however neat, nor fringe, however narrow, upon her "over-hankkerchief," which is invariably hemmed about half an inch broad. Her gown may be of a twilled silk, but never shot nor figured; it may be soft rich lutestring, or Irish poplin, but a print of any kind is quite inadmissible for the well-to-do elderly Friend. She is no purchaser of cheap bargains, is no wearer of damaged or contraband goods; she gives the highest price, and in return requires the very best material. She is rather fond of shopping, but deals invariably at one place, and expects to be always served by the principal himself. She is in no hurry in making her choice, and yet is not whimsical either; but she will deliberate a long time between three shades of brown, and two London-smokers will keep her undecided for ten minutes. In return for any little trouble she may give the trader, she always pays ready money, and never asks for any abatement.

She wears long tight sleeves: her mother-in-law wore short ones, at least with cuffs at the elbows, and an inner cambric sleeve and drab silk mits; but Esther Lamb has adopted the more modern, and now almost universal, custom of the long sleeve. She may occasionally be seen in a cambric apron, but not often; and her daughters, it is suspected, do not approve of so antiquated a mode. Her gowns are ample in their width, touching the ground behind, so that in walking she holds them up, and, in doing so, exhibits a skirt of the same colour and material as the gown. In summer she wears drab crape or white spun-silk shawls, very large, rich and soft, and without pattern, border or fringe, and hemmed from an inch to an inch and a half in depth, according to the size of the shawl. In winter she wears one of Thibet wool, and in addition to this, a dark-brown French merino cloak, lined through



with rich silk of the same colour. Silk cloaks she by no means affects—neither may she be seen with muff nor boa; a chinchilla ruff, however, round her neck, she does occasionally wear; but the Friends may not, by any means, be considered patrons of the fur-trade. Her bonnet in winter and summer is always the same—the Friend's peculiar shape—plain, straight, with a small plaited crown, and made in London by an approved bonnet *artiste*; its colour is black, and its material lutestring; mode is also approved by the elder sisterhood, but satin never—at least not of late years. Esther Lamb is seldom to be seen out of doors either in winter or summer without an umbrella, and this, like everything else, is peculiar—of a remarkably nice make, covered brown, with a brown cane stick and pearl handle, on which is a small silver shield, neatly engraved with her name at full. Such is our matronly Friend; to be found generally at home, and sitting, as we have said, at work before her small table.

She is a great reader of devotional works published in a manual form. She keeps Penn's Maxims in her work-basket; carries with her a pocket edition of Thomas-a-Kempis, and reads frequently from a book of texts, compiled by a minister of the Church of England, as devotional exercises for every day in the year. She never meddles with politics, though she takes a general interest in all questions by which society may be benefited. Great as is her personal advantage in these palmy days of Quakerism, she often doubts whether the society of which she is a member can now produce as burning and shining lights as in the dark days of its persecution, and therefore she repines not at the spoiling of her husband's goods for conscience sake, as thereby "she hopes we may be kept humble, and reminded of our privileges." She sometimes questions if it be not good for us to have "testimonies" to bear, that we may shew our faithfulness by suffering; and it is doubtful, taking this view of the subject, whether Esther Lamb would quite approve of the abolition of church rates and tithes by act of parliament.

But of the daughters of the house we have yet said nothing, and we must not by any means pass them over. They are both turned twenty; are both about middle size; the elder, perhaps, rather the taller, and two degrees stouter than her younger sister. Deborah, the elder, has a decided cast of countenance, indicating a clear head, strong good sense, and great firmness of character. Like most thorough-bred Friends, she has a calm self-possessed demeanour, and with an entire integrity of purpose she goes straight at once to the point without circumlocution or manœuvre; her integrity of spirit amounts almost to severity, yet all is tempered by the truest and tenderest of female hearts. Deborah is a fine character, and in many respects resembles her grandmother. She takes an active part in all the affairs of the family, and possesses, in a high degree, the esteem of every member of it, and frees her mother entirely from all domestic

care. Susanna has a touch of the sentimental in her composition; is glad to be released from household duties; busies herself in the garden, cultivates flowers, has charge of the conservatory; draws, and well too; does a good deal of worsted-work; and is, withal, much addicted to reading poetry. But our young Friends' exterior must be described. It is strange, that, though the Friends, of all people, profess to be most conscientiously regardless of dress, and the fashions thereof, it is dress which distinguishes them from every other body of Christians, as well as from every other class of society. At first glance, the Friend, old or young, may be known anywhere, and that by his dress. The very circumstance which they profess to make of least moment, is in its studied peculiarity their very badge of distinction. On the old, it has a certain well-to-do respectable look; it is worn as if it felt that the world's esteem was with it; it ensures respect, for it is generally the sign of wealth. On the young, it has an elegant chaste look; it is interesting, for there is a certain degree of mystery and exclusiveness about a young lady Friend. You do not meet her at places of public amusement; those meek eyes of hers never encountered yours in the next box at the theatre; you never listened with her at the same opera to the witcheries of Pasta or Grisi; you never met her at a gay party; you never waltzed with her; you never were with her on a picnic or a water excursion. She might live in the moon for any chance you have of becoming acquainted with her. She is completely walled in, hedged about; is enclosed as it were within the grates of a convent; and all, as it seems, by that peculiar dress of hers.

Our Deborah and Susanna in childhood were dressed precisely alike by their mother; and now they dress alike from sisterly affection. In person they are both fair, and extremely well-looking, without any pretension to beauty, but they have eminently that amiable gentle expression peculiar to the sisterhood. Their general dress is light silk, dove-coloured, silver-grey, or delicate fawn; sometimes it may be of lutestring, sometimes satin-ture, levantine, or whatever name Fashion may for the season give to her richest and best silks. Occasionally, however, they vary their colours, and will appear in brown, black, very deep mulberry, or dead purple; and in winter they wear French merinos of similar colours. Sometimes they will wear dresses made to the throat, with a clear muslin collar—but not an embroidered one—but more frequently they wear them made moderately low, with the neck covered by the thin muslin handkerchief in the style of their mother, excepting that the handkerchief is many degrees thinner, and also that no over-handkerchief is worn with it; they indulge themselves also beyond their mother's liberty, by using a small gold pin with a diamond head—the very smallest diamond-headed pin that may be made. Although the young Friend is not permitted to vary her garb with every varying phase of fashion, yet, to a certain degree, the style becomes modified by the

prevailing mode. Thus, our Deborah and Susanna have worn sleeves less tight than their mother, and their bonnets have had crowns higher or lower, fronts larger or smaller, as the mode dictated. Hence a young Friend is seldom an advocate for more than two new bonnets at once, whereas a senior may order four, without fear of their becoming *passé*, for she is a rule to herself.

As we remarked before, the proprieties of the Friend's dress depend very much upon small details; hence it is that Deborah and Susanna may never be seen with soiled or unseamed gloves, or in gloves of a low price, or which fit ill. They use the very best that money can purchase, and to appearance they are always new, fitted to the hand, and confined at the wrist in the most approved style. By the same rule does equal exactness extend to bonnet-strings, state of shoes, frill or collar; for our Friend knows that any breach in these minor points would mar the propriety of the whole.

To see our young Friends of the Mount walk the streets, or to encounter them at an exhibition, or at one of those few public places which the Friends will patronize, it might be supposed that, with that quiet sedate air of theirs, they took small notice of the moil of this world, and the fashions thereof; but, ten to one, all this while they are making shrewd observations on all that surrounds them, and that very evening they will amuse the old people with many a graphic recital, in which shall be mixed much easy and piquant wit and humour. They are clever girls, though what the world would call woefully deficient in accomplishments; for instance, they neither dance, sing, nor play. But what of that?—they will make good wives and good mothers nevertheless. And, by-the-bye, how is it that neither of them is yet married? That is easily accounted for. The young Friend never marries early; that is, she never marries under twenty; and our Deborah has been engaged to one of her own people for these six months. Before this time next year she will be married, and her sister, who will be her bride's-maid, and accompany her to her new house, will have woovers in plenty, especially seeing that she is of a good stock, is comely in person, and will have a good fortune—for even among the self-denying Friends, a good fortune is a thing of no small consideration.

Being now on the subject of marriage, it is but right to state that Joseph Lamb the younger is about taking a wife also. Were we to look towards the Mount three months hence, we should see the bride, otherwise Maria Lamb, a sweet, fair, and gentle creature, attended by her two sisters-in-law, and dressed two degrees gayer than they, in white muslin and cambric, white crape shawl and bonnet, and with delicate silk-stockinged and sandalled feet, and with her white silk bag in her hand containing her work as well as her lily-white handkerchief, walking all three, arm in arm, about five o'clock of an afternoon, somewhere between the town and the Mount. They have been to

bring up the young wife to take tea with them in a social way, for they have adopted her at once as one of themselves, and she feels as much at home there as in her own father's house. Towards seven o'clock, also, when the bustle of the day is over, Joseph junior may also be seen on the same road, his errand being to take his coffee with them, or to sup, and escort his wife home in the evening.

Such is the family of the Lambs.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

## ANECDOTES OF INTEGRITY.

HONESTY IN HUMBLE LIFE.—At a fair in the town of Keith, in the north of Scotland, in the year 1767, a merchant having lost his pocket book, which contained about 100*l.* sterling, advertised it next day, offering a reward of 20*l.* to the finder. It was immediately brought to him by a countryman, who desired him to examine it; the owner finding it was in the same state as when he lost it, paid down the reward; but the man declined accepting it, alleging that it was too much; he then offered him 15*l.* then 10*l.* then 5*l.* all of which he successively refused. Being at last desired to make his own demand, he asked only five shillings to drink his health, which was most thankfully given him.

An instance of conduct extremely similar occurred at Plymouth, at the end of the late war. A British seaman, who returned from France, received 65*l.* for his pay. In proceeding to the tap-house in Plymouth dock-yard, with his money inclosed in a bundle, he dropped it, without immediately discovering his loss. When he missed it, he sallied forth in search of it; after some inquiries, he fortunately met J. Prout, a labourer in the yard, who had found the bundle, and gladly returned it.—Jack, no less generous than the other was honest, instantly proposed to Prout, to accept half, then 20*l.* both of which he magnanimously refused. Ten pounds, next five, were tendered, but with a similar result. At length Jack, determined that his benefactor should have some token of his gratitude, forced a 2*l.* note into Prout's pocket.

Traits of character like these, would reflect honour on any class of society.

THE LOST HALF-GUINEA.—A gentleman passing through the streets of Newcastle, about twenty years ago, was called in by a shop-keeper, who acknowledged himself indebted to him to the amount of a guinea. The gentleman, much astonished, inquired how that was, as he had no recollection of the circumstance. The shop-keeper replied that, about twenty years before, as the gentleman's wife was crossing the river Tyne in a boat which he was in, she accidentally dropt half a guinea, as she took out her money to pay the fare. The shop-keeper, who had a family at home literally starving, snatched up the half guinea. He had since been prosperous in the world, and now seized the first opportunity since his good fortune of paying the money, with interest.



**MAGNANIMOUS LEGATEE.**—About the year 1772, a grocer of the name of Higgins died, and left a considerable sum to a gentleman in London, saying to him at the time that he made his will, "I do not know that I have any relations, but should you ever by accident here of such, give them some relief." The gentleman, though left in full and undisputed possession of a large fortune, on which no person could have any legal claim, advertised for the next of kin to the deceased, and after some months were spent in inquiries, he at length discovered a few distant relatives. He called them together to dine with him, and after distributing the whole of the money according to the different degrees of consanguinity, paid the expenses of advertising out of his own pocket.

**BRITISH ADMIRAL'S ESTATE.**—When Admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and thus addressed him: "Considering my rank in life, and public service for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seamen's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of dirty money in it."

**WILLIAM PENN AND THE INDIANS.**—Voltaire says, that the treaty which William Penn made with the Indians in America, is the only treaty between those people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and was never infringed. Mr. Penn endeavoured to settle his new colony upon the most equitable principles, and took great pains to conciliate the good will of the natives. He appointed commissioners to treat with them, and purchased from them the land of the province, acknowledging them to be the original proprietors. As the land was of little value to the natives, he obtained his purchase at a moderate rate; but by his equitable conduct he gave them so high an opinion of him, and, by his kind and equitable behaviour so ingratiated himself in their favour, that the American Indians have ever expressed a great veneration for his memory, and styled the Governor of Pennsylvania *onas*, which in their language signifies a pen. At the renewal of the treaties with Sir William Keith, the governor in 1722, the Indians, as the highest compliment they could pay him, said, "We esteem and love you as if you were William Penn himself."

The integrity of the Indians has been no less remarkable; while they have often attempted reprisals on land that had been wrested from them, they have always respected such as has been purchased from their ancestors.

**RAISING THE PRICE OF BREAD.**—Some years ago the bakers of Lyons thought that they could prevail on M. Dugas, the Prevost of the merchants in that city, to befriend them at the expense of the public. They waited upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread, which could not be done without the sanction of the chief magistrate. M. Dugas told them that he would examine their petition, and give them an early answer. The bakers retired, having first left upon the table a purse of two hundred louisdors.

In a few days the bakers called upon the magistrate for an answer, not in the least doubting but that the money had very effectually pleaded their cause.—"Gentlemen," said M. Dugas, "I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice and find them light. I do not think that the people ought to suffer under a pretence of the dearness of corn, which I know to be unfounded; and as to the purse of money that you left with me, I am sure that I have made such a generous and noble use of it as you yourselves intended; I have distributed it among the poor objects of charity in our two hospitals. As you are opulent enough to make such large donations, I cannot possibly think that you can incur any loss in your business; and I shall, therefore, continue the price of bread as it was before I received your petition."

**REWARD FOR OVER-POLITENESS.**—A gentleman, who lodged in New Bond-street, being confined by illness a long time, his servant was daily accosted by a man whose sole business was a constant inquiry after his master's health: when the gentleman was recovering, his servant acquainted him of the stranger's civility; curiosity induced him then to discover who he was, when lo! he turned out to be an undertaker. It was then agreed between the master and servant, to make him a proper acknowledgment for his politeness. The servant was accordingly instructed to say his master was dying, and in a few days after, that he was dead. The instructions were obeyed, the undertaker paid his devoirs to the servant, with a present of two guineas on being informed he was to have the job. He was next introduced to take the measure of the corpse, to which he was proceeding with a face as hypocritical as Judas Iscariot's, when suddenly the dead alive jumped up, gave him a hearty horsewhipping, and kicked him down stairs.

A silly young fellow, who by the death of a rich relative, had just slipped into a good fortune, called a coach from a stand, in London, and, throwing himself all along upon the seat, told the coachman to drive him *home*. "Home, Sir!" exclaimed the astonished driver "where is that your honour pleases to call *home*?" "Bless me, coachee, (replied the thing, with apparent surprise) I thought I was directing John, my own coachman: it is so seldom I ride in a hack." A desire to display a consequence before a low bred man, who can neither know nor care any thing about you, indicates not only a mind of very narrow dimensions, but a vanity of insufferable extent.

**NEW SOUTH WALES.**—A coach and four horses might be driven through the most parts of this open country without any fear of obstacles; indeed the character of the scenery is so identically similar to the admired parks of England, that had a barouche and four, with outriders, been driven past, there would have been nothing incongruous, or even remarkable in it, so exactly suited is the country for the equipage and the equipage for the country.—*Rambler in New South Wales.*

## THE BOON OF MEMORY.

I go, I go!—and must mine image fade  
From the green spot wherein my childhood play'd.  
By my own streams?  
Must my life part from each familiar place,  
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace  
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget  
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met  
In grief or glee?

All the sweet counsel, the communion high,  
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,  
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,  
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live  
For evermore!

Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,  
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,  
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,  
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,  
Set deep that thought!  
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,  
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,  
With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me:—"Wild wish, and vain!  
I have no hues the loveliest to detain  
In the heart's core.

The place they held in bosoms all their own,  
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown,  
Is theirs no more!"

Hast thou such power, O Love?—And Love replied,  
"It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide  
Of hope and trust,  
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—  
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,  
Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,  
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away  
From the still breast;  
Filled with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,  
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,  
Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—"It is not in me,  
Though called immortal; though my gifts may be  
All but divine.

A place, of lonely brightness I can give;—  
A changeless one, where thou with love wouldst live—  
This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt thou the restless wish fulfil?  
And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still  
Each vain regret.

What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,  
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,  
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my heart in lone, faint sadness die,  
As from all Nature's voices one reply,  
But one, was given:—  
"Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a tone,  
To send thee back the spirit of thine own—  
Seek it in Heaven."

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## THE QUIET EYE.

The orb I like is not the one  
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,  
That dares to look upon the sun  
As though it challenged brighter beam.  
That orb may sparkle, flash and roll;  
Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;  
But not for me: I prize the soul  
That slumbers in a quiet eye.  
There's something in its placid shade  
That tells of calm unworldly thought;  
Hope may be crown'd, or joy delay'd—  
No dimness steals, no ray is caught:  
Its pensive language seems to say,  
"I know that I must close and die;"  
And death itself, come when it may,  
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

*Eliza Cook.*

Love, under Friendship's vesture white,  
Laughs, his little limbs concealing;  
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,  
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,  
Smiles through his tears revealing.  
But now as Rage the god appears!  
He frowns and tempests shake his frame—  
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,  
'Tis Love; and Love is still the same.

*Rogers.*

## A CHILD'S ANSWER.

I met a child, whose golden hair  
Around her rosy face in clusters hung;  
And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sung  
Her household melodies—those strains that bear  
The heart back to Eden: surely ne'er  
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child  
Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accents mild  
She answered, "Mother's." When I question'd "Where  
Her dwelling was?" Again she answered, "Home."  
"Mother" and "Home!" A blessed ignorance—  
Or rather, blessed knowledge! What advance  
Further than this shall all the years to come,  
With all their lore, effect? There are but given  
Two names of higher note, "Father" and "Heaven."

## FLOWERS.

With each expanding flower we find  
Some pleasing sentiment combined;  
Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,  
Remembrance to the violet clings,  
Peace brightens in the olive green,  
Hope from the half-closed iris springs;  
Victory from the laurel grows,  
And woman blushes in the rose.

## RECIPE TO MAKE A MODERN FOP.

Two tons of pride and impudence,  
One scruple next of modesty and sense,  
Two grains of truth; of falsehood and deceit,  
And insincerity, a hundred weight.  
Infuse into the skull of flashy wit  
And empty nonsense *quantum sufficit*  
To make the composition quite complete;  
Throw in the appearance of a grand estate,  
A lofty cane, a sword with silver hilt,  
A ring, two watches, and a snuff-box gilt:  
A gay, effeminate, embroidered vest,  
With suitable attire—*probatum est.*



## ENGLISH WOMEN.

Nothing could be more easy than to prove, in the reflected light of our literature, that from the period of our Revolution to the present time, the education of women has improved amongst us, as much, at least, as that of men. Unquestionably that advancement has been greater within this last fifty years than during any previous period of equal length; and it may even be doubted whether the modern rage of our fair countrywomen for universal acquirement has not already been carried to a height injurious to the attainment of excellence in the more important branches of literary information.

But in every age since that of Charles II., Englishwomen have been better educated than their mothers. For much of this we are indebted to Addison. Since the Spectator set the example, a great part of our lighter literature, unlike that of the preceding age, has been addressed to the sex in common; whatever language could shock the ear of woman, whatever sentiment could sully her purity of thought, has been gradually expunged from the far greater and better portion of our works of imagination and taste; and it is this growing refinement and delicacy of expression, throughout the last century, which prove, as much as any thing, the increasing number of female readers, and the increasing homage which has been paid to the better feelings of their sex.

## STEPHEN KEMBLE.

When Stephen walks the streets, the paviors cry—"God bless you, sir," and lay their rammers by.

It was said of Mr. Stephen Kemble, that he was *constitutionally great*. It will be within the recollection of our readers, that his size was so immense, that he always played Falstaff without stuffing; and quantity and quality considered, was respectable as a man and an actor.

On one of his visits to London he was engaged to play three nights at Drury Lane. Stephen was always afraid of the sarcasm of Fawcett, the unrivalled Falstaff of the other house, and he was told that Fawcett meant to witness his performance on the first night, in company with John Bannister. Stephen whispered thus to the latter—"John, I understand Fawcett comes to the house to-night, to quiz my Falstaff; now I know, John, you are my friend—don't let him run his riggs upon me; I know you'll defend me." "My dear fellow," replied Bannister, "that I will, you may rely on me." The next morning Kemble eagerly sought him; "Well, John, what said Fawcett!" "Why he was very quiet till the play was over." "Well, what then?" "Why then he said—'drabbit it, I must not tell you.'" "Nonsense, nonsense man—what was it?" "I know you defended me."—"He said," replied John, "that you were *not fit to carry g-ts to a bear*!" "Well, but you contradicted it, didn't you?" "O yes, directly—I said you were!"

Mr. Stephen Kemble having engaged Miss Fanny Booth for a few nights at one of his theatres in the north, advertised her in very prominent characters the first night, for a dance of Parisot's. The house was unusually full; and the last coach came in, but no Miss Booth. The audience becoming boisterous. Stephen came forward, and addressed them thus—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I regret to inform you, that some unforeseen accident has prevented the lady from making her appearance; but, in order that you should not be disappointed, you shall have a dance. I do not know the shawl dance myself but I will do my endeavours at a hornpipe." And to the no small astonishment of the audience, he danced a hornpipe.

Stephen used to say that he was sufficient ballast for a collier. One day a gentleman at Newcastle, wishing to get to London, advertised for a post-chaise companion. He received a note, informing him that a gentleman, who also wished to go, would call upon him in the evening. At the appointed time Stephen made his appearance, and declared himself to be the person who wished to accompany him. "You accompany me!" exclaimed the advertiser, "what the devil do you mean!—Do you think I am going by the waggon!"

Mr. Kemble was one morning in the travellers' room of an inn, in Newcastle, sitting upon three chairs as usual, occupying an entire corner of the room, and reading the newspaper, when a commercial traveller from Leeds (called in ridicule by his familiars, the polite Yorkshireman) came in, and looking at Stephen said—"Be you ganging to tak brickfast, sur?"—"Yes, sir." "A' should be happy to join you."—"With great pleasure, sir." "Dang it!" returned the Yorkshireman, "I think a's seed you before."—"Perhaps you have."—"Ah? a paid a' shillin to see you."—"Ha! ha! ha! perhaps you might sir," (fancying he had been at the gallery in the theatre). "Ah! a' know'd it war you; it was at Lester."—"No, sir, you mistake—I never was at Leicester." "Nay, dang it but you war!—I seed you in a wild-beast cart like."—"Wild-beast cart!" retorted Stephen. "Aye, man—Why your't great big Lambert, bean't you?"—"D-n me, sir," said Stephen in a passion, "do you mean to insult me?—breakfast by yourself."

## WADLEIGH'S TRIAL FOR SLEEPING IN MEETING.

*Justice Winslow*.—What do you know about Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting?

*Witness*.—I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess.

*Just*.—Then tell us all about it; that's just what we want to know.

*Wit*.—(Scratching his head).—Well, the long and the short of it is, John Wadleigh is a hard working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing; and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy-leaves. So it stands to reason that Wadleigh would nat'rally be a very sleepy sort of person. Well, the weather is sometimes nat'rally considerable warm, and

Parson Moody's sarmons is sometimes rather heavy-like; and—

*Just.*—Stop, stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody; that's not what you were called here for.

*Wit.*—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting; and it's my opinion, especially in warm weather, that sarmons that are heavy-like, and two hours long, nat'rally have a tendency—

*Just.*—Stop, stop! I say. If you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you to the cage for contempt of court.

*Wit.*—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting.

*Just.*—Well, go on, and tell us all about that. You weren't called here to testify about Parson Moody.

*Wit.*—That's what I am trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion, in warm weather, folks is considerably apt to sleep in meeting; especially when the sarmon—I mean especially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in the sarmon myself; but if I once get by there, I generally get into a kind of a waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Wadleigh; I've generally noticed that if he begins to gape at the seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, for his neck isn't stiff enough to hold it up. Then from tenthly up to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door, till the "amen" brings the people up to prayers, and Wadleigh comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jack knife.

**BEGGARS.**—In the earlier periods of their history, both in England and Scotland, beggars were generally of such a description as to entitle them to the epithet of *sturdy*; accordingly they appear to have been regarded often as impostors and always as nuisances and pests. "Sornares," so violently denounced in those acts, were what are here called "masterful beggars," who, when they could not obtain what they asked for by fair means, seldom hesitated to take it by violence. The term is said to be Gaelic, and to import a soldier. The life of such a beggar is well described in the "Belman of London," printed in 1608.—"The life of a beggar is the life of a souldier. He suffers hunger and cold in winter, and heate and thirst in summer; he goes lowsie; he goes lame; he is not regarded; he is not rewarded; here only shines his glorie. The whole kingdom is but his walk; a whole cittie is but his parish. In every man's kitchen is his meat dressed; in every man's sellar lyes his beere; and the best men's purses keep a penny for him to spend."

**PARR'S PUNNING.**—Of all the species of wit, punning was one which Dr. Parr disliked, and in which he seldom indulged; and yet some

instances of it have been related. Reaching a book from a high shelf in his library, two other books came tumbling down; of which one, a critical work of Lambert Bos, fell upon the other, which was a volume of Hume. "See!" said he, "what has happened—*procumbit humi bos*." On another occasion, sitting in his room, suffering under the effects of a slight cold, when too strong a current was let in upon him, he cried out, "Stop, stop, that is too much. I am at present only *par levibus ventis*." At another time, a gentleman having asked him to subscribe to Dr. Busby's translation of Lucretius, he declined to do so, saying it would cost too much money; it would indeed be Lucreti, a *carus*.—*Field's Memoirs*.

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—In Russia, mechanics, according to an enactment to that purpose, are obliged, on the expiration of their apprenticeship, to wander or travel from town to town three years before they can set up in business for themselves; each carries a book, in which his route is noted down, and serves as a kind of passport. Should they meet with no employment, they shift their ground, and the magistrate furnishes them with subsistence-money, which enables them thus to proceed to another quarter.—*Wilson's Travels*.

**WHITE TEETH.**—The famous Saunderson, although completely blind, and who occupied in so distinguished a manner, the chair of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, being one day in a large company, remarked of a lady who had left the room, but whom he had never before met, nor even heard of, that she had very white teeth. The company were extremely anxious to learn how he had discovered this, for it happened to be true. "I have no reason," said the Professor, "to believe that the lady is a fool, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly, as she did for a whole hour together."

**A RARE PATRIMONY.**—A young man of Nuremberg (says the journal of that city), who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it? (what an idea!) Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer, I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars for. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.



**COURAGE AND INTEGRITY.**—A Caleo, who had been some time tutor to Tham, King of China, ingratiated himself into the favour of that monarch by acting the part of a flatterer, telling the King what he knew would please him, and omitting what was fit for him to know, which generally offended the Chinese. One of the captains took the courage to go to the King, and kneeling before him, the King demanded "what he would have?" "Leave," said the captain, "to cut off the head of a flattering courtier who abuses you." "And who is that man?" said the King. "The Caleo who stands before you," said the captain. "What," said the King, in a great passion, "wouldst thou cut off my master's head in my sight too? Take him from my presence, and chop off his head immediately." The officers laying hold of him, in order to execute the King's command, he laid hold of a wooden balaster, which, with their pulling, and his holding fast, broke asunder; and the King's anger by that time being abated, he commanded they should let the captain alone, and that the balaster should be mended, and not a new one put in its place, "that it might remain to perpetuity as a memorial that one of his subjects had the courage and fidelity (with the hazard of his life) to advise the King what he ought to do for his own and the people's safety."

**A GOOD WIFE.**—There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. She should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.

**ALLITERATIVE LOVE LETTER.**—Adored and angelic Amelia. Accept an ardent and artless amouirist's affections, alleviate an anguished admirer's alarms, and answer an amorous applicant's avowed ardour. Ah Amelia! all appears an awful aspect! Ambition, avarice, and arrogance, alas! are attractive allurements, and abase an ardent attachment. Appease an aching and affectionate adorer's alarms, and anon acknowledge affianced Albert's alliance as agreeable and acceptable.—Anxiously awaiting an affectionate and affirmative answer, accept an ardent admirer's aching adieu. Always angelic and adorable Amelia's admiring and affectionate amouirist, ALBERT.

**CHOCOLATE.**—Chocolate called in the Mexican language, chocolate, was first made in Mexico. Both the name, the tools, and the proceeding in preparing it, have been borrowed by the Europeans from the Mexicans. Vanilla and honey were added to cacao, in order to render that beverage more wholesome and agreeable. The use of wax and tallow candles was unknown to the Mexicans: they burned wooden flambeaux, and kindled fires by rubbing pieces of wood against each other.

**FATHER PETERS**, the Jesuit, calculated that in 260 years four men might have 268,719,000,000 of descendants. Enough to people many such worlds as ours. Sir W. Blackstone shows, that in twenty generations every man has actually 1,048,576 ancestors. Thus, the provisions of nature are made against every contingency. In the animal world 342,144 eggs have been found in a carp only 18 inches long; and 600,000 have been reckoned in the roe of a salmon.—*Weekly Rev.*

The following is said to be the origin of nine tailors making one man:—A poor beggar stopped near a tailor's shop, where nine men were at work, and craved charity; each contributed his mite, and presented the beggar with the total. The beggar went upon his knees, thanking them for the sum, and said they had made a man of him.

**ORIGIN OF THE PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.**—The three golden balls suspended from the doors or windows of pawnbrokers, have been humourously enough described by the vulgar, as meaning it was two chances to one that the things pledged should never be redeemed; but in fact, they are the arms of the Lombard merchants, who gave the name to the street in which they dwelt, and who were the first to publicly lend money on chattel securities.

**JUDGES OF MUSIC.**—A Scotch bagpiper travelling into Ireland opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes, and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. "The Deel faw me," said Sawney, "An I had kenn'd ye loved music so well, ye should have had it before dinner."

**A PUN.**—A Hampstead coachman, who drove two miserable hacks, styled his vehicle the Regulator. A brother whip called out the other day, while passing him, "I say, Tom, don't you call your coach the Regulator?" "Yes, I do," replied the other. "Ay, and a devilish proper name it is," resumed Jehu. "Why so?" "Why, because all the other coaches go by it."

**GUINEAS.**—Guineas were first introduced in the reign of Charles II.; other denominations of gold coin had long before been current, but those pieces, the more distinctly to mark them as a new description of money, and in compliment to Sir Robert Holmes, received this appellation, from their having been made of the gold dust brought from the coast of Guinea, by that commander.

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## A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The swift, unvarying stride of Old Father Time has once more brought us to one of those epochs when it is customary to congratulate our friends on their safe passage o'er the past, and to wish them success in their progress through the future. Now it is that men take a retrospective view of the past and make good resolutions—too frequently to be broken—for the time to come. Now it is, that in countries like Old England, where sufficient nationality still exists to keep up the time-honoured customs of our ancestors, preparations are made in every quarter and by every rank to celebrate the Christmas festivities. Now are the hedges and the old oak and apple trees robbed of the holly—with its glossy green leaves and bright red berries—and of the misletoe to deck the dwellings of the multitude, from the cottage of the peasant to the palace of the prince. All preparations being duly made, the celebration of the season commences in earnest on Christmas Eve, when the elder wine is tapped, and, smoking hot, with delicate strips of nut-brown toast by its side, is handed round to drop-pers-in. Next follows Christmas-day, when devout people go to church to offer thanks to Heaven for past mercies, and return home to indulge in the good old fare of roast beef and plum-pudding; if he cannot afford which on one day in the year, John Bull thinks his affairs in woful flight. Nor, amidst the festivities of the rich, are the poor forgotten. In every workhouse throughout the kingdom the same substantial fare is provided, that the unfortunate inmates may not mourn at a time of general rejoicing. Peoples' hearts are opened and subscriptions raised to provide the poor with coals and blankets to enable them to resist the chilling assaults of Jack Frost in the coming winter. Now is the misletoe bough

suspended in the centre of the hall, under which every maiden caught is doomed to pay, (how seldom unwillingly) the penalty of a kiss. Friends meet—differences are reconciled—mince-pies vanish—men and maidens flirt. New Years' day approaches, and on New Year's Eve old acquaintances assemble to dance—while the bells ring—"the old year out and the new year in." Christmas is now half over; Christmas boxes and New Years' gifts are distributed, and great preparations are making to celebrate the last day of the season—Twelfth-night. Pastry-cooks' windows are crammed with "Twelfth-cakes," of every size: some of them highly decorated; while the outside of the window is surrounded, from the opening to the shutting of the shops, by admiring crowds of gazers. At length the eventful night arrives—friends congregate—the cake is cut, Kings and Queens are drawn—dancing commences or the merry tale and song go round;—bright eyes and rosy lips meet (sometimes boldly, oftener by stealth) under the misletoe bough—matches are made—old cronies meet and "fight their battles o'er again," while the young are speculating in the future. But all things must end and therefore must Christmas. Night is passing away—the clock is striking the "small hours of the morning," and all must separate. Hats, cloaks and comforters are in request, and with many a hearty shake and tender pressure of the hand, the guests and Christmas depart together.

In these remote regions, where there are no ties of old associations to hallow the memories of the past, old customs rigidly observed at home are forgotten or sink into desuetude; thus Christmas is comparatively little kept in Canada. It is customary however to offer our friends the "compliments of the season," which we do most heartily. We wish them all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year:—to maidens husbands—to bachelors wives—to all prosperity.



# TRAITS OF AN ENGLISH WATERING PLACE.

In one of those strolls through different parts of the country in which I have so often indulged myself, and in which I have always found so much enjoyment from the varieties of scenery and character which they laid open to me, I once came upon a watering place on the coast that afforded me no small matter for a day or two's amusement. What could have been the cause of the setting up of such a place as a scene of fashionable resort, it would be difficult to tell, except that it possessed a most bounteous provision of two great articles in demand in the autumnal months in cities—salt water and fresh air, for which a thousand inconveniences would be endured. It was situated quite on a flat coast of a flat country, a few miles from one of its sea-ports, yet near enough to obtain speedily thence all those good things which hungry mortals require—and who are so hungry as people bathing in sea water, and imbibing sea air, and taking three times their usual exercise without being distinctly aware of it?

Strolling along the coast, I found a good hotel, with the usual marks of such an establishment about it. There were quantities of people loitering about the sands in front and in the garden, and other quantities looking out of the windows with the sashes up; some of them, particularly the ladies, holding colloquies out of the windows of upper stories with some of the strollers below; post-chaises and gigs, and shandray carts, standing here and there in the side scenes; a row of bathing-machines on the shore, awaiting the hour of the tide; and a loud noise of voices from a neighbouring bowling-green. The odours of roasting and baking that came from the hotel, were of the most inviting description; I inclined to take up my abode there for a few hours at least, but on entering, I found that as to obtaining a room, or a tithe of a room, or even a chair at the table of the ordinary, it was quite out of the question. "Lord bless you, sir," said the landlady, a woman of most surprising corporal dimensions, in a white gown, an orange-coloured neckerchief, and a large and very rosy face, as she stood before the bar, filling a whole width in the passage; "Lord bless you, sir, if you'd give me a

thousand golden guineas in a silken purse, I should not know where to put you. We've turned hundreds and hundreds of most genteel people away, that we have, within this very week, and the house is fit to burst now, it's so hugeous full. But you'll get accommodated at the town." "What town?" said I; "is there a town near?" "Why, town we call it, but it's the village, you know; it's Fastside here, not more than a mile off; if you follow the bank along the shore, you'll go straight to it. You can't miss it." Accordingly, following the raised embankment along the shore, I soon descried Fastside, a few scattered cottages, placed amongst the respective crofts and gardens, and here and there a farm-house, with its substantial array of ricks about it, denoting that the dwellers were well-off in the world. But I soon found that all the cottages and many of the farm-houses, had their boarders for the season, and that there was scarcely one but was full. I had the good luck to spy an equipage, and something like a departing group at the door of one of the cottages, and as it moved away, to find that I could have the use of two rooms, a parlour and chamber over it, if I liked to go to the expense. "Perhaps," said the neat cottage housewife, "as a single gentleman, you may not like to occupy so much room, for just at this season we charge rather high." "And pray," said I, "what may be the enormous price you are charging for these rooms, then?" "Seven shillings a-week each room, and half-a-crown for attendance," looking at me with an inquiring eye, as if apprehensive that I should be astounded at the sum. "What! the vast charge of sixteen and sixpence per week," I replied, smiling, "for two rooms and attendance?" "Yes," said the simple dame; "but then, you see, you will have to live besides, and it all comes to a good deal. But may be you are a gentleman that doesn't mind a trifle." Having assured her that there would, at all events, be no insupportable obstacle in her terms, I entered and took possession of two as rustic and nicely clean rooms as could be found under such a humble roof. I had taken a fancy to spend a few days, or a week at least there. It was a new scene, and peopled with new characters,

that might be worth studying. The cottage stood in a thoroughly rural garden, full of peas, beans, and cabbages, with a little plot round the house, gay with marrygolds, hollyhocks, and roses, and sweet with rosemary and lavender. The old dame's husband was a shrimper, or fisher for shrimps, whom I soon came to see regularly tracing the edge of the tide with his old white horse and net hung behind him. She had, besides me, it seemed, another lodger, who, she assured me, "was a very nice young man indeed, but, poor gentleman, he enjoyed but very indifferent health. Sometimes I think that he's been crossed in love, for I happened to cast my eye on one of his books—and there was a deal about love in it. It was all in poetry, you see, and so on; and then, again, I fancy he's consumptive, though I wouldn't like to say a word to him, lest it should cast him down, poor young man; but he reads too much, in my opinion, a great deal too much; he's never without a book in his hands when he's in doors; and that's not wholesome, you are sure, to be sitting so many hours in one posture, and with his eyes fixed in one place. But God knows best what's good for us all; and I often wonder whether he has a mother. I should be sorely uneasy on his account, if I was her." So the good dame ran on while she cooked me a mutton chop, and took an account of what tea and sugar and such things she must send for by the post-man, who was their daily carrier to the town. I listened to her talk, and looked at the pot of balm of Gilead, and the red and white balsams standing in the cottage window, and the large sleek and well-fed tabby cat sleeping on the cushion of the old man's chair, and was sure that I was in good hands, and grew fond of my quarters. Before the day was over, I became acquainted with the old shrimper, who came in after his journey to the next town with his shrimps, and was as picturesque an old fellow as you would wish to see, and full of character and anecdotes of the wrecks and sea incidents of that coast for forty years past. I had been informed all about who were the neighbours inhabiting the other cottages and farms, and had a good inkling of their different characters too; I had walked out to the bank when the

tide was up, and round the garden, and actually got into conversation with "the poor young man," my fellow lodger.

The next morning I was up early, and out to reconnoitre the place and neighbourhood; and this young man having found out that I was also addicted to the unwholesome practice of reading books, took at once a great fancy to me, and went with me as a guide and cicerone. I found that all the mystery about him was, that he was a youth articled to an attorney in great practice, and had stooped over the desk a little too much, but was soon likely to be as strong and sound as ever, being neither consumptive nor *crossed* in love, although in love he certainly was. A more simple-hearted, good-natured fellow it was impossible could exist. He had the most profound admiration of all poets and philosophers, and read Goldsmith, Shenstone, and Addison, with a relish that one would give a good deal for. As for Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, and Tom Moore, he knew half of their voluminous poetical works by heart; mention any fine passage, and he immediately spouted you the whole of it; and as for the Waverly Novels, he had evidently devoured them entire, and was full of their wonders and characters. Yet, thus fond of poetry and romance, it was not the less true that he had a fancy for mathematics, and played on the fiddle and the flute into the bargain. Nor was this all the extent of his tastes: he had quite a *penchant* for natural history; had he time, he declared, he would study botany, ornithology, geology, and conchology too; and yet, although such a book-worm himself, he seemed to enjoy the company of the other visitors there who never read at all. There was a whole troop that he made acquaintance with, and whose characters he sketched to me, particularly those of a merry set who lodged at a cottage opposite, where he often went to amuse them with his fiddle. As my business was to see what were the characters and the amusements of such a place, I desired him to introduce me to them, but in the first place to let us run a little over the country.

The country was rich and flat, divided into great meadows full of luxuriant grass, grazed by herds of fine cattle, and surrounded by noble trees, which served to



break up the monotony of the landscape. Here and there you saw the tall, square, substantial tower of a village church peeping over its surrounding screen of noble elms. We were accustomed to stroll into these churchyards, admiring the singularly large and excellent churches, all of solid stone; the spacious grave-yard and the large heavy head-stones, adorned with carved skulls and cross-bones; and gilded angels with long trumpets figured above the simple epitaphs of the departed villagers. The farm-houses, too, surrounded also with tall elms, and with a great air of wealth and comfort, drew our attention. As we approached nearer to the sea, the country was more destitute of wood; consisted of very large fields of corn, then beginning to change into the rich hues of ripeness; fields also of woad, a plant used in dyeing, and there extensively cultivated; and these fields intersected no longer by hedges, but by deep wide ditches called dykes, in which grew plenty of reeds, water-fags, a tall and splendid species of marsh ranunculus (*R. lingua*) and yellow and white water-lilies. As we drew near to the village, if village such scattered dwellings could be called, we were struck with the peculiar aspect of the dry lanes, and the plants which grew there, so different to those of an inland neighbourhood. They were exactly such as Crabbe has described them in such a situation:—

There, fed by food they love, to rankest size,  
Around the dwelling docks and wormwood rise;  
Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root;  
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit;  
On the hills of dust the henbane's faded green,  
And pencilled flower of sickly scent is seen;  
At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,  
With fruit globose and fierce with poisoned stings.  
Above, the growth of many a year, is spread  
The yellow level of the stonecrop's bed;  
In every chink delights the fern to grow,  
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below.

The great embankment secured all this from the invasion of the sea, and, winding along the flat sands, formed a delightful walk when the tide was roaring up against it. Here also the male portion of the visitors came to bathe; and when the tide was up, nothing could be more delicious. They could undress on the sunny sward of the mound at whatever distance from the others they pleased, for there were many miles of the bank; and the waves dashing gently against the grassy slope, received them on a secure and smooth sand, at a depth sufficient to

allow them either to wade or swim. They generally, however, undressed near enough to swim or wade in company, and to splash one another and play all manner of practical jokes.

When the tide was out, from this bank you had a view of a great extent of level sands, monotonous enough in themselves, but animated by the view of vessels in full sail passing along the Channel to or from the neighbouring port, and by the flight and cries of the sea-birds. Along these sands we ranged every day to a great distance, collecting shells, leaping the narrow channels of salt water left in the hollows, shooting gulls, watching the shrimps that were floating in the tide, and amusing ourselves with the crabs, which, left in the holes in the strand, were running sideways here and there in great trepidation, yet never so much alarmed as not to be ready to seize and devour those of their own species that were less in personal bulk and prowess than themselves. Then, again, we found a good deal of employment in botanizing amongst the patches of sea-wilderness, which were not so often submersed by the tide as to destroy the vegetation altogether, or to produce only fucus and other seaweeds. The rest-harrow, the eringo with its cerulean leaves, the stag's-horn plantain, the grasswort or common (not the true) samphire—these and many others had all an interest for us. In one place we found the sea-convolvulus blowing in its rich and prodigal beauty on the sands; and we came to wild hills of sand thrown up by the billows of ages, a whole region of desolation, overgrown with sea-wheat, and the tall yellow stems and umbels of the wild celery.

Such was the scenery; the people of the cottages were generally fishermen, with their families; and the visitors, farmers and persons of that class, often with their families. At the house opposite us, as I have said, was the merriest crew. My friend the young lawyer was in the habit of running in and out amongst them as he pleased. He proposed that we should go and dine with them, as they had a sort of an ordinary table, where you could dine at a fixed and very moderate charge, as all charges indeed were there. Here we found about a dozen people. One, who appeared and proved an old-gentle-

man-farmer, a Mr. Milly, always took the head of the table; and a merrier mortal could not have been there, except he who occupied the other end, a fellow of infinite jest, like Sir John Falstaff, and to the full as corpulent. Who and what he was, I know not, save that he was a most fat and merry fellow and went by the name of Sir John between the young lawyer, whom I shall call Wilson, and myself. This joyous old gentleman had his wife and son and daughter with him. The son was a young man as fond of a practical joke as his father was of a verbal one; he was not short of a verbal one too, on occasions. He was of a remarkably dark-brown complexion, and on some one asking him how he came to be so dark, when the rest of his family were fair, he at once replied, "Oh, can't you fancy how that was? It happened when I was a child in the cradle, I got turned on my face, and had like to have been smothered. I got so black in the face, I have never recovered my colour again. My mother can tell you all about it—can't you mother?" At this repartee all the company laughed heartily, and truly it was a company that could laugh heartily. They had merry hearts. Then there was a good worthy farmer of the real old school. I was nearly saying that John Farn was old, but, in fact, he was not more than five-and-thirty, but his gravity gave him an appearance of something like age. He was dressed in a suit of drab, with an ample coat of the good old farmerly cut, and jack boots like a trooper. But John Farn had a deal of sober sound sense, and a mind that, had it been called out, would have been found noble. I became very fond of John. The rest were young farmers and tradesmen full of youth and life. They had brought their horses with them, and some of them gigs, and were fond of all mounting and scouring away on the shore for miles together.

The great business, indeed, was to bathe, and eat and drink, and ride or walk, and play at quoits or bowls. If the tide was up early in the morning, all would be up and out, and have their dip before breakfast. Then they would come back hungry as hunters, and devour their coffee, beef, and broiled ham, and shrimps fresh from the cauldron, and then out,

some to ride round to have a look at the neighbouring farms, or on the shore to see the fishing smacks go out or come in. Others got to quoits or bowls till dinner; and after a hearty meal and a good long chat, they would slowly saunter up to the hotel, and see what company was there, and take a glass and a pipe with some of them, and see the newspaper, and perhaps have a game of bowls there, and then back to tea; after which they grew very social, and called on the other boarders at the cottage near, and strolled out with the ladies to the bank, which was not far off; and so wiled the time away till supper. Four meals a-day did they regularly sit down to, and enjoy themselves as much as if they had not eaten for a day or two, praising all the time the wonderful property of sea-air for getting an appetite. As sure as shrimps appeared at breakfast did soles at supper; and after supper one drew out his bottle of wine, and another got his brandy and water, and all grew merry. Those that liked it took a pipe, and it annoyed nobody. There was plenty of joking and laughter that it would have done the most fastidious good to hear, and as much wit, and perhaps a good deal more, than where there does not exist the same freedom. More jovial evenings I never saw. Wilson gave them a tune on his flute, or took his fiddle; they cleared the floor of the largest room, invited some of the neighbouring visitors who had wives or daughters with them, and had a dance. On such evenings Sir John Falstaff sat in the large bay window of the apartment for coolness, and wiped his brow, and sang his merriest songs. His songs were all merry, and he had a host of them; it was a wonder where he had picked them up. His son often joined him, sometimes his wife and daughter too. It was a merry family. Surely never could care have found way into their house. Not even could the young man's brown complexion give him a care; it only furnished him with a joke, and made laughter contagious. Never could the old man have been so fat, had care been allowed to lay hold of him. The whole of that huge bulk was a mass of rejoicing. How his eyes did shine and twinkle with delight as he sang! what silent laughter played around his mouth, and stole over his ruddy



cheeks, like gleams of pleasantest lighting of a summer's night, as he lifted his glass to his head, and listened to some one else! But, alas! all his mirth was well nigh closed one day. He was tempted by the fineness of the weather into the tide, contrary to his wont, and his doctor's order. Some one suddenly missed him; all looked round; at a distance something like a buoy was seen floating; it was Sir John; his fat had floated; his head had gone down like a stone; they just pulled him up time enough to save him, but he was blacker in the face than ever his son had been in the cradle, and got a fright that spoiled all his mirth for some days.

But there was a ball at the hotel, and everybody was off to it; all except Wilson, who was not well, and myself, who stayed to keep him company. Even grave John Farn, in his drab suit and jack-boots, would go. Who would have thought that there was such a taste for pleasure in John Farn? John Farn was very fond of hearing Wilson and myself talk of books. He would come to our cottage, and sit and listen for hours to our conversation, or take up some of our books himself, and read. I perceived that there was an appetite for knowledge in him that had never been called out, because it had had nothing to feed on; but it was clear that it would soon, if it was in the way of aliment and excitement, become fearfully voracious. When he found the name of Dryden in a volume, he declared that he was born in the same parish. He put the book into his pocket, and was missed all that day. Somebody, by chance, saw him issue out of a great reed bed towards evening; he had read the volume through, and declared that he should think ten times better of his parish now for having produced such a man, who would have thought that John Farn, the Northamptonshire farmer and grazier, and who had lived all his life amongst bullocks, and whose whole talk was of them, would have fastened thus suddenly on a volume of Dryden's poems? But John used to accompany Wilson and myself, botanizing along the shore and the inland dykes; and it was curious to see with what a grave enthusiasm he would climb in his great jack-boots over the roughest fences; how he would leap

across those wide dykes; how he would splash through the salt-water pools and streams to tear up a flower or a sea-weed that we wanted; and with what an earnest eye he would look and listen as we mentioned its name, and pointed out its class in the volume, or related its uses! There was an undiscovered world, and a great one, in the soul of that John Farn.

The more I saw of that man, the more I liked him. The stores of yet unstirred life, both of intellect and feeling in his frame, became every day more strongly apparent. He would sit with us on the sea-bank for hours watching the tide come up, or watching its play and the play of light and shadow over it when at flood, and drink down greedily all that was said of this or other countries, all that had in it knowledge of any kind. His whole body seemed full of the joyous excitement of a youth that in years should have passed over him, but was yet unspent, and was now only found. He rose up one day and said, "Let us hire a ship and sail out to some other country." At the moment we laughed at the idea, but John Farn persisted with the utmost gravity in his proposal, and eventually we did hire a smack, and sailed across to Norfolk. We visited Lynn; walked over the grounds of the school where Eugene Aram was an usher when he was taken for the murder; and nothing but the threatening of the weather would have prevented us crossing over to the Continent. As it was, it was delightful to see the childlike enjoyment with which that grave man saw the breezy expanse of ocean, the fiery colour of its waters as the vessel cut through them in the night, the seals that lay on a mid-sea rock as we sailed along, and the birds of ocean screaming and plunging in its billows.

There was a legion of things in the bosom of John Farn that he knew nothing of all the years that he had been buying and selling cattle, but were now all bursting to the light with a startling vigour. I wonder whether they have since troubled him like blind giants groping their way to the face of heaven, or whether, amid his cattle and his quiet field, they have collapsed again into dim and unconscious dreams; but the last action which I witnessed in him, made me sure that his

moral feeling was as noble as I suspected his intellectual strength to be great.

There was a robbery at Uriah Sparey's. Money and other articles were missed from the packages of the guests. The suspicion fell on a servant girl. Great was the stir, the inquiry, and the indignation. Mrs. Uriah Sparey was vehement in her wrath. She insisted that the affair should not be talked of lest it should bring discredit on her house; but to satisfy her guests, she would turn the girl out of it that instant. The girl with tears protested her innocence, but in vain. When she came to open her own box, she declared that she was robbed too. Her wages, and the money given her by visitors, were all gone. Mrs. Sparey exclaimed, that "never did she see such an instance of guilty art as this! The girl to remove from herself the charge of theft, to pretend that she herself was robbed!"

If the girl was guilty, she most admirably affected innocence; if she was of a thievish nature, never did nature so defend vice under the fair shield of virtuous lineaments. All saw and felt this; all had been much pleased with the appearance and behaviour of the girl. Her vows of innocence were now most natural; her tears fell with all the hot vehemence of wronged truth; she earnestly implored that every search and every inquiry should be made, that she might at least regain her character; her money she cared little for. But Mrs. Uriah Sparey only exclaimed, "Minx! get out of my house! I see what you want; you want to fix the theft upon me!" All started at that singular exclamation, and fixed their eyes on Mrs. Sparey; she coloured; but no one spoke. The girl stood weeping by the door. Then said John Farn, "Go home, my girl, go home, and let thy father and mother see into the matter for thee." At these words, the girl, whose tears were before flowing fast but freely, burst into a sudden paroxysm of sobs and cries, and wrung her hands in agony. "What is the matter?" asked John Farn; "has the poor girl no parents?" "Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, suddenly looking at him, and the tears stopping as if choked in their bed; "but how can I go to them with the name of a thief?" The colour passed from her face, and she laid hold on a chair to save herself from falling.

"Mary!" said John Farn, "I will not say who is the thief; but this I say, I will hire thee for a year and a day, and there is a guinea for earnest, and another to pay thy coach fare down. Be at my house in a fortnight, and till then go and see thy mother. Let them call thee thief that dare!" With that he rose up, gave Mary his address, paid his bill to Mrs. Sparey, and marched out of the house with his little round portmanteau under his arm. We all hurried out after him, gave him by turns a hearty shake of the hand as he was about to mount his horse; and that was the last I saw of John Farn. I know no more of him, yet would I, at a venture, rather take the heart of that man, though compelled to take the long drab coat and the jack boots with it, than that of many a lord with his robes of state, and all his lands and tenements besides.

Such were a few days and their real incidents passed by me at a watering-place some years ago.

#### THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

Every family, I believe, has its great man: my maternal uncle, Sir Nicholas Sawyer, is ours. His counting-house is in Mark-lane, where he lived for a period of twenty years; on his being knighted, however, he thought, and his wife was sure, that knighthood and city air would not coalesce; so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime-street, and I am in the counting-house. The knighthood and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, insomuch that we, the Wodehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyers in the full blaze of the sun. My father is naturally too indolent a man to trouble his head about this; but my mother has a growing family that must be pushed. Sir Nicholas is apt to dine with us now and then, and my mother upon these occasions, schools us to what we are to say and do, as Garrick was said to have tutored his wife. My sister Charlotte is told to like Handel's music, to which the great man, being what is called "serious," is partial; my brother John, who is articulated to an attorney, is told to put Boote's suit at law out of his pocket; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial



to parsnips; and even little Charles is told to lisp "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-hart-court can muster such a congregation of unfledged hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great a bustle in our establishment as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kenilworth castle. I will mention what happened last Wednesday. There is a little variety in the inflection. The narrative of what passed at one dinner may serve for a hundred.

Sir Nicholas Sawyer is in the habit of looking in at our counting-house in his way to his own. That is to say whenever he condescends to walk. At these times he uniformly tells us why he cannot have the carriage. It is wanted by Lady Sawyer: upon one occasion to accompany Lady Fanny Plegethon to the opening of the new church at Kennington: upon another, to pay a kind visit to the poor Countess of Cowcross: upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Outinian Lecture, with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he paid us one of his usual visits; and having skimmed the cream of the Public Ledger, asked my father if he dined at home that day? My father answered yes; as indeed he would have done had he been engaged to dine off pearls and diamonds with the Royal Ram. "Bob," said my father to me, "do run up stairs and tell your mother that your uncle will dine with us to-day." I did as I was bid, and on opening the parlour-door, found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication-table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me." As she had just then arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-hoo-hoo-hoo, in a strain not unlike that of the "Cuckoo har-binger of Spring." This was unlucky; the cadenza might have been heard down in the counting-house: and anything more opposite to Handel could not well be imagined. I delivered my message: my alarmed mother started up; Charlotte threw away her hymen-seeking ditty, and pouncing upon Acis and Galatea began to growl "Oh, ruddier than the berry." As for little Charles, he was left to find

out the result of five times nine, like the American boy, by dint of his own natural sagacity. A short consultation was held between my mother and Charlotte upon the important article of dinner. A round of beef salted, in the house: so far fortunate; a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that was requisite to add. The debate was now joined by my father; he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn *instantly* to Leadenhall-market. "No, my dear, no," said my father; "remembering when your brother last dined with us, you bought a hen lobster, and one of the chops was all bone." My mother owned her delinquency, and my father walked forth to order the provisions.

Our dinner-hour is five, and my brother John dines with us, generally returning afterwards to Mr. Pounce's office in Bevis Marks. I met him on the stairs, and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his coat-pocket, as much as to say "let me alone: I'll be up to him." At the hour of five we were all assembled in the drawing-room, with that species of nervous solicitude which usually precedes the appearance of the great man of the family. A single knock a little startled us; but it was only the boy with the porter. A double knock terrified us: Charlotte mechanically began to play, "Comfort ye my people:" my mother took the hand of little Charles, whose head had been properly combed, in anticipation of the customary pat, and advanced to meet her high and mighty relation; the door opened, and the servant delivered a twopenny-post printed circular, denoting that muffins were only to be had good at Messrs. Stuff and Saltem's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father ejaculated "Psha?" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradually diminishing sparks, and had just come to parson and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to those whom it might concern that his High Mightiness had really assailed our portal. The scene which had been just before rehearsed for the benefit of the twopenny-postman, was now performed afresh, and Sir Nicholas Sawyer was inducted into the arm-chair. I had the honor to receive

his cane, my brother Jack his gloves, and little Charles his hat, which he carried off in both hands without spilling. "What have you got in your pocket, Jack?" said the Great Man to my brother. "Only the first volume of Morkan's *Vade Mecum*," answered the driver of quills. "Right," rejoined our revered uncle; "always keep an eye to business, Jack. May you live to be Lord Chancellor, and may I live to see it!" At this he laughed," as Goldsmith has it; "and so did we: the jests of the rich are always successful." My mother, however, conceived it to be no jesting matter, and in downright earnest began to allege that John had an uncommon partiality for the law, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then averred that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cottons, and that when I should be taken into partnership, I should, in all human probability, do the trade credit, if I was but properly pushed. But for this a small additional capital was requisite, and where I was to get it Heaven only knew. Charlotte's talents for music were then represented as surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to get her properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. As to little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who so pushed her offspring; it is no fault of hers that we are not every one of us flat on our faces long ago.

Dinner being announced the Great Man took his seat at the right-hand of my mother. He was helped to a large slice of turbot, whereupon he tapped the extremity of the fish with his knife. This denoted his want of some of the fins, and my mother accordingly dealt out to him a portion of these glutinous appendages. Common mortals send a plate round the table for whatsoever they may require; but when the Great Man of the family graces the table, every thing is moved up to him. The buttock of beef being a little too ponderous to perform such a visit the Great Man hinted from afar off where he would be helped. "Just there, no, not there: a little nearer the fat: or stay: it is a little too much boiled: I will wait a slice or two: ay: now it will do: a little of the soft fat, and two spoonfuls of

gravy: put two small parsnips with it; and Thomas, bring me the mustard." It may be well imagined that these dicta were followed by prompt obedience. There are only two viands to which I entertain any aversion—parsnips and tripe. The former always gives me the notion of carrots from the catacombs, and the latter of boiled leather breeches. My polite mamma, aware of my uncle's partiality for parsnips, had lectured me into the propriety of assuming a fondness for them; adding, that Sir Nicholas had been married five years without children, and that I should probably be his heir, and that one would not lose one's birthright for a mess of pottage. It is whispered in the family that my uncle is worth a plum. It would, therefore, be a pity to lose a hundred thousand pounds, by refusing to swallow a parsnip. I contrived to get down a couple; and was told by Sir Nicholas that I was a clever young man, and knew what was what. My mother evidently thought that the whole of the above-named sum was already half way down my breeches pocket. "Has any one seen Simpson & Co.," inquired the Great Man, during a short interval between his mouthfuls. I was upon the incautious point of answering yes, and that I thought it a very good thing, when my father, with the most adroit simplicity, answered, "I met Simpson this morning at Betson's: his partner is at Liverpool." Hereat the Great Man chuckled so immoderately that we all thought that a segment of parsnip had gone the wrong way. "No, I don't mean them—come, that's not amiss—Simpson & Scott, of Alderman's Walk. Ha, ha, hah! No: I mean Simpson & Co., at Drury-Lane." "No," answered my mother, "we none of us ever go to the play." Lord help me it was but a week ago that my father, Jack and I, had sat in the pit to see this identical drama! Now came in the mutton chops. The process was electrical, and deserves a minute commemoration. First the Great man had a hot plate, upon which he placed a hot potatoe. Then our man Thomas placed a pewter dish, carefully covered, immediately under our visitor's nose. At a given signal, Thomas whisked off the cover, and my uncle darted his fork into a chop as rapidly as if he was harpooning



a fish. What became of the cover, unless Thomas swallowed it, I have not since been able to form a guess.

I pass over a few more white lies, uttered for the purpose of ingratiating. Such, for instance, as none of us liking wine or gravy; our utter repugnance to modern fashions in dress; our never wasting time in reading novels; our never going westward of Temple Bar, and our regularly going to afternoon church. But I cannot avoid mentioning that great men bear, at least in one point, a resemblance to great wits: I mean in the shortness of their memories. Bedford square and a carriage have driven from my poor uncle's sensorium all geographical knowledge of city streets. He regularly asks me whether Lime Street is the second or third turning; affects to place Ironmonger's Hall in Bishopsgate Street; and tells me that when he goes to receive his dividend at the India House, he constantly commits the error of directing his coachman to Whitechapel. Lord help me again! this from a man who, for the first ten years of his civic existence, threaded every nook and alley in the city, with a black pocket-book full of bills as Dimsdale and Company's out-door clerk!

Yesterday I overheard my maiden aunt Susan giving a hint to somebody, who shall be nameless, that Lady Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years' abstinence, is certainly "as women wish to be who love their lords." I mean to wait with exemplary patience to establish the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. If it prove to be a male, I am of course cut out of the inheritance. In that case I shall unquestionably throw off the mask, and venture to eat, drink and talk for myself. At the very first uncle-given dinner after the *denouement* I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, tilt the dish for gravy, see Simpson & Co. at least six times, and read every novel in Lane's Circulating List. I am, &c.

AN AGITATOR.—M. Monchenut, an old man of eighty, afflicted with the palsy, was arrested during the reign of terror, under suspicion of being an agitator. Being asked what he had to say to the accusation, "Alas, gentlemen, it is very true, I am agitated enough, for I have not been able to keep a limb still for these fifteen years."

## Editorial.

### HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

THIS is an old maxim, which, among the newspaper press of Canada, appears to be more honoured in the breach than the observance, and we think it high time to call some of our friends "over the coals." In making selections for our Magazine from the literature of the world, we wade through a vast amount of miscellaneous materials: frequently reading several hundred pages in order to cull five or six of choice matter for our subscribers; and, when possible to ascertain it, we always give the name of the author, or the source from whence the article is obtained. We therefore think it very unjust that our exchanges (as some of them are in the habit of doing) should fill their papers, and fatten upon our labours, without the slightest acknowledgment of the obligation. We have no objection to the extracts being made, provided credit is given to us for the articles, but our contemporaries must bear in mind that there is a wonderful difference between selecting *as we select*, and simply using the office scissors.

### SOBER AS A JUDGE.

THE "western world" is celebrated as the abode of free and easy independence, where the fashion-wearied emigrant may shake from his feet the dust of old customs and the constraints and etiquette of civilized society. In the United States of America the difference in the habits and manners of the inhabitants of the eastern and western States is very striking to the observant European, and the same difference, although in a less degree, may be noticed in our Province as you leave the sea-board and penetrate into the interior. In fact the emigrant to the west generally glides very readily into the easy and careless habits of the settlers who have preceded him, showing the natural tendency of the human race, if unrestrained by the forms of artificial society, to return rapidly to that state from which it very gradually emerged, a state of nature, and exemplifying the correctness of the observation "that it is very difficult to transform an Indian into a white man, but very easy to convert a white man into an Indian." And thus it is that few British emigrants who have spent a few years on this side of the Atlantic, ever like to return and remain on the other side. They become in

fact de-civilized, and on their return to England feel pretty much "like fish out of water."

In a late progress through the western part of the Province, we were much impressed with the truth of these observations in the conduct of certain judicial functionaries. The British bar has long been celebrated for its wit, and the bench for its wisdom. In Great Britain however, a lawyer is seldom promoted to the bench till after many years of arduous and severe toil; his wild oats are sown, his judgments matured. But in a new country like Canada, where political influence must be obtained, and political friends served, *seniores priores* is not the rule but the exception.

We lately met, no matter where, a very jovial member of the aforesaid craft, while on his customary periodical tour for the disposal of disputes between thick-skulled litigants. The gentleman in question certainly had nothing particularly judicial in his appearance or manner, but there was such a joyous overflowing of good humour about his whole contour that we could not help thinking it must be a pleasure to a suitor to be condemned by him even to the payment of costs. Throwing off, with the judicial garment, the conventional gravity of the *forum*, this worthy told tales, broad, rich and racy, and kept the denizens of the inn-parlour in a perpetual succession of broad grins and boisterous peals of laughter. Such out-of-school descensions or condescensions however, have their drawbacks: other people besides Beau Brummell being apt to mistake a prince's affability for their own merit, and to cry "George, ring the bell!" "I say, Judge," quoth a stripling, nudging the learned functionary with his elbow, "I say, Judge, will you take a *nip*?" The judge, nothing loth, remembering that Bacchus was a divinity as well as Jupiter, assented, and the party adjourned to the bar-room, took their "*nip*" and returned to the sitting-room. Presently, Mr. Juvenile, having imbibed an additional portion of Dutch courage, returned to the charge—"I say, Judge! (another nudge with the elbow) I say, Judge, let's take a squint round town!" This however was too much, even for the merry lawyer, and the invitation was laughingly declined.

We are not of those who look upon the gravity of the owl as emblematic of wisdom, or imagine that for a judge to be just he must abstain from fun and frolic; but the world in general judges too much by appearances, and

it becomes necessary that the evening's relaxation should be followed by a much stricter adherence to the rules of rigid justice than would be necessary but for the previous indulgencies; and the difficulty of securing deference to opinions, and confidence in decisions, must be much greater than when the girdle of authority has not been so much loosened. After all, the legend tells us that

"Old King Cole was a *jolly* old soul."

and surely, if a king may be jolly, a judge may occasionally "cast away care."

#### PUBLIC NUISANCES.

No greater nuisance can exist than a plank road out of repair, on which people are obliged to travel. We lately had the felicity of driving on that known as the "Hamilton and Port Dover" road. The first few miles beyond Hamilton being covered with a kind of gravel and sand (at least we took it for something of the kind), was, at the time in question, before the last frost, in a state of "*mush*," through which it was impossible to proceed beyond a walk.—After wading through this we reach the plank, which was in many places in bad condition: and between Caledonia and Jarvis it was in a most dangerous and disgraceful state; although the tolls were higher than on any other road, five pence being charged at each gate for a "horse and buggy." We understand that when the public roads were sold by the government the purchasers were compelled to give security for keeping them in good travelling order. Whose duty is it to look after them? Travellers have no time, although they are the greatest sufferers, and to compel the payment of tolls on such roads is genuine *highway robbery*. The most extraordinary circumstance is that persons living along the line, who are compelled to use the road, do not pull the gates down. In all ordinary circumstances, if we saw an outrage committed against the "majesty of the law" we should consider it our duty to bear testimony against the offender, but in a case of this kind, if we saw some Canadian "*Rebecca*" demolishing the barriers, we should certainly deem it an act of justice to the public and the Province to "look another way." In the meantime the travel is leaving the road, as none but those who cannot avoid it will run the risk of injuring their horses and breaking their vehicles.

If a few more roads are to be sold on the same terms—to take the tolls and spend nothing in repairs—we would like to get one or two.



## CASTLE BUILDERS.

Certain great geniuses have been notorious for castle-building. Fontenelle, the centenarian, was so accustomed to indulge in erecting these airy fabrics, that he may be said, fairly enough, to have lived as much out of the world as in it, and by this means there can be no doubt he prolonged his life. His perfect indifference to all those matters that commonly raise a great interest among mankind in general, made his temper even and placid, and his love of castle-building contributed to his long good health. Deaths, marriages, earthquakes, murders, calamities of all kinds, scarcely affected him at all. He built castles by day and by night, in society and out of it. His body was a machine with a moving power, and went through its actions mechanically; but his mind was generally in some region far remote from the situation it occupied. He got at one time among the stars, found them peopled, and began to study the laws, manners, and dispositions of the inhabitants of worlds many million times farther from the earth than thrice to "th' utmost pole." Going one day to Versailles early in the morning, to pay a visit to the court, he was observed to step under a tree, against which he placed his back, and beginning to castle-build, he was found pursuing his architectural labours in the evening upon the self-same spot. Kings, courtiers, and such "small gear," were unable to abstract him from following his favourite amusement, when the temptation of enjoying it was strong. Perhaps Fontenelle and Newton may illustrate the difference between the profound thinking of the scholar, and the amusement of which we are treating. Newton directed all his faculties into one focus upon any single object, proceeding by line and rule to develop the mystery which it was his desire to unravel. No play was allowed to the fancy, nor operation to more than one faculty of the soul at once; it is this which is so wearying to the frame, that gives pallor to the student's complexion, and frequently abridges life. Your castle-builder, on the contrary, may be a ruddy, florid, and healthy personage. He quaffs an *elixir vite*; his abstractions arising only from a pleasurable pursuit in following his wayward fancies, and not from painful attention to a single subject. Sancho Panza was something of a castle-builder, jolly-looking as he was. I mention him merely to shew its effect on the person. When he appeared asleep, and his master demanded what he was doing, he replied, "I govern," being at that very instant busy in regulating the internal affairs of the island of Barrataria, of which the worthy Don had promised him the government when he had conquered it himself. Don Quixote, on the other hand, was not a castle-builder of the higher class. He called in the strength of his arm to aid his delusions, believing to be matter of fact those airy nothings which the true castle-builder regards as recreative illusions, and which cease to be harmless, if he attempt to realize them. The Knight of Cervantes took shadows for substances, and this leads me to

denominate the style of castle-building, which I contend is so agreeable, refreshing, and innoxious—the Poetic, in contradistinction to what may be called the Prose order. The last species is a delusion respecting something, the attainment of which is possible, though it is extremely difficult and improbable. In furtherance of the actual realization of our schemes, we lay under contribution every moral and physical aid. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was an adept in this kind of castle building, as his conversation with Cincas proves. When we have taken Italy, what do you design next? said Cincas; Pyrrhus answered, to go and conquer Sicily. And what next?—then Libya and Carthage. And what next?—why then to try and reconquer Macedon, when, his legitimacy said, they might sit down, eat, drink, and be merry, for the rest of their days. Cincas drily advised the king to do that which was alone certainly in his power—the last thing first. In like manner, a German author has recently constructed a castle; he has undertaken a work, which for bulk and labour will leave Lopez de Vega and Voltaire sadly in the lurch. It is to include the history, legislation, manners and customs, literature, state of arts, and language, of every nation in the world, from the beginning of time; and this, which he proposes to complete himself, will occupy him laboriously for half-a-century, and carry his own age several years beyond the hundred. The French are clever at this style of castle-building: they plan admirably well, commence their labours with enthusiasm, but leave off in the middle of them. Canals, harbours, triumphal arches, constitutions, and Utopian plans of polity, abundantly attest this. Who but a Frenchman would have written to Franklin, offering, with a preliminary apology for his condescension, to be king of America, and actually expect pecuniary remuneration for humbling himself to such a purpose! Poor Falstaff was one of this latter class of castle-builders, though it must be confessed he had something of a foundation upon which to erect his edifice, when he heard the Prince of Wales was king, and exclaimed, "away Bardolph, saddle my horse—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities." So are lovers who cherish extravagant hopes, and imagine their mistresses to be something between a very woman and an angel—like fish, neither flesh nor fowl. The supporters of a balance of power in Europe, for which England has entailed on herself and upon her posterity such an enormous debt, is, like Falstaff's interest with the new king, and, together with the payment of the said debt, a piece of castle-building worthy of king Pyrrhus.

But poetical castle-building alone is a pleasant and harmless amusement of the fancy, which we must lay by when we pursue our every-day avocations, without suffering it to interfere with the realities of existence. It is the mixing these up with its air-built pleasures that produces mischievous effects. An example of this may be found in the worthy country

divine, who, having preached a score or two of orthodox sermons, thought, therefore, in the simplicity of his heart, that he had some claim for patronage upon all good statute Christians, whom he determined to edify by publishing his labours for their benefit. He little guessed, greenhorn that he was, the real hold of religion upon his supposed patrons, and the true state of the market in respect to such commodities. His guilelessness of soul made him suppose that where there was a church-establishment, there must necessarily be among its numerous members a high value for religious discourses such as his were—an error he fell into for want of knowledge of the world. He calculated everything, not forgetting the expenses or the profits of his undertaking; and that he might keep within the bounds of modesty, and show nothing like self-presumption in respect to the worth of his lucubrations, he determined to limit the impressions of his volume to one copy for every parish. He printed, therefore, fearlessly, eleven thousand copies. The sequel may be gathered by inquiring about the affair in the Row.

“The wisest schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft awry,”

says Burns. In these matters, therefore, castle-building must give place to dry evidence and the matter-of-fact testimony of the senses. Those who act otherwise in these affairs waste their years in running round a circle, and find themselves in the end at the point from which they set out. Among these materializers of the airy nothings of the mind, are the perpetual-motion-hunters, who astound society with their discoveries, and are at last obliged to creep off, as the sporting people say, “like dogs with their tails between their legs.” The credulous experimenters after the discovery of the philosopher’s stone; of an universal remedy, the chair of life, by which man is to defy sickness and defer death for a thousand years; the gambler’s martingale for subduing chance; and the navigators to the moon—afford examples enough of the folly of endeavouring to realize the fantasies of imagination, and of trying to build with sunbeams and prismatic colours the coarse and ponderous edifices of man’s erections.

These objections, however, do not affect castle-building of the right kind; the enjoyer of which truly believes his visions too subtle for the common world, from which he must withdraw himself to see them. He sets out with the perfect consciousness that the feast of which he is going to partake belongs not to tangible existence, that it consists of ethereal aliment laid out in the universe of spirit, and that consequently it is an intellectual entertainment upon “ambrosial food,” which, while he tastes, must receive from him no alloy of corporeal substances. He knows that this pleasure is an illusion, like all others, even those that consist of better things; but he, nevertheless, derives a temporary satisfaction from it. Pleasant to him is the short interval of rest in his arm-chair after dinner, for, when the foolish world thinks him taking his nod, he

is in an elysium—pleasant are his silent devotions to Raleigh’s soothing weed, to the solace of his segar and hookah—pleasant is the still hour of night when sleep is deferred a little only to be sounder when it comes, and the unslumbering fancy revels in unwearied luxury, and rears the noblest edifices in her matterless region—pleasant, in short, is castle-building whenever the mind wants renovation, or amusement of its own peculiar character, and can so employ itself without a waste of time or attention from more important objects.

*New Monthly Mag.*

#### ANECDOTES OF A DIANA MONKEY.

An old ship-companion of mine was a native of the Gold Coast, and was of the Diana species. He had been purchased by the cook of the vessel in which I sailed from Africa, and was considered his exclusive property. Jack’s place then was close to the caboose; but as his education progressed, he was gradually allowed an increase of liberty, till at last he enjoyed the range of the whole ship, except the cabin. I had embarked with more than a womanly aversion to monkeys, it was absolute antipathy; and although I often laughed at Jack’s freaks, still I kept out of his way, till a circumstance brought with it a closer acquaintance, and cured me of my dislike. Our latitude was three degrees south, and we only proceeded by occasional tornadoes, the intervals of which were filled up by dead calms and bright weather; when these occurred during the day, the helm was frequently lashed, and all the watch went below. On one of these occasions I was sitting alone on the deck, and reading intently, when, in an instant, something jumped upon my shoulders, twisted his tail round my neck, and screamed close to my ears. My immediate conviction that it was Jack scarcely relieved me; but there was no help; I dared not cry for assistance, because I was afraid of him, and dared not obey the next impulse, which was to thump him off, for the same reason. I therefore became civil from necessity, and from that moment Jack and I entered into an alliance. He gradually loosened his hold, looked in my face, examined my hands and rings with the most minute attention, and soon found the biscuit which lay by my side. When I liked him well enough to profit by his friendship, he became a constant source of amusement. Like all other nautical monkeys, he was fond of pulling off the men’s caps as they slept, and throwing them into the sea; of knocking over the parrots’ cages to drink the water as it trickled along the deck, regardless of the occasional gripe which he received; of taking the dried herbs out of the tin mugs in which the men were making tea of them; of dexterously picking out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars of the grate; stealing the carpenter’s tools; in short, of teasing everything and everybody; but he was also a first-rate equestrian. Whenever the pigs were let out to have a run on deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence



he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to keep himself on, produced a squeaking; but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty. Confinement was the worst punishment he could receive, and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night, when about to be sent to bed in an empty hencoop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of the other monkeys on board, who were all smaller than himself, and put two out of his way. The first feat of the kind was performed in my presence; he began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation; the poor little thing crouched to him most humbly; but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by any other means. Of course, Jack was flogged and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue, at the end of three days, sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a very original way. The men had been painting the ship's side with a streak of white, and upon being summoned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Unknown to Jack, I was seated behind the companion door, and saw the whole transaction; he called a little black monkey to him, who, like the others, immediately crouched to his superior, when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush, dripping with paint, with the other, and covered him with white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim, and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself, but I called the steward who washed him so well with turpentine, that all injury was prevented; but during our bustle Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the main-top, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft; no one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope; at length, impelled by hunger, he dropped unexpectedly from some height on my knees, as if for refuge, and as he thus confided in me, I could not give him up to punishment.

The only way in which I could control his tricks was by showing him to the panther on board, which excited his fears very strongly. I used to hold him up by the tail, and the instant that he saw the panther he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes, and pretend to be dead. When I moved away, he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously; but if he caught a glimpse of the panther's cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he re-

sumed the rigidity of death. After four months sojourn together, I quitted Jack off the Scilly Islands, and understood that I was much regretted: he unceasingly watched for me in the morning, and searched for me in every direction, even venturing into the cabin; nor was he reconciled to my departure when my servants left the vessel at Gravesend.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

#### SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

I have met with very few unmarried ladies who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of 30, that their existence was thoroughly comfortless and wretched. Many have I heard express it openly; and that such is the fact, can very easily be discovered by an accurate observer of the human countenance. It is also certain that three out of every five of the young English ladies of the present day must remain unmarried, because no man can exist on less than two thousand a-year when married; and how few young men there are with two thousand a-year, compared with the number of young ladies! Five, six, eight, sometimes in one family; generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—yet, perhaps in our *salons* the lovely and accomplished beings are completely neglected by the other sex, “because” (I must repeat the sentiments I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion) “I never talk to girls—I dare not pay attention to unmarried women, because I am not a marrying man—my friend — flirted with so and so, and was accused of behaving ill—I don't like to excite false hopes—I shall never marry, unless I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a-year, because I am much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have.”

It is of no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, for we cannot alter it; but I think it might be beneficial to give a few hints on the education of women, which might perhaps be useful in procuring them, in a state of *single blessedness*, as it is very falsely called, a greater share of happiness, or a less load of misery, than they at present appear to me to possess after the awful age of thirty.

A girl at thirty is called an *old maid*—she goes to a ball, and generally sits neglected all the evening, or dances with some gentleman who has been often asked to dine at her father's house, and who, perhaps, remarks, “Miss — is rather *passé*—a good old girl—and I must do duty there; and now I shall dance with the beautiful Miss —.” My heart always bleeds for the mortifications I see endured by these poor old girls continually. There are certainly some single women whose talents have made them as much considered in society as they ought to be; but then I have generally observed that they have fortunes, or have had advantages above others to bring them into notice, and to give to the natural

ambition of the human species some scope of action.

I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a moderate proportion in one family—and two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a-year. The estate, of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergyman, if his relations have any preferment, or he must be of some profession; of course, he can never marry without a large fortune—unless at the age of forty-five he has made one for himself. The eldest son, having been to Eton and Cambridge, has learnt that fifteen hundred a-year is nothing, and, in all probability, determines (not to be *taken-in*) not to marry any lovely girl, without, at least, forty or fifty thousand pounds. I now come to my four young ladies. I will suppose one very pretty, one tolerably pretty, and the other two rather plain. They have been educated, in all probability as the greater proportion of English girls are. First of all, they go every Sunday to church—and are, as I conceive all, or nearly all, the class of moderately rich English gentry to be, perfectly honourable, upright, and well-principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose *any* change in the education of a class for whom I entertain so high a respect.

To return to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become wives and mothers, and are taught to cherish those natural affections which, if by some remote chance, one out of the four ever does marry, make them so amiable and lovely as such. They are all allowed to read modern novels, at least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now, I maintain, that there is scarcely one of these works which does not impress any young woman with the idea that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and perfect, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honours of her least notice; but where is the novel which represents four poor, pretty, unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass their young years without perhaps so much as one admirer between them? Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and my four lovely and accomplished warm-hearted beings, having seen all their youthful castles fall one by one, become listless and unhappy. They have little in life to interest them; one dies of a complaint in the spine; another lives many years on arrow-root and calf's-foot jelly, and is enveloped in flannel; a third is under the care of Dr. S. for indigestion; and perhaps the fourth is made of tougher materials, and born with less feeling than the others—or perhaps from having something to occupy her mind, in preparing the arrow-root for one sister, and ordering the hard dumplings, prescribed by Dr. S., for the other—outlives her sorrows and disappointments; and if she takes an interest in her brother's children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives vent to those affections which are implanted by nature in the breast of woman, she becomes happy.

This, then, appears to me to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach them by all means, that one great source of happiness consists in the indulgence of virtuous affection; but do not teach them that there is no affection capable of producing this happiness, except such as may be felt for a lover or a husband. If the heart be properly regulated, it may take a warm and sufficiently engrossing interest in may objects less intimately connected with it. Marriage is a sad lottery, and, at the best, is a state full of cares and anxieties. Freedom and independence ought not to be lightly parted with, or set down as possessions of little value.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

#### YOUNG AND OLD.

Ever since the beginning of the world, we believe, there have been two great contending parties in it, the young and the old—at least, there must have been such two parties ever since any portion of the race grew up into anything like age. These two parties appear, throughout all history and literature, as they do at the present moment in the living world, animated by entirely different and irreconcilable principles—the young being all for this and that and t'other thing, and the old setting themselves right against all these things, and doing all in their power to prevent the young from getting them. Never yet, we suppose, was there a human being who, at twenty, did not think that he was far too much kept down by his seniors in almost all things he had a tendency to, and far too much be-preached about all kinds of things to which he was repugnant. And never yet was there a human being who, at sixty, did not believe that young men are apt to take far too much of their own way, and at once to do the very things they ought not to do, and neglect the things which it is their duty and interest to attend to. It is the same being who is thinking in both cases, but thinking under the influence of different feelings and different circumstances.

The best way, perhaps, to place these differences in a striking point of view, will be to suppose a man existent at the two different periods of life at once, but under different names (it may easily be supposed he has changed his name in the interval for a succession), and to place his sentiments on various matters, as entertained at the two different periods, in juxtaposition. We shall suppose him a Mr. Torrington at the one period, and a Mr. Chillingworth at the other.

TORRINGTON. "Well, that was a nice girl I saw at the Fancy Ball last night. Handsome foot and ankle—sweet engaging face. And, if I don't flatter myself, she did not seem at all displeased with my attentions. Pity, though, her father and mother are such stiff old frumps. Say he is rich, and determined on having a good match for her. Horrid old rascal, to think of forcing the affections of his daughter. No consideration for young feelings in these flinty fathers. I dare say he would not care to



marry her to some old fellow of three or four-and-thirty, if he only had a title. What a sacrifice that would be! Dear, enchanting girl—if she would but, trust herself to me, I should be delighted to rescue her from her impending fate. True, I am only a student of medicine, not too well off for pocket-money. But poverty with such an angel would be the wealth of the Indies. And we might hope that old Chillingworth would relent—especially if he saw her kneeling with three babes at his feet, and knew that he could not make a better of it. Needn't ask my father about this, for he always preaches to me the necessity of getting on a little in the world before I marry. Plague on all these old people together! They crush young hearts. Hang me if I would care to marry the girl to-morrow, just to spite them. Well, I'll go out and take a walk in the New Town, and perhaps I may meet her. It would be delicious to come upon her sitting by herself in one of the arbours of the Prince's Street Gardens. Might speak to her there about my love for her, and propose running off."

CHILLINGWORTH. "Maria, my dear, I'm told by your mother that you danced last night with a young fellow, who was only introduced by one of the stewards, and that you seemed rather to like him. Take care, my dear, of those young fellows who come to balls, and whom nobody knows. Very likely some writers clerk, or some medical student. He may be a handsome fellow enough, but what is that? Twenty thousand people may be as handsome, while far more eligible otherwise. In fact, my dear, you must be on your guard. You know you will have most of my fortune, and that should get you a good match. I am but a physician, it is true, but one of the first in town, and money excuses everything. Then you are a smart-looking girl. You ought to have a baronet, at the least. I have been thinking of Sir James Doneup, who seemed a good deal taken when he last visited us. Any how, beware of nameless young fellows, such as he who danced with you last night. You will, of course, cut that fellow if you meet him on the street. He may have some design on you, pretending it is all for love and that kind of thing, while, in reality, he thinks of my cash. But I shall be upsides with him, for you know, if you do not marry prudently, and with the approbation of your parents, you are to be cut off with a shilling. Now, mind, cut him without mercy. Rascal, to think of even dancing with my daughter!"

TORRINGTON. "My dear Tom, what are you about in that stupid place you have got to? All rurality and innocence now, I suppose. We have been getting some famous fun here. Dick and I went to the theatre last night, to ogle one of the actresses—a very pretty girl, I can tell you. I think she rather liked it, but the house thought us troublesome, and we got turned out. We adjourned to the Café, and had some oysters and gin punch—they make it famous there. A gentleman near us gave a song, and we sat quite happy for two hours, thinking of nothing but the bar-maid's pretty

hand. I told Tom I had just got in a hundred cigars from Twist's, and asked him home with me to smoke a few of them. The governor does not like to be disturbed; so I have got a pass-key, which lets me in at any hour. Jenny was easily bribed to give us hot water in a quiet way; so we set to work, and drank and smoked the whole night, just to see if we could do it. I found my stock of cigars half finished this morning; so you see we had made a night of it. I do love a cigar. It is the true spell to banish all care. I smoke five every evening just now on Prince's Street, which is two more than any other fellow does of my acquaintance. I have lately taken a little to rhyming, and have written a song on smoking and drinking, which some of my friends say is worthy of the German burschen. They come just now in flocks every night to hear it at my lodgings; and as it is quite ineffective till the fifth tumbler, you may suppose I am not profiting by my authorship. However, they are all capital fellows, and it is pleasant to see them so happy over my whisky and verse. The old gentleman, however, has got rather restive of late. He laid his hands somehow upon a bill of Twist's for twelve pounds ten shillings, being my year's cigars, and he has since then scarcely spoken to me. If it were not for mamma, I don't know how I should carry on the war. Hope soon to see you in town, and to have a merry evening with you. Till then, believe me your sincerest friend—J. B. T."

CHILLINGWORTH. "Ellen, my dear, did you hear John come in last night? Between one and two it was, for I struck my repeater. And he brought in one of his worthless companions too, and I am told by Jenny that they did not part till long after daylight. That boy is running entirely off his feet. He does nothing but smoke and drink all night, and sleep all day. He is running sadly into debt, and not a day passes but I am applied to for payment of some of his scores. I have settled the cigar bill, liable to proper discount; but I have told Twist that I will never pay another. He is becoming quite notorious in town. I am sure we brought him up carefully enough. He never was allowed to be out later than seven o'clock, till he was past sixteen. Plenty of sound advices too he got. But all has been in vain. I really do not understand the young men of the present day. They seem to be entirely given up to amusements, and to such besotting amusements too! I am sure it was very different with the young men of my time. Wife, wife, that boy is going headlong to destruction."

We read every day of such opposite sentiments in men at different periods of life and in different circumstances, and think little of them, regarding them as the sentiments of different men, and therefore no more than what is to be expected. But if we were to consider the authors of such various sentiments as in reality one person, only acting at different periods of his life, and under the influence of different circumstances, the case would appear to us in a much more interesting light. Such, there cannot be the least doubt, is its real light. He

who to-day deems it quite right and fitting to inveigle a rich heiress into matrimony, and looks on all the sober connections who oppose the plan as selfish and unfeeling, is the very man who, twenty or thirty years after, considers it one of his first duties to warn his children against a rash engagement of their affections, and looks upon all like what he once was as so many compounds of folly and knavery, who would steal his daughters and money if they could. But it is not only between twenty and sixty years that such differences exist. We could easily suppose a much more ample illustration of the case. In one room there might be assembled, besides the youth of twenty and the old gentleman of sixty, a child of five years, a middle-aged man, and a reverend signior of some eighty or eighty-four. We might then see the gentleman of sixty not only lecturing the youth on his gadding after young ladies and his propensity to cigar-smoking and the wearing of uncalled-for spurs, but expressing his surprise at the man of five-and-thirty being so much engrossed in politics—a study which he has long given up as profitless and vain. Occasionally, as his lecture proceeded, he would threaten to turn the little fellow of five out of the room for running his mimic wheelbarrow over his gouty foot, and making such an incessant din in the course of his senseless sports. He would endeavour in vain perhaps to engage the middle-aged gentleman in a disquisition on the stock of various insurance and railway companies he had purchased into—said middle-aged gentleman not caring for anything in the meantime but the *Morning Chronicle's* account of the last triumph of his party in the House of Commons. Our youth, after listening with contempt to that part of the lecture which applied to himself, would heartily sympathise in that part of it which referred to the gentleman with the newspaper—a man for whose taste he could in no way account, and which he utterly detested. He would also cordially sympathise in the anathema launched at the noisy youngster, and, after seconding it by thrusting the little chap out of the room (youngster going off, as usual, squalling and looking upon all seniors as tyrants), would set himself down in a corner, to insert in a pretty green and gold album certain original verses not oftener than thrice printed, beginning, “Isabel, those eyes of blue.” All this time, the venerable octogenarian in the chimney corner would be despising in his heart alike the sexagenarian with his endless details about prices of stock, the middle-aged newspaper-reader, full of party politics, and the youth penning his sonnet to his mistress's eye-brow, and scarcely looking with more forbearance on the poor child with his merry voice and his toy cart, seeing that all he now wants is permission to doze. Yet, it is quite conceivable that the child, the youth, the man of thirty-five, the sexagenarian, and the lean and slippered pantaloon, are all *one person*, only allowed for the hour to exist in five different periods of human life, separately, with all the predilections and intolrances peculiar to each.

To reflect on this possibility may not be without its advantages. If the youth, when disposed to blame his seniors for severity and want of sympathy with his inclinations, or when indulging in habits which he knows that they condemn, were to consider that in time, if he continues to live, he may be disposed to think exactly as they do, he might see reason to fear that his present conduct and principles were not quite so sure to be reasonable and justifiable as he has hitherto supposed. A corresponding recollection on the part of the mature, that they once felt exactly as their sons now feel, might lead them to take more tolerant views of the conduct of the young, and to appeal to them rather by reasoning than by vituperation or force. To all, the effect of the consideration ought to be a lesson of mutual toleration and forbearance.—*Chambers.*

### COUNT RUMFORD.

The several biographical sketches, hitherto published, of Benjamin Thompson, better known by his German title of Count Rumford, have all, for various reasons, been imperfect. The present memoir, brief as it comparatively is, will be found to be the only one which presents, in a complete and accurate form, the whole details of his eventful and useful life.

Benjamin Thompson was the son of a respectable farmer, of English origin, at Woburn, Massachusetts, where he was born on the 26th of March 1753. When he was about eight months old his father died, and the necessity for active exertion, to which he was thus subjected, is regarded by himself as having been the main cause of all his future distinction. His childhood, however, was not without guardians to watch over it. His mother married a second time, and from his step-father young Thompson appears to have received every necessary attention. At the proper age he was sent to the grammar-school of Woburn, and acquired, under the excellent teacher Mr. Fowle, a considerable knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Latin tongue. Subsequently, he was sent, for further improvement, to the neighbouring schools of Byfield and Medford, where he was taught mathematics and some of the higher branches of knowledge. It was at Medford that he first gave indications of remarkable talent. When only twelve years of age, he surprised his mathematical instructor by bringing to him one day the calculations of an eclipse, which he had made without assistance, and which proved to be singularly accurate.

At the age of thirteen, the youth engaged himself to an apothecary at Salem, but that person's business was destroyed by the commencing troubles between Great Britain and the colonies, and young Thompson was thus thrown out of employment. He seems next to have tried a school, and afterwards to have engaged himself as a clerk at Boston. His habits at this time may be gathered from the words of his Boston employer, “that Benjamin was oftener *under the counter*, with knives and



saws, constructing machines or reading books of science, than *behind* it, serving customers with cloths." From this uncongenial occupation he removed, in 1770, to Concord, New Hampshire, then called *Rumford*, in which place he was invited to instruct a school. Before going to Concord, however, he spent some months in attending a course of philosophical lectures at Harvard University, Cambridge, the only university instructions he ever received. Soon after taking up his residence in Concord, his fine person and dignified and gentle manners, not to speak of his merits otherwise, won for him the hand of a wealthy lady, Mrs. Sarah Rolfe, widow of Colonel Rolfe. At the time of this marriage Thompson was only nineteen, and the lady a few years older. This event elevated him into considerable local importance; but this was a circumstance not very desirable at the time, when the country was on the eve of becoming the seat of war, and obscurity only could ensure quietude. When the contest did break out, it involved Thompson in such difficulties as led to his permanent expatriation. Baron Cuvier and others say that the subject of our memoir adopted from the first the side of the royalists. This, whether to his credit or otherwise, is a mistake. He was, at first, a decided friend to American independence; but a strong impression to the contrary spread among his countrymen, founded chiefly on the circumstance of his wife's relations being avowed royalists. So much did Thompson suffer, between 1772 and 1775, while the war was only in contemplation, from this impression, that he demanded from his countrymen an inquiry into his conduct and opinions. A committee of investigation sat on the point at Woburn, and gave a decision that all the charges against him were based upon vague rumours; but they could neither give him a public acquittal, nor permit him to publish the proceedings. Thompson was justly exasperated at this illiberal treatment, and, finding himself to be still the butt of obloquy, and his very life to be insecure, he came to the desperate resolution of quitting forever his native country, and deserting her cause.

This resolution, which is to be lamented rather than blamed, was soon made known to the royalists, and, by way of rewarding his conduct, they selected him as the bearer of dispatches to Britain, announcing the evacuation of Boston by the English troops. Thompson, with some difficulty, got on board the Scarborough ship of war, leaving behind him his wife, whom he never saw again, and whose only child by him was born a few days after his departure. He reached England towards the close of 1776, and on delivering his missives, was fortunate enough to make a very favourable impression on the mind of Lord George Germaine, then secretary of state for the American department. Lord George showed the young American very great attentions, and, after receiving various proofs of his talents and fidelity, raised him, in 1780, to the post of assistant or under-secretary to the American department. The few years which Thompson

spent in London, previously to this appointment, were occupied chiefly with scientific experiments, generally of that practical character for which all his after labours were remarkable. In 1778, he made various experiments on the force of gunpowder, which procured him admittance into the Royal Society. He also made at this time some curious inquiries into the cohesion of bodies. These investigations plainly showed to what subjects his active mind naturally directed itself, when circumstances allowed him the requisite leisure from the more pressing affairs of ordinary life.

The situation under Lord George Germaine was a promising place for a young man of abilities and energy, but Thompson soon found that the unfavourable character of the colonial contest threw a degree of odium on the office to which he was attached, and all connected with it. He therefore preferred to engage in active service, in the cause which he had espoused. He resigned his place, and in 1781 sailed for New-York, where he raised a regiment of dragoons, of which he was appointed colonel, and remained with the British army until the close of the war. In his military capacity he acquired considerable distinction, and became ardently attached to the profession: so much so, that, after returning from America with the rest of the British forces, he resolved to offer his services to the emperor of Austria, whose contest with the Turks offered the only chance of military distinction at the time in Europe. He was actually at Strasburg, on his way to Vienna, with this view, when fortune hrew in his way advantageous prospects of a more pacific kind. It chanced that Prince Maximilian, nephew of the Elector of Bavaria, while reviewing a regiment at Strasburg, observed on the parade our hero, who was dressed in his uniform as an English colonel, and entered into conversation with him. So captivating was the address and converse of the American, that, on learning his intention to pass through Munich, the Bavarian capital, the prince gave him strong recommendations to Charles Theodore, the reigning Elector. The Elector was not less charmed with the stranger than his nephew had been, and, after a short time, held out flattering inducements to him to enter the Bavarian service, partly in a military and partly in a civil capacity. Finding the Elector to be a man of taste and ability, Colonel Thompson at once accepted the offer, premising, of course, as a condition, that the British sovereign's consent should be obtained to the arrangement.

In order to apply for this, our American hastened over to Britain, where his wish was not only granted, but the honour of knighthood also conferred upon him by George III. As Sir Benjamin Thompson, then, he returned, in 1784, to Munich, where, in the course of the long residence which followed, many other honours of a similar nature were bestowed on him. He held successively, and in part conjointly, the offices of lieutenant-general, privy councillor of state, and chamberlain; was made at one time commander-in-chief of the army; was decorated with several orders, domestic

and foreign; and was created Count Rumford, after the name of a place, already mentioned, in America. The services which merited these honorary rewards from the Bavarian court were of a widely extended nature, and had reference, partly to the military and partly to the civil affairs of the electorate. Of his military services, it may be simply said, that, besides his active employment in several campaigns, he was instrumental in introducing a new and incomparably better system of order, discipline, and economy, among the troops, than prevailed before.

The greatest of the civil services rendered by Count Rumford to Bavaria, consisted, certainly, in his extinction of mendicity throughout the country. This evil had grown to an almost incredible extent, and set at nought all common means of suppression. Mendicity had not only become a regular trade, but its professors formed a distinct class, or caste, among the inhabitants, and in general a very numerous one. Each beggar had his particular beat, within which it was not lawful to disturb him; and these beats were inherited like ordinary property, or sold, or farmed out by the possessors. Thieving, and every other vice, prevailed in an almost equal ratio. The measures which Count Rumford took to put a stop to these practices, so full of misery to the mendicants themselves, and so harassing to the community at large, reflect lasting honour on his name. His first object was to prepare for the happiness of the mendicants in a new mode of life, before he took them from the *old*. Having convinced the authorities and respectable classes of Munich that the maintenance of these beings in a regular way would cost less than the existing system did, he was enabled to prepare a large building for their reception, and to store it with materials for hemp and flax spinning, with the implements of other mechanical arts, and with food of a plain, healthy kind. Then on a certain day, all the beggars in Munich were led before the magistrates, who told them that begging would be no longer permitted, but that they would find, at the new workhouse, warm rooms, good diet, and work for all who were in a condition to labour. The vast change which was in a short time effected not only on the condition of these people, but on their very wishes and habits, amply repaid Count Rumford for his trouble. "By rendering them happy (says he) they were taught to be virtuous." They became industrious workers, being employed chiefly on the army clothing, and all surplus expenses were paid by voluntary subscription. Most of the beggars, after a time, left the house, and became good citizens. What a pleasing reward must it have been to Count Rumford, when, on one occasion, being confined to a sick-bed, he asked what caused the noise under his window, and was answered, that it was a procession of the poor going to pray for their benefactor!\*

The observations which he made in the course of his arrangements of the mendicant establishment, and also during his inquiries into the economy of the military life, led to the noted discoveries or inventions which have rendered his name illustrious in the annals of science. The subject to which he was most naturally led, first of all, in this manner, was that of food; and though he can scarcely be said to have made any invention with respect to it, yet it is certain that he laid down many maxims of great value, relative to the cheapest and best way of feeding large bodies of men. The most important, perhaps, of these maxims, was, that water is not a mere diluent in the preparation of food, but is itself highly *nutritive*. Hence, soups were his great dependence in the economisation of diet, and one of his receipts for what is called the Rumford soup, is well known in charity kitchens. Economy of *fuel* was another point to which he attended with as much practical advantage, as to economy of food. The principles which he laid down on this subject have long been acted upon, more or less, over Europe. He showed that by building close fireplaces, the heat of fuel might be so economised as to make one-eighth part of the quantity of wood or coals generally used serve any given purpose. In one of his Munich establishments, a dinner for three thousand persons was cooked with ninepence worth of fuel—less, perhaps, than served a common family of a few persons for one day. The construction of these fireplaces could not be properly explained without plates; reference, therefore, must be made to his own essays by those who would inquire further into the subject.

Of another of his practical discoveries, connected with the same subject, Baron Cuvier thus speaks:—"But it was in the employment of steam for heating, that Count Rumford, so to speak, surpassed himself. It is known that water, kept in a vessel which it is unable to burst, acquires an enormous heat. Its vapour, at the moment when it is let loose, carries this heat wherever it is directed. Baths and apartments are thus heated with wonderful quickness. Applied to soap works, and especially to distilleries, this method has already enriched several manufacturers of our southern districts [of France]; and in the countries where new discoveries are more slowly adopted, it has afforded immense advantages. The brew-houses and distilleries of England are heated in this way. In them a single copper cauldron boils ten large wooden vats." The same principles have been applied, with great success, to the heating of liquors in tan-pits. So far did Count Rumford carry his economising, that he put to use the very heat of smoke before he let it escape; which caused a friend to say to him, that he would soon find a plan of cooking his

tion was a step in advance of the age—that the Bavarians were not enlightened enough at that period to appreciate fully the advantages of Count Rumford's labours, or to foresee their permanent utility. A new king, besides, ascended the throne in 1799, and the decay of the workhouse might be in part owing to the political changes consequent upon that event.

\* The workhouse at Munich, it is painful to add, survived only for one year the departure of the count, in 1798, from Bavaria. The probability is, that the institu-



dinner with the smoke from his neighbour's chimney.

But perhaps the most useful of all his practical suggestions, at least the one which has spread his name farthest over the civilised world, is that relating to the prevention and cure of smoke in chimneys. He found the cause of this evil to be a very simple one, and his remedy was equally so; but still, like Columbus with the egg, no one had discovered the way before him. All the houses had chimneys with large *open throats*, and smoke was an universal nuisance. Count Rumford showed upon philosophical principles, that the size of the throat caused the mischief, and that the diminution of that throat cured it. Where the stonework could not be changed properly, he proposed the use of a certain species of grate, or stove with upright cheeks, of which all the world has heard under the name of the Rumford grate. Blacksmiths, indeed, speak to this day, and will probably do so for many centuries to come, of Rumfording a fireplace. All his observations on the subject of chimneys are most valuable, and have been turned, in a thousand ways, to practical advantage. He was also the inventor of a particular lamp, well known by his name.

Hitherto we have only considered Count Rumford in the light of a practical man of science. His character as a theoretical philosopher does not stand so high. Though no one evinced more sagacity in applying to practical purposes what experimental truths he discovered, yet his more abstruse speculations and conclusions have been generally regarded as unhappy, and indeed incorrect. Unfortunately, too, those of his more recondite speculations on heat, deserving of most praise, were found so closely to resemble certain previous discoveries of Mr. Leslie, as to throw suspicion on the count's pretensions to originality. On these points, however, it is not our purpose to dwell; though we cannot help remarking, that it would have been well, if many of those who sneered at Count Rumford's claims to the character of a philosophic theorist, had won for themselves half the title he had to be enrolled as a true benefactor of his kind.

To return to Count Rumford's life. In 1798, he received an honour for which he had long ardently wished—the appointment of Bavarian ambassador at the court of England. But he was doomed to a sad disappointment on proceeding to that country. The usages of Britain do not admit that a born subject of the empire should represent a foreign power at the court of St. James, and the custom was not infringed in the case of Count Rumford. In the following year, the count met with a more severe misfortune in the death of the Bavarian sovereign, his friend and patron. Count Rumford was still in London when this event happened. He had been received there with much distinction; and ere he left the British capital, he gave many proofs of his devotion to the cause of science. He was the principal instrument in establishing the Royal Institution, and it was he who selected Humphry Davy to fill

the chemical chair. He also founded two prizes, to be annually assigned by the Royal Society of London and the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, to the authors of the most important experiments on heat and light, in whatever part of the world they were made public.

In 1802, Count Rumford left England, and went to Paris. Next summer he visited Munich; but he did not long remain there, notwithstanding that the new prince was his former friend Maximilian, nephew of the late sovereign. After reorganizing the Bavarian Academy—his last gift to the country of his adoption—the count returned to France, having resolved to make that country his future residence, which a pension of 1200*l.* from the Bavarian government enabled him to do. It ought to be mentioned, to the credit of the United States, that on Count Rumford being thrown out of employment, as it were, by the death of his royal patron, they offered him an important place in his native country, which, however, he did not think proper to accept. At a country-house at Auteuil, about four miles from Paris, he took up his abode. Here he almost secluded himself from society, spending his whole time in cultivating his grounds, and in solitary scientific pursuits. A matrimonial alliance, which he had entered into shortly after leaving London, with the widow of the chemist Lavoisier, proved unhappy, and terminated in a separation. Count Rumford's temper indeed, originally, perhaps, somewhat peremptory and unyielding, seems to have been latterly soured by circumstances, and he was very far from being on a good footing with the learned of France, or with the people in general. During his stay there, he composed several essays, marked by his usual ingenuity, but which it is unnecessary to specify. A sudden and violent fever carried him off at Auteuil, on the 21st of August 1814.

CHINESE POLITENESS.—There is one striking particular in which the Chinese politeness is quite the reverse of ours. To take off their caps when they salute one another, or even accidentally to appear uncovered, is esteemed the height of ill breeding and indecency.

A FATHER had three sons, in whose company he was walking when an old enemy of his came running out of an ambush, and inflicted a severe wound upon him before any of the bystanders could interfere. The eldest son pursued the assassin, the second bound up his father's wound, and the third swooned away. Which of the sons loved his father best?

MRS. BILLINGTON.—At a rehearsal of *As You Like It*, Mrs. Billington, who sustained the principal female character, called out in a very peremptory manner, "Fellow, bring me my crook." Mr. Simmonds, the property man, immediately replied, "Madam, your fellow is not here." She felt the rebuke, and made the request more successfully in more proper language: thus by hook or by crook obtaining it.

## SONG.

Leave us not, leave us not!

Say not adieu!

Have we not been to thee

Tender and true?

Take not thy sunny smile

Far from our hearth!

With that sweet light will fade

Summer and mirth.

Leave us not, leave us not!

Can thy heart roam?

Wilt thou not pine to hear

Voices from home?

Too sad our love would be.

If thou wert gone!

Turn to us—leave us not!

Thou art our own!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## GERMAN SONG.

Listen, fair maid, my song shall tell

How Love may still be known full well,

His looks the traitor prove;

Dost thou not see that absent smile,

That fiery glance replete with guile?

Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

When varying still the sly disguise,

Child of caprice, he laughs and cries,

Or with complaint would move:

To-day is bold, to-morrow shy,

Changing each hour he knows not why,

Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

There's magic in his every wile,

His lips, well practised to beguile,

Breathe roses when they move;

See now with sudden rage he burns,

Disdains, implores, commands, by turns;

Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

He comes—without the bow and dart,

That spare not e'en the purest heart;

His looks the traitor prove;

That glance is fire, that mien is guile,

Deceit is lurking in that smile,

Oh! trust him not—'tis Love!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

Tread lightly here; for here, 'tis said,  
When piping winds are hush'd around,  
A small note wakes from under-ground,  
Where now his tiny bones are laid.  
No more in lone and leafless groves,  
With ruffled wing and faded breast,  
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;  
—Gone to the world where birds are blest!  
Where never cat glides o'er the green,  
Or school-boy's giant form is seen;  
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring,  
Inspire their little souls to sing!

*Rogers.*

## WINTER SONG.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire,

Heap the crackling fagots higher;

Stern December reigns without,

With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Hark! without the tempest howls,

And the affrighted watch-dog growls;

Witches on their broomsticks sail—

Death's upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling fagots higher,

Draw your easy chairs still higher;

And to guard from wizards hoar,

Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

*Kirke White.*

## ANSWER TO "A TRUE LOVE SONG."

Gentle Sir, if you'll excuse

The humble rhyming of my muse,

And promise you'll not be unkind

To the effusions of my mind,

I'll tell you now my expectations

From all my friends and dear relations.

First, my sire is just three-score,

And dear ma' owns to forty-four;

But if the truth I needs must tell,

I think she's past the dreadful L.

You ask if sisters I have many?

To this I answer, No, not any.

Brothers? Alas! yes, I have four;

This is, I own, a shocking bore;

But soon to this you'd get inured—

"What can't be cured must be endured."

Then I've an uncle, very old;

We all think he's got stores of gold

In some dark vault or coffer hid.

Ah! think what joy to raise the lid,

And gaze upon the glittering store—

Some thirty thousand pounds, or more!

And hear you bless, with joy and pride,

The day that I became your bride!

Well, then, I have a grandpapa,

Who very angry was with ma',

Because she ran to Gretna Green

With pa', when only seventeen;

And so he swore he'd ne'er forgive

Dear ma', nor help poor pa' to live.

But kind friends urged, and he consented

To see their child (me) and repented;

And once, when very ill, confess'd

He'd left me all that he possessed;

And always gave me pocket money

To buy me knickknacks; but, my honey,

To spend it so I was too wise,

And guarded safe these kind supplies;

And so, in case I fly like ma',

I have enough without papa.

But first I must some questions ask—

Believe me, sir, a painful task—

If I should leave my home with you,

Will you be kind, and constant too?

Say, when we are made man and wife,

Will you then guard me with your life?

Will you no jealous tyrant prove,

But love me as yourself you love?

If so, come—you can't too soon—

Oh! what a treat!—a honeymoon!



## A SCOTTISH RURAL DROLLERY.

In a certain parish in the west of Scotland, there lived, about twenty years since, and for aught we know to the contrary, they live there still, a couple of swains of the names of Andrew Dobbie, and Robert Logan. They were both farm-servants, and resided near each other, their employers being neighbours.

At the distance of about a mile from the residences of these worthies, there lived another party of no less importance to our story. This person was a pretty girl of the name of Betsy Hamilton. She was the only daughter of a small laird, and was, on this account chiefly, but partly also, there is no doubt, on account of her beauty, sadly annoyed with lovers, but most especially by Andrew and Bob. Others came only at intervals, stopped but a short time if they met with no encouragement, and could be dismissed at pleasure. Not so with the two just named. They were both most pertinacious if not welcome wooers. There visits were frequent, and no discouragement could damp the ardour of their pursuit, nor any hints, however unequivocal, abbreviate their stay. In this respect, in firmness of purpose, so far as courting was concerned, they bore a wonderful resemblance to each other, as the object of their regards found to her sad experience, for she liked neither of them, and was heartily sick of their pertinacity, but she could not help herself. She could by no means get quit of them, and at this Betsy was the more annoyed that the visits of these two lovers frequently interfered with and interrupted certain tête-a-têtes with a more favoured suitor, one whose calls were always welcome. This happy person was George White, a young man, a gardener with a gentleman in the neighbourhood. After what we have said, it would be quite superfluous to observe that Andrew and Bob were rivals, and quite as superfluous almost would it be to say, that they hated each other most cordially, and were morbidly jealous of one another's success with their fair enslaver, whom each endeavoured to prejudice against the other. Although both were in the habit of visiting Betsy, yet they rarely met on these occasions, as, from a perfectly natural feeling, they studiously avoided each other, and so arranged their proceedings as to come in contact as seldom as possible. Their visits were always made after nightfall, that they might not be seen by Betsy's father; a crusty, sturdy old carle, who would have broken their legs had he caught them after his daughter. In daylight, therefore, they durst never be seen within a mile of Winnlestead, which was the name of old Hamilton's farm. They must come under the cloud of night. This, neither of the lovers would have reckoned any great hardship—no hardship at all, indeed, were it not that in going to Winnlestead, they had to pass close by an open country churchyard, and, that of course, after dark too. Now, there was nothing on earth that Andrew and Bob dreaded so much as ghosts, witches, and other members

of the hobgoblin fraternity. The passing of the churchyard, therefore, in the dark, was a dreaded trial to their nerves, and such a one as nothing but the charms of Betsy Hamilton could have induced them to submit to. Having mentioned these particulars, which will be found to be intimately connected with the sequel of our tale, we shall ourselves pay a visit to Winnlestead, and in doing this, we shall find Bob Logan with Betsy Hamilton in earnest and apparently loving confab together through the kitchen window, she on the inside and he on the out; for it was thus that all the interviews were carried on, Betsy's lovers always tapping at the window when they wished to speak with her. Bob was delighted in the change of manner in his sweetheart; and in the confidence which it inspired, ventured to complain of the visits of his rival.

"I'm sure I dinna want to see him," replied Betsy to an insinuation of this kind. "I dinna want to see the face 'o him again. I canna be fashed wie the hav'rel." "Are you speaking true, Betsy?" said the simple swain, with a sheepish tenderness in his look and manner; very naturally conceiving that what his rival lost in favour he gained. "Indeed am I," replied Betsy, "and I only wish I could put him frae comin' here, for he's just a plague to me." "And what for dinna you tell him that?" said the delighted lover, "and get quat o' him at ance." "Haith, lad, it's easy spoken. It's no so easy gettin' quat o' him as ye think. I've tell't him a hunder and a hunder times that I dinna want him to be comin' about me, but see if he'll believe me or stay awa' a bit the mair on that account. My heart's just broken wi' him; for quit o' him I canna get, do what I will. Od, man, if ye war worth your lugs, Bob, ye wad fa' on some way o' keepin' him awa' frae me." "What can I do, Betty?" said the unsuspecting Bob. "If he'll no tak' your word, far less will he tak' mine." "I'll tell you what you micht do, Bob, and I'm sure it wad cure him o' comin' here. Ye ken Andrew dislikes passing the kirkyard at night, though, as every body kens, there's naething to be feared for. Now, could na ye just throw a white sheet about you some night and waylay him on the skirts of the kirkyard, close by the road, and I warrant if he get a glint o' you, he'll no come my way in a hurry again, and the coast wad be clear for yoursel', man, Bob," added Betsy with a sly alluring look.

Bob appreciated the proposal, but by no means relished the idea of performing the business of it. He therefore looked rather blank on its being submitted to him; for he was every bit as great a fool as his rival, and equally dreaded passing the churchyard, so that a worse or more unsuitable hand for frightening another could scarcely have been found. Betsy knew all this very well, but she knew also as well that she had influence enough over Bob to induce him to do almost anything. It was some minutes, however, before Bob made any reply to the daring and horrifying proposal, and during this time he was inwardly cogitating on the possibility of

his being able to command nerve enough to go through with it. At length, however, he said with a grim smile, that he "thocht it wad na be a bad plan, and that he would undertake it." But even while he expressed this determination, a cold shiver came over him, and his teeth chattered in his head. The prize and the reward held out to his valour was a splendid one; the undivided society of Betsy (for Bob knew nothing of the visits of the gardener), and he resolved to secure it at all hazards. "But," said Bob, with a desire of alleviating as much as possible the part he was to act, "I may wait lang enuch for Andrew, unless I kent precisely the nicht and the hour he wad pass, and ye ken the kirkyard's but an eerie place to wait in." "Oh, but I'll manage that Robbie, lad," quoth Betsy. "Andrew 'll be here the morn's nicht—that's Wednesday; now, I'll engage him to come again on Thursday night at eight o'clock, so that if ye're at the kirkyard by about half-past seven or sae, ye're sure to ha'e him in less than a quarter o' an hour." The lover grinned with satisfaction, and shortly after took his leave; having, however previously again promised to Betsy to enact the part assigned to him.

On the following night, as Betsy had calculated, Andrew made his appearance, and was received with an unwonted welcome by his fair captivor. Andrew was delighted with his reception; for, as in the case of his rival, it was so marked as to be at once perceptible. "When did you see Bob, Andrew?" "No this some time," replied the latter, "and I carena if I should never see him." "Nor me either," rejoined Betsy; "he's a stupid gomerall." "And what do you encourage him for then, Betty?" inquired her lover. "*Me* encourage him! My word, I gie him no encouragement! I canna bide the sicht o' him, and wad gie the best gown I hae to get quato' him."

To make a long tale short, the wicked Betsy played off precisely the same game with Andrew that she had done with Bob; he was to frighten his rival the following night, and in the same manner. This matter arranged, Andrew shortly after went his way, but it was by no means with a light heart; for the promise he had made hung heavy on his spirits, and the thoughts of the part he had undertaken to act, chilled him not a little. He, however, determined to go through with it; the hope of supplanting his rival rising superior to his fears, and endowing him with a desperate resolution that by no means belonged to his natural character. The reader will observe that the two made-up figures were, by Betty's wicked ingenuity, now fairly pitted against each other at the same place and hour. The plot was no doubt reprehensible. The eventful night having arrived, and the appointed hour being at hand, Bob slipped out of his master's house, with one of the sheets of his bed rolled up in a pocket handkerchief, and stuffed beneath his buttoned jacket. Thus provided, with a beating heart, and by no means the firmest step, or most tightly braced

nerves, he proceeded to the scene of action. The night was admirably adapted for this purpose, there being just the precise quantity of moonlight that shows him off to the best advantage; not so much as to divulge details, but just enough to set the imagination on the stretch, and to set it a working on the slightest hint.

As Bob approached the churchyard, a cold sweat broke out over him, and he felt his knees very sensibly yielding under him at every two or three steps. He pushed on, however, and having gained the burying-ground, selected a large flat gravestone, raised in the usual way on four short pillars, as a place of concealment—that is, making it so, by lying behind it. The stone lay a little way into the churchyard, and at the distance of about ten yards from the road by which Bob expected Andrew to pass. There was one equally good for the former's purpose close by that he had chosen, and parallel to it, but the one he had selected was, on the whole, the best, being a little higher than the other, and perhaps a trifle longer—qualities which Bob thought, during the momentary consideration he gave the subject, more than compensated the advantage the other stone possessed in being a little nearer the road. Having selected his locality, Bob crouched behind the stone, and commenced his toilet. In an instant he was enveloped from head to foot in the snowy covering. Flinging himself now down at full length behind the gravestone, he there lay quietly and immovably waiting the sound of his rival's approaching footsteps, which he proposed should be the signal for making his appearance.

Leaving Bob thus disposed of for a time, it will not be unamusing, perhaps, to follow out briefly the proceedings of Andrew, in connection with the business of this eventful evening. These, in truth, however, very much resembled those of the former. Andrew also provided himself with a sheet, and, when the appointed hour approached, repaired with it concealed about his person to the churchyard. This, however, he did with no greater good will than his rival, and by no means with any greater degree of courage. In truth, he was, if possible, still more oppressed by fear than his rival. Still he determined to go through with the thing, for the motives were strong that impelled him—love for Betty, and hatred of Bob. Wrapping the sheet about his person, and with as stout a heart as possible, he stepped over the wall of the rural cemetery, which was a low one, and walked forward in quest of an advantageous position. His eye caught the two large stones already spoken of, and behind one of which Bob was ensconced, and he thought them both eligible, but he preferred the one nearest the road, not Bob's, and accordingly strode towards it, for he entertained the same purpose of seeking concealment, until he became aware of the approach of his victim. Bob heard a footstep. He looked up, but without moving, and beheld—oh, horrible! oh, distracting! oh, annihilating sight!—a tall figure in white approaching him. He would have



emitted a murderous shout, blending together all that is appalling in sound, but his tongue refused its office. He would have started to his legs, but they failed him in his need. They were powerless. His vital energies were locked up with terror, he was chained to the spot by it; and all that he could do was to stare with suspended breath, dilated nostrils, and frightful distended eyeballs, on the hideous phantom. It approached. Bob's head began to swim, his eyes became dim, and in the next instant he was unconscious of his situation and of the appalling presence he was in. He had swooned.

Andrew, in the meantime, wholly unaware of the powerful effect he was producing, moved on towards the place of concealment he had fixed upon, and having arrived at it, stretched himself down at full length parallel to Bob by the side of the adjoining stone, to await in this situation the approach of his rival. The matter thus disposed of, all remained quiet for some time. At last Bob recovered a sense of his horrible predicament, and had begun to stare around him again in quest of the appalling vision that had blasted his sight, but not seeing it, he gradually raised himself on his elbow to command a wider view, and finally raised his head above the surface of the stone behind which he was concealed. Now, it happened that Andrew becoming impatient at the non-appearance of his victim, raised his head above the level of his stone at the very same instant, and thus two pale faces and sheet-hooded heads fairly confronted each other, and at the distance of only a few yards. It was an awful moment. Petrified with horror, they stared at each other for several seconds in motionless agony of overwhelming, inexpresible terror; but at length both sprung to their feet, and each thinking the other was about to come to closer quarters, both gave a desperate and unearthly shout, and took to their heels in opposite directions. Bob, whose route was inland, flew over the churchyard with an amazing speed and lightness of foot, but unhappily stumbled frequently in his route. He in truth came down every two or three paces, some of his falls were severe; but so rapid were his motions—under the influence of the maddening terror by which he was impelled—that they scarcely seemed to interrupt his progress for the shortest imaginable space of time. He was on his feet instantaneously, and away, again, like the wind. The churchyard wall, for it was walled at the upper end and at one of the sides, he cleared at a bound, sheet and all, and away over the open country he went, clearing hedges and ditches with the agility of a harlequin.

Andrew, in the meantime, had gained the road, amongst which he, too, was flying with desperate speed, and with horror and distraction in his looks. The two wayworn figures finally arrived, in most piteous plight, at their respective homes, but both having taken the precaution to divest themselves previously of their sheets. It was not for some time certainly known what had happened to them, as

they would divulge nothing themselves. That they had got some dreadful fright or other, however, was the first conviction of both the families to which they respectively belonged; their horror-stricken looks, when they arrived, and the fact of both keeping their beds for nearly a week after, strongly confirming this view of the case. Both heard of each other's mysterious adventure and subsequent illness, together with a whisper that they had seen something "no canny," but this, in place of leading them to a discovery of the fact, only confirmed their previous impressions; both believing that they had encountered the same object. We need hardly add, that neither Andrew nor Bob ever went near Winnlestead again. They durst not go in daylight, for a reason already mentioned; and for another reason, which the reader will readily guess, they would not go after dark for all the wealth of the world. It may not be unnecessary to state, that in less than three months after the exhibition in the churchyard, Betty Hamilton and Geordy White were married, and that, soon after that event, the real facts of the story, as we have told it, got abroad, to the great confusion of the unlucky "gomerals" who had been the victims of it.

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**GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.**—A man went to a restaurateur's (or chophouse) in France, to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, Sir, order that man who is dining alone at the table in the corner out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, Sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognized?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

**PIGS.**—One day when Giotto the painter was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life.—*Lanzi.*"

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## COUNTRY COMMISSIONS AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

The hospitality of the country has been, time out of mind, proverbial, while that of large cities, the metropolis in particular, remains of very doubtful repute. Nor are country people satisfied with merely receiving their friends from London or the country town at their own houses, but, at particular seasons of the year, make up huge baskets of poultry, game, and other acceptable presents, which they dispatch by coach, carriage paid, to the residence of the parties for whom they are intended. Few or no returns are made of the kind from London; and when country people come to town, it is not often that they find spare beds for their accommodation, but are compelled to take up their abode at some hotel, in which they pay dearly for numerous discomforts. In behalf of the Londoners, it may be urged that the presents which they receive are usually the product of the farm of the donor, probably easily spared, although that does not detract from the value of the gift; and that they, in making a suitable return, must actually purchase the articles which they desire to send. It may also be insinuated that, in going down to a family in the country, the visitors from town rarely make any serious disturbance in the arrangements of the establishment; they fall readily into the hours and pursuits of their hosts, in fact, having little choice in the matter, since they are in a great degree dependent upon their will and pleasure. Excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood may be proposed, but they must be formed entirely to suit the convenience of the family; and it not unfrequently happens that the Londoners return to London without having seen any

thing beyond a walk; unsettled weather, lame horses, colds, a heavy turnpike, or a very difficult road having prevented every other indulgence. Visitors, moreover, from London, bring to their country friends, in new fashions, new ideas, and the freshest tattle of the high circles, something which renders their visits a good deal of a treat, while country friends visiting Londoners have nothing corresponding to make their advent in the same degree agreeable. If, however, the exchange in affairs of hospitalities be thus somewhat unfavourable to the provinces, it is more than compensated by the advantages which they enjoy in the great business of commissions.

Ladies in the country read, in London newspapers, flaming advertisements relative to extraordinary bargains, such as superb silk opera cloaks at one pound fifteen. Eager not to lose an opportunity of purchasing at so low a price, they request a friend at the northern or western extremity of London to go to some unheard-of place across the bridges, and lay out one pound fifteen on a silk opera cloak. The article turns out to be mere rubbish—a faded sarsnet, half cotton in the first instance, and in the second wholly lined with calico. The shop people do not undertake to send their goods home; a hackney-coach must be engaged, or a porter paid by the purchaser, who does not like to add this item to the account; and, after a very disagreeable walk to a very disagreeable part of the town, a positive outlay of several shillings is incurred. Then the parcel must be sent to the coach-office and booked; and if it should not be convenient to employ one of the servants upon this errand, a man must be hired at a farther expense. By return of coach, back comes the parcel,



with a very cross letter, requesting that the cloak might be exchanged for something else, value one pound fifteen, should the deluding vender of such a vamped-up take-in refuse to refund the money; and the person thus commissioned is particularly enjoined to read the people at the shop a severe lecture for their shameful imposition.

Another friend, who has been in town herself, and has found out, by her own unassisted talents, a remarkably cheap shop in some exceedingly disreputable street, which she thinks does not signify in such a place as London, sends a long list of commissions to be purchased at this identical emporium, and no other. The matching of the exact shades of silk, ribbon and velvet, takes an hour at least; then it is found that the quality is not equal to the pattern; and this objection being got over, another fearful discovery is made—the goods have risen 2*d.* or 3*d.* in the yard, prices fluctuating exceedingly in this establishment, particularly when an additional quantity of any article purchased upon some former occasion is wanted. A certain sum, calculated to the uttermost farthing, has been remitted for the payment of the bill, and the difference of the sum total at the bottom of the account must be explained, and then, though no discretionary powers whatsoever were permitted, it is thought exceedingly odd that the friend would not take the trouble to go to some other shop. Occasionally a sort of roving commission is given to a party resident in London, to purchase anything remarkably cheap that may happen to fall in the way—gloves, ribbons, muslin dresses, &c.; the country family having been so astonished at the price paid for the tasteful articles worn by their town visitor. The dresses, ribbons, and gloves, are bought and forwarded—immense bargains—which are expected to give great satisfaction; but the ladies did not happen to want gloves at that particular time. They had just bought a large quantity of ribbons of the same colour, and a person has opened a shop in the neighbouring town, and sold dresses of exactly the same pattern, a little damaged perhaps here and there, at half the price. Worse still—Somebody has heard of a certain specific for the tooth-ache, the tincture of Borneo, which used

to be sold at a shop in Holborn. All the patent medicine shops in Holborn are searched through. They have it not. One pert retailer takes upon himself to say that such a thing never existed, and recommends another infallible remedy instead. A second recollects to have heard something about the tincture of Borneo, and directs the inquirer to an obscure shop in Little Eastcheap, in which many obsolete articles are found. Lavender water, or something else, which is not wanted, and which proves to be execrable, is purchased out of gratitude for this man's civility. Little Eastcheap is found, but the shop has been pulled down, and a gin-palace erected in its stead.

Another letter states that Mrs. Brooke of Woodbine Cottage has just returned from London, and has appeared at Sir John Smithson's ball, in a most superb suite of ornaments, quite fit for court, and very superior in appearance to any worn by Lady Smithson. It has been discovered that they are not real diamonds, though they would always be taken for precious stones, but Karalatee diamonds, and that they are set in imitation gold, and only cost five pounds. What a sum!—five pounds for a tiara, necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and sevine of the most brilliant description! The correspondent is of course excessively desirous to possess herself of a set of Karalatee diamonds, and proceeds to say, that although Mrs. Brooke is exceedingly close upon the subject, a clue has been found to the place in which they are to be sold, uncle Oliver perfectly recollecting, when he was last in town, having seen Karalatee diamonds written up in a shop-window in a small street leading out of Snowhill—he forgets whether it was on the right or left hand side, but remembers that it was next door to a tobacconist's, and that there was a green-grocer at the corner. Many other interesting paragraphs follow, items of county news, and projected balls, at which it would be very desirable to sport the Karalatee diamonds. At length, after the letter has been signed and sealed, it has been re-opened, and a postscript added to this effect—"Uncle Oliver has just called, and he can't be quite certain whether it was the Minories or Snowhill in which he turned down the little street,

and was struck with the ornaments in the shop-window; but pray find out, for I shall not rest until I have a set of Karalatee diamonds, and it will be only taking a walk that way instead of going into the Park." You proceed accordingly next day to the eastern part of the city, and spend a whole forenoon in an endeavour to discover the place which Uncle Oliver so obscurely remembered, but all in vain; for though there were abundance of tobacconists and green-grocers in the situations described, there was no corresponding jeweller's, and no bill in any window announcing five-pound suites of ornaments.

You are that evening in the act of writing an account of your unsuccessful mission, when you receive another letter from your rural friend, eagerly countermanding the imitation gold and Karalatee diamonds, as a sudden necessity has arisen for her going into mourning. An aunt has died, and your friend announces herself as residuary legatee. Regrets and lamentations for the loss of this beloved relative are mingled with some pleasing anticipations concerning the probable amount of the bequest. A small lock of hair is enclosed, with a request that a handsome mourning-ring may be ordered without delay—not any common trumpery sort of thing, but one that will evince the respect paid to the memory of the deceased. A jeweller is found, who, after showing all his collection, none of which appear to answer the description given in the letter, suggests that it will be advisable to have one made with a diamond, all handsome mourning-rings having diamonds. The epistle is referred to, and commonplace trash being strictly prohibited, the ring with the diamond is ordered. It is large, of fine water, and the whole will cost twelve guineas. The ring and the bill are sent—and returned. Doubts by this time have been entertained respecting the sum that will remain to the residuary legatee, after all the demands upon the estate have been paid. The ring is therefore a great deal too expensive, and quite a different sort of thing from that which the mourner had any intention of purchasing. The ring is taken back to the shop, and the jeweller says that he will be very happy to put it into his glass-case, and give it every

chance of sale; but, such things being mere matters of taste, it is not very probable that he will meet with a purchaser, and that no one will give the original cost; he might possibly get eight or ten guineas for it, but nothing more. The value of the diamond is urged and admitted; the diamond is really valuable, but so much depends upon fancy in the way in which it is set, that there is no saying what its value may be now. Three months afterwards, the ring is sent to the party who ordered it, as perfectly unsaleable. A new arrangement is to be made. A mourning-ring not being wanted, the jeweller is asked to take it in exchange for something else. He does not object, but, after mature consideration, can only allow three guineas. It is amusing now to hear the article disparaged by the same lips which had so vaunted it before. It was necessary to put so much alloy in the gold, in order to work it up into that particular fashion, that the gold really is scarcely worth anything; and as for the diamond, the market is overstocked with diamonds—a diamond necklace may now be had for a mere song. None but the maker would allow so much as three guineas; for the materials were the smallest part of the affair, it was the workmanship and the fashion which formed the expensive portion, and the fashion had altered—fashions were always altering: a thing might be worth, say fifty pounds to day, and not five to-morrow. The twelve guineas are paid, and something in addition for taking out the black enamel, and making the ring wearable by a person not in mourning for a beloved aunt; the only advantage arising out of the whole transaction being the experience gained in the intrinsic value of trinkets.

As an illustration of the inconveniences sometimes produced in London by irruptions of country cousins, we must introduce our readers to a host and hostess who live in a quiet, retired, genteel street, at the west end of the town; their establishment consists of a footman and three female servants, and they have a carriage with job-horses. Their habits are regular; they enjoy the gaieties of London soberly and with discretion, seldom being from home long after midnight, and not liking to go out more than one or two



evenings in the week at the utmost. There are many families who live in this rational way in London, though such a state of things does not appear credible to country people, who, from their own experience, associate the metropolis with constant tumult, confusion, racket, and dissipation. Our friends, the Melvilles, receive intimation that a distant connection, a lady, with her three daughters, will come and spend a few weeks with them in the spring. Preparations are made for their reception. Mrs. Melville gives up her dressing-room for the time, the female servants are packed closer together to make room for the attendant upon the strangers, and various other sacrifices are contemplated with the utmost cheerfulness. The Hanburys arrive, but new arrangements have to be made after the first night, Miss Hanbury has been dreadfully annoyed by some noises in the neighbouring mews, and will go up into the front attic, which has been prepared for her maid, who can sleep any where. Then she must have another looking-glass, and another chest of drawers, and twenty things beside. The party are determined to make the most of their time, and to see everything; they have long lists of places which they must visit, places of which the Melvilles have never heard. The time of the master of the house is fully occupied by going about to procure admissions for show-houses and picture-galleries, getting boxes at the theatres, tickets for private views, rehearsals, &c. Every exhibition, down to the industrious fleas, must be taken in turn; everything must be examined at the British Museum, and nothing overlooked in the Adelaide Gallery, all the hours are altered, early dinners to go to the play, and late dinners to make a long morning. The house is a thoroughfare for trades-people; at all periods and seasons there is a levee at the door of men laden with bandboxes, blue bags, and packing-cases. Every corner in every apartment is occupied by some new purchase; and there is a constant hunt and a hue-and-cry after articles that are wanted. All the ladies are afraid of fire and of thieves, and attribute any circumstance for which they cannot account to one of these two calamities. They expected, on coming to London, to

be robbed and burned out before they quitted it, and these catastrophes are consequently ever uppermost in their minds. Should either of the four sustain any disturbance in the night, or waken with a palpitation of the heart, the result perhaps of indigestion, the windows are thrown open, and the policeman called in. The neighbours remonstrate the next day, but it is of no use. Fire and thieves are too serious things to be trifled with, and there is no reason that every alarm is to be false like the first. Few nights therefore pass without a tumult of some kind or other—a knocking at the wainscot, to know whether the sleepers in the next room have heard anything extraordinary, or a simultaneous rush of the whole party on the stairs. The servants declare that if such a state of things continue, they must give warning, they have neither rest by night, nor peace by day. The cook is obliged to prepare a meal every hour for some one or other of the party who cannot be present at the regular repast, and, what is worst, the poor woman says she never gives satisfaction. Not an individual will touch poultry in London. The fish, not having the flavour of that brought to the midland counties, is said to be tasteless and uneatable. They get tired of beef; veal is unwholesome, and there are as many tricks played with it as with the poultry. Mutton is out of season, and none of them like lamb, while all the vegetables must of course be stale. The footman is running about all day to get hackney coaches, and is involved in eternal squabbles with the coachman, who, when the ladies say they have only taken him a short distance, declares that he has been detained an hour at a shop-door, and charges of course for his time; while the housemaids do nothing but run up and down stairs from morning until night.

Sunday shines—no day of rest to the Melvilles. There are popular preachers to be heard in all parts of the town, and there is a hurry-scurry to get to St. Giles's, the Magdalen, or Pentonville. Then mistakes are made between Clapham and Clapton, and they go to the wrong place, coming back tired to death, but in time for the Zoological Gardens, which though they utterly disapprove, as being highly improper, they may visit once and away, without being guilty of the enormity

practised by the people of London, who attend regularly for three months in the year. Miss Hanbury is one of those persons who are never surprised or delighted with anything. She thinks nothing at all of London. It is not even so large as she expected; she cannot endure the Regent's Park; and as for Regent-street, it is only well enough; while she is quite disappointed with the show at the drawing-room. Having a talent for finding fault, she exercises it upon all occasions. She has been told that the opera at Paris is superior to that of London; the dancers are all second-rate, and would not be looked upon on the Continent; the house, though large, is mean, and the audience altogether indifferent. There are quite as good shops, she thinks, at Nottingham, and the acting at the theatre immeasurably superior. The people are better dressed, give better dinners, and certainly better suppers, at Northampton, and the gas lights are not so far apart; in fact, she is quite disappointed by the lighting of London, where carriages are continually turning into dark streets. Miss Charlotte Hanbury is a prude, and abhors London upon principle. The women are all bold. She detects rouge on every complexion, and suspects pearl powder in every fair skin. Whenever she happened to be at home, she was at the window watching the neighbours; she ferreted out the name and calling of every inhabitant in the street, and took away the characters of most of them. She had counted eleven duns at one door in a morning, and she had ascertained that the tax-gatherer went away from half the houses unpaid. She talked of calling upon some families to acquaint them of the misdoings of their servants—how the maids ran out to talk to their sweethearts, and how they took the opportunity of their masters' and mistresses' absence to flourish in silk pelisses and lace veils, while the footmen carried the newspapers down into the kitchen to read, and examined all the stray letters lying about. The Melvilles were astonished to hear of the extravagance and the depravity of the people, who for many years had appeared to them to be quite as respectable as themselves, and were a little annoyed when Miss Charlotte told a lady with whom they were acquainted, and who lived a few doors off, that she

had more visitors than all the rest of the people in the street, and that she never got up until half-past eleven o'clock, an act of delinquency which was considered quite monstrous in the country.

Many and various were the adventures which befell the party. At one time they insisted upon going to a theatre which their uncle Oliver had visited when in town, and which he declared to be better worth seeing than any of those of higher reputation. This place of public entertainment, they ascertained, after writing into the country, to be at the back of Smithfield, and thither, having enlisted a beau or two, they chose to go; for, though the Melvilles entertained no predilection for such places, they found it necessary to thwart their visitors in so many of their schemes, that they were glad to accomplish any that seemed feasible. The carriages were ordered at half-past ten, as it was supposed that the performances would be over early, and having dismissed them, the party walked down a long covered passage, very dimly lighted, to a dirty entrance. They were ushered into the most horrible den imaginable, filled with an audience of the lowest description. It became necessary to make a speedy retreat, and, upon emerging into open air, they found the streets running with water, from a copious shower falling at the time; no coach was procurable for at least a mile; and wet, tired, and out of temper, the pleasure-seekers returned home, convinced that Uncle Oliver must have made a mistake. Mr. Melville sent down to the stables to countermand the carriage; but the coachman, thinking it expedient to put up in the neighbourhood of the theatre, was still in Smithfield. A messenger had therefore to be dispatched, and of course missed him, and the horses were consequently kept out for nothing until two o'clock in the morning.

The Hanburys found great fault with London society; it was either too stiff, or too much the reverse, affording a license of speech which they did not approve, without the cordiality which made meetings in the country so agreeable. The whole quartette came home exceedingly displeased from a ball which the Melvilles vainly hoped would have afforded them gratification. Mrs. Hanbury could not find any body to play at long whist, and



called shorts at half-crown points gambling of a most frightful nature. Miss Hanbury found her partners very stupid, having nothing to say but what she had heard a dozen times before, while Miss Charlotte complained that hers was a very impertinent unprincipled person. He pretended that he did not know that there was such a place in London as Woburn Square. He believed that Russell Square might be marked out upon the map; but he was totally unacquainted with the north-eastern suburbs of London. He went to his banker in the city, and to his club in St. James's, and those were the only localities with which he was familiar. Susan had not been more fortunate, for she came home nearly frightened to death by an alarming account given by one of the gentlemen with whom she had danced, and corroborated by the others, of the insecurity of the chandeliers. In short, from the numerous details which she had heard of accidents resulting from the weakness of the timbers in London houses, she was convinced that chandeliers were constantly coming down and crushing all the dancers. One in the Regents Park had absolutely fallen through the floor, and ruined the supper in the dining room below. The Melvilles had confidently expected that some of their guests would be knocked up after the first week, and were astonished by the extraordinary power of endurance, both mental and bodily, which they displayed. Day after day, night after night, did they scour over the town in their eagerness to fulfil every object of their visit to the metropolis. As the season advanced, they became desirous to explore the environs. Parties were therefore made to the Beulah Spa, to Richmond, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Gravesend, Epsom races, Ascot races, Egham, and Hampton Court races—in short, nothing could he talked of without exciting a desire to witness it. The novelty and excitement for a while performed wonders; but at length the time of nature's revenge arrived, and the house of the Melvilles became a kind of hospital. As soon as one recovered from a bilious fever, another fell ill from the effects of a neglected cough, which threatened to settle on the lungs. Mrs. Hanbury had a dreadful attack of erysipelas, and Susan was

always in hysterics. All their complaints were attributed to the bad air of London, the closeness of the sleeping-rooms, and the unwholesomeness of the water. When sufficiently recovered to travel, they returned to the neighbourhood of Northampton, with very confused notions of the great metropolis which they had left, and with a perfect conviction that nothing could be more comfortless than the manner in which people were obliged to live in London. No representations sufficed to persuade them that it was not actually necessary to create such a toil and turmoil. They had found it indispensable, and were confirmed in their opinion of the danger they had run, by the newspapers, which recorded a dreadful fire in Bloomsbury, and a most daring robbery in Montague Square. The return of the Melvilles to quiet was delayed by the necessary cleaning and repairing which their house and its furniture required after the departure of their guests; but when this was accomplished, the novel feeling of relief and peace with which they settled down once more in their old ways, was among the most delightful sensations they had ever experienced in their lives.

#### ALUM WORKS.

I walked along the edge of the cliffs to Lord Mulgrave's alum works, to the northward, close to the sea, about three miles distant, where the vast extent of the excavations, and the enormous magnitude of the heaps of alum rock (or shale, as it is called) then in a state of smouldering combustion, produced a magnificent effect, such as I had not anticipated. The scale of operations may be partly imagined by those who have chanced to see the chalk and lime works on the Thames, at Northfleet: the cuts, several feet in thickness, are commenced at the top of the cliff, here one hundred and eighty feet high, and then worked down perpendicularly to the bottom; and thus, by degrees, a vast portion of the material has been scooped out, leaving, as it were, an extensive irregular semicircular bowl, the area of which is the theatre of operations, and in appearance truly volcanic. The blue colour of the surrounding cliffs of alum rock, the burning mountains below, and the whole scene, round and about, are such as, when seen from

the summit, give the whole together the character of one enormous crater. At all parts workmen are seen driving their loads in wheelbarrows, sometimes across rude bridges and planks, perilously planted from one precipice to another; or along narrow ledges of rocks, and platforms supported by rough blocks of stone.

By such a path as the latter I descended for the greater part of the way from the top of the cliff to the bottom, stepping from stone to stone, in some places laid in imitation of a flight of steps.

The process of preparing the alum is sufficiently simple. After having quarried the shale, which from the softness of the substance, is performed without much difficulty, it is piled in the enormous heaps before mentioned: these, being ignited, burn for several months together, till the whole is reduced to a red calcined ash or cinder. At the commencement of the formation of each fiery mountain, a nucleus is, in the first instance, created by a layer of fagots or bushes placed on the ground, and set fire to. On these is thrown a layer of the alum shale. As soon as the latter becomes red hot, a second layer of shale is placed upon it, upon which the workmen stand, and supply from the rear with alum shale a second layer of bushes placed in front. Thus the heap extends, by layer after layer of bushes in front being fed with stone brought from the rear; and, as the heap increases in height and dimensions, the material is wheeled across the top, from one end to the other, in wheelbarrows, and shot over from the summit upon the new-laid layer of bushes in front.

I mounted to the top of one of these huge heaps, twenty feet from the ground, and containing an area of several hundred square yards, following the men who wheeled their barrows along planks laid down from end to end, pitching their contents over the summit, as has been described.

How it is possible for any living creature to exist and work in such an atmosphere, I do not exactly comprehend, where the fumes of sulphur predominate in such a degree as almost to stop the breath. As an evidence of the pestiferous effluvia which arose, the edges of many deep fissures were abundantly fringed with flower of sulphur; and, as the smoke and steam oozed upward the air trembled in the sunshine, as may be observed in a field of burning bricks. Nay, besides the appearances

above stated, red heat was not only visible through the cracks in many places underneath, but might be discovered glowing everywhere by merely scratching a few inches with a stick below the surface. Nevertheless, even with so shallow a covering, that part which came in contact with the feet was cold.

The shale having been by these means reduced to a calcined mass, and allowed a sufficient time to cool, in order to extract the alum, the ashes or cinders are immersed in water in shallow tanks cut in the ground, like salt pans; from which the liquor passes away by a channel cut for the purpose under ground, full half a mile in length, to the boiling-houses.

The liquor is here boiled in several large caldrons, one after another, till the water, having sufficiently evaporated, it is poured into barrels, containing three hundred gallons each, and then allowed to cool. As it cools, the crystallization takes place; the crystals adhere to the sides of the barrel, the water settles in the middle, just as the milk lies within the cocoanut, and the nut cleaves to its shell. When cold, the barrels being purposely constructed to take to pieces, the hoops and staves are removed; when the crystals remain in a solid mass, the usual proportion being two thirds of crystals to one third of water. A hole is bored to let the water off, and the alum cut with a saw in blocks for the market. On an aperture being made in one of these masses when entire, the crystals within assume, as may be readily imagined, a splendid appearance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Returning home towards Whitby, I observed, adjoining the sea shore, a manufactory for cement, prepared from a peculiar sort of stones or boulders, found imbedded in the alum shale: the process merely consists in burning the stones in a kiln, and then grinding them. Nearer still to the town are limekilns, whither the white limestone is brought from Flamborough Head. The stones, all round and smooth, having been taken from below high-water mark, are shot from the vessels which bring them overboard into the sea at high water, as near the land as possible, whence they are carted, at low water, to the kilns.—*Sir George Head.*

—♦—  
She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright,  
Meets in her aspect and her eyes.

*Byron.*



## THE NIGHT BEFORE AND NEXT MORNING

ARTISTS well know the difference between seeing things in an evening light, and seeing them in a morning light. But we do not recollect to have ever seen it remarked that this difference extends to the minds of men, so that nothing has exactly the same appearance in the morning which it had the night before. We are ourselves altogether different beings in the evening from what we are in the morning. In the evening, we feel that the struggle of the day is past. The terrible battle of the world has been fought for another day, and we may now rest and breathe in peace. The banks are shut, and duns of all kinds have gone to roost. A truce has been proclaimed between the high contending powers of debtor and creditor, and both may now meet on the extremities of the lines, and kindle their pipes and quaff their canteens at the same fire. A kind of Sabbath commences about seven o'clock, and any man who could talk of bills or bonds after that time would be looked on as profane. Everything becomes pleasant and soft and serene, and, in the midst of the domestic circle, or in the social meeting, men almost forget that there are such things in the world as little slips of paper with odd-looking stamps upon them, and strange compulsory words written on one or both sides. People feel safe from each other in the evening. The poorest drudge can go home, and at his own fire-side laugh at the frowns under which he has to toil during the day. Under-clerks cease to fear head ones, and the teller thinks he could meet the manager, yea, even one of the directors, on the street, without being more than enough put about by the rencontre. The shop-lad, having got the shutters put on and the keys sent home, regains so much of natural confidence, that he feels himself entitled to look handsome ladies in the face, and talk critically to his companions of the merits of his master's youngest daughter. A republic is proclaimed amongst men every night. All become alike on the street at and after twilight. Darkness invests mankind with an universal incognito, and a prince under the lamps is no better than a porter. All the terrors and restraints which we feel for each other in open day are then thrown aside, and the high and the low alike venture to be natural and happy. In fact, evening, as it advances over the world, heaving the bosoms and erecting the faces of men, might be compared to that influence of the moon which raises the sea. A great tidal wave of happiness may be said to go over the earth every twenty-four hours.

Unfortunately, while this blessed state of things is prevailing under one longitude, something quite the reverse obtains in an opposite part of the globe. While it is evening here it must be morning somewhere else, and there, wherever it is, happiness is the lot of but a few. It is all very well to talk of the blushes and smiles of Aurora, the freshness of the air, and so forth; but it is not through the medium of nature's beauty that the generality of men see things in the morning. The battle closed so

peacefully last night is now to be renewed.—The sound of hammers closing rivets up is heard. All is cold, hard, and unsocial. Men have to brace themselves to toils, and hardships, and pains of all kinds. Each once more becomes a terror to another. Things wear an awful seriousness. Subalterns have to appear before terrible task-masters. Every man has put on his professional aspect. Bills have to be looked in the face, be they ever so Gorgonish. The truce of debtor and creditor is at an end. The great tragedy of daily, commercial, and social life, is opened, and played out it must be before the sun goes down. The ever-recurring daily terror, that things will not rub on till dinner-time, is felt by thousands. Every man is at his post, and every man at his rank, with all the rigidity of statues standing sentinel over a city of the dead. There is nothing bland, or gay, or cordial, or friendly in the world. One could scarcely imagine that the race would ever smile again. The pleasantry of the fire-side circle or the table is unimaginable, and it could not enter into the heart of man to conceive that conclusion to struggles, and stiffness, and mutual bug-bearisms, which is to take place about seven o'clock. A terrible time, indeed, is the morning.

It may easily be seen, then, how men should be different beings at the beginning and close of the day. In the evening, they are under the influence of all that is genial—in the morning, of all that is tasking and disagreeable. In the evening, they see all things under the bewitching light of imagination; in the morning, all is staring and ill-favoured reality. There is no putting a pleasant delusion upon one's self in the morning. The very proverbs respecting that part of the day have something ungracious about them. "He that would thrive must rise at five"—how hard! There is no lenity, no kind consideration of human infirmity, in man's breast, when he thinks of the morning. "Rise at five, you lazy dog," which a juvenile friend of ours of the Franklin school had inscribed on the side of his bed, is a fair sample of the rude and ruthless spirit in which we address each other at this period of the four-and-twenty hours. How then can one be the same man in the morning as in the evening?

The consequences of this difference we can trace in many little circumstances. A number of people meet, of an evening, at the board of a common friend. In a little while they become particularly cordial with each other.—Song, and chat, and merry tale, keep up the spirit of the party till a late hour. One or two individuals distinguish themselves by their contributions, in all these ways, to the conviviality of the evening. All are good fellows together, and probably the least demonstration of eternal friendship which they make in conclusion, is to sing Burns' Auld Langsyne in a circle round the table, holding by each other's hands, as if they had been intimate associates since childhood, and could never be dis severed while life held good. What conveying of each other towards their respective homes, what affectionate shakings of the hands! It seems as if the

whole are to be from this time forth entirely devoted to each other, in a friendship which will only delight in being put to the proof. Now, what is the real result? Why, that, next morning they scarcely recognise each other on the street. So far from maintaining a friendship for each other, they are mutually distressed at seeing countenances which remind them of orgies now confessed to be not over wise or creditable. The clever and entertaining members of the company are probably looked coldest upon. Perhaps they are players or poor men of letters, very well to be made use of in candle light, but not quite suitable companions under the garish eye of day. They are therefore acknowledged—if acknowledged at all—with only the slightest of nods, or the tamest touches of the hand. In short, the next morning is the unlikeliest thing possible to the night before.

A youth of some forty-five, who has long pondered on matrimony, but always feared to encounter it, finds himself involved in the dulcet blandishments of an evening party, where youth and beauty are only too abundant, and music and dance and light converse alternately hold sway over the enslaved sense. He is enchanted with one beauty in particular, pays her some attentions, which he fancies not ill received, and thinks he might almost venture to propose for her. He goes home in the fixed resolution, that, come what will, he must now be married, and Maria is the girl of his choice. Next morning comes a frost, a killing frost. In his quiet, well-arranged little parlour, with his few nice books around him, and his violin and flute within reach, the custom of enjoying his untroubled solitude re-asserts its empire over him, and he sees that it would never do to marry a giddy young girl, of whose character he is ignorant, and who might lead him into all sorts of expenses and responsibilities. In fact, the change is too great to be encountered, at least under the influence of the morning light. He therefore does *not* send the little present he had thought of sending, but walks away to business in the same cool mood under which he has walked to business for the last seven-and-twenty-years. Young gentlemen of this kind would get married very quickly if life were all evening. It is the plaguy interruption of the morning which mars their own designs, and keeps them single to the last.

A humble expectant spends an evening with his patron, and receives from him all the civilities which a well-bred gentleman must pay everybody under his own roof. In the cordiality with which the wine is pushed to him, he reads his fate. Every pleasantry that falls from the lips of the dispenser of fortune, assures him more and more that something will be done for him. Ere all is done, the distance between patron and expectant is lost. The utmost familiarity is used and allowed. The poor fellow feels in that consummating clap on the shoulder, that he will be allowed to sigh no more. Next morning, when he calls upon the great man at his place of business, what a blight to his hopes! For smiles and compla-

cence and claps on the shoulder, he now finds a cold business aspect, with rigour, and consideration, and long demurrings, pictured in every line of it. Civility is still there; but it is not the civility of the dining-room. In three minutes he feels himself somehow ushered out into the street, and looking in at a print-shop window, without seeing the prints; his mind vainly endeavouring to arrive at a proper sense of his situation. Yes, the poor expectant also knows the difference between the Night Before and Next Morning.

Let any man, in short, take a retrospect of his life, and he will find that nine-tenths of all the happiness he has ever enjoyed has been enjoyed in the evening, and that all his most miserable hours have been matutinal. It is to this, perhaps, that we are to attribute that disposition in society to lengthen out the evenings and shorten the mornings, making bed time near midnight, and rising time the third or fourth hour of day-light. We cannot wonder at this custom, though it may not be quite consistent with our true interests. Just look at an ordinary parlour when the shutters are closed, and the candles lighted, all so snug and neat—yea, even handsome—and compare the appearance of the same room in the morning, when the light has been let into it. How crumby the carpet, how odious the snuffed-out candles on the table, how detestable the spent fire in the grate! And yet this is just the very room we left in such delightful trim the night before, not a jot changed. In the very same degree odious, do our shoes become during the night. It would be the greatest of little distresses to be obliged to indue them again in the morning unbrushed, though they were just so when we cast them off last night. Surely there must be some mystic evolution of nature during the night. The morning seems to give us the back of delight, like the moon when nearest the sun, and the face of pain. The morning is the brazen, and the evening the golden side of the shield. But a truce with fancies. Imagination herself would be exhausted before she could fully depict, as we feel, the difference between the Next Morning and the Night Before.

*Chamb. Ed. Jour.*

## ASCENT OF THE SUGAR LOAF ROCK.

I had already spent about three weeks upon Flat Island, and I had explored every corner of my dominions several times over, with the proud consciousness of being "monarch of all I surveyed!" In the whole circuit there was not a rock or shrub with which I was not familiar; not a hare's form or gannet's nest to which I could not almost have approached blind-fold.

Within half a mile up the coast from our little harbour, however, a tall insulated rock, called the Sugar Loaf, shot up in solitary stateliness, sheer out of the



water. On this rock I had never yet set foot; and for the purpose of changing the scene, I determined one day to explore it; hoping at the same time to find a sufficient number of eggs among its crannies to reward my labour. Accordingly, having left a few look-outs properly stationed, with orders to fire a musket should any vessel be seen nearing the island, I manned the galley with a couple of men, and taking Wolfe as my attendant, I set forward on my expedition.

It was a lovely morning for a pleasure excursion. The breeze was light, the water gently rippled, and a glorious tropic sun rode high in the clear azure of the heavens. "Merrily, merrily went the bark," bounding buoyantly through the harmless waters; and ere many minutes had elapsed, we found ourselves under the lee of the Sugar Loaf Rock. It was a threatening, dark-browed rock; its lower part rising perpendicularly out of the water, while its summit hung beetling outwards, and nodded fearfully over our heads.

We lay to for a moment to contemplate it, and to consider how it was possible to ascend to the top. But never was there a rock more forbidding to the climber. Steep, unbroken, wall-like masses of stone, girded its base, while its brow hung threateningly over the water; seeming, as it were, to dare us to the ascent. A shelving platform of rock, about ten or twelve feet in width, tangled with sea-weed, and washed by the rising and receding waves, seemed to form the foundation of this massive superstructure. Upon this rock, having backed in the boat stern foremost, Wolfe and I leaped without much difficulty; and ordering the men to lie off on their oars till our return, we set forward on our survey.

In the solid unbroken façade of the lofty wall of rock, that rose perpendicularly from the platform on which we stood, there was not a single projecting angle to clasp, nor the smallest crevice into which the foot of the climber might be inserted. Encrusted with limpets festooned with tendrils of dark-coloured sea-weed, and dripping with the spray which ever and anon was thrown over it by the rising waves, it stood in unsurmountable majesty before us.

An ascent at this place, therefore,

being impossible, we passed onwards along the slippery edge of the weed-tangled platform, in search of some more accessible spot; nor was it long till we discovered a narrow zigzag fissure, scarcely wide enough to admit the foot, but presenting, at various distances, as if the rock had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, small projecting notches, which might easily be grasped by the hand.

"Well, Wolfe," I said, as I ran my eye up this not very apposite-looking ladder, "shall we try it here?" "Why, sir," replied Wolfe, touching his hat with rather a remonstrative gesture, "the ascent is a dangerous one, sir; and before we are half way up, we shall wish ourselves down again." "True," said I; "but then it is the only accessible spot we can find." "Under your favour, sir," said Wolfe, "is there any *necessity* for going up at all?" "Necessity! why, no; not any necessity! But I've made up my mind to be on the top; and on the top, accordingly, I shall at least *endeavour* to be." "As you please, sir!" replied Wolfe; "though, under your favour, I scarcely think it worth while to risk our necks for the value of a few boobies' eggs." "You seem to be afraid, Wolfe," said I; "you're quite welcome to remain below. For my own part, I am determined to go; so there's an end of it." "Afraid! sir," said Wolfe, rather haughtily; "I never was afraid of anything. Come sir; there's no use losing time; let us mount!"

Accordingly, without further parley, we breasted the rock, and commenced the ascent; I taking the lead, and Wolfe following close behind.

It was an arduous undertaking, and, as I have often thought since, a very foolhardy one. To trust mainly to the strength of our arms, and swing ourselves upwards, by means of the little projecting angles I have already mentioned, was our only alternative. Only now and then, and at considerable distances, could we find an opportunity of supporting ourselves by our feet; so that for the most part, we had to trust our weight entirely to our hands, which were not a little lacerated by the sharp edges of the rock we were obliged to clasp. Nor dare we allow ourselves a moment's breathing time,

during the perilous progress; for, so loosely were the little notches on which we depended connected with the main rock, that had we ventured to hang upon them for an instant, they would probably have been detached by our weight, and ourselves precipitated to the bottom.

Totally out of breath, with bleeding hands and aching arms, it was not without considerable delight, that, after an ascent of about fifty feet, my eyes came on a level with a small platform of between two and three feet square, indented, as it were, into the face of the rock. Upon this, with a single effort, I threw myself, enjoying the prospect for a few minutes' rest; but scarcely was I securely balanced on my precarious prop, when I saw Wolfe, about a foot lower down, hanging with both hands to a small angular notch, that seemed shaking in its infirm socket, as if about to separate from the parent rock! A single reach of his arm would have placed him on the enviable platform on which I stood. "For God's sake, Mr. Lascelles!" he cried, looking up with a face of consternation, "go on and leave a little room, sir, or I shall be precipitated to the bottom!" "I cannot stir an inch farther at present," I replied; "but quick! catch at my foot, and sway yourself up; here is room enough for us both."

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the notch on which my poor comrade hung broke off, and, falling with a rumbling noise down the face of the rock, plunged into the sea. Just as it gave way, Wolfe, with an effort of desperation, stretched himself up, and in an instant his brawny hand was round my ankle. It was a perilous attempt for us both. Unsteadied by the weight, I staggered; and I certainly would have fallen from my place, had I not held firmly on by a projecting rock at my side. Poor Wolfe, in the meantime, saw my danger.

"Say the word, Mr. Lascelles," he cried; "say the word, and I shall let go my hold. Shall I come, or shall I not?" "Come! and be quick!" was my only reply; and with one strong effort, Wolfe swung himself up, and stood at my side. The small ledge of rock on which we were now poised, was not, as I have said, more than two or three feet square;

indeed, so narrow was the space, that we were obliged to clasp each other round the body to prevent ourselves from falling off. On two sides, this little platform was walled in by the adjacent rock, which rose up perpendicularly behind us to a sufficient height to admit of our standing in a crouching position, and, projecting horizontally forwards, hung over our heads—a black and craggy canopy. On its other two sides the platform was open, and the rock dipped sheer down from its edge, till it was lost some fifty feet below, amid the surf and spray of the ocean. Scarcely dare we hazard a look beneath, to where our diminished galley rode buoyantly on the surging waters, so dizzy and bewildering was the prospect.

We stood for some time in silence, for there was something too appalling in our situation to admit of speech. The wind whistled and howled among the rents and fissures of the rock; the sea leaped and roared far beneath, as if eager to engulf us; and the scared sea-fowl flew screaming, in eddying circles, round the place where we stood.

To have attempted to descend by the same path we had come up, would have been madness; and as for mounting higher, our progress upwards seemed completely cut off by the mass of rock that hung threateningly over our heads. "Have you considered what we ought to do, Mr. Lascelles?" said Wolfe at last; "we cannot remain here much longer; I almost think I feel the rock trembling under us." "I see nothing we *can* do," I replied. "It appears equally impossible to get either up or down." "Why, as to getting *down*, sir," said Wolfe, "*that* we might manage by a leap; and if we had deep water to plunge into, I would not mind trying it a rope's end. But I have no notion of jumping on that broad rocky platform at the bottom, and being smashed to a jelly in the fall." "Not to be thought of," I replied. "But what do you advise to be done?" "One thing, sir, I think is clear. There's no use remaining on this miserable point of a rock, to be devoured piecemeal by sea-gulls; so if we can't go down, we must just determine to go up, and trust to chance for finding some easier place of descent." "Go up!" I replied.



"From the place we stand, to go up, is utterly impossible." "Difficult, sir," said Wolfe, "but I don't think impossible. I observed the place from beneath, and I am satisfied that the black-looking canopy over our heads is merely a ledge of the rock jutting out from the main mass—just as the canopy of a pulpit, sir, juts out from the wall of the church. At least so it seemed to me from below; and I think if we could once get on the top of it, we might then manage to mount still higher." "If we could get upon the top of it," said I, "how is this to be done?" "I can't tell you how it is to be *done* sir," said Wolfe; "but I'll at least show you how it is to be attempted! Remain you in the meantime, where you are, sir. If I succeed, I can easily pull you up after me; if I fall, why, then, all's done, what is it but an end to Dick Wolfe, who must die one day at any rate. Farewell, sir, should we never meet again." "'Tis madness to attempt it," I cried. "Stop! consider what you do!" "Never say die, while there's a shot in the locker, sir; that's my maxim. So here goes?"

Before I could interfere to prevent him, the intrepid fellow stretched his hands upwards, and grasping a projecting part of our rude rocky canopy, he was in an instant swinging in mid-air by the arms, without shifting the position of his hands, but pulling himself up by sheer muscular force, his head and shoulders were soon hid from my view, while his legs and the lower part of his body hung dangling over the edge of the rock.

It was a moment of painful suspense to me. As to whether he was likely to succeed in his design, or be precipitated to the bottom, I could not form the slightest conjecture, for not a sound of fear or of hope escaped the gallant fellow's lips. Slowly and gradually, however, his quivering limbs were drawn upwards, till they entirely disappeared; and, the next moment, my ears were saluted from above by a loud and spirit-stirring "*Hurrah!*"

That he had succeeded in reaching the top of the ledge, which hung frowning over the place where I stood, I was now certified; but how I should be able to follow him in so difficult an ascent still seemed a mystery. Presently, however, a bare arm was suspended over the edge

of the canopy, the huge brawny tendons of which seemed almost sufficient to lift the rock itself. At the same time, the voice of Wolfe was heard hallooing from above.

"All's right, Mr. Lascelles. Catch hold of my hand, and trust yourself to me." "Are you firm?" I cried out. "Ay, ay, sir, as the rock itself." "Then hold fast—here goes!" Stretching myself up as far as I could, I succeeded in grasping him with both my hands round the wrist. For one moment I was swinging to and fro in the air; the next I stood in safety beside my trusty comrade. The space we now occupied was considerably larger than that which we had just left; but a tall mass of black rock, yet to be surmounted, frowned threateningly over us. "Follow me, sir," said Wolfe. "We must not halt till we get to the top;" and he forthwith commenced the ascent, I following behind.

The rock here was more craggy and broken than it was below, and afforded greater facilities to the climber. Without much difficulty, we succeeded in passing from one ledge to another, till at length, to our inexpressible joy, we found ourselves on the highest summit of all—a round flat space of some fifty or sixty feet in diameter. "Now for a splice of the main-brace, Wolfe," said I, producing a small flask of spirits. "Ay, ay, sir; here's luck to us down again," and the worthy coxswain quaffed as much at a draught as would have sufficed to make most heads unsteady.

Having reached the top, half of our labour was accomplished; our next anxiety was, how we were to reach the bottom. "Had we not better try the other side of the rock?" I suggested, "Never, sir," said Wolfe; "it would be utter madness. The weather-side of the rock, in these constant winds, becomes brittle and trustless. The very birds that hove over our heads, would not venture to perch upon the weather side of the Sugar Loaf. But here," he continued, "is a place where we might venture. The rock here, sir, you will observe, is shelving and rugged, and affords some opportunity of clinging by our hands, when our footing is faithless. Shall we try?" "Certainly," I replied; "if you advise it." "Then let us strip to the

trowsers, sir. I am too old a cragsman to trust myself to a difficult descent with a weight of clothes upon my back. Nothing like a bare foot for a slippery footing!"

We stripped accordingly, as he directed; and having hailed the boat to lie off, we tossed our clothes over the precipice, in such a direction that they might easily be picked up beneath. In a few minutes we were prepared to start. "Now, Wolfe," said I, "Who goes first?" "I, of course," he replied. "By no means," said I. "In such a situation as ours, all rank sinks to the ground." "Then, sir," said Wolfe with a bitter smile, "I wish the ground would sink along with it, and leave us, without further ado, to breast the waves of old mother Ocean." "But since that's not likely to happen," I replied, "we had better settle which of us will go first. Come! shall it be a toss-up?" "As you please, sir."

I gathered up a small piece of flat stone, and wetting it on one side with my tongue, as I had often done at school, I tossed it twirling up into the air. "Wet, or no wet?" I cried. "No wet!" said Wolfe; and no wet it was; so the lot to be first in the perilous descent fell on me. "Warily, warily, sir," said Wolfe, as I dropped over the edge of the precipice; never loosen your hands till your foot is firm." "My foot is firm *now*," I replied; "come along." But scarcely had I unfastened my hands from the edge of the rock, in order to allow Wolfe to follow, when the faithless prop on which I rested began to tremble beneath me. I tried to clasp some of the protruding angles in my neighbourhood, to save myself. But in vain. My weight was too much for the stone on which I stood, which speedily detached itself from the parent rock, and bounded with a loud crash to the bottom.

Never shall I forget the sensations of that moment. I grasped at every angle I could reach; but all my efforts could only retard, not stop, my downward progress; and I was just about to give myself up to my fate, when I found myself firmly grasped by the hair of the head, and looking up, I saw Wolfe bending over the rock above me. With the support of his arm, and my own exertions, I succeeded, most unexpectedly, in once more reaching

the top. "Thank God," cried the generous fellow, when I again stood at his side. "Had you fallen, Mr. Lascelles, I should never have forgiven myself. No! never shall it be said that Richard Wolfe permitted a boy to precede him when danger was in question. Come on, sir! Follow me, and trust to my directions as to placing your feet. I hope we may yet reach the bottom in safety." "Wolfe," I replied, "I dispute precedence no longer. Go on—I follow!"

With our faces turned towards the rock, and with the utmost possible caution, we again commenced the descent; my faithful comrade constantly calling out to me as we proceeded, "Place your feet here, Mr. Lascelles, and here." At length, with considerable difficulty, but in perfect safety, we reached the bottom. The galley backed into the rock to receive us; and we had just stepped on board, when we were startled by the report of a musket. We pushed off with all the speed we could. Another shot was fired. They proceeded from the look-outs I had stationed on shore. "It's a small craft, sir, steering for the island," said Wolfe "we had better make all speed to be in time to receive her." "True," I replied. "Let us take to our oars. Stretch out, men; pull for your lives!"

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#### RAINING AND WATER PLANTS.

Let him who is disposed to observe the works of nature with reference to their utility, examine the Canadian Birch-wort, which carries at its base two concave leaves; or let him hear that each leaf of the *Tilandria*, or Wild-Pine of the West Indies, is furnished near the stalk with a hollow bucket, containing from half a pint to a quart of water, and he will say, "Surely these plants grow in a land where water is scarce, the thirsty traveller derives refreshment from them: birds also, and some animals, have no other supply." The air, too, he would conjecture to be sultry, the country a parched one, and his conjectures would be right. Birch-worts grow in those trembling and frothy-looking Canadian marshes, which dry up during the hot months: their concave leaves receive and retain, for a long time, the showers that fall occasionally, and also the heavy night dews: they are consequently very important to birds, small quadrupeds, and insects, which are thus provided with plentiful supplies of pure and wholesome water, in situations where it can rarely be obtained. The habitat of the Wild Pine is similarly parched, for it abounds in the most sultry parts



of the West Indies. Some kinds of Aloes, too, common to parched regions, secrete such a quantity of water in their cup-shaped leaves, as to afford a grateful refreshment for thirsty travellers.

The *Nepenthes Distillatoria*, or Pitcher plant, abounds in those stony and arid parts of Java, from which small birds and quadrupeds must migrate in search of water, were it not for this vegetable production. The traveller who passes through those sultry regions, is frequently attracted by its singular appearance, and by the number of birds that fly in and out among the branches. On drawing near, he observes a small bag, shaped like a pitcher, at the foot stalk of each leaf, furnished with a neatly fitted lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects it with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre, which contracts in showery weather, and when the dew falls. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a delightful draught to such small animals as climb the branches, and to a variety of winged creatures. They hear the pattering of the heavy rain-drops on the dry leaves, while sheltered in their hiding-places; and when the rain is sufficiently abated, forth they come, and refresh themselves at every open cup. It is delightful to see them thus employed, and the pitcher plant is sometimes almost covered with these thirsty creatures: some drinking eagerly, others lifting up their little bills between each sip, as if grateful for the refreshing draught. But no sooner has the cloud passed by, and the warm sun shone forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand, and close the goblet so firmly, as even to prevent evaporation. This is a beautiful and prospective contrivance. The quadruped, bird, or insect, has had sufficient time to quench its thirst, for the heavens do not immediately become clear; and when the goblet is filled with dew, some time must necessarily elapse before the warmth of the sun is felt. But the plant also requires refreshment; rain-drops soon trickle from the arid place in which it grows, and the nightly dews are insufficient to refresh the sloping side of its assigned locality. The pitchers, therefore, are essential to its preservation, and a sufficient quantity of fluid is preserved by the gradual contraction of the lid. As long, too, as the lid stands open, the slender bill, the proboscis, or the tongue, can be readily thrust in, but as it gradually contracts, this is of course precluded; but, then, lest any poor thirsty creature should arrive late, or remain unsatisfied in the crowd, such pitchers as are covered with leaves remain much longer open, and it is probable that some never close at all. We may also remark, that neither one, nor two, nor even ten large pitchers, are assigned to each plant, but that every leaf-stalk has its own. Hence every leaf receives a necessary supply of moisture through tubes that communicate, like syphons, with its absorbing vessels. I scarcely know a single instance in which a wonderful adaptation of one part to another, of one vegetable to the animals that

surround it, is more clearly evinced than in this unassuming plant.

Now, if the leaves were broad like those of a common chestnut, or the coltsfoot, neither rain nor dew could reach the pitchers: but, instead of this, they slope upwards: therefore, when the lid is open, the pitcher soon fills, and to its brimming goblet innumerable winged creatures eagerly resort. The insect has a long proboscis, with which to sip up the moisture; the bird introduces its narrow bill; but if the insect or bird had instead of these mouths constructed like a fish, and those peculiar tongues which distinguish aquatic natures, considerable difficulty would arise, and the pitcher be often broken, in the endeavour to procure a sip. We may also fairly assume that the little quadrupeds which resort thither are furnished with a long and slender member, which permits them to lap the water, through comparatively a narrow aperture. And as the claws of birds enable them to retain a firm hold on branches, when even rudely shaken by the wind, and the feet of insects are so formed as to grasp the smoothest stems, many little animals have likewise feet well adapted for climbing. The field mouse, for instance, which can run up a stack of corn, and all swift moving and defenceless quadrupeds, are thus constructed. The digging foot which is assigned to the mole, or one resembling a horse's hoof, would be useless in ascending slippery places. The pitcher at each leaf-stalk has also a twofold purpose; it refreshes the parent plant, and holds forth an open goblet to many a poor thirsty wayfaring creature. A few would not suffice either to the plant or its visitors, as I before observed, and, therefore, every leaf is similarly provided: nor is it less worthy of remark, that if the fibrous hinge contracted only in heavy rain, such birds, and quadrupeds, and insects, as fly or walk by night, would not be able to quench their thirst; but dew equally affects it; therefore it is for them also that the nightly goblet is thus bountifully replenished. And how multifarious are its uses, whether filled by rain or dew! Without the moisture which it thus retains, the beautiful green colour that adorns the plant would fade; the flower could not open, the seeds could not ripen, such creatures as subsist on the sweet nectarious juices of its open flowers would lose their daily banquet, and numerous small birds and quadrupeds must drag on a miserable existence, if, indeed, they could exist at all.

As the need increases, so do the means to supply that need. The burning sands of Africa exhibit a large tree, called by the negroes *Boa*. The trunk of this is a natural reservoir for water during the rainy months, and being shaded with thick foliage, continues fresh and cool during the heat of summer. Travellers are often saved, by the knowledge of this extraordinary fact, from perishing with thirst on crossing those sultry deserts, where, during six long months, not a single shower refreshes the parched earth. Vegetable fountains also rise on the arid rocks of the Antilles. They are called *Water Liannes*, and are so full of

sap, that if a single branch is cut, a quantity of pure liquor immediately exudes.

How wonderful is the Raining-tree of the Canaries, which affords a regular supply of water to an island which is destitute of so great a blessing. A mist arises every morning from the sea, which rests on the thick leaves and widely-spreading branches of a kind of laurel, and then distils in drops during the remainder of the day, till it is at length exhausted. The peculiar situation of the tree enables it more readily to attract the mist: for it springs from a rock, at the termination of a long and narrow valley. This interesting tree is an evergreen, of considerable size. The water which distils from it furnishes every family in its vicinity with what is sufficient for domestic purposes, and persons are appointed by the council to distribute the necessary supplies.

Observe, too, the peculiar character of the swamps that extend along the Bay of Campeachy. The name swamp seems to indicate the presence of water, and this is correct, during the winter months; but when the heat of summer is set in, the swamps dry up, and no running stream is heard throughout the vast extent of their almost interminable forests. Yet these forests must be traversed during the hot months, and those who traverse them often lose their way, and would perish, were they not provided with living fountains in that hot land. A peculiar kind of fungus, called the pine-apple fungus, from its resemblance to that fruit, grows profusely on the trunks and branches of a native fir. These fungi are so full of sap, that, on being cut with a knife, nearly a pint of clear and wholesome juice immediately flows out. We may infer that the animals and birds which frequent these deep forests, are instructed to avail themselves of the valuable supply, for every created thing serves at least a twofold purpose: it ministers either directly or indirectly to the wants of man, and answers many important ends in the great economy of nature.

But it is not for man alone that vegetable fountains rise in arid places. We must again refer to the wonderful provision that is made for the many living creatures which are called into being, and which are not suffered to perish with thirst in their wilderness abodes. Carry your eye, my reader, towards the sultry deserts of Africa, where no cool breezes refresh the weary traveller, and no sound of running water is heard, where the heavens are unclouded, and the sun blazes with meridian splendour; where it often happens that for six long months, no water-urns of the firmament (as Arabian writers beautifully denominate the passing clouds) moisten the parched earth. It seems impossible that either animal or vegetable life can subsist on such a burning and sandy soil, and yet there is a class of vegetables, and certain small animals, that live there, which are admirably adapted to resist the effect of temperature and soil. Campbell mentions, that while crossing one of these burning plains, he remarked several creeping plants of luxuriant vegetation. Now, it is well known that the

plants of Africa have generally succulent leaves, like those of the aloe and mesembryanthemum, and that the sap-vessels are very large; this may easily be observed by holding a leaf to the light, when they appear like tubes open at each end, and are thus enabled to absorb any atmospheric moisture. Dew falls heavily in those hot countries, and the plant is thus preserved in health and vigour. But the plant does not exist for itself only; the moisture thus secreted is given out for the benefit of others: it is either covered with large juicy berries, or the superabundant moisture distils from off the leaves. But the first most generally occurs, and the berries which thus grow upon the stem or leaves, are filled with a clear transparent fluid, as essential to the well-being of the aborigines of those intolerable regions, as the cocoa-nut is to the inhabitants of the torrid zone. A small quadruped, resembling a mouse, abounds on the sand-hills, and these creatures were seen busily employed in nibbling off the berries, and carrying them to their holes, as seamen convey casks of water into their ships. Here is a real benefit conferred, and no doubt these little quadrupeds are of use, for we may certainly infer that no creature is placed without design in its allotted station. It may also be conjectured, that they are admirably adapted for the kind of life to which Providence assigns them; for we cannot admit, that as these vegetables are furnished with large sap-vessels for absorbing moisture, and with others through which the moisture distils into little berries, and all this expressly for preserving life in those small quadrupeds, that the quadruped itself has no purpose to fulfil. We may also briefly notice, how well the little animal is provided with teeth for nibbling off the berries. If the teeth were flat, or hook-shaped, as frequently occurs, the berries would in vain offer a refreshing draught to the thirsty quadruped; again, the quadruped draws out the superabundant moisture from the sand-plant, which is admirably furnished with large absorbing vessels, for the express purpose of drinking in the dew. Neither the plant nor animal can minister to the dew; and from this we may gain instruction:—that gracious Being, whose silent operations are compared to the dew which falls unseen, and yet refreshes the thirsty plant, derives no benefit from the mercy he imparts. He delights to bless his creatures, and, in blessing, to increase their happiness.

Now, if the aloe, of which I have just spoken, grew in England instead of Africa, in a country where rain often falls, and the weather continues cloudy, their thick leaves would be unnecessary, for no animal requires a vegetable fountain in this land of running streams; hence the aloe never grows wild in England, and even the few English vegetables which in any respect resemble it, flourish on rocks and walls, and their juicy tubes secrete a liquid which is invaluable in medicine.

Such are the water plants which supersede the necessity of streams in countries where the existence of such streams is incompatible with the general arrangement.—*Progress of Creation.*



## THE BEGGAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

*Andrew Elliot*—at least we shall call him by that name—was the eldest son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland. At the period when we commence our story, now a pretty old one, Andrew was about two or three and twenty years of age. He was a sharp, clever, active lad, of excellent dispositions and upright principles, and was held in high estimation by all who knew him. Andrew had at this time an uncle in London, an extensive and wealthy merchant. To this person he was sent by his father to push his fortune in the capital, there being little prospect of his being able to improve his condition in any way at home. On his arrival at his uncle's, he was immediately introduced by that person into his own counting-house, where he soon discovered such an aptness for business as induced his relative gradually to devolve on him some of the weightiest and most important transactions of the concern. His steady, upright conduct, in short, and agreeable manners, won the esteem of his uncle (who was a bachelor), and thus placed him on the high road to fortune. In time, the old man took young Elliot into partnership with him, and at his death, which occurred a few years afterwards, left him his whole business and fortune (which last was very considerable), with the exception of a few trifling legacies.

Here, then, was the young man raised, by a combination of his own deserts with favourable circumstances, at twenty-eight or so, to what a person of moderate ambition would call the top of fortune's ladder. The business left him by his relative was a prosperous one, and in money, lands, and securities of various kinds, he might, besides, be worth nearly twenty thousand pounds. For two or three years after this, matters went on exceedingly well with Mr. Elliot. He was a man of consequence upon 'Change, and his credit was unbounded—this last circumstance not more owing to his wealth than to the excellence of his character, which was honourable and upright to the last degree. He was, moreover, generous and benevolent, and had ever a ready hand for the relief of the necessitous. These qualities, however, though they gained him the universal esteem and respect of his fellow-men, could not shield him from those reverses that chequer human life. A series of losses by shipwreck, and of extensive failures in the city, reduced him, in a very few years, to bankruptcy, and placed him precisely in the situation in life whence he had set out. But he was a bankrupt in fortune only, not in fame. His excellent character still remained to him, and now stood him in good stead.

During all this time, Mr. Elliot continued to reside in his late uncle's house—now his own, however—which was at the distance of about half a mile from the counting-room. He had taken up his abode there when he came to London first, and there he still remained. In going to and from the counting-house to his residence, a road which he had now traversed several times a day for many years, Mr. Elliot

had to pass a certain corner, at which was stationed a cripple mendicant, who had occupied the post for upwards of twenty years. To this needy and unfortunate person Mr. Elliot had been exceedingly generous in the days of his prosperity; throwing him a shilling several times a-week, but not unfrequently making it half a crown; for he was taken with the modest demeanour of the man, who never sought the charity he gave. But from this benevolent practice Mr. Elliot was compelled to desist when his reverses came upon him, and to pass his old pensioner without putting his hand in his pocket. He still, however, gave him a trifle now and then, but it was latterly more proportioned to his means than his disposition, and was given, besides, only at long intervals. Thus, then, matters stood between Mr. Elliot and the beggar, and thus had they stood for several weeks, when, as the former was returning home one evening in the dusk (it was the month of October), the mendicant, who was just in the act of leaving his station, as Mr. Elliot passed, called after him by his name. Surprised that the man should have known it, and a little irritated at the interruption, Mr. Elliot turned sharply round, and demanded to know what he wanted.

"You have not been so kind to me of late as you used to be, Mr. Elliot," said the cripple, with a smile. "There are reasons for everything," replied the former, "and of course one for that too. I am not so able now to relieve you as I was." "I know that," said the beggar. "Indeed!" replied Mr. Elliot, more and more surprised at the knowledge of him and his circumstances which the cripple seemed to possess. "Pray, how do you happen to know that?" "It doesn't matter," said the mendicant; "I do know it, and I am sorry for it; but I am not certain, that, poor and humble as I am, I could not be of some service to you in your present difficulties. If you could think, Mr. Elliot, of calling at No. 36 Crutched Friars, to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, I could perhaps introduce you to a friend from whom you might hear of something to your advantage. Will you do this?"

Confounded by the singularity of this address, it was some seconds before Mr. Elliot could make any reply. At length, thinking there could be no harm in making the call to which he was invited, however strange the circumstances, he replied, "that he had no objection—that he certainly would." "Well," said the little old beggar, for he was a man of diminutive stature, "do so, and inquire for John Johnstone. Recollect, John Johnstone," and he hobbled away.

The appointment which he had thus made, Mr. Elliot resolved to keep—not from any idea whatever that it could possibly produce any benefit to him, but from sheer curiosity to know in what it would end. On the following night, accordingly, he made his way to Crutched Friars; having previously remarked, however, at an earlier period of the afternoon, that the little old beggar was not, as usual, at his station. The number to which he had been

directed, Mr. Elliot at once found: it was on a neat, genteel, green painted door. He rapped. A modest, well-dressed servant girl opened the door. He said he had come there by appointment to meet a Mr. John Johnstone. He was instantly admitted, and shown into a small but remarkably clean and well-furnished apartment. Knowing nothing of the person whose house he was in, Mr. Elliot had no idea who he was to see. What was his surprise then, when, after he had been seated for a few minutes, his old friend the cripple entered the apartment, but now so clean, and neatly, even handsomely dressed, that it was some seconds before he recognised him. The old man smiled at Mr. Elliot's surprise, but requested him to be seated. When he had done so, the former sat down opposite him. "Now, Mr. Elliot," he said, "let us proceed to business at once. I am myself the person whom I proposed to you to meet, and I will begin with giving you a brief sketch of who and what I am.

"I am a countryman of your own, Mr. Elliot, and a native of the same place. I thus knew all your relations perfectly, and I knew them to be respectable people. I was bred a bricklayer, and in that capacity came to London about twenty years ago. Soon after my settlement in the metropolis, I had the misfortune to fall from a scaffold, and was by the accident lamed as you now see me. Incapacitated for working, and seeing my wife and family starving around me, for I was already married and had several children, I resolved on adopting the last resource of the destitute—to solicit charity on the public streets. In pursuance of this resolution, I sought a distant corner—that where you found me—took my station, and soon found my receipts considerable, much more, perhaps, than you would readily believe. Thus encouraged, there I have remained ever since; and the result is, that I am now worth a sum that cannot be called trifling. My wife and all my children, excepting one daughter, have been dead these many years. Now, Mr. Elliot, added the old man, "I have a proposal to make to you, and you must not take it amiss, for it is well meant; and if it is not agreeable to you, you have only to say so, and there will be no more of it. We will part as good friends as ever, notwithstanding. You were generous to me, Mr. Elliot, when you had the means, and I know your character to be all that is honourable, and these are the reasons that have induced me to take this step. But before I make the proposal I spoke about, Mr. Elliot," continued the old man, at the same time stretching his hand towards the bell-pull, "you must see my daughter." He rang, and the latter soon after entered the apartment, a modest, beautiful, and apparently highly educated girl.

Mr. Elliot was introduced to her by her father, and a conversation ensued which discovered to the former that the young lady—for such she was at least by manners and education—was indeed all that she appeared to be. After she had remained in the apartment for about half an hour, "Now, my dear," said her father, addressing her, "do you retire and

prepare a little supper for us, as I have something to say to our friend Mr. Elliot here." When she had withdrawn, "Now, sir, that you have seen my daughter," said the old man, addressing Mr. Elliot, "I feel—but it may be a parent's partiality—more confidence in making my proposal to you. That proposal is, Mr. Elliot—and I beg you will not be startled by it, but just take it all easy, for, as I said before, if it does not suit you, you have only to say so—that you should marry the girl whom you have just seen, and I will give you, on the day of your marriage, five thousand pounds! Now, take time to consider of it. I neither expect nor require an immediate answer on a question so important to you, but if you do not decide unfavourably on the instant, let me know the result of your reflections on the subject as soon as you conveniently can. You will no doubt at first consider it a degrading alliance, perhaps the very proposal degrading to you; but such an idea would not stand the test of reasoning. Notwithstanding my lowly station in life, my daughter has been brought up in comfort, I may say in affluence, and has had the best education which London can afford. I have spared no expense upon her; and I believe there are few accomplishments becoming her sex, of which she is not possessed; and I hope I need scarcely add, that she is as amiable and virtuous as she is accomplished."

Availing himself of the offer of time for reflection on this most unexpected and most extraordinary proposal, Mr. Elliot said—for he certainly was startled by it, and was by no means reconciled on the instant to marry the daughter of a street beggar, even with five thousand pounds in her pocket—"that he was much obliged by the proposal, that he felt exceedingly grateful for it, and that he certainly would take the matter into his consideration, and let him know the result in a day or two."

"Ay, do so, do so," said the old man, again extending his hand to the bell-pull. "Now, no allusion to what we've been talking about; not a word," he added, and he rang. His daughter again entered. In a short time after, a neat, nay, even elegant supper, was served, and a bottle of excellent wine followed. The repast, of which the old mendicant's beautiful and accomplished daughter did the honours, afforded Mr. Elliot an opportunity of further studying her merits; and these he found of so pleasing a character, that he sensibly felt his repugnance to look on her in the light of his future wife, rapidly subsiding. He found her, in short, all that he could desire in a companion for life; and a few more visits, which he contrived to make subsequently, on various pretences, without her father's presence, confirmed him in the opinion which the first interview inspired.

In less than a fortnight after, Mr. Elliot led, in the phrase of the newspapers, the fair Isabella Johnstone to the hymenial altar, and, on the same day, *eight* thousand pounds in receipts of the Bank of England were put into his hands by the father of his bride. He had



increased his daughter's portion by three thousand, saying to his son-in-law, "I have done this, Mr. Elliot, because I wish you to pay off all your creditors in full (Mr. Elliot had previously informed him that somewhere about three thousand would do this); by doing which, you will recover all your former credit, and get on, perhaps, as well as ever."

With this proposition, which accorded so well with his own honourable disposition, Mr. Elliot eagerly closed. He paid off all his old debts, began business anew, and aided, soothed, and cheered by the society of an amiable and affectionate wife, for such she proved, he soon found himself again in flourishing circumstances, and finally died one of the wealthiest men in London.

Mr. Elliot left a son by this marriage, an only child, whose name may be recognized as a principal partner in one of the oldest and most respectable banking-houses in the metropolis.—*Chambers.*

#### SCHINDERHANNES, THE GERMAN ROBBER.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of continual wars. Commerce was interrupted, industry destroyed, the fields ravaged, and the barns and cottages plundered; farmers and merchants became bankrupts, and journeymen and labourers thieves. Robbery was the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing, and the only exercises followed were assault and battery. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into copartnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them, whose talents, or prowess, attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions were established. Different places of settlement were chosen by different societies; the famous Pickard carried his band into Belgium and Holland; while on the confines of Germany, where the wild provinces of Kirn, Simmern, and Birkenfeld, offered a congenial field, the banditti were concentrated, whose last and most celebrated chief, the redoubted Schinderhannes, is the subject of this brief notice.

His predecessors, indeed, Finck, Peter the Black, Zughetto, and Seibert, were long before renowned among those who square their conduct by the good old rule of clubs; they were brave men, and stout and pitiless robbers. But Schinderhannes, the boldest of the bold, young, active, and subtle, converted the obscure exploits of banditti into the comparatively magnificent ravages of "the outlaw and his men;" and sometimes marched at the head of sixty or eighty of his troop to the attack of whole villages. Devoted to pleasure, no fear ever crossed him in its pursuit; he walked

publicly with his mistress, a beautiful girl of nineteen, in the very place which the evening before had been the scene of one of his criminal exploits; he frequented the fairs and taverns, which were crowded with his victims; and such was the terror he had inspired, that these audacious exposures were made with perfect impunity. Free, generous, handsome, and jovial, it may even be conceived that sometimes he gained the protection from love which could not have been extorted by force.

It is scarcely a wonder that with the admirable regulations of the robbers, they should have succeeded even to so great an extent as they did in that unsettled country. Not more than two or three of them were allowed to reside in the same town or village; they were scattered over the whole face of the district, and apparently connected with each other only by some mysterious free-masonry of their craft. When a blow was to be struck, a messenger was sent round by the chief to warn his followers; and at the mustering place the united band rose up, like the clan of Roderick Dhu from the heather, to disappear as suddenly again in darkness when the object was accomplished. Their clothing, names, and nations, were changed perpetually; a Jew broker at Cologne would figure some days after at Aix-la-chapelle, or Spa, as a German baron, or a Dutch merchant, keeping open table, and playing a high game; and the next week he might be met with in the forest at the head of his troop. Young and beautiful women were always in their suite, who, particularly in the task of obtaining and falsifying passports, did more by address than their lovers could have effected by their courage. Spies, principally Jews, were employed throughout the whole country, to give notice where a booty might be obtained. Spring and autumn were the principal seasons of their harvest; in winter the roads were almost impassable, and in summer the days were too long; the light of the moon, in particular, was always avoided, and so were the betraying foot-prints in the snow. They seldom marched in a body to the place of attack, but went thither two or three in a party, some on foot, some on horseback, and some even in carriages. As soon as they had entered a village, their first care was to muffle the church-bell, so as to prevent an alarm being rung; or to commence a heavy fire, to give the inhabitants an exaggerated idea of their numbers, and impress them with the feeling that it would be more prudent to stay at home, than to venture out into the fray.

John Buckler, *alias* Schinderhannes, the worthy, whose youthful arm wielded with such force a power constituted in this manner, was the son of a currier, and born at Muhlen, near Nastöten, on the right bank of the Rhine. The family intended to emigrate to Poland, but on the way the father entered the Imperial service at Olmutz, in Moravia. He deserted, and his wife and child followed him to the frontiers of Prussia, and subsequently the travellers took up their abode again in the environs of the Rhine.

At the age of fifteen, Schinderhannes commenced his career of crime by spending a louis, with which he had been entrusted, in a tavern. Afraid to return home, he wandered about the fields till hunger compelled him to steal a horse, which he sold. Sheep stealing was his next vocation, but in this he was caught and transferred to prison. He made his escape, however, the first night, and returned in a very business-like manner to receive two crowns which were due to him on account of the sheep he had stolen. After being associated with the band as their chief, he went to buy a piece of linen, but thinking, from the situation of the premises, that it might be obtained without any exchange of coin on his part, he returned the same evening, and stealing a ladder in the neighbourhood, placed it at the window of the warehouse, and got in. A man was writing in the interior, but the robber looked at him steadily, and shouldering his booty, withdrew. He was taken a second time, but escaped, as before, on the same night.

His third escape was from a dark and damp vault, in the prison of Schnepfenbach, where, having succeeded in penetrating to the kitchen, he tore an iron bar from the window by main force, and leaped out at hazard. He broke his leg in the fall, but finding a stick, managed to drag himself along, in the course of three nights, to Birkenmühl, without a morsel of food, but, on the contrary, having left some ounces of skin and flesh of his own on the road.

Marianne Schoeffer was the first avowed mistress of Schinderhannes. She was a young girl of fourteen, of ravishing beauty, and always "se mettait avec une élégance extreme." Blacken Klos, one of the band, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady, one day, after meeting with a repulse, out of revenge, carried off her clothes. When the outrage was communicated to Schinderhannes, he followed the ruffian to a cave where he had concealed himself, and slew him. It was Julia Blaesius, however, who became the permanent companion of the young chief. The account given by her of the manner in which she was united to the destiny of the robber is altogether improbable. A person came to her, she said, and mentioned that somebody wished to speak to her in the forest of Dolbach; she kept the assignation, and found there a handsome young man, who told her that she must follow him—an invitation which she was obliged at length by threats to accede to. It appears sufficiently evident, however, that the personal attractions of Schinderhannes, who was then not twenty-two, had been sufficient of themselves to tempt poor Julia to her fate, and that of her own accord

"She fled to the forest to hear a love tale."

It may be, indeed, as she affirmed, that she was at first ignorant of the profession of her mysterious lover, who might address her somewhat in the words of the Scottish free-booter—

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien—  
A bonnet of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,  
'Twas all of me you knew."

But it is known that afterwards she even accompanied him personally in some of his adventures, dressed in men's clothes.

The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of "black mail" among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of forty-five Jews and five Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by three men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

His daring career at length drew to a close, and he and his companions were arrested by the French authorities, and brought to trial. The chief, with nineteen others, were condemned to death in November 1803, and Julia Blaesius to two years' imprisonment. The former met his fate with characteristic intrepidity, occupied to the last moment with his cares about Julia and his father.

*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

#### BOOKS, BOOKSELLERS, AND BOOKMAKERS.

The greatest mistake made by authors is to suppose, that, educated as gentlemen, and enjoying their society and mode of life, authorship can support them. No man ought to expect more from authorship than payment for his *manual* labour in writing. If he will estimate his work as a law-stationer does, by the same number of pence per folio, he will probably not be disappointed, on the supposition that he is not a man of talents and judgment. Sir Walter Scott may be quoted as an exception, and we give those who differ from us all the benefit of this single instance. Southey might, perhaps, be mentioned as an exception also; but setting aside the receipts for articles in reviews, which we exclude from present consideration, we would venture to assert that had he spent the same time in the office of a law-stationer, or other copyist, that he would have been equally well paid for his time. It follows that all headwork must be thrown in; consequently no man, unless he derives a sufficient livelihood from other sources, can afford to write books. Novels and Poetical Tales, such as those of Byron, may perhaps be quoted against us; and the munificence of Mr. Colburn referred to as a proof of the unsoundness of our doctrine. Let it however be remembered, that a man can only write two or three novels of the class alluded to in his lifetime; his experience will of necessity be exhausted. That



it is an easy thing for an idle man to write one or two, and that consequently crowds of competitors are entering the field, composed of persons moreover who possess the grand recommendation of having distinctions to be puffed, and not standing under the necessity of imposing hard terms upon the publisher. Genius of a very rare character might spring up in either of these departments; the genius, to a certain extent, is secure—we are speaking of the superior, but at the same time ordinary acquirements.

In other classes of publication, if a man has accumulated practical or theoretical information, it is probable that a demand exists for it when condensed into a book—but one book may hold all the information which a life has accumulated. In cases where the information has to be collected from a vigorous and intelligent perusal of other works, as in the compilation of a history, it will be found that a common clerk in a banking-house is better paid. Let the reader refer to the accounts which exist of the price given for such works as Gibbon's History for instance, and then set against it the outlay in books, and the quantity of time bestowed upon it. Gibbon received, we believe, six thousand pounds for his work; a sum not exceeding the expense of the library he found necessary to supply the materials;—deducting, however, only the interest of this sum, and taking into account the number of years during which he was occupied upon his work, he probably received at the rate of two hundred pounds a year; an income which at Lausanne might perhaps pay his house rent, and keep his sedan. We have heard that Mr. Mill received fifteen hundred pounds for his work on British India; judging from the labour consumed in this elaborate work, and estimating the remuneration at the rate a confidential attorney's clerk is paid, we are convinced that five thousand pounds would not have been an equivalent for the copyright to him. Probably the sum given was fully equal to the marketable value of it. We are acquainted with instances of authors, who, pursuing the more dignified lines of study, have published several works accounted works of importance and deep research in the world of literature, and which have raised their names to high consideration in the public estimation; these gentlemen have declared themselves not merely unremunerated for either time or talent, but considerably out of pocket. There are other instances of men paying publishers' bills to the amount of four or five hundred a year, for the pleasure of enlightening a world which will not be enlightened. These gentlemen complain loudly of the stupidity and ingratitude of the public for its wretched taste, of its love of trash, of the baseness of critics. The truth is, that men ought not to write for a pecuniary return; much less ought they propose to make literature a profession, and expect to live by the sale of their productions. This not only causes much pain and disappointment in the parties themselves, but the idea that literature is a good trade misleads many an

unhappy individual, and seriously injures the quality of literature itself. This is done in many ways, by producing a great number of works which injure one another by a ruinous competition: by creating hasty and undigested publications, which, written only to serve a temporary purpose—the procuring of money, are hurried into the world by their authors as fast as their own imperfections hasten them out of it: by degrading the general character for authors who undoubtedly would stand much higher with the world, and consequently take a higher place in their own respect, if they were induced to publish wholly or chiefly by a desire to inform or improve mankind, or to secure a lasting fame. No one can tell how low the expectation of pay has descended in literature, unless he has been admitted into the confidence of a periodical publication. The mere boys and girls, who can scarcely spell, scribble their first lines under a notion that they will be paid, and well paid.—*London Magazine.*

#### VULGAR ERRORS.

1. That when a man designs to marry a woman that is in debt, if he take her from the priest clothed only in her shift, he will not be liable to her engagements.
2. That there was no land-tax before the reign of William III.
3. That if a criminal is hanged an hour and revives, he cannot be executed.
4. That a funeral passing over any place, makes it a public highway.
5. That a husband has the power of divorcing his wife, by selling her in open market with a halter round her neck.
6. That second cousins may not marry though first cousins may.
7. That it is necessary in some legal process to go through a fiction of arresting the king, which is done by placing a riband across the road, as if to impede his carriage.
8. That the lord of the manor may shoot over all the lands within his manor.
9. That pounds of butter may be of any number of ounces.
10. That bull beef should not be sold unless the bull has been baited previously to being killed.
11. That leases are made for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, because a lease of a thousand years would create a freehold.
12. That deeds executed on a Sunday are void.
13. That in order to disinherit an heir-at-law, it is necessary to give him a shilling by the will, for that otherwise he would be entitled to the whole property.—*Stationers' Almanack, Family and Parochial.*

A genius has invented a capital way to prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.

The following notice appeared on the west end of a chapel in Watling Street:—"Any person sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law, or any other nuisance."

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.—An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families supplied," over the door of an oyster shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

## NETS AND CAGES.

Come listen to my story, while  
Your needle's task you ply—  
At what I sing some maids will smile,  
While some, perhaps, may sigh.  
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames  
Such florid songs as ours,  
Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,  
Can speak her thoughts by flowers!

Young Chloe, bent on catching Loves,  
Such nets had learned to frame,  
That none in all our vales and groves  
E'er caught so much small game.  
While gentle Sue, less given to roam,  
While Chloe's nets were taking  
These flights of birds, sat still at home,  
One small, neat Love-cage making!

Much Chloe laughed at Susan's task,  
But mark how things went on;  
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask  
Their name and age, were gone.  
So weak poor Chloe's nets were wove,  
That though she charmed into them  
New game each hour, the youngest Love  
Was able to break through them.

Meanwhile young Sue, whose cage was wrought  
Of bars too strong to sever,  
One Love with golden pinions caught,  
And caged him there forever;  
Instructing thereby all coquettes,  
Whate'er their looks or ages,  
That though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,  
'Tis wiser to make cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile  
The task your fingers ply;  
May all who hear like Susan smile,  
Ah! not like Chloe sigh!

Moore.

## O, YE VOICES.

O, ye voices, round my own hearth singing! -  
As the winds of May to memory sweet,  
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,  
Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet  
Once again?

Never, never! Spring hath smiled and parted  
Oft since then your fond farewell was said;  
O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted,  
Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,  
Once again.

Or if still around my hearth ye linger,  
Yet, sweet voices! there must change have come;  
Years have quelled the free soul of the singer,  
Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home  
Ne'er again!

Mrs. Hemans.

## THE WAGER DECIDED.

Such little hopes I'd always found,  
Of gaining Betty for my wife,  
That I had wager'd Dick a pound  
I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to Heaven! my anxious care  
Is all removed; the knot is tied;  
And Betsy, fairest of the fair,  
Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound,  
Well pleased, I hold myself in debt;  
Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found,  
I lose my wager—win my Bet.

## OUR NATIVE SONG.

Our native song—our native song!  
Oh! where is he who loves it not?  
The spell it holds is deep and strong,  
Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.  
Let other music greet our ear  
With thrilling fire or dulcet tone,  
We speak to praise, we pause to hear,  
But yet—oh yet—'tis not our own!  
The anthem chant, the ballad wild,  
The notes that we remember long—  
The theme we sung with lispings tongue—  
'Tis *this* we love—our native song!

The one who bears the felon's brand,  
With moody brow and darken'd name,  
Thrust meanly from his fatherland,  
To languish out a life of shame;  
Oh, let him hear some simple strain—  
Some lay his mother taught her boy—  
He'll feel the charm, and dream again  
Of home, of innocence and joy!  
The sigh will burst, the drops will start,  
And all of virtue, buried long—  
The best, the purest in his heart—  
Is waken'd by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,  
To climes more fragrant, bright and gay,  
The memory of our own fair earth  
May chance awhile to fade away;  
But should some minstrel echo fall,  
Of chords that breathe the old England's fame,  
Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,  
True to the land we love and claim.  
The high, the low, in weal or woe,  
Be sure there's something coldly wrong  
About the heart that does not glow  
To hear its own, its native song!

Eliza Cook.

## THE SECRET.

In a fair lady's heart once a secret was lurking;  
It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out;  
The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,  
And tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.  
But Honour look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it  
In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white,  
Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it,  
By giving the lips an admonishing bite.  
'T was said and 't was settled, and Honour departed,  
Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel  
When right to its tip Secret suddenly started,  
And half in a whisper escaped from its cell.  
Quoth the Teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this,  
And they bit very smartly above and beneath;  
But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,  
And they popt out the secret in spite of the teeth.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL for November contains a dissertation on the Treasures of the Forests and Woods of North America; Remarks on Thermometric Registers, by Capt. Lefroy; Gas Patents, by Professor Croft; Hints to Painters in Water Colours; Plants and Botanists; Meeting of the British Association; Vortex Water Wheel; Sleighs; Cultivation of Flax, &c. &c. With two well-executed wood engravings of single and double Sleighs.

The number for December contains the Annual Report; an article on Canadian Railroads; the Ancient Mines of Lake Superior; Natural History of the British Seas; Government School of Mines; Monthly Meteorological Register; with a variety of miscellaneous matter. It also contains engravings of a Pendulum Steam Engine, by Mr. Vincent Parkes.

The "Canadian Institute" has received a grant of £250 from the public purse, with the use of apartments in the old government house.

## THE SAILOR AND THE BEAR.

A Hull whaler was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which in his economy he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a surface of yielding snow and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being, by this time, greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undismayed and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted, advanced his lance, and made feints of attack; the enemy either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake, the lance trembled in the rest, and his gaze, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless of

consequences, began, with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His nigh approach and unshaken step subdued the spark of bravery and that dread of ridicule that had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear to pursue; and being better practised in snow travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale lance, his only defence, encumbered him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped, pawed it, bit it, and then resumed the chase. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favourable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem succeeded, and while bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable progress ahead. Still the bear resumed the pursuit, with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and his paws, and would no doubt have soon made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat. — *Scoresby's Journal*.

## RIVAL LANDLORDS HOAXED.

After the defeat of the French at the battle of Leipsic, that city became full of a mixed medley of soldiers, of all arms, and of all nations; of course a great variety of coin was in circulation there.—A British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if this piece of coin was current there. "Oh, yes," replied he, "you may have whatever the house affords for that money; it passes current here at present." Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away he tendered at the bar the single identical shilling, which the landlord had inadvertently led him to believe would perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the ex-

clamation excited from "mine host of the grater," by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation, much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord, took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously against him. This part of the profits he had a very christian desire to divide with his neighbour. Taking his guest to the street door of the hotel, he requested him to look over the way. "Do you see," said he, "the large hotel opposite! That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five franc piece into the bargain, if you will promise on the word of a soldier to attempt the same trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day." Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but, having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech and a bow, that did no discredit to Leipsic;—"Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavours to put your wishes in execution. I shall certainly do all that I can, but must candidly inform you, that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick on that gentleman yesterday, and it is to his particular advice alone, that you are indebted for the honour of my company to-day."

## SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR.

"Poor Robin" for December, 1757, says, pleasantly enough, "Now comes December; after which, January, for new-year's gifts; February for pancakes and valentines; March for leeks for the Welshmen; April for fools; May for milkmaids and garlands; June for green peas, mackerel, beans and bacon, and what not—(this is a plentiful time); July for hay in the country; and August for corn; September for oysters; October for brewing good beer; and November for drinking it. After all these are past, some for working, but all for eating and drinking, after all comes December, with the barns full of corn, the larders full of beef and pork, the barrels full of beer, the oven full of Christmas pies, the pocket stored with money, the masters and mistresses full of charity, and the young men and maids full of play."

Truly I know not how better to conclude this short summary of useful and agreeable information, than by wishing that this description of the *present* month, and this close of the present year may be completely realized, with all hearty and honest wishes for the signal prosperity of A. D. 1853.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.—*Yankee* is the Indian corruption of the word *English*—*Yonglees*, *Yanglees*, *Yankles*, and finally *Yankee*. It got in general use as a term of reproach, thus:—About the year 1713, one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer, at Cambridge, in New England, used the word *Yankee* as a cant word

to express excellence, as a *Yankee* (good) horse, *Yankee* cider, &c. The students at the College having frequent intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him employ the word on all occasions, when he intended to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically, and called him *Yankee Jonathan*. It soon became a cant phrase among the collegians to designate a simple, weak, and awkward person; from college it spread over the country, till from its currency in New England, it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders generally, as a term of reproach. It was in consequence of this that the song *Yankee Doodle* was composed.

## PRISON LIFE.

A Frenchman who had been several years confined, for debt, in the Fleet Prison, found himself so much at home within its walls, and was withal, so harmless and inoffensive a character, that the jailor occasionally permitted him to recreate himself by spending his evenings abroad, without any apprehension of the forfeiture of his verbal engagement. His little earnings as a jack of all trades, enabled him to form several pot-house connexions; and these led him by degrees to be less and less punctual in his return, at the appointed hour of nine. "I'll tell you what it is Mounseer," at length, said the jailor to him, "you are a good fellow, but I am afraid you have lately got into bad company; so I tell you once for all, that if you do not keep better hours, and come back in good time, I shall be under the necessity of locking you out altogether."—*Sweepings of my Study.*

SPARTAN HEROINE.—Pyrrhus, a warlike king, attempted the liberty of the Spartans, and, advancing to the gates of the city with a powerful army, the inhabitants were struck with such terror, that they proposed sending off their women to a place of safety; but Archidamia, who was delegated by the Spartan ladies, entered the Senate-house with a sword in her hand, and delivered their sentiments and her own in these words:—"Think not, O men of Sparta, so meanly of your countrywomen, as to imagine that we will survive the ruin of the state; deliberate not, then, whither we are to fly, but what we are to do." In consequence of this harangue, the whole body of citizens exerted themselves with such undaunted courage, that they repulsed Pyrrhus in all his attempts to destroy the city.

TRAVELS.—There is nothing very new in books of travels being written by persons who never travelled. On the contrary, that excellent book, known as Marco Polo's, is supposed to have been compiled from conversations and scraps of memoranda by the traveller while in prison. The travels of honest John Bell of Antermony, are said to have been compiled by Professor Barron, of the University of Aberdeen. It is still a matter of doubt whether Gemelli Carreri, who has published an entertaining account of his travels round the world, was ever out of Italy. The adventures and discoveries of Mungo Park are said to have



been drawn up by Bryan Edwards. The enterprising Belzoni could not write English; and the amusing travels of M. Le Vaillant among the Hottentots, full of fiction and romance, are the production of a French Abbé, who had probably never passed the barriers of Paris.—*Quarterly Review*.

#### ORIGIN OF THE TERMS ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.

"In the time of our Saxon ancestors," says a work entitled *Heraldic Anomalies*, "the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the presidency of the shire-reeve or sheriff, and this meeting was called the Sheriff's Torm. By degrees the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend carried with him the proxies of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff's Torm, was said according to the old Saxon, to go at the Torm, and hence came the word attorney, which signified one that went to Torm for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him. I do not conceive, continues the writer, that the attorney has any right to call himself a solicitor, but where he has business in a court of equity. If he chose to act more upon the principles of equity than of law, let him be a solicitor by all means, but not otherwise; for law and equity are very different things; neither of them very good, as overwhelmed with forms and technicalities; but, upon the whole, equity is surely the best, if it were but for the name of the thing."

**THE EARWIG**—The name of this insect in almost all European languages, has given it a character which causes a feeling of alarm even at the sight of it. Whether or not they ever did enter the human ear is doubtful,—that they might endeavour to do so, under the influence of fear, is more than probable; and this, perhaps, has been the origin of their name, and the universal prejudice against them. As it is said that anatomists deny the possibility of their deep and dangerous entrance into the ear, it is a pity that this is not generally known, as it might defend the constitutionally timid from unnecessary alarm, and give a more favourable idea of a part of animal creation, which forms a necessary link to the chain of being.—*Brand's Journal*.

**CHEAP CURSES**—The Puritans were more severe in the punishment of swearing than cursing; for when an Irishman was fined twelvepence for an oath, he asked what he should pay for a curse? They said sixpence. He threw down sixpence, and cursed the whole committee.

**EXECUTIONS IN SPAIN**—The executioner places the head of the culprit between his two thighs, and on the signal being given, they both swing off together, the former sitting *à cali fourchon*, on the shoulders of the latter; he then twists the body round and round with the utmost velocity, at the same time kicking violently with his heels on the breast and lungs of the criminal, and raising himself up and down (as one does in a hard trot), to increase the weight of the hanging man; all this the Spa-

niards assure us is to put the unhappy wretch the sooner out of his misery. We leave our feeling readers to judge of the real effect which must thus be produced on the unhappy sufferer. The face is never covered, and the bodies are left hanging the whole day, with all the horrible distortion produced on the countenance by so frightful a death. The moment the hangman throws himself off with the criminal, all the spectators take off their hats and begin saying *Ave Marias* for the soul of the dying man, which continue all the while that the executioner is twisting and twirling and swinging and jumping. The Spaniards have the oddest way of praying it is possible to conceive; they begin in a high, loud tone, *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios*, and gradually descend to a low buzz, scarcely audible; this, added to the lively motions of the hangman, change entirely the effect of so awful a scene; for when observed from a short distance, it appears literally as if two men were waltzing together, while the spectators are humming a slow march. A large black robe, with a broad white collar, is the costume of all condemned criminals in Spain.

The *British Whig* of December 17th contains an article headed "Men of our time:" the last name in the list being Queen Victoria!

**MORE PLAIN THAN POLIPE**.—The *Kingston British Whig* says:—"The American women dress like ladies, and they eat like pigs."

"Mr. Smith," said a lady to one of her boarders, "will you do me the favour to help the butter." "Shan't do it," replied the imperturbable Mr. Smith. "Why not, Mr. Smith?" asked the fair proprietress of the establishment. "Why?" retorted Smith, "because it's *strong* enough to help itself!"

The following singular epitaph was copied from a tomb in the parish churchyard of Pewsey, in Dorsetshire:—"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly called 'the Sublime;' she was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also, she painted in water colours, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition; she was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

"Wife," said a man looking for a boot jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," she said, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

By one only recompense can I be led

With this beautiful ringlet to part;

That should I restore you the lock of your head,

You will give me the key of your heart.

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## THE LOST PEARL.

Those who had in 1830 arrived at an age when men usually exercise the faculty of observation, cannot fail to remember "the three glorious days" of that year, which unseated the representative of the long and direct line of the House of Bourbon from the throne of France, placing in his stead, and we now verily believe contrary to his inclinations, that talented man, on whose existence now depends the remnant of constitutional freedom which the change alluded to, and its concomitants, have left to a people who, notwithstanding all they have suffered from revolutionary violence, appear to value each the imaginary enjoyment of his own individual ideas of freedom more than the reality of that blessing in a rational and practical form. Those, too, who remember the events referred to will be able to call to mind the interest they excited in the public mind in England; and so great was then the desire to visit Paris, the stage on which these revolutionary scenes had been so recently enacted, and to see the individuals who, from various motives, had represented the different characters in the sanguinary drama, that thousands of our countrymen, ourselves among the number, found their way across the channel with these objects in view. What we could trace as the result—but stop. As we wish to carry all parties in good humor along with us, it would perhaps be injudicious to obtrude our political sentiments at present; and therefore, having brought our reader thus far on our way, and explained to him the why and the wherefore, we shall "to our mutton," instead of lengthening our preamble until we shorten his patience.

Our intention on leaving England was

to have remained a fortnight or three weeks in the French capital; but we had taken with us one or two introductions, and such were the fascinations of the *coterie* into which they brought us, that week after week slipped so agreeably, almost imperceptibly, away, that we were content to remain where we were till the beginning of April following. Strange to say that the winter of that year and the following spring were remarkable for their gaiety. *La jeune France* was already weary of her revolution; and those who suffered most severely from it seemed the most desirous to banish its consequences from their minds; and, to do them justice, they appeared to attain this philosophic object without the necessity of any violent effort.

Among those with whom we frequently came in contact at the houses of some of our French acquaintances was Miss Wilmont, an English lady of excellent family, and whose connections in England were most of them aristocratic in their grade. She was singularly fair, while her deportment was dignified and graceful; in short, we have rarely seen one who carried her station more distinctly developed in her appearance and bearing. Her general style, and especially that of her dressing, was not, however, in keeping with her age. It was juvenile and modish, suitable for a fashionable woman of twenty; while our heroine was a spinster of some seventy years' standing. Indeed, so complete a personal deception as Miss Wilmont was perhaps never before or since "got up," even in the French metropolis, where the *artistes* in millinery are certainly far advanced in what we shall take the liberty of designating the science of pads and bussels. Dear old Miss Wilmont! we have her now



distinctly in our mind's eye. Hers was the very figure of which she and her *modiste* could produce anything; and, accordingly, as will appear in the sequel, on a mutual understanding both parties made their own of it.

The sedate may lament over the weakness of this specimen of humanity, whose judgment seventy summer suns has failed to bring to matured sobriety. But let it be remembered, in judging Miss Wilmont, that a young and handsome woman is comparatively independent of her milliner, and instead of making the reputation of a *modiste*, is generally content to resort to the *magasin* of one whose fame is already established.

"How extraordinarily well Miss Wilmont looks and dresses!" observes La Comtesse de Bleau at a soiree to her English friend lady Soft; "she is an extraordinary woman for her age—is she not?"

"Wonderful!" exclaims the other, while she whisperingly adds, "Pray, my dear Madame la Comtesse, can you tell me who *BUILDS* our friend?" And this same question is asked over and over again everywhere, and by every one, for there are few ladies, be they French or English, so deficient in acumen as not to arrive at the conclusion, when contemplating Miss Wilmont's "outer woman," that the *modiste* who can make so much of a lady at seventy would make "quite a love" of one who happens to be of an age less dependent on her science. The consequence was, that many took Miss Wilmont as the pattern card of *Madame Tourneaux, modiste de dames, Rue Vivienne, numero quarante quatre*.

But to what amounts all this, it may be demanded, in defence of an old woman like Miss Wilmont, making herself ridiculous by assuming a mask of youth, while one of her feet may be said to be slipping out of the world? And we find that, to make this point of the character of our ancient friend sufficiently luminous, we must be extremely confidential with our reader. It did so happen, then, that even with the help of the card-table, which observing people thought (while few dared to say) stood friend on pressing emergencies in a manner somewhat unaccountable, she could hardly bring together a sufficient income to pay expenses incidental to her not extravagant mode of

living; and she dressed so remarkably well, chiefly for the reason that it was the only way she could *afford* to dress. In a word, she made the milliner's business; and that personage was more alive to her interest than to demand payment of an account of many years' standing, from one under the sunshine of whose patronage she was fast making rich. Besides, Miss Wilmont felt society to be necessary to her existence, and that her existence in society depended upon appearances; for it is notorious that to have influence in the *salons* of Paris, remarkability for something is absolutely indispensable. So much for Miss Wilmont's *personelle*.

She was a well-instructed woman scholastically, had read much, and had not only been long in the world, but had observed closely, with a penetrating eye. Her remarks had much of that point which is aimed at in the coteries. Occasionally she evinced a vein of satire extremely biting in its character; and we may admit being frequently amused by the piquancy of her allusions to people as they passed us in a crowded room, and to the frailties of some of her own sex who might happen to be of the party; still, we never thought her ill-hearted; but it always appeared to us that Miss Wilmont was dissatisfied with her position, which she yet strove, day by day, to retain. Her constitution, when we think of her age and the racking life she had led, must have been of extraordinary strength, for night after night Miss Wilmont's aristocratic form was everywhere familiar to us. Even the appearance of her valet became so, for he was ever to be seen reclining—and generally in Morpheus's arms—on one of the benches in the hall, or, more correctly, the outer apartment of "the suite" of the fashionable of whose party his mistress happened to be one. During the season, we are inclined to think she must have averaged three parties nightly; for, be it remarked, that one who has discretion, and wishes to retain his footing in the *salons* of his circle, will be wary of giving even his favorites too continued a portion of his presence. In our experience, we never felt that we had overmuch of the society of an agreeable woman; but we concurred with our then

quondam crony, M. Vipon, of the seventh, that he is no ordinary man who can give to a small party more than forty minutes of his time without the risk of becoming insipid, if not absolutely tiresome. Owing to the limited nature of Miss Wilmont's resources, the functionary alluded to was her only male domestic; and it was indeed affirmed, that his having stood out the fatigues of a single "season" was attributable to his power of employing his waiting hours in "balmy sleep."

We have many curious reminiscences connected with the seven short months we passed in Paris at the period alluded to. We little then imagined that now, surrounded by a wife and seven—but these are personal matters, and, until better acquainted with the reader, we shall not introduce him to what a worthy author, we believe six weeks after his nuptials, designated "the hallowed pale of our domestic hearth."

In the month of April the *beau monde* of Paris—some elated with their recent conquests, others penitent over the indiscretions of the past season—were fast leaving that pleasant city: some with heavier hearts—nearly all we venture to affirm with purses lighter than those with which they entered it. About the end of the same month, we took leave of such friend as still loitered in town; among others Miss Wilmont; and although we felt interest in that person, we nevertheless believe that our impression of her may be pretty nearly gleaned from the preceding observations. In short, we thought her a clever, graceful, and ridiculous old time-killer, to say the best of it.

On our way home through the Netherlands, we unexpectedly met at Brussels two friends and countrymen who had there passed the previous winter: and as they took us into society with them, we delayed our homeward progress from day to day, and had tarried for about a fortnight, when one morning, whom should we encounter, shortly after leaving our hotel, but Miss Wilmont! We came so suddenly upon her, at turning the corner of a street, that we almost lost our breath with surprise; for we had often heard the lady boast that for years she had not gone further from Paris than Fontainebleau or Versailles, and that only to avoid being "the only person in town" during

the summer months. This, coupled with her present somewhat hurried manner, and for her, careless harnessing, satisfied us that it could be no trifling affair which had brought her so far from what she always said was her home, without altogether seeming to feel it so. She noticed our surprise at once, and in her own lively way exclaimed laughingly, "Ah! Miss Wilmont so far away from Paris! What magnet can have drawn her hither?"

"Indeed, dear Miss Wilmont," we replied, "to meet you here is what we could not anticipate. Pray, would it be over bold to inquire to what lucky circumstance we are indebted for a pleasure so unlooked for?"

"Offer me your arm," she rejoined, "to a street not far off, where dwells a Jew *marchand des bijoux*, of whom I wish speech."

We did the old lady's bidding; for, as we have already said, there *was* something about her which interested, perhaps from her not being understood by us. She was a character, without being a bore; and, besides, in Paris, she had laid us open to a favourable impression by expressing the opinion that, considering our years, we had seen the world with tolerably clear optics. And show us the male of frail humanity who is invulnerable to a little flattery, even from one of the sex rendered venerable by her antiquity!

"Oh!" she continued, "you must think it passing strange to see me here, and are entitled to interrogate me. Paris was, I think, nearly empty when you left; and for ten days before I, accompanied by my *femme*, put myself into the public conveyance hitherward, I alone remained of all our set. Poor Captain Morson was made ridiculous by the little Countesse Villeaux after your departure. I told you, you recollect, that her coquetry would force her husband to put cold lead into him, and he did so last week at the Bois de Boulogne. *Il est mort!* But of course you see the newspapers. The Hopkinsons, who used to make themselves the most odious among the odious of the Tuilleries mobs last winter, have made a regular break down; and the very drags are to be sold this week. It turned out as *even* you saw—that it was a *spec* for their 'dear girls.' But the Paris market is



glutted with goods of their quality. And what shall I tell you? Oh! it kills me to think of it. Madame Justans has actually declared to her circle that she has for the first time, after being a wife for twelve years, hopes of being a mother! You were scarcely beyond the barrier before the important fact was public property; and the pleasantest part of all is, that her husband, the old colonel, is in a state of unqualified delight about it. By the way, the Comte Tournon and his wife have separated, and it was more respectable that they should. But I have had a real sorrow since we parted. You have heard me very often speak of my best and kindest friend Mrs. Somers, the wife of the English clergyman, she who attended me and comforted me in my illness two years ago—she died in Brittany, where she had gone for change of air. But I will not say more about what vexes me, and perhaps cannot interest you."

And thus she flew from subject to subject, until we were at the door of the Jew's residence.

"Ah! here we are," she continued, putting her hand to the bell; "now I may just mention that my object in coming ——" but the door opened. To Miss Wilmont's demand as to whether Mr. Isaacs was now at home, the Jewish handmaiden replied in the affirmative, and we were straightway ushered into a small room, where the old Israelite was seated, and received us evidently under the impression that he saw in us two new victims to his rapacity.

"I understand," said Miss Wilmont, looking at a card she held in her hand, "that you deal extensively in pearls, Mr. Isaacs. Is it not so?"

"Ah! 'suredly, I buy and sell, and have de pearls."

"I understand so. Pray sir, do you happen to have a very large one in your possession at present?"

"My gar: yes madame," said the Jew. "Only two days ago I buy one of a Frenchman; de finest—de finest and largest, I do on my shole believe, in de norde of Europe. But it is *very* precious!"

The Jew, eyeing us askance, removed the top from a flat case, when there certainly greeted our sight a collection of gems perfectly dazzling to it. Miss Wilmont contemplated for a few seconds the

part appropriated to the pearls, when suddenly, and with a cry as of joy, she pounced upon the largest, which she held fast. The Jew seized her hand instantaneously, and screamed for help. We again, full of amazement, but acting under the impulse of the moment, on seeing a woman so handled, applied one hand to the throat of the Jew, while with the other we seized the wrist of the hand which held that of Miss Wilmont containing the pearl.

"Sarah! Rebecca! Call the city guard—call murder! thieves!" shouted the old man; while just as the Jew's servant entered, Miss Wilmont fainted, and her hand relaxing its hold, the pearl fell on the floor, broken to atoms by the pressure of the rings which were on her fingers!

Smelling salts and a little water recovered Miss Wilmont to presence of mind; and when precisely informed as to what had passed, she said, "There is the money, Mr. Isaacs, which I brought to pay for the pearl—now," she added, "unhappily lost irretrievably. But do oblige me by letting me have the fragments in a bit of paper."

I did my best to appear unconscious that anything very much out of joint had occurred; and the Jew, having received double the value of his gem, seemed content to lock fast his treasures without requiring farther explanation of the scene which we are inclined to think must have been utterly unintelligible to him. Miss Wilmont came to our rescue, by remarking that she had not been so seized with illness for very long; that she was extremely grieved at having broken the pearl; and, expressing to Mr. Isaacs her regret for the trouble she had given him, requested he would desire his servant to procure a hackney carriage for her. Isaacs, probably pleased to suppose that we were unconscious of having been swindled in regard to the price he had exacted, was all readiness and courtesy. We accordingly had Miss Wilmont conveyed to her hotel, where she again fainted before she could offer us any explanation of what had just occurred. She remained in bed alarmingly ill for eight or ten days. Her maid was fortunately with her. We called twice every day, and saw the doctor, too; and her *femme* told us that her mistress desired her to say, that she hoped

in a day or two to be able to receive us. The doctor, who we generally found partaking of something nice which he had ordered for the invalid, said she was rallying fast; but he was not explicit as to the extent of her ailment. He seemed mostly interested as to who the lady was—her means, and so forth—evidently with a view to discover the likelihood of fingering a good fee. We set his mind at ease on that point. Miss Wilmont had, however, sat up once or twice, and was, we understood, convalescent, and, consequently, she had not of late so constantly occupied our thoughts.

One evening, about seven o'clock, having discussed a veal cutlet *au naturel*, and washed it down with our usual allowance of two glasses of *Chablis*, we were sitting in an arm-chair by the open window of the hotel, our legs being placed on one *sans* arms opposite, and at a suitable distance from it. As far as a man can remember any event of secondary importance, between which and the present moment twelve years and his marriage have intervened, we were in the very act of applying the breakers to a French walnut, when, the waiter entering, announced that *une jeune demoiselle* desired speech of us. To such a proposal, we believe, the reader already thinks better of us than to doubt our at once and gallantly acceding; but on that occasion a visit so promising in its announcement led not to pleasantries. The person who entered was no other than Justine, the *femme de chambre* of Miss Wilmont, who looked as sad as she could do without the danger of injuring the expression of her really handsome face, while she announced to us that her mistress had been in a weak and declining state for two days; and from some directions she had given Justine, that functionary thought herself warranted in supposing that Miss Wilmont considered herself at all events to be in a precarious state. She said that she had been sent by her mistress to request that we would, if possible, come to her without delay. We instantly obeyed the summons.

Upon entering Miss Wilmont's apartments, we found her lying on the sofa, and certainly felt appalled by the sudden change her appearance presented to us, and which the alteration in her style

of dress made additionally conspicuous. Her complexion, her fair and glossy braids and ringlets, were no longer parts of her. She wore a plain white gown, and a cap of the plainest description, not even indicating in its make what would have been an allowable attempt at the becoming even in a woman of seventy. We suspect that we must have made our feelings of surprise and distress apparent by receding half a step when we first observed her, for she smiled, and held out her hand, saying, "Come, come, my kind friend, do not let my appearance appal you! *Entre nous*, the real change in my appearance is not so great as you may suppose since we had our last gossip at the *bal costume* of Madame Tournon's only five short weeks ago; for what will not French skill achieve for a silly old woman, who is determined, from vanity or necessity, to make the most of herself? In truth," she added solemnly, "the only difference is, that when we parted at Paris, I was standing with a foot in the grave, *now* I am tottering into it."

"Nay, my dear Miss Wilmont, talk not so," we said; "we saw Dr. Meiner three days since, who assured us that you would soon be able to return by easy stages to Paris. Or what say you to cross the channel with us, and breathe your native air for a month or two?"

"No," she said, "I will never return to England or to Paris again! I feel myself losing hold of life hourly, and that was the reason I took the liberty of requesting you to come to me. I was chiefly anxious to express my gratitude to you, and if possible to place myself in a more tolerable point of view to the only one, except Mrs. Somers, who, for many a long day, has shown me disinterested kindness.

We rallied her on what we alleged was a fit of the flats, consequent on her recent illness. "It is so unlike you, Miss Wilmont," we said; "for your life and spirit used to be the admiration and wonder of every one."

She made no reply, but seemed deep in reflection for some minutes. "You remember me in Paris last winter," she began, "slavishly following Fashion's decrees; which are there, you know, more absolute than those of the legislature. Night after night was passed away



by me in a succession of gaiety and entertainments, holding to the last a place which considering my age, was probably as regards influence in the world of fashion, without a precedent for an Englishwoman in Paris. Now I will tell you," she continued, "what you and another then said of me. You said look at that silly, trifling, heartless, and care-for-nothing old woman, how she 'goes it' with her last breath!" She had spoken the truth, but we were proceeding to interrupt her, when she added "Nay, I do not ask you to tell me what you thought of me, that would be taxing your candor unfairly; but I admit having a strong wish to make you think tolerably of me, if you should remember at long intervals, when she is away, one, the course of whose life has been shaped by circumstances. The scene at the Jew merchant's too, requires an *eclaircissement*; and if you will indulge me with your ear a short journey, may at all events make me appear less ridiculous in your eyes; if it does not, by exciting your sympathy, make you indulgent towards the follies of the latter years of a life which I now feel has been utterly wasted."

We expressed ourselves flattered by her valuing our estimation, and declared ourselves ready to listen.

"I was the youngest of three daughters," she said, "of a Welsh baronet, the length of whose rent-roll bore no proportion to that of his pedigree, and who rejoiced in a circle of aristocratic connections sufficiently extensive to have led to ruinous expenditure a man with a larger income and a smaller family. My mother died several years before I arrived at girlhood, but my surviving parent possessed a sense of what the world considers parental duties, with which he would neither allow the county pack nor the district business to interfere. The consequence was, that he managed, with the assistance of a maiden sister, to get his neighbour and second cousin Lord Newhurst, to marry my eldest sister; while he prevailed on Mr. Lorimer, a gouty Indian of a 'certain age,' to make a wife of sister Clara; who, from what I remember of her, never would have done so much for herself. My parent had, also, to the best of his thinking, good matrimonial plans for myself. "Dear me!" she said, speaking

parenthetically "I talk now of what occurred upwards of half a century ago!" and she appeared mentally agitated. "Among the men," she resumed, "invited to the hall, was our neighbour, Sir Thomas Ingleby, whose large income, derived from his really fine place, I thought so much more desirable than himself, that my father's most logical reasoning could not make me understand the propriety of taking the one for the sake of the other. Ere long I was compelled to admit to him what I knew would be unpalatable—that my affections were unalterably given to my cousin, Ernest Manvers. I will not speak of him further than to say, that every one thought him handsome, accomplished, and fascinating, while to me he was the very *beau idéal* of manly excellence. I loved him most unreservedly; and I do think a woman's love was never more devotedly returned. But of what avail was that; when Ernest's pay as a subaltern, with an allowance of a hundred a year from his father, barely kept him out of debt in a dragoon regiment; and I was not so ignorant as to look to mine for a portion. My cousin's regiment was in India. He had returned with two years' leave, which had nearly expired. Many an anxious conclave poor Ernest and I held as to whether he should not sell his commission, and, with the interest of the price and his paternal allowance, live blissfully in a tiny rustic cottage *pas ornee* in some sequestered valley, or whether I should go with him to India without my parent's consent. Our meetings now became of much rarer occurrence, for my father had given Ernest pretty plainly to understand, that, were his visits less frequent, they would be esteemed more highly by him; and he embraced the opportunity of having his *protege*, Sir Thomas Ingleby, as much as possible at the hall. I could not be uncivil to Sir Thomas. I had no excuse for acting so if I had the wish; for, to do the man justice, he was well bred, and to me profoundly respectful. I had been necessitated to ride out on horseback with my father when Ingleby was with him, and on several occasions I had been escorted home by that gentleman alone, when cause or intention led my parent to ride forward to the neighbouring town or to call for his steward; and it is, perhaps,

not wonderful that this, and Sir Thomas Ingleby's frequent visits to the house, and Ernest's comparative absence, should have given rise to reports that the wealthy squire had supplanted my handsome cousin, and that he was making way in my favor, to my father's heart's content, as well as his own friends. I need scarcely say that some kind friends questioned Ernest Manvers on the point, while others congratulated him on his escape from so heartless a coquette as they alleged I had proved myself to be. Appearances, unhappily, led him to give a place in his mind to distrust and suspicion; his position, too, was peculiar, and tended to make him sensitive.

"Having worked himself into a state of excitement for some days by endeavouring to avoid approaching me on the subject of his disquietude, it was with a glad and beating heart that I observed him one forenoon cantering up the approach. When he entered the room where I was seated, however, I perceived a frown on his brow, which, till then, I had never been there. I shall pass over that interview rapidly for my own sake. I, offended by his groundless want of confidence, admit having played the coquette a little. In the end, however, he seemed satisfied, and promised to see me in a few days; but although we parted tenderly, I felt that we parted as we had never done before.

"You remember, don't you, the large pearl attached to a pin, which you and others in Paris observed that I wore constantly? I had it from Ernest Manvers the day on which we made known to each other our reciprocal attachment. Just two days after that last alluded to, I was seated at my little work-table, on which I placed the pin referred to, when the door opened, and Sir Thomas Ingleby was announced. After sitting a few minutes, I excused myself on the ground of head-ache, saying, that although I would use the freedom of retiring to my own room, possibly my father would soon return, and that he had better remain if he desired to see him. When left alone, I suppose he had commenced reconnoitering to pass the time. There were books there, but no one ever accused the squire of book-reading: and, as the Fates decreed, he stumbled on my trinkets, and

had been contemplating himself in the mirror, with my pin in his neckcloth, when Ernest Manvers, who had been informed that I was in the drawing-room with Sir Thomas Ingleby, entered suddenly. It immediately occurred to Ernest that I had left the room on his approach. He returned not Ingleby's salutation, but that fatal pearl caught his eye, and he left the room ere he had advanced many steps. When he met the servant in the lobby, he was again assured that I was with Sir Thomas, and I have little doubt that the varlet accompanied his reiterated information with a grimace which would not serve to soothe the ruffled feelings of Ernest Manvers. He left the house hurriedly, getting his horse from the groom at the stable, where he had desired it might be put up with the intention of remaining; and, ere long, he passed the park lodge leading to the Ingleby Abbey road at a rapid pace. Sir Thomas Ingleby shortly followed. Bear in mind that much of what I now relate came to my knowledge subsequently.

"Every period of the twenty-four hours is conducive to a sentiment or tone of feeling in my mind perfectly distinct and definable; but if there is an hour of the blessed day when the heart is less than usually under the influence of false feeling, and rises in gratitude for the past and in hope for the future, it is, I do think, when the sun illuminates nature with his meridian splendor. It was about one o'clock when Sir Thomas Ingleby left the hall. There was no turn in his road for nearly two miles after passing the lodge. Afterward, however, he took a by-way to the right, the beauty of which is even now fresh in my memory. The branches of the lime-trees which lined either side of it met at the top, keeping the road cool and agreeable in summer; but as it was very retired, and Ingleby Abbey being the only seat to which it led, it was not, with all its noon-day attractions, a road one would have chosen when alone of a wintry night. About a mile along the road there was a quarry, which had not been worked for many years. It was close to the road, having but a fragile old gate between, and which generally hung unlatched on its hinges. Sir Thomas Ingleby was not a man of lively sentiment, though I do believe he possessed



many useful qualities, and he could not fail more or less to partake of the general feeling which appeared to pervade every object of nature on the way which he traversed. He accordingly laid the reins on his horse's neck, and felt in keeping with the scene. Whatever were then his day-dreams—but I must not anticipate. As he passed the open gate mentioned, a man sprang from its side and seized his bridle—that man was Ernest Manvers! Few words passed.

“‘Tell me,’ he said, ‘will you at once resign all pretensions to supplant me with ———’

“‘Unhand my bridle,’ replied Sir Thomas, ‘or, by heaven——’

“But he was cut short in his threat, for Ernest Manvers had seized him by the throat, and still retaining his hold, though unsuccessful in his endeavour to dismount him, the horse backed in alarm, and both it and its rider reeled into the quarry. It was the work of an instant!

“Manvers gazed over the precipice for some seconds in breathless horror, but with recollection he saw the necessity of flight. He had fastened his horse to a tree hard by, and, throwing himself into the saddle, he retraced his steps to the public road leading home. He had engaged himself to dine on that day with my brother-in-law, Lord Newhurst. The party was assembled in the drawing-room in the evening, when I was accompanying my voice at the piano. Ernest Manvers sat a little to one side in front. I could see him perfectly. He had taken more than his usual share of the conversation at dinner, and must have seemed to all especially animated. I, however, who knew Ernest well, could not read his expression; and just as this had forced itself upon me painfully, one of the servants entered hurriedly, and spoke to Lord Newhurst, who immediately uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise, ‘Good God,’ he said, ‘this is indeed a fearful affair—Sir Thomas Ingleby murdered in broad day, and thrown into the Greysles quarry! You know the spot, Mr. Wilmont—near the end of the lime-tree loan?’

“I turned one glance on Ernest—*my* Ernest, and it was enough. I fainted; and I doubt not that some of the company thought this very handsome and becoming

on my part, considering the relative position gossip had assigned. Sir Thomas and myself; and if poor Ernest did look strange, albeit, it might account for that also!

“When I sufficiently recovered I was conveyed home. My father was by my side, but he uttered not a syllable. For ten days I was alarmingly ill. When I was allowed to speak, or be spoken to, I had my memory refreshed by my hand-maiden. Sir Thomas Ingleby was already buried.

“The second day on which I was enabled to be in the drawing-room, my father came to me, and said that Ernest Manvers was in the library, and that he wished to see me for a few minutes, if I thought myself able for an interview with him. To his proposal I acquiesced. My parent spoke kindly to me, and I could see that if the predominant feeling in his mind did not amount to absolute grief, he was at all events extremely *fâché*. Having conducted me to the library, he left Ernest and myself together. I need not—I could not, indeed—detail what passed betwixt us at that our last sad interview. Although, perhaps unnecessary, he satisfied me that he intended no murder, but was led away by the passion of the moment to stop at the fatal spot, to call to account him whom he considered his rival, when, before many moments, he saw Sir Thomas Ingleby drop into eternity. He gave me to understand that slight suspicions existed in the minds of some of the dead man's relatives as to who did the deed, and that he would start next morning for London, and take shipping for Bombay early in the ensuing week. He went accordingly, and the return packet brought a notification of poor Ernest's death. The announcement attributed what they termed in the usual phraseology, ‘the deeply regretted event’ to consumption, which had been preying upon him during the voyage out. And they were not far wrong. As I have already stated, his gift at our betrothal was the pearl pin which the last time alluded to was in the neckcloth of Sir Thomas Ingleby. That pearl was lost or stolen from me at Paris. There it was not to be found; and having been informed that all the finest and most costly pearls found their way generally into the

possession of M. Isaacs, an irresistible longing to recover it brought me here, and will perhaps, bring me a few years sooner than otherwise to my grave. It is odd, is it not, that this paltry gem should have been the indirect cause of bringing three human beings into the presence of their Maker! Don't mistake me, however, I am no fatalist; and, indeed, I now believe it more than probable that the pearl I saw at the Jew's, and which my heated imagination led me to suppose my own, had never been in my hand before.

"These, then, were the events which have made me what I was, at first apparently gay; and to drown reflection, I went from the house of one relative to another during the country season. In spring I was a standard in London till all my friends were dead, or placed on the shelf three times over. I then came to Paris with my sister, Lady Newhurst, where people, you know, are never old, and I found the climate and easy manner of visiting more suitable to my increasing age. There I remained immersed in the circle in which you found me. The last of my brothers and sisters died sixteen years since: and even the holder of the family estate, which was my early home, will only feel an interest in the end of my life, as clearing his property of the small annuity which its entail entitled me to. Is it not singular that, with a heart broken, and leading a life of racket to hide its beatings, and keep my reflections from myself, I should have outlived them all?

When we called next morning at Miss Wilmont's hotel, we inquired of the porter at the *concierge*, if he knew how Miss Wilmont did. His reply was brief, while he disturbed not a muscle of his countenance as he delivered it. "Monsieur," he said, "*elle est morte!*" A feeling of depression came over our hearts at the intimation, although not altogether unexpected, and we were turning away, when we observed Miss Wilmont's servant, who had arrived from Paris during the night, coming towards us. We believe more genuine grief was never evinced by a domestic on such an occasion.

"Ah, sir," he said, "it is all over now with my poor dear mistress. Bless you, sir, for what you did for her when

she was here alone without any one who knew or cared for her. Pardon me, sir," he added, "but I doubt if even you were aware of the good qualities which she hid by a manner which I never could believe was a real part of herself. She will be missed in Paris by many a family whose wants she supplied sometimes at the sacrifice of her own. Ask Justine, her maid, about my poor mistress, sir—she can tell you what Miss Wilmont did for her little brother and sister, and many a similar case could I bear witness to. And she was a good woman, too, although she made no display of her worth. And she was, indeed a kind mistress."

And the honest-hearted fellow here seemed ashamed of the necessity of brushing off the tear-drop which rolled down his cheek. What her servant said now of the hidden qualities of the deceased, we had amply confirmed by the husband of her late friend, Mrs. Somers, at Paris, and by another.

We trust that our narrative of our ancient friend, and the circumstances which formed it, have not been altogether without interest to the reader; and if it has served to wile away an idle half-hour, we have attained one of the objects we had in view in committing it to the press. We would not, however, have him to suppose that our sole intention was to create amazement by a recital of the personal displays of vanity on the part of our heroine, which, after all we have shewn, originated more from necessity than from choice, far less was it to indulge in the portrayal of a useless tale of horror. May not our brief sketch teach a lesson on the danger of that coquetry which, leading Miss Wilmont for one short hour to tamper with a man's ardent affections, brought about consequences so fearful to contemplate? May we not learn from it the valuelessness of every personal grace and mental accomplishment, as possessed by Ernest Manvers, if passion, uncontrolled by principle, is allowed to run riot with the will? Without an attempt to justify the use made by Miss Wilmont of the events of her early life, yet keeping in view the good deeds done by her in private, does not her appearance in the fashionable scenes of the world's drama instruct us to be reluctant to satirize,



slow to judge, resolute against condemning? For he who has read human nature most deeply is constrained to admit that, although occasionally not far astray in his conclusions in regard to individual character, his penetration below the surface of other minds is so limited and obscure as to render it of little value for practical purposes. The three deaths, and a life of weariness, now laid before the reader, form, moreover, an additional illustration of the somewhat trite maxim, that "from trifling causes great events result," for who could have imagined that they should all be traceable to the immediate instrumentality of a cause so insignificant as THE LOST PEARL?

*Fraser's Magazine.*

## Editorial.

### DEATH OF A "CELEBRITY."

We find in a late number of the *London Times* the following notice:—

"On Saturday last Mr. Bedford, the coroner for Westminster, held an inquest on Mr. George Leadbitter, the Bow-street officer, who was killed by the overturning of a cab, in which he was going home on Friday morning last, near the Royal-mews, Buckingham-palace. The cabman deposed to taking him up in Piccadilly, and on arriving opposite the Bag of Nails, Lower Grosvenor-place, the deceased called out for him to turn, and in doing so threw his back on one side, upsetting the cab, which fell on him, and witness only escaped by jumping off the box. James Maggs, a policeman, 236 B, deposed to the perfect sobriety of the cabman, who voluntarily went to the station and left his name; but witness was so particular as to the driver's sobriety, that he took the surgeon's opinion when he went to the hospital. Mr. Buckland stated that the deceased had not a portion of his skull whole as large as a five shilling piece; death must have been instantaneous. The jury returned a verdict of 'accidental death,' exonerating the driver from blame. The deceased, Mr. George Leadbitter, stood about six feet two and a half inches, and weighed nearly 19 stone, so that his weight overturning the cab was easily accounted for."

The deceased was one of the most noted men amongst the London Bow-street officers; a celebrated "thief-taker;" a terror to thieves and other evil doers; a man of consequence among the metropolitan constabulary long before the new police (*or Peel's raw lobsters*, as they were technically called,) had any existence.

We were once, during our student-life, a

spectator, or rather a partial participator in a scene in which the bold and active energies of the deceased were called prominently into action;—a scene almost without a parallel, in which a large body of medical men, the members of a profession more particularly noted for gentle energy and quiet untiring perseverance, became roused for the moment into—the truth must be told—a set of rioters.

It was in the year 18—, that Mr. Wakley, now for many years M.P. for Finsbury, but at that time especially known as the editor of a weekly medical journal, called the *Lancet*, and for a series of violent attacks contained therein upon the abuses, real or imaginary, perpetrated by the council of the Royal College of Surgeons, took it into his head to find fault with some regulation of the Admiralty by which assistant-surgeons in the navy were cheated out of their proper position in (naval) society, and were reduced to the grade of warrant officers, instead of holding commissions, like the assistant-surgeons in the army. It was customary in those days, and we presume is still so, for a member of the council of the college to be chosen "Professor of Surgery," whose duty it was annually to deliver a course of lectures (called "Hunterian Lectures," in memory of the late John Hunter, the father of English surgery,) to the members of the college, in the theatre of the institution in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At the time in question Mr. Guthrie (since president of the college) was the lecturer, and we, with the rest of his pupils, and other privileged parties, received tickets for admission to the students' gallery, the entrance to which was from Portugal-street.

As the time approached for the commencement of the course Mr. Wakley issued a flaming advertisement in the *Lancet*, calling upon the members of the college to meet him in the theatre, and to agree to a petition to the King on the subject of the naval assistants:—although it was plain enough that his main object was to obtain the passage, by the members there assembled, in the very teeth of the council, and in their own theatre, of resolutions condemnatory of the apathy of the said council itself in the matter;—the grand object the great medical agitator had in view being the destruction of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the erecting on its ruins a "College of Medicine"—uniting the several branches of the profession in one body—with no less a person than Mr. Thomas Wakley at its head. The scheme

was a bold one, but in quiet Old England it is far easier to get up a riot than a revolution. The day approached, the council got a little alarmed, and in order to counteract as far as possible the designs of their opponent, decided not to open the doors till a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the lecture, instead of an hour, as had previously been the custom. Of this decision the majority of the members were not aware till their arrival at the outside of the building, where notices were placarded to apprise them of the fact, and a considerable crowd consequently gradually collected, whose patience and temper were not much improved by the detention.

On reaching the gallery we found the members pouring in below as if their very existence depended on their obtaining seats. Wakley immediately began addressing the multitude, cheered on by his friends, and amid the remonstrances of those opposed to him. Soon "the fun grew fast and furious;" the council entered and took their places, and endeavoured to procure peace and order;—as well might an infant attempt to quiet two rival factions of Irishmen with their spirits raised by the free circulation of *poteen*;—all were talking or shouting together. The students, who, to confess the truth, went to the theatre that day more from the prospect of "fun" than with any anticipation of profit from the lecture—cheered everybody by turns; Brodie trembled, while Keats (then president) was white with passion. It was a hot summer's day, and the moisture rising from below in vapour became condensed on the ceiling and descended in a perfect shower like rain. The tumult had probably lasted two hours, when, the council perceiving that there was no possibility of the lecture proceeding, and getting out of patience, sent for their solicitor, and by his advice and authority they sent for the Bow-street officers. On the arrival of the constables the secretary of the college made his appearance in the theatre, holding up two placards; on one was written, "Gentlemen, you are requested to leave the theatre!"—on the other, "Mr. Wakley, you are requested to leave the theatre." After exhibiting these messages for two or three minutes the secretary retired, and a large proportion of the audience prepared to obey the mandate. Wakley instantly sprang to his feet. "Gentlemen!" he thundered out, "Gentlemen! if you submit to this you deserve every disgrace that can be imposed upon you!" The

words were scarcely uttered when the doors below were opened, and the noted Leadbitter and three or four other officers entered and began to force their way to the position occupied by the contumacious member. Several of his friends endeavoured in vain to bar their progress, while Wakley himself immediately commenced preparing for battle;—buttoning up his coat and tucking up his sleeves, he put himself in a boxing attitude. The first man who reached him was felled to the ground; others however quickly followed and Wakley was soon hauled down to the area of the theatre. Here a regular pitched battle commenced between the constables and Wakley's friends, which lasted for several minutes; at length however law and order conquered, and Wakley and a few of the most violent of his supporters were ejected into the street, where he no sooner arrived than he very coolly called some policemen and gave the Bow-street officers in charge for an assault. After the removal of the parties from the theatre, two or three resolutions were put and carried by acclamation, the noise however was so excessive that few persons were aware of their import. At length the question was asked "where is Wakley?" "Gone to Bow-street," was the reply. "Let us follow him," was the next proposal, which was agreed to *nem. con.*, and the whole multitude, members and students, about three thousand in number, poured out like so many bees into the street, and, joining forces opposite the college, formed a procession three a-breast, and marched to Bow-street. Great was the amazement of the peaceable inhabitants of the streets through which we passed, as they rushed to the doors and windows to gaze at us. On our arrival at Bow-street we ascertained that as no magistrate was sitting at the time the officers had been conveyed to Covent Garden watch-house, whither we also proceeded. After remaining a short time, however, and finding the fun was over, the multitude gradually dispersed. Some of the members vowing vengeance against the college and threatening to send in their resignation the next day, while we, the junior portion of the rioters, were highly gratified with the result of the day's proceedings.

Wakley attempted to form a new college;—the council of the old commenced a criminal prosecution against him for riot. At length a compromise was effected; Wakley dropped his college and the College of Surgeons stayed proceedings, and thus the matter terminated.



## ODD WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

It is most extraordinary, in that little world within itself, the City of London, the means that are taken by certain parties to turn every thing into money. No opportunity is neglected. Let a small portion of some well-authenticated wreck be recovered from the bottom of the sea, and, straightway half the turners in the city are at work, making up ten times the quantity of material into snuff-boxes, rings, and other relics. No sooner is a specimen of the precious metal brought from some new locality than numerous parties immediately busy themselves in melting down broken rings, brooches and watch-cases into genuine specimens of "*native gold*," to grace the cabinets of geological collectors. No sooner is some noted criminal subjected to the penalty imposed by the laws he has outraged, than ropes enough to rig a vessel are sold by the inch to the morbidly curious in such matters, as the line with which the miserable wretch was sent from time into eternity. The death of the "Great Duke" has furnished an opportunity, such as may not quickly occur again, to the adventurous in such speculations. The following advertisements, cut from a late number of "*The Times*," will doubtless amuse most of our readers. There is little doubt, that a majority of the autograph letters offered for sale were obtained as answers to applications made for the express purpose of procuring the signature of the illustrious Duke, and with no other motive—men of note being sometimes sadly pestered in that way :

**A**N AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, containing 60 lines, with envelope, postmark, and seal, to be DISPOSED OF, for the best offer above £5. Address, post paid, to R. S., care of Bowen & Co., 101, Fenchurch-street.

**A**N AUTOGRAPH LETTER from the late Duke of WELLINGTON to a friend of the advertiser, together with the envelope and seal, and post marks, attesting the same, on the subject of calling out the local militia in 1846. It is a genuine and characteristic specimen. For price address W. F. Gibson, bookseller, 25, Long-row, Nottingham.

**A**UTHENTIC AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late great Duke of WELLINGTON; also Autograph Letters of the late Sir Robert Peel, Sir Walter Scott, and the late Duke of York,—to be DISPOSED OF, on moderate terms. Apply to C. A. G. R., Mr. Carter's coffee-shop, 20, Bridge-row, Piccadilly.

**A**UTOGRAPH NOTE of the Duke of WELLINGTON, with Envelope and Seal, to be SOLD, highly characteristic of the late Duke's estimation of the valuable service and support rendered to him by the officers under his command in the Peninsular War. Letters addressed to A. B., Godfrey's library, 47, William-street, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

**A** CLERGYMAN has TWO LETTERS, with Envelopes, addressed to him by the late DUKE, and bearing striking testimony to the extent of his Grace's private charities, to be DISPOSED OF at the highest offer (for one or both), received by the 18th instant. The offers may be contingent on further particulars being satisfactory. Address Rev. A. B., Mr. J. Gladding's bookseller, 20, City-road.

**W**ELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A LETTER from His Grace to be DISPOSED OF, with the direction. Direct A. B., post-office, Ashington, Hurst. Terms, &c., pre-paid.

**W**ELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH, with envelope, seal, and postmark, highly characteristic, to be SOLD, a bargain. Offers to be addressed to Alpha, 48, Westmoreland-place, City-road.

**W**ATERLOO BANQUET.—An AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the Duke of Wellington, with seal, (23 lines), respecting same. Part of proceeds will be given to one who fought under him. Address, with offers, M. J., post-office, Lendenhall-street.

**L**ETTERS of the Duke of WELLINGTON.—SIX genuine LETTERS of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, all addressed to one gentleman, are offered for SALE. Inquire of the Secretary to the Literary and Scientific Institution, 17, Edward's-street, Portman-square.

**F.** M. the Duke of WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A highly characteristic LETTER of the Duke's for DISPOSAL, wherein he alludes to his living to "100 years," dated 1843, with envelope, seal, and postmark perfect. Price £10. Address Alpha, 7, Holly-street north, Dalston.

**T**HE GREAT DUKE.—A LETTER of the GREAT HERO, dated March 27, 1851, to be SOLD. Also a beautiful Letter from Jenny Lind, dated June 20, 1852. The highest offer will be accepted. Address, with offers of price, to T. L. F., care of Mr. Butler, 21, Clifford-street, Bond-street.

**T**HE Duke of WELLINGTON.—A widow, in deep distress, has in her possession an AUTOGRAPH LETTER of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, written in 1830, enclosed and directed in an envelope, and sealed with his ducal coronet, which she would be happy to PART WITH for a trifle. Letters, pre-paid, to E. H., 89, Chalton-street, New-road.

**V**ALUABLE AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, dated March 27, 1850, to be SOLD for £20, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, together with envelope, perfect impression of Ducal seal, and Knightsbridge post-mark distinct. The whole in excellent preservation. A better specimen of the noble Duke's handwriting and highly characteristic style cannot be seen. Offers addressed to Delta, Mr. Southron's post-office, Blackheath.

**W**ELLINGTON AUTOGRAPH.—A LETTER, dated July, 1847, addressed to the advertiser, relative to a military subject, with envelope, ducal seal, and postmarks, to be DISPOSED OF. Address Mr. Sims, surgeon, Tottenham, Middlesex.

**W**ELLINGTON AUTOGRAPH.—To be SOLD, a very characteristic LETTER, of some length and addressed by the great Duke to a lady, dated Strathfieldsaye, December, 1833. Price 10 guineas. Address to A. C. L., post-office, St. Martin's-le-grand.

**W**ELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS and his great rival NAPOLEON, also Kings, Queens, Princes, Poets, Statesmen, &c., from Henry VII. to the present time.—Upwards of 2,000, alphabetically arranged and priced, with written descriptions to each, always on SALE, at Messrs. Waller and Son's, booksellers and autograph dealers, 188, Fleet-street.

**W**ELLINGTON and WILBERFORCE.—To be SOLD, the AUTOGRAPH FRANK of the former and the LETTER of the latter, besides about 400 other valuable franks of peers and commoners, many deceased, including the names of Nelson (1832), Rodney, Byron (1832), De La Zouche (1819), Townshend (1815), Grey, Cobbett, Hunt, D'O'Connell. Apply to Nixon, tobacconist, Lindsey-row, Chelsea, near Battersea-bridge.

**D**UKE OF WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—"It is no part of the Duke's duty."—A very characteristic LETTER of two pages, dated in 1848, containing these words, to be SOLD, with envelope and seal complete. Price 20 guineas. Also an Envelope, with seal, for one guinea. Apply to A. B., 56, Richmond-road, Islington.

But these are nothing to the following :

**M**EMENTO of the late Duke of WELLINGTON.—To be DISPOSED OF, a LOCK of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter, pre-paid, to A. Z., care of Messrs. Everett, news agents, 14, Finch-lane, Cornhill.

**GENUINE** and unique RELIC of the late Duke of WELLINGTON.—A lady will DISPOSE OF a LOCK of his Grace's HAIR, which can be guaranteed; and the date of its being cut, and circumstances of possession will be imparted to the purchaser. The owner would not like to part with it under 50 guineas, but is open to a liberal offer. Address, free, enclosing card, to E., care of the housekeeper, 4, Jeffreys-square, St. Mary-axe.

One of these modestly offers to accept the "highest offer;" the other, thinking a bold stroke the best, demands fifty guineas for a tuft of hair, probably clipped from the tail of her pet lap-dog, and might possibly find little difficulty in producing "locks of His Grace's hair" as long as the guineas were forthcoming. Then we have—

**DUKE of WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL WINE.**—All the trade who require a supply of this wine should make immediate application, owing to the immense demand for it. Manufactory, Messrs. WALKERS', Peartree street, Goswell-street, London.

**WELLINGTON FUNERAL CAKE.**—This delicious article to be had only of JOHN PATERSON, 10, Green-street, Leicester-square, where every other description of fancy biscuits and bread may be obtained in perfection. Families are respectfully requested to send their orders early.

These do not close the catalogue; we have, in the same paper, advertisements of "Marble Busts," "Equestrian Statuettes," "Striking Likenesses," in gold and silver, from 2s. 6d. upwards, "Composition Busts," &c. &c. Nor is the "third estate" backward in taking advantage of the benefits thrown in their way by the moral epidemic—we have the "Wellington Sun," and "Wellington double number of the Illustrated London News." One number of the "Times" contained upwards of one hundred advertisements connected in some way with the death of "the Duke;" so that, if the demise of His Grace may be termed a national calamity, it certainly furnished many of his countrymen with the means of "turning an honest penny."

### THE SURGEON'S COURTSHIP.

It seems rather paradoxical to say that a place noted for good air should be favourable to the increase and prosperity of the medical tribe; nevertheless the fact is so, certainly in this particular instance, and I suspect in many others; and when the causes are looked into, the circumstance will seem less astonishing than it appears at the first glance,—a good air being, as we all know, the *pis aller* of the physician, the place to which, when the resources of his art are exhausted, he sends his patients to recover or die, as it may happen. Sometimes they really do recover, especially if in leaving their medical attendant they also leave off medicine; but for the most part, poor things! they die as certainly as they would have done if they had stayed at home, only that the sands run a little more rapidly in consequence of the glass being shaken; and this latter catastrophe is particularly frequent in

Belford, whose much-vaunted air being, notwithstanding its vicinity to a great river, keen, dry, and bracing, is exceedingly adapted for preserving health in the healthy, but very unfit for the delicate lungs of an invalid.

The place, however, has a name for salubrity; and, as sick people still resort to it in hopes of getting well, there is of course no lack of doctors to see them through the disease with proper decorum, cure them if they can, or let them die if so it must be. There is no lack of doctors, and still less is there a lack of skill; for although the air of Belford may be overrated, there is no mistake in the report which assigns to the medical men of the town singular kindness, attention and ability.

Thirty years ago these high professional qualities were apt to be alloyed by the mixture of a little professional peculiarity in dress and pedantry in manner. The faculty had not in those days completely dropped "the gold-headed cane;" and, in provincial towns especially, the physician was almost as distinguished by the cut of his clothes as the clergyman by his shovel-crowned hat, or the officer by his uniform.

The two principal physicians of Belford at this period were notable exemplifications of medical costume—each might have sat for the picture of an M.D. The senior, and perhaps the more celebrated of the two, was a short, neat old gentleman, of exceedingly small proportions, somewhat withered and shrivelled, but almost as fair, and delicate, and carefully preserved, as if he had himself been one of that sex of which he was the especial favourite—an old lady in his own person. His dress was constantly a tight stock, shoes with buckles, brown silk stockings, and a full suit of drab; the kid gloves, with which his wrinkled white hands were at once adorned and preserved, were of the same sober hue; and the shining bob-wig, which covered no common degree of intellect and knowledge, approached as nearly to the colour of the rest of his apparel as the difference of material would admit. His liveries might have been cut from the same piece with his own coat, and the chariot, in which he might be computed to pass one third of his time (for he would as soon have dreamt of flying as of walking to see his next-door neighbour,) was of a similar complexion. Such was the outer man of the shrewd and sensible Dr. Littleton. Add, that he loved a rubber, and that his manner was a little prim, a little quaint, and a little fidgety, and the portrait of the good old man will be complete.

His competitor, Dr. Granville, would have made four of Dr. Littleton, if cut into quarters. He was a tall, large, raw-boned man, who looked like a North Briton, and I believe actually came from that country, so famous for great physicians. His costume was invariably black, surmounted by a powdered head and a pig-tail, which (for the doctor was a single man, and considered as a *très-bon parti* by the belles of the town) occasioned no inconsiderable number of disputes amongst the genteeler circles; some of his fair patients asserting that the



powdered foretop was no other than a tie-wig, whilst the opposite party maintained that it was his own hair.

However this may be, Dr. Littleton's chestnut-coloured bob and Dr. Granville's powdered pig-tail set the fashion amongst the inferior practitioners. From the dear old family apothecary—the kind and good old man, beloved even by the children whom he physicked, and regarded by the parents as one of their most valued friends—to the pert parish doctor, whom Crabbe has described so well, “all pride and business, bustle and conceit;” from the top to the bottom of the profession, every medical man in Belford wore a bob-wig or a pig-tail. It was as necessary a preliminary for feeling a pulse, or writing a prescription, as a diploma; and to have cured a patient without the regular official decoration would have been a breach of decorum that nothing could excuse. Nay, so long did the prejudice last, that when some dozen years afterwards three several adventurers tried their fortunes in the medical line at Belford, their respective failures were universally attributed to the absence of the proper costume; though the first was a prating fop, who relied entirely on calomel and the depleting system—an English Sangrado!—the second, a solemn coxcomb, who built altogether on stimulants—gave brandy in apoplexies, and sent his patients, persons who had always lived soberly, tipsy out of the world; and the third, a scientific Jack-of-all-trades, who passed his days in catching butterflies and stuffing birds for his museum, examining strata, and analyzing springs—detecting Cheltenham in one, *Bareges* in another, fancying some new-fangled chalybeate in the rusty scum of a third, and writing books on them all—whilst his business, such as it was, was left to take care of itself. To my fancy, the inside of these heads might very well account for the non-success of their proprietors; nevertheless, the good inhabitants of Belford obstinately referred their failure to the want of bob-wigs, pig-tails, and hair-powder.

Now, however, times are altered—altered even in Belford itself. Dr. Littleton and Dr. Granville repose with their patients in the church-yard of St. Nicholas, and their costumes are gone to the tomb of the Capulets.

Of a truth, all professional distinctions in dress are rapidly wearing away. Uniforms, it is true, still exist; but, except upon absolute duty, are seldom exhibited: and who, except my venerable friend the Rector of Hadley, ever thinks of wearing a shovel-hat?

Amongst medical practitioners especially, all peculiarities, whether of equipage or apparel, are completely gone by. The chariot is no more necessary, except as a matter of convenience, than the gold-headed cane or the bob-wig; and our excellent friend Dr. Chard may, as it suits him, walk in the town, or ride on horseback, or drive his light open carriage in the country, without in the slightest degree impugning his high reputation, or risking his extensive practice; whilst the most skilful surgeon in Belford may be, and actually is, with an

equal impunity the greatest beau in the place.

There are not many handsomer or more agreeable men than Mr. Edward Foster, who—the grandson by his mother's side of good old Dr. Littleton, and by his father's of the venerable apothecary, so long his friend and contemporary, and combining considerable natural talent with a first-rate scientific education—stepped, as by hereditary right, into the first connexion in Belford and its populous and opulent neighbourhood, and became almost immediately the leading surgeon of the town.

Skilful, accomplished, clever, kind,—possessing, besides his professional emoluments, an easy private fortune, and living with a very agreeable single sister in one of the best houses of the place,—Edward Foster, to say nothing of his good looks, seemed to combine within himself all the elements of popularity. His good looks too were of the best sort, resulting from a fine, manly, graceful figure, and an open, intelligent countenance, radiant with good humour and vivacity. And very popular Edward Foster was. He had but one fault, as far as I could hear, and that was an inaptitude to fall in love. In vain did grave mammas sagely hint that a professional man could not expect to succeed unless married; in vain did jocular papas laughingly ask, how he would manage when Mr. Lyons, the young banker, had stolen his sister for a wife? Edward Foster did not marry, and did succeed; and Miss Foster became Mrs. Lyons, and the house went on as well as ever. Even the young ladies condescended as much as young ladies ought to condescend, but still Edward Foster was obdurate; and the gossips of Belford began to suspect that the heart which appeared so invulnerable must have been protected by some distant and probably too ambitious attachment from the charms of their fair townswomen, and even proceeded to make inquiries as to the daughters of the various noble families that he attended in the neighbourhood.

Time solved the enigma; and the solution, as often happens in these cases, lay in a spot wholly unsuspected by the parties interested.

Few things are more melancholy and yet few more beautifully picturesque than the grounds of some fine old place deserted by its owners, and either wholly pulled down, or converted to the coarse and common purposes of a farmstead. We have many such places in our neighbourhood, where the estates (as is usually the case in all counties within fifty miles of London) have either entirely passed away from their old proprietors, or have been so much dismembered by the repeated purchases of less ancient but more opulent settlers on the land, that the residence has gradually become too expensive for the diminished rent-roll; and, abandoned, probably not without considerable heart-yearning, by the owner, has been insensibly suffered to moulder away, an antedated and untimely ruin, or been degraded to the vulgar uses of a farm-house.

One of the most beautiful of these relics of

old English magnificence is the Court-house at Allonby, which has been desecrated in all manner of ways; first wholly deserted, then in great measure, dismantled, then partly taken down, and what remained of the main building—what *would* remain, for the admirable old masonry offered every sort of passive resistance to the sacrilegious tools and engines of the workmen employed in the wicked task of demolition, and was as difficult to be pulled down as a rock—the remains, mutilated and disfigured as they were, still further disfigured by being fitted up as a dwelling for the farmer who rented the park; whilst the fine old stables, coach-houses, and riding-houses were appropriated to the basest uses of a farmyard. I wonder that the pigs and cows, when they looked at the magnificence about them, the lordly crest (a deer couchant) placed over the noble arched gateways, and on the solid pillars at the corners of the walls, and the date 1646, which with the name of the first proprietor “Andrew Montfalcon” surmounted all the Gothic doors, were not ashamed of their own unfitness for so superb a habitation.

Allonby Court was one of the finest specimens of an old manorial residence that had ever come under my observation. Built at the period when castellated mansions were no longer required for defence, it yet combined much of their solidity and massiveness with far more of richness, of ornament, and even of extent, than was compatible with the main purpose of those domestic fortresses, in which beauty and convenience were alike sacrificed to a jealous enclosure of walls and ramparts.

Allonby had been erected by one of the magnificent courtiers of a magnificent era—the end of Elizabeth's reign and the beginning of that of James; and its picturesque portal, its deep bay windows, its clustered chimneys, its hall where a coach and six might have paraded, and its oaken staircase, upon which a similar equipage might with all convenience have driven, were even surpassed in grandeur and beauty by the interior fittings up,—the splendour of the immense chimneypieces—the designs of the balustrades round the galleries—the carving of the cornices—the gilding of the panelled wainscoting, and the curious inlaying of its oaken floors. Twenty years ago it stood just as it must have been when Sir Andrew Montfalcon took possession of it. Tapestry, pictures, furniture, all were the same,—all had grown old together; and this entire and perfect keeping, this absolute absence of everything modern or new, gave a singular harmony to the scene. It was a venerable and most perfect model of its own distant day; and when an interested steward prevailed on a nonresident and indolent proprietor to consent to its demolition, there was a universal regret in the neighbourhood. Everybody felt glad to hear, that, so solidly had it been built, the sale of the materials did not defray the expense of pulling them down. So malicious did our love of the old place make us.

We felt the loss of that noble structure as a personal deprivation—and it was much; for the

scenery of a country, the real and living landscape, is to all who have eyes to see and taste to relish its beauties an actual and most valuable property:—to enjoy is to possess.

Still, however, the remains of Allonby are strikingly picturesque. The single wing which is standing, rises like a tower from the fragment of the half demolished hall; and the brambles, briars, and ivies, which grow spontaneously among the ruins, mingle with the luxuriant branches of a vine which has been planted on the south side of the building, and wreathes its rich festoons above the gable-ends and round the clustered chimneys, veiling and adorning, as Nature in her bounty often does, the desolation caused by the hand of man. Gigantic forest trees, oak, and elm, and beech, are scattered about the park, which still remains unenclosed and in pasture; a clear, bright river glides through it, from which on one side rises an abrupt grassy bank, surrounded by a majestic avenue of enormous firs and lime trees, planted in two distinct rows; a chain of large fish-ponds, some of them dried up and filled with underwood, communicates with the stream; and flowering shrubs, the growth of centuries, laburnum, lilac, laurel, double cherry, and double peach, are clustered in gay profusion around the mouldering grottoes and ruined temples with which the grounds had been adorned.

The most beautiful and most perfect of these edifices was a high, tower-like fishing-room, overhanging the river, of which indeed the lower part formed a boat-house, covered with honeysuckle, jassamine, and other creeping plants, backed by tall columnar poplars, and looking on one side into a perfect grove of cypress and cedar. A flaunting musk-rose grew on one side of the steps, and a Portugal laurel on the other; whilst a moss-grown sun-dial at a little distance rose amidst a thicket of roses, lilies, and hollyhocks, (relics of the old flower garden,) the very emblem of the days that were gone,—a silent but most eloquent sermon on the instability of human affairs.

This romantic and somewhat melancholy dwelling was inhabited by a couple as remote from all tinge of romance, or of sadness, as ever were brought together in this world of vivid contrast. Light and shadow were not more opposite than were John and Martha Clewer to their gloomy habitation.

John Clewer and his good wife Martha were two persons whom I can with all truth and convenience describe conjointly in almost the same words, as not unfrequently happens with a married couple in their rank of life. They were a stout, comely, jolly, good-natured pair, in the prime of life, who had married early, and had grown plump, ruddy, and hardy under the influence of ten years of changing seasons and unchanging industry. Poor they were, in spite of his following the triple calling of miller, farmer, and gamekeeper, and her doing her best to aid him by baking and selling in the form of bread the corn which he not only grew but ground, and defiling the faded grandeur of the court by the vulgarities of cheese,



red herrings, eggs, candles, and onions, and the thousand-and-one nuisances which composed the *omnibus* concern called a village shop. Martha's home-baked loaves were reckoned the best in the county, and John's farming was scarcely less celebrated: nevertheless, they were poor; a fact which might partly be accounted for by the circumstance of their ten years' marriage having produced eight children, and partly by their being both singularly liberal, disinterested, and generous. If a poor man brought the produce of his children's gleanings to John's mill, he was sure not only to get it ground for nothing, but to receive himself at the hands of the good miller as plentiful a meal of beef or bacon, and as brimming a cup of strong ale, as ever was doled out of the old buttery; whilst Martha, who was just John himself in petticoats, and in whom hospitality took the feminine form of charity, could never send away the poorest of her customers (in other words, her debtors) empty-handed, however sure she might be that the day of payment would never arrive until the day of judgment. Rich our good couple certainly were not,—unless the universal love and good-will of the whole neighbourhood may count for riches; but content most assuredly they were,—ay, and more than content! If I were asked to name the happiest and merriest persons of my acquaintance, I think it would be John and Martha Clewer.

With all their resemblance, there was between this honest country couple one remarkable difference: the husband was a man of fair common sense, plain and simple-minded, whilst his wife had ingrafted on an equal artlessness and *naïvete* of manner a degree of acuteness of perception and shrewdness of remark, which rendered her one of the most amusing companions in the county, and, added to her excellences as a baker, had no small effect in alluring to her shop the few customers whose regular payments enabled her to bear up against the many who never paid at all. For my own part,—who am somewhat of a character-studier by profession, and so complete a bread-fancier that every day in the week shall have its separate loaf, from the snowy French roll of Monday to the unsifted home-made of Saturday at e'en,—I had a double motive for frequenting Martha's bakehouse, at which I had been for some years a most punctual visitor and purchaser until last spring and summer, when first a long absence, then a series of honoured guests, then the pressure of engrossing operations, then the weather, then the roads, and at last the having broken through the habit of going thither, kept me for many months from my old and favourite haunt, the venerable Court.

So long had been my absence, that the hedges, in which the woodbine was at my last visit just putting forth its hardy bluish leaves, and the elder making its earliest shoots, were now taking their deepest and dingiest hue, enlivened only by garlands of the traveller's joy, the briony, and the wild-vetch; that the lowly primrose and creeping violet were succeeded

by the tall mallows and St. John's-worts, and the half-seeded stalks of the foxglove; and the beans, which the women were then planting, men and boys were now about to cut; in a word, the budding spring was succeeded by the ripe and plenteous autumn, when, on a lovely harvest afternoon, I at length visited Allonby.

The day, although exquisitely pleasant, had been rather soft than bright, and was now closing in with that magical effect of the evening light which lends a grace to the commonest objects, and heightens in an almost incredible degree the beauty of those which are already beautiful. Flowers are never so glorious as in the illusive half-hour which succeeds the setting of the sun; it is at that period, that a really fine piece of natural scenery is seen to most advantage. I paused for a moment before entering Martha's territory, the shop, to look at the romantic grounds of Allonby, all the more picturesque from their untrained wildness; and on the turf terrace beyond the fishing-house, and just at the entrance of that dark avenue of leafy lime-trees and firs, whose huge straight stems shone with a subdued and changeful splendour, now of a purplish hue, and now like dimmer brass,—just underneath the two foremost trees, strongly relieved by the deep shadow, stood a female figure, graceful and perfect as was ever fancied by poet or modelled by sculptor. Her white dress had all the effect of drapery, and her pure and colourless complexion, her flaxen ringlets almost as pale as the swan-like neck around which they fell, her fair hand shading her eyes, and the fixed attention of her attitude as she stood watching some of Martha's chickens at play upon the grass, gave her more the look of an alabaster statue than of a living breathing woman. I never saw grace so unconscious yet so perfect; I stood almost as still as herself to look at her, until she broke, or I should rather say changed the spell, by walking forward to the children, and added the charm of motion to that of symmetry. I then turned to Martha, who was watching my absorbed attention with evident amusement, and, without giving me time to ask any questions, answered my thoughts by an immediate exclamation, "Ah, ma'am, I knew you'd like to look at Lucy Charlton! Many a time I've said to my master, 'tis a pity that madam has not seen our Lucy! she'd be so sure to take a fancy to her! And now she's going away, poor thing! That's the way things fall out, after the time, as one may say. I knew she'd take your fancy."

"Her name is Lucy Charlton, then?" replied I, still riveting my eyes on the lovely, airy creature before me, who, shaking back the ringlets from her fair face with a motion of almost infantine playfulness, was skimming along the bank to meet the rosy, laughing children.—"And who may Lucy Charlton be?"

"Why, you see, ma'am, her mother was my husband's first cousin. She lived with old Lady Lynners as housekeeper, and married the butler; and this is the only child. Both father and mother died, poor thing! before she was four years old, and Lady Lynners brought her

up quite like a lady herself; but now she is dead, and dead without a will, and her relations have seized all, and poor Lucy is come back to her friends. But she won't stay with them, though," pursued Mrs. Clewer, half testily; "she's too proud to be wise; and instead of staying with me and teaching my little girls to sew samplers, she's going to be a tuteurs in some foreign parts beyond sea—Russia I think they call the place—going to some people whom Lady Lynners knew, who are to give her a salary, and so hinder her from being a burthen to her relations, as she's goose enough to say—as if we could feel her little expenses; or, say we did—as if we would not rather go with half a meal than part with her, sweet creature as she is! and to go to that cold country and come back half frozen, or die there and never come back at all! Howsom-ever," continued Martha, "it's no use bemoaning ourselves now; the matter's settled—her clothes are all aboard ship, her passage taken, and I'm to drive her to Portsmouth in our little shay-cart to-morrow morning. A sorrowful parting 'twill be for her and the poor children, merry as she is trying to seem at this minute. I dare say we shall never see her again, for she is but delicate, and there's no putting old heads upon young shoulders; so instead of buying good warm stuffs and flannels, cloth cloaks and such things to fence her pretty dear self against the cold, she has laid out her little money in light summer gear, as if she was going to stay in England and be married this very harvest: and now she'll go abroad and catch her death, and we shall never set eyes on her again." And the tears, which during her whole speech had stood in Martha's eyes, fairly began to fall.

"Oh, Mrs. Clewer! you must not add to the natural pain of parting by such a fancy as that; your pretty cousin seems slight and delicate, but not unhealthy. What should make you suppose her so?"

"Why, ma'am, our young doctor, Mr. Edward Foster, (you know how clever he is!) was attending my master this spring for the rheumatism, just after Lucy came here. She had a sad cough, poor thing! when she first arrived, caught by sitting up o'night's with old Lady Lynners; and Mr. Edward said she was a tender plant and required nursing herself. He came to see her every day for two months; and quite set her up, and would not take a farthing for his pains; and I did think—and so did my master, after I told him—But, howsomever, that's all over now, and she's going away to-morrow morning."

"What did you think?" inquired I, amused to find Edward Foster's affections the subject of speculation in Mrs. Clewer's rank of life,—  
"what did you say you thought of Mr. Foster, Martha?"

"Why to be sure, ma'am—people can't help their thoughts, you know,—and it did seem to me that he fancied her."

"You mean to say that you think Mr. Edward Foster liked your young relation—was in love with her?"

"To be sure I do, ma'am,—at least I did," continued Martha, correcting herself; "and so did my master, and so would anybody. He that has so much business used to come here every day, and stay two hours at a time, when, except for the pleasure of talking to her, there was no more need of his coming to Lucy than of his coming to me. Every day of his life he used to come; his very horse knew the place, and used to stop at the gate as natural as our old mare."

"And when she got well, did he leave off coming?"

"No, no! he came still, but not so often. He seemed not to know his own mind, and kept on dilly-dally, shilly-shally, and the poor thing pined and fretted, as I could see that was a watching her, though she never said a word to me of the matter, nor I to her; and then this offer to go to Russia came, and she accepted it, I do verily believe, partly to get as far from him as she could. Ah! well-a-day, it's a sad thing when young gentlemen don't know their own minds!" sighed the tender-hearted Mrs. Clewer; "they don't know the grief they're causing!"

"What did he say when he heard she was going abroad?" asked I. "That intelligence might have made him acquainted with the state of his own affections."

"Lackaday, ma'am!" exclaimed Martha, on whom a sudden ray of light seemed to have broken, "so it might! and I verily believe to this hour he knows nothing of the matter! What a pity there's not a little more time! The ship sails on Saturday, and this is Thursday night! Let's look at the letter," pursued Martha, diving into her huge pockets. "I'm sure it said the ship Roebuck sailed on Saturday morning. Where can the letter be!" exclaimed Martha, after an unsuccessful hunt amidst the pincushions, needle-books, thread-cases, scissors, handkerchiefs, gloves, mittens, purses, thimbles, primers, tops, apples, buns, and pieces of gingerbread, with which her pockets were loaded, and making an especial search amongst divers odd-looking notes and memorandums, which the said receptacles contained. "Where can the letter be? Fetch your father, Dolly! Saddle the grey mare, Jem! I am going to have the toothache, and must see Mr. Foster directly. Tell Lucy I want to speak to her, Tom!—No; she shall know nothing about it—don't." And with these several directions to some of the elder children, who were by this time crowding about her, Martha bustled off, with her handkerchief held to her face, in total forgetfulness of myself, and of the loaf, which I had paid for but not received; and after vainly waiting for a few minutes, during which I got a nearer view of the elegant Lucy, and thought within myself how handsome a couple she and Mr. Foster would have made, and perhaps might still make, with admiration of her gracefulness, pity for her sorrows, and interest in her fate, I mounted my pony phaeton and took my departure.

The next morning Martha, in her shay-cart,



(as she called her equipage,) appeared at our door, like an honest woman, with my loaf and a thousand apologies. Her face was tied up, as is usual in cases of toothache, and, though she did not, on narrow observation, look as if much ailed her,—for her whole comely face was radiant with happiness,—I thought it only courteous to ask what was the matter.

"Lord love you, ma'am, nothing!" quoth Martha; "only after you went away I rummaged out the letter, and found that the Roebuck did sail on Saturday as I thought, and that if I meant to take your kind hint, no time was to be lost. So I had the toothache immediately, and sent my master to fetch the doctor. It was lucky his being a doctor, because one always can send for them at a minute's warning, as one may say. So I sent for Mr. Edward to cure my toothache, and told him the news."

"And did he draw your tooth, Martha?"

"Heaven help him! not he! he never said a word about me or my aches, but was off like a shot to find Lucy, who was rambling about somewhere in the moonlight to take a last look of the old grounds. And it's quite remarkable how little time these matters take; for when I went out for a bit of a stroll half an hour afterwards, to see how the land lay, I came bolt upon them by accident, and found that he had popped the question, that she had accepted him, and that the whole affair was as completely settled as if it had been six months about. So Lucy stays to be married; and I am going in my shay-cart to fetch her trunks and boxes from Portsmouth. No need to fling them away, though we must lose the passage-money, I suppose; for all her silks and muslins, and trinkum-trankums, which I found so much fault with, will be just the thing for the wedding! To think how things come round!" added Martha, "And what a handy thing the toothache is sometimes! I don't think there's a happier person anywhere than I am at this minute,—except, perhaps, Lucy and Mr. Edward; and they are walking about making love under the fir-trees in the park.—*Miss Mitford.*

#### GLASGOW MALLEABLE IRON WORKS.

Iron, of all metals, is the most important and valuable, when we consider the innumerable uses to which it may be turned. The Buccaneers, when they plied their hateful avocation, and were honest enough to patronise the principle of barter, commanded every necessary on the strength of this article alone; the untutored Indians, with stores of hidden wealth under their feet, knew not how to barb their arrows properly without the aid of such foreigners as accident or the love of adventure threw in their way; and although they almost everywhere have made prodigious advances since Mr. Locke penned the following passage in his well-known "Essay on the Human Understanding," it is still unfortunately too applicable to the more benighted portions of the

globe. "Whatever we think of our arts or improvements in this part of the world, where knowledge and plenty seem to vie with each other, were the use of iron lost among us, we should in a few ages be unavoidably reduced to the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage Americans; so that he who first made use of that apparently contemptible mineral, may be truly styled the father of arts, and the author of plenty."

These remarks may be pronounced strikingly just; and comparing times past with times present—the infancy of art with its growing maturity—we almost regret that so sagacious an observer did not survive to witness some of the wonders of the present century: such as three hundred furnaces in full operation, iron bridges swung across arms of the sea, boats built of the same material, locomotives rivalling the eagle's flight, and America, in place of an endless forest, a congeries of railroads, canals, turnpikes, harbours, cities, towns, and crowded streets of every description. In the absence of iron, the steam-engine and spinning-jenny, not to speak of many other inventions, would have been things in abeyance to the end of time—inventions, which fought and gained the battles of Europe, and are still equally useful in upholding the general peace of Europe, by conferring on a mere speck of the ocean a species of supremacy which is felt in the remotest quarters of the globe. Steel is simply carbonised iron; and but for both of these metals, where would be the commercial dignity of such places as Birmingham and Sheffield, the money circulated, the bread given to tens of thousands, the large sums drawn from foreign countries, which help to keep the exchange even, and above all, the prodigious additions made to the culinary and domestic comforts of almost every nation in the civilized world? Simond, the French-American traveller, who visited Birmingham more than a quarter of a century ago (March 1811), and of course weened a little of its present condition, whether as regards population or the improvements of machinery, gives the following vivid picture of what fell under his own observation: "In one place five hundred persons were employed in making plated ware of all sorts, toys, and trinkets. We saw there patent carriage steps, flying down and folding up of themselves as the door opens and shuts; chairs in walking-sticks, pocket umbrellas, extraordinary cheese toasters, and a multitude of other curious inventions. In another place, three hundred men produced ten thousand gun-barrels in a month: we saw a part of the process; enormous hammers wielded by a steam-engine of the power of one hundred and twenty horses, crushed in an instant red hot iron bars, and converted them into thin ribbons. In that state they are wrapped round a rod of iron, which determines the calibre. Bars of iron for different purposes, several inches in thickness, presented to the sharp jaws of gigantic scissors, moved also by the steam-engine, are clipped like paper. Iron wire, from an inch to the tenth of an inch, is spun out with as little effort, and less noise,

than cotton thread on the jennies. Large mill-stones, employed to polish metals, turn with so great a velocity as to fly sometimes to pieces by the mere centrifugal force. Streams of melted lead are poured into moulds of all sorts; and copper is spread into sheets for sheathing vessels, moved also by the steam-engine, like paste under the stick of the pastry-cook."

In 1740, the quantity of pig iron manufactured in England and Wales, the united product of fifty furnaces, merely amounted to seventeen thousand tons, or less than a fortieth part of the returns given for the year 1827, when the furnaces in Staffordshire, Shropshire, Wales, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Scotland, had increased to two hundred and eighty-four, and their product as near as may be to seven hundred thousand tons of pig iron. A very great increase has taken place in the iron trade during the nine years that have elapsed since that period. The demand for railroads has given a fillip to the manufacture, altogether unprecedented in its previous history. One company in the west of Scotland is talked of as having cleared, by the advance in the price of iron last year, £60,000, and in all probability still larger fortunes were made in Staffordshire and South Wales—counties which produce more of the mineral in question than all the other parts of Britain put together.

Until very lately, if we except a small work at Muirkirk (lately enlarged), the art of making malleable iron was little known in Scotland. The whole mass of wrought or bar iron, necessary for the promotion of the useful arts in Scotland, was imported from Staffordshire and South Wales; certainly a strange state of things, considering the natural capabilities of the country. To produce the base of all the irons, and their highest result—steel, three things are necessary—the ore itself, lime, and coal; and where, it may be asked, is the country, its size considered, in which minerals, leading to kindred results, are more obtainable, exhaustless, and abundant? In transferring manufactures from one part of the country to another, the difficulty often consists in constraining the initiated to become voluntary exiles from the land of their birth; but this difficulty the proprietors of the Glasgow Malleable Iron Works have fairly overcome, by the importation of as near as may be three hundred brawny workmen from Staffordshire and Wales. A beginning in this way has at length been made, and we have the authority of a most intelligent merchant for saying, that malleable iron works, whatever the scale may be, before the lapse of many years, will be established in almost every part of Scotland. Coal and lime are nearly universal, and the existence of these, apart from all other considerations, will lead to a diligent, and, we doubt not, a successful

search for iron-stone, so soon as our countrymen become thoroughly familiarised with the practice of an art, which, in some of its departments, is positively sublime.

On entering the Glasgow iron works, our first feelings were those of surprise, not unmingled with a lurking sense or suspicion of danger. A high pressure steam-engine, in connection with the uses to which it is applied, affords a beautiful exemplification of the power of art in the wars she wages with inert matter: the removal of the solid mountains themselves seems almost within the range of its illimitable powers; the force exerted is oppressively tremendous—the motion concentrated, rapidity itself; the mechanician's, like the magician's wand, seems to have called fiends into existence it is unable to lay. Ample supplies of pig iron, coal, and char, are received by the Glasgow Iron Company by means of the Canal, which is situated immediately behind their works. The first process is that of refining, and, with a view to this, ore such as is used by the founders is put into the finery along with a due proportion of charcoal, and melted by means of a powerful blast. The roaring of the bellows is heard at a considerable distance, and the metal, when thoroughly boiled or melted, remains in the liquid state an hour and a half; it is then run into a cast-iron mould, and cooled as rapidly as possible, and receives, when this operation is finished, the name of refined metal. At this stage it is broken small, weighed into charges, and thrown into the puddling furnaces, where the conversion takes place from the state of cast to that of malleable iron. In these furnaces it is kept in a state of constant agitation for an hour and a quarter; two men attend each, and ply their iron *spurtles* so assiduously to prevent what a cottage cook would call "knots," that, but for the glow the interior presents, one might almost suppose them engaged in making porridge on a very large scale. There is a Scottish proverb to the effect "that it needs a lang-shanked spoon to sup wi' the deil," and the spurtles we speak of are so long and ponderous, that to wield them for half an hour with proper effect, requires bone and muscle of the first order. At one part of the process, the heat is so great, that the puddlers are compelled to cast aside their garments, and remain naked from the middle upwards; and such is the virtue that resides in puddling, that, but for the constant stirring, the fiery mass would, on removal, remain in much the same state it entered the furnace. The exact nature of the change which produces conversion is a secret unknown to the chemists themselves; but it seems clear that something is inhaled or evolved, which extracts from the iron its former brittleness, and imparts to it its future malleability. When the puddling has ceased, the metal in the furnace is rolled into balls, and in that state conveyed to the squeezers or hammers, by the operation of which it is rolled and cut into certain lengths for the convenience of the trade, and piled into heaps, from which it can at any time be withdrawn, under the name of puddle

\* In 1821, out of seven hundred thousand tons of iron made in Great Britain, only fifty-five thousand were made in Scotland. The quantity made in Scotland in 1835 was seventy-five thousand tons, being an increase of fifteen thousand tons in eleven years. It is probable that the quantity made at present, February 1837, is nearly double what was made in 1824.—*Ed. C. E. J.*



bar-iron. The next stage in the process of the manufacture of malleable iron is the heating furnace, where supplies from the piles just spoken of are brought to welding heat, tossed upon the floor near the rolling-mill, lifted by a brawny man, who is armed with an enormous pair of tongs; presented to the widest partition in the rollers; received by another strong workman on the opposite side; lifted and passed through the second opening; received as before; and, in short, zigzagged through every aperture of the ponderous rollers, "small by degrees and beautifully less," until the article is elongated into bars of iron of every varying length and thickness; or, in other words, such as we frequently see laid down at the warehouse doors of every furnishing ironmonger in the country. While the rolling process is in progress, a person, who stands beside the workmen, gauges as they proceed, to preserve uniformity; and, this duty discharged, the bar is stamped with the company's seal, pared on the edges by enormous shears, straightened where the slightest bend appears, and consigned to the heap of finished goods, ready to be thrown on the general market. There is something highly imposing in the operations of the rolling-mill, and the truly muscular workmen who supply the hissing grist that feeds it. The lumps of burning metal presented to its acceptance are frequently of the weight of fifty, sixty, and seventy pounds; and though a little extra assistance is occasionally given, the masses spoken of are for the most part lifted leverwise—that is, by pincers—by a single individual; in passing the bars through the different compartments of the mill, not a single moment is lost, and but for the rests that occur at short intervals, and the beer that is imbibed to promote perspiration, it would be impossible to prosecute so exhausting an employment for the space of ten hours per day. When on the spot, we were lucky enough to see the great cauldron opened, which contained the molten pig-lead; and no man who has witnessed such a scene—however dissimilar or disproportionate the scale—can be at any loss to conceive the effects of a volcano.

So long as the complement of men at these works averages from two hundred and sixty to three hundred, the manager calculates that he will be able to produce fifteen tons of finished iron per week, including bars, bolt-rods, boiler-plate, angle-iron, sloops, railway-bars, railway carriage-wheel tyre, colliery tram-plates, &c., &c. As the wages of the workmen vary from £1 to £3 10s. per week, this head of expense of itself amounts to a round sum per annum, to say nothing of the raw material, fuel, charcoal, and various other items; and we suppose we do not exaggerate when we say that the capital embarked in the undertaking is not under £100,000 sterling. Two high-pressure engines impel the machinery, and wield between them the power of two hundred and thirty horses.—*Dumfries Courier*.

**TURKISH FIREMEN.**—The firemen of Constantinople are accused of sometimes discharging oil from their engines instead of water.

#### ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

The greater part of the collection of pictures belonging to King Charles I. were dispersed in the troubles, among which were several by the Olivers. Charles II., who remembered and was desirous of recovering them, made inquiry about them after the restoration. At last he was told by one Rogers, of Isleworth, that both the father and son were dead, but that the son's widow was living at Isleworth, and had many of their works. The King went very privately and unknown with Rogers to see them. The widow showed several, finished and unfinished, with many of which the King being pleased, asked if she would sell them. She replied, "she had a mind the King should see them first, and if he did not purchase them, she should think of disposing of them." The King discovered himself; on which she produced some more pictures, which she seldom showed. The King desired her to set a price; she said, "she did not care to make a price with his Majesty, she would leave it to him; but promised to look over her husband's books, and let his Majesty know what prices his father the late King had paid." The King took away what he liked, and sent Rogers to Mrs. Oliver with the option of 1000*l.* or an annuity of 300*l.* for life; she chose the latter. Some years afterwards, it happened the King's mistresses having begged all or most of these pictures, Mrs. Oliver, who was, probably, a prude, and apt to express herself as such, said, on hearing it, that "if she had thought the King would have given them to such persons, he never should have had them." This reached the Court; the poor woman's salary was stopped, and she never recovered it afterwards. Imprudent, however, as it was for the good woman to express herself so freely on the occasion, it was certainly very unbecoming a monarch to stoop so low, as to show his resentment by a flagrant act of dishonour.—*Mirror*.

"BUT WOULD THEY COME?"—Alderman Johnson says, that it would be absurd to make duelling punishable in a severe manner, for in case of a disturbance no one would dare to call out the authorities.—*Pasquin*.

**A TOPER'S IDEA OF TEMPERANCE.**—"Temperance is a great virtue, therefore be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as good as a thousand."

**A HIGHLANDMAN PUZZLED.**—A drover, fresh from the land of heather, whose knowledge of the sea, and of its ebb and flow, was confined to one grand idea of its magnitude, arrived the other day at the Craig Pier, with a flock of sheep, intending to cross over to Fife. It being low water and the boat already well-laden, the captain told him he must wait the next hour, as he was afraid he should not have water enough to float from the pier. "Water enuff," quoth John Highlandman, with the utmost amazement, "Och, man! if ye dinna hae water enuff in the muckle sea, far wad ye get it than?"—*Dundee Courier*.

TO ———.

I love thee—I love thee!  
 'Tis all that I can say;  
 It is my vision in the night,  
 My dreaming in the day:  
 The very echo of my heart,  
 The blessing when I pray.  
 I love thee—I love thee,  
 Is all that I can say!

I love thee—I love thee!  
 Is ever on my tongue;  
 In all my proudest poesy  
 That chorus still is sung;  
 It is the verdict of my eyes  
 Amidst the gay and young:  
 I love thee—I love thee,  
 A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!  
 Thy bright and hazel glance,  
 The mellow lute upon thy lips.  
 Whose tender tones entrance;  
 But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,  
 That still these words enhance:  
 I love thee—I love thee,  
 Whatever be thy chance!

T. Hood.

## FLOWERS.

I will not have the mad Clytie,  
 Whose head is turned by the sun:  
 The tulip is a courtly quean,  
 Whom, therefore, I will shun;  
 The cowslip is a country wench,  
 The violet is a nun:  
 But I will woo the dainty rose,  
 The queen of every one!

The pea is but a wanton witch,  
 In too much haste to wed,  
 And clasps her rings on every hand:  
 The wolfsbane I should dread;  
 Nor will I dreary rosemarye,  
 That always mourns the dead—  
 But I will woo the dainty rose,  
 With her cheek of tender red!

The lily is all in white, like a saint,  
 And so is no mate for me—  
 And the daisy's cheek is tip'd with a blush,  
 She is of such low degree;  
 Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,  
 And the broom 's betrothed to the bee,  
 But I will plight with the dainty rose,  
 For the fairest of all is she!

T. Hood.

## SONG.

I wrote my name upon the sand;  
 I thought I wrote it on thine heart.  
 I had no touch of fear that words—  
 Such words, so graven, could depart.  
 The sands, thy heart, alike have lost  
 The name I trusted to their care;  
 And passing waves, and worldly thoughts,  
 Effaced what once was written there.

Woe, for the false sands; and worse woe  
 That thou art falsest of the twain!  
 I yet may write upon the sands,  
 But never on thine heart again!

L. E. L.

## SONG.

Swiftly I sail from my own fair land,  
 Across the bright blue sea,  
 Whilst, on the beach waves the lessening hand,  
 Which speaks farewell to me:  
 The sparkling billows around me play,  
 And bear me on their foam;  
 But a voice, from afar, cries "Wanderer! stay  
 Near the hearth of thy ancient home!"  
 My bark is bound to a distant clime,  
 Myself to a foreign shore:  
 And oft will fall the foot of time  
 Ere mine press England more:  
 Brightly—brightly we sail o'er the sea;  
 Swiftly the light gales blow;  
 Dimly the white cliffs glide from me—  
 Farewell! to friend and foe!

Miss M. G. Lewis.

(From the Spanish.)

They say that Love with arms like these  
 Has conquered mightiest Deities;  
 They say that, from thy shafts and bow,  
 Heaven and earth are full of woe:  
 Knowing this, it is not much  
 If I think thy words, too, such  
 As will end in anguish;—I  
 Am a girl, and dare not try!  
 Thousands of that murder tell,  
 Which O, poor Thisbe knew too well!  
 Thousands cry shame upon thy spleen  
 To the fair Carthaginian queen!  
 Seeing, then, thy fame is such,  
 I have fears the bow to touch;  
 Say'st thou it will please me?—I  
 Am a girl, and dare not try!  
 'Tis not in my fancy, Love,  
 Thy afflicting cares to prove:  
 Thy deceits, thy jealousies,  
 Silent tears, or secret sighs;  
 No! If I can help it, never  
 Shalt thou catch me, young deceiver—  
 Twanging thy strange bow-string.—I  
 Am a girl, and dare not try!

'Twixt Wit and Wisdom Beauty sat—  
 Both strove to win her favour:  
 Wit gaily talked of this and that,  
 But Wisdom's tone was graver.  
 The first her ear with trifles took;  
 The second, to advise her,  
 Said—"Take a page from Reason's book,  
 And grow a little wiser."  
 "Not now, kind sage," returned the maid,  
 "For though I'm fond of reason,  
 'Tis much like venison, which, 'tis said,  
 Is only good—in season.  
 I must not take the leaf, kind sage—  
 You'll need its consolation;  
 And I have here a single Page  
 That better suits th' occasion."



## A LAST CENTURY CHARACTER.

It is curious to look back from the present comparatively sober age to the latter part of the last century, when the vice of intemperance prevailed even in the highest classes of society in Edinburgh, as the following notice of Lord Newton, from one of the lately published numbers of "Kay's Portraits," sufficiently testifies:

"The extraordinary judicial talents and social eccentricities of Lord Newton, one of the judges in the Court of Session, are the subjects of numerous anecdotes. On the bench he frequently indulged in a degree of lethargy not altogether in keeping with the dignity of the long-robe, and which, to individuals unacquainted with his habits, might well seem to interfere with the proper discharge of his duties. On one occasion, while a very zealous but inexperienced counsel was pleading before him, his lordship had been dozing, as usual, for some time—till at last the young man, supposing him asleep, and confident of a favourable judgment in his case, stopped short in his pleading, and addressing the other lords on the bench, said, 'My lords, it is unnecessary, that I should go on, as Lord Newton is fast asleep.' 'Ay, ay,' cried Newton, whose faculties were not in the least affected, 'you will have proof of that by and bye,' when, to the astonishment of the young advocate, after a most luminous review of the case, he gave a very decided and elaborate judgment against him.

Lord Newton participated deeply in the bacchanalian propensities so prevalent among lawyers of every degree, during the last and beginning of the present century. He has been described as one of the 'profoundest drinkers of his day. A friend informs us that, when dining alone, his lordship was very abstemious; but when in the company of his friends, he has frequently been known to put three 'lang-craigs,' or bottles of claret with long necks, under his belt, with scarcely the appearance of being affected by it. On one of these occasions he dictated to his clerk a law-paper of sixty pages, which has been considered one of the ablest his lordship had ever been known to produce. The manuscript was sent to press without being read, and the proof sheets were corrected at the bar of the Inner House in the morning.

It has been stated that Lord Newton often spent the night in all manner of convivial indulgences—drove home about seven o'clock in the morning—slept two hours, and mounting the bench at the usual time, showed himself perfectly well qualified to perform his duty. Simond, the French traveller, relates that 'he was quite surprised, on stepping one morning into the Parliament House, to find in the dignified capacity, and exhibiting all the dignified bearing of a judge, the very gentleman with whom he had just spent a night of debauch, and parted only an hour before, when both were excessively intoxicated.' His lordship was also exceedingly fond of card-playing; so much so, that it was humorously remarked, 'Cards were his profession, and the law only his amusement.'

During the sitting of the session, Lord Newton, when an advocate, constantly attended a club once a-week, called 'The Crochallan Fencibles,' which met in Daniel Douglas's Tavern, Anchor Close, and consisted of a considerable number of literary men and wits of the very *first water*. The club assumed the name of *Crochallan* from the burthen of a Gaelic song, which the landlord used sometimes to entertain the members with; and they chose to name their association *Fencibles*, because several military volunteer corps in Edinburgh then bore that appellation. In this club all the members held some pretended military rank or title. On the introduction of new members, it was the custom to treat them at first with much apparent rudeness, as a species of initiation, or trial of their tempers and humours; and when this was done with prudence, Lord Newton was much delighted with the joke, and he was frequently engaged in drilling the recruits in this way. His lordship held the appointments of Major and Muster-Master-General to the corps. The late Mr. Smellie introduced the poet Burns to this corps in January 1787, when Lord Newton and he were appointed to drill the bard, and they accordingly gave him a most severe castigation. Burns showed his good humour by retaliating in an extemporaneous effusion, descriptive of Mr. Smellie, who held at that time the honourable office of *hangman* to the corps.

The eccentricities of Lord Newton were frequently a source of merriment amongst his friends. He had an unconquerable antipathy to punning, and in order to excite the uneasiness he invariably exhibited at all attempts of that nature, they studiously practised this novel species of punishment in his company.

Lord Newton, when an advocate, continued to wear the gown of Lockhart, "Lord Covington," till it was in tatters, and at last had a new one made with a fragment of the neck of the original sewed into it, whereby he could still make it his boast that he wore 'Covington's gown.' Lord Covington died in 1782, in the eighty-second year of his age. He practised for upwards of half a century at the bar previous to his elevation to the bench in 1775. He and his friend Ferguson of Pitfour rendered themselves conspicuous by becoming voluntary counsel for the unfortunate prisoners tried at Carlisle in 1746 for their concern in the rebellion, and especially by the ingenious means they devised to shake the wholesale accusations against them.

Lord Newton was an uncompromising Whig. From his independent avowal of principles, and occasional vehement declamation against measures which he conceived to be wrong, he was dubbed by his opponents the 'Mighty Goth.' This, however, was only in the way of good-natured banter: no man, perhaps, passed through life with fewer enemies, even among those who were his political opponents. All bore testimony to his upright conduct as a judge, to his talents as a lawyer, and to his honesty as a man.

Lord Newton died at Powrie, in Forfarshire,

on the 19th of October 1811. His lordship, who is understood not to have relished female society, was never married; and the large fortune which he left was inherited by his only sister, Mrs. Hay Mudie, for whom he always entertained the greatest affection."

### AN OLD ITALIAN STORY.

Messire Barnabas, the sovereign of Milan, was feared beyond any other prince of his time. Yet, though extremely cruel, he observed in his severities a species of justice, of which the following anecdote may serve as an illustration:—A certain rich abbot, who had the care of his dogs, having suffered two of them to get the mange, was fined four florins for his negligence. He begged very hard to be let off, on which the duke said to him, "I will remit you the fine on condition that you answer me the three following questions:—1. How far is it to the sky? 2. How much water is in the sea? 3. What am I worth?" The abbot's heart sunk within him on hearing these propositions, and he saw that he was in a worse case than ever. However, to get rid of the matter for the present, he begged time for consideration, and the duke gave him the whole of the next day; but, desirous of seeing how he would get out of the difficulty, he compelled him to give security for his reappearance.

As the abbot was returning home, in melancholy mood, he met a man who rented a mill under him. The miller seeing him thus cast down, said "What is the matter, sir? what makes you sigh so?" "I may well sigh," replied the abbot, "for his highness threatens to play the deuce with me if I do not answer three questions, which neither Solomon nor Aristotle could solve;" and he told the miller what they were. The latter stood thoughtful for a few minutes, and then said, "If you will have a mind I will get you out of the scrape." "I heartily wish you could!" exclaimed the abbot, "there is nothing I have that I would not give you." "I am willing to leave that to you," said the miller, "but it will be necessary that you lend me your tunic and cowl. I must get myself shaved, and make myself as much like an abbot as I can." To this his reverence joyfully consented, and the next morning the miller, having transformed himself into a priest, set out for the palace.

The duke, surprised that the abbot should be ready so early, ordered him to be admitted; and the miller having made his reverence, placed himself as much in the dark as he could and kept fumbling about his face with his hand, to prevent his being recognised. The duke then asked him if he was ready to answer the queries that he had put to him? to which he replied in the affirmative. "Your highness's first question," said he, "was, 'How far is it from hence to the sky?' I answer thirty-six millions, eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two miles and a half, and twenty-two yards." "You have made a nice calculation," said the duke; "but how do you prove it?"

"If you think it incorrect," said the other, "*measure it yourself*, and if you do not find it right, hang me."

Your second question, 'How much water is there in the sea?' has given me a good deal of trouble, because, as there is always some coming into it, or going out of it, it is scarcely possible to be exact; however, according to the nearest estimate I have been able to make, the sea holds twenty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-two millions of hogsheads, seven barrels, twelve quarts, two pints." "How can you possibly tell?" said the duke. "I have taken all the pains I could," replied the other; "but if you have any doubt about the matter, *get a sufficient number of barrels*, and you will then see.

Thirdly, you demanded, 'How much your highness was worth?' I answer nine-and-twenty shillings.

When Messire Barnabas heard this, he flew into a furious passion, and said, "a murrain take you, do you hold me in no higher estimation than a pottage-pot?" "Sire," replied the other, trembling all over, "you know our Lord was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I thought that I must take you at one less than him." The shrewdness of the man's replies convinced the duke that he was not the abbot; and looking steadfastly at him, he charged him with being an impostor. The miller, greatly frightened, fell on his knees, and begged for mercy, stating that he was a servant of the abbot, and had undertaken the scheme at his request, solely with a view to entertain his highness. Messire Barnabas, hearing this, exclaimed, "Since he has himself made you an abbot, and a better one than ever he was, I confirm the appointment, and invest you with his benefice: as you have taken his place, he shall take yours." This was actually done; and as long as he lived, the miller received the revenue of the abbey, and the abbot was obliged to content himself with that of the mill. And so the abbot turned miller and the miller abbot.

The novelist concludes with remarking, that, notwithstanding the miller's good fortune it is seldom safe to take liberties with great men; they are like the sea, which, if it gives the chance of great wealth, exposes also to great peril; and that, however a man may be favoured by the weather for a time, he is always in danger of being wrecked by a storm.

### RECIPE FOR MAKING A PHYSICIAN.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by the ingenious Paul Whitehead to his friend Dr. Thompson, at that time Physician to Frederick Prince of Wales—a man of wit, learning, and liberality; but so great a sloven that he seldom had his shoes cleaned, which he generally bought at a Yorkshire warehouse, wore them till his feet came through the leather, then shook them off at the same place, and purchased a new pair. And thus he did with all his other habiliments:—



"Let not the soil of a preceding day be ever seen on your linen; since your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy scarcity of shirts, than to any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

"Let not father Time's dilapidations be discovered in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your stockings than the weaver intended; that your shoes preserve the symmetry of two heels: and that your galligaskins betray no poetical insignia; for it will be generally concluded that he has very little to do with the repair of others' constitutions, who is unable to preserve that of his own apparel.

"Let your wig always swell to the true college dimensions; and as frequently as possible let the Apothecary bob give way to the Graduate tie; for, what notable recommendation the head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable full-bottoms of the bench may determine.

"Thus dressed, let your chariot be always ready to receive you; nor be ever seen trudging the streets with an Herculean oak, and bemired to the knees; since an equipage so unsuitable to a sick lady's chamber, will be apt to induce a belief that you have no summons thither.

"Forbear to haunt cook-shops, hedge-ale-houses, cyder-cellars, &c. and to display your oratory in those inferior regions; for, however this may agree with your philosophical character, it will by no means enhance your physical one.

"Never stay telling a long story in a coffee-house, when you may be writing a short recipe in a patient's chamber; and prudently consider, that the first will cost you sixpence, while the last will gain you a guinea.

"Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with at noon; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night; for the sick are apt to be peevish and impatient; and remember that suffering a patient to wait you is the ready way for you to want a patient.

"Be mindful of all messages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your industry equal your abilities; then shall your physical persecutors become abashed, and the legions of Warwick Lane and Blackfriars shall not be able to prevail against you."

**INDIAN JUGGLERS.**—A man who, in 1828, seated himself in the air without any apparent support, excited as much interest and curiosity as the automaton chess-player who astonished all Europe a few years ago; drawings were exhibited in all the Indian papers, and various conjectures formed respecting the secret of his art, but no very satisfactory discovery was made of the means by which he effected an apparent impossibility. The bodies of the Madras jugglers are so lithe and supple, as to resemble those of serpents rather than men. An artist of this kind will place a ladder upright on the ground, and wind himself in and out through the rungs until he reaches the top, de-

scending in the same manner, keeping the ladder, which has no support whatever, in a perpendicular position. Some of the most accomplished tumblers will spring over an enormous elephant, or five camels placed abreast; and in rope-dancing they are not to be out-done by any of the wonders of Sadler's Wells. Swallowing the sword is a common operation, even by those who are not considered to be the most expert; and they have various other exploits with naked weapons, of a most frightful nature. A woman—for females are quite equal to the men in these kinds of feats—will dip the point of a sword in some black pigment; the hilt is then fixed firmly in the ground, and after a few whirls in the air, the artiste takes off a portion of the pigment with her eye-lid. A sword and four daggers are placed in the ground, with their edges and points upwards, at such distance from each other as to admit of a man's head between them; the operator then plants a scimitar firmly in the ground, sits down behind it, and at a bound throws himself over the scimitar, pitching his head exactly in the centre between the daggers, and, turning over, clears them and the sword. Walking over the naked edges of sabres seems to be perfectly easy; and some of these people will stick a sword in the ground, and step upon the point in crossing over it. A more agreeable display of the lightness and activity, which would enable the performers to tread over flowers without bending them, is shown upon a piece of thin linen cloth stretched out slightly in the hands of four persons, which is traversed without ruffling it, or forcing it from the grasp of the holders. The lifting of heavy weights with the eye-lids is another very disgusting exhibition. Some of the optical deceptions are exceedingly curious, and inquirers are till this day puzzled to guess how plants and flowers can be instantaneously produced from seeds.—*Miss Roberts's Hindostan.*

**OLD PARR.**—Thomas Parr lived to the extraordinary age of 152 years. He was of the county of Salop, born anno 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, viz.—Edward IV., King Edward V., King Richard III., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elisabeth, King James, and King Charles; was buried in Westminster Abbey, November 15, 1636.

**YEOMAN.**—This title was formerly one of more dignity than now commonly belongs to it. It signified, originally, a *Yewman*, so called from bearing the bow in battle, bows being made of *yew*. Hence, a Yeoman was, at first, of at least equal consequence with an Esquire, or shield-bearer; and, as a proof of this, we have even now—Yeomen of the crown, Yeomen of the guards, Yeomen of the chamber, &c.—all persons of the first rank.—*Mirror.*

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## STEPHEN LANE, THE BUTCHER.

The greatest man in these parts, (I use the word in the sense of Louis-le-Gros, not Louis-le-Grand,) the greatest man hereabout, by, at least, a stone, is our worthy neighbour Stephen Lane, the grazier, ex-butcher of Belford. Nothing so big hath been seen since Lambert the jailer, or the Durham ox.

When he walks, he overfills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Indeed, a malicious attorney, in drawing up a paving bill for the ancient borough of Belford Regis, once inserted a clause confining Mr. Lane to the middle of the road, together with wagons, vans, stage-coaches, and other heavy articles. Chairs crack under him,—coaches rock,—bolsters groan,—and floors tremble. He hath been stuck in a staircase and jammed in a doorway, and has only escaped being ejected from an omnibus by its being morally and physically impossible that he should get in. His passing the window has something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern. He puts out the light, like Othello. A small wit of our town, by calling a supervisor, who dabbles in riddles, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the poet's corner of a country newspaper, once perpetrated a conundrum on his person, which, as relating to so eminent and well-known an individual, (for almost every reader of the "H—shire Herald" hath, at some time or other, been a customer of our butcher,) had the honour of puzzling more people at the Sunday morning breakfast-table, and of engaging more general attention than had ever before happened to that respectable journal. A very horrible

murder, (and there was that week one of the first water,) two shipwrecks, an *elevation*, and an execution, were all passed over as trifles, compared with the interest excited by this literary squib and cracker. A trifling quirk it was to keep Mr. Stacy, the surveyor, a rival bard, fuming over his coffee until the said coffee grew cold; or to hold Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantuamaker, in pleasant though painful efforts at divination until the bell rang for church, and she had hardly time to undo her curl-papers and arrange her ringlets; a flimsy quirk of a surety, an inconsiderable quiddity! Yet, since the courteous readers of the "H—shire Herald" were amused with pondering over it, so, perchance, may be the no less courteous and far more courtly readers of these slight sketches. I insert it, therefore, for their edification, together with the answer, which was not published in the "Herald" until the H—shire public had remained an entire week in suspense:—*Query*—"Why is Mr. Stephen Lane like Rembrandt?" *Ans.*—Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow."

The length of his shadow, although by no means in proportion to the width,—for that would have recalled the days when giants walked the land, and Jack, the famous Jack, who borrowed his surname from his occupation, slew them,—was yet of pretty fair dimensions. He stood six feet two inches without his shoes, and would have been accounted an exceedingly tall man, if his intolerable fatness had not swallowed up all minor distinctions. That magnificent *beau ideal* of a human mountain, "the fat woman of Brentford," for whom Sir John Falstaff passed not only undetected, but unsuspected, never crossed my mind's eye but as the feminine of Mr. Stephen Lane.



Tailors, although he was a liberal and punctual paymaster, dreaded his custom. They could not, charge how they might, contrive to extract any profit from his "huge rotundity." It was not only the quantity of material that he took, and yet that cloth universally called broad was not broad enough for him,—it was not only the stuff, but the work—the sewing, stitching, plaiting, and button-holing without end. The very shears grew weary of their labours. Two fashionable suits might have been constructed in the time, and from the materials consumed in the fabrication of one for Mr. Stephen Lane. Two, did I say? Ay, three or four, with a sufficient allowance of cabbage,—a perquisite never to be extracted from his coats or waistcoats,—no, not enough to cover a penwiper. Let the cutter cut his cloth ever so largely, it was always found to be too little. All their measures put together would not go round him; and as to guessing at his proportions by the eye, a tailor might as well attempt to calculate the dimensions of a seventy-four gun ship,—as soon try to fit a three-decker. Gloves and stockings were made for his especial use. Extras and double extras failed utterly in his case, as the dapper shopman espied at the first glance of his huge paw, a fist which might have felled an ox, and somewhat resembled the dead ox-flesh, commonly called beef, in texture and colour.

To say the truth, his face was pretty much of the same complexion—and yet it was no uncomely visage either; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff, massive, English countenance, such as Holbein would have liked to paint, in which great manliness and determination were blended with much good-humour, and a little humour of another kind; so that even when the features were in seeming repose, you could foresee how the face would look when a broad smile, and a sly wink, and a knowing nod, and a demure smoothing down of his straight shining hair on his broad forehead gave his wonted cast of drollery to the blunt but merry tradesman, to whom might have been fitly applied the Chinese compliment, "Prosperity is painted on your countenance."

Stephen Lane, however, had not always been so prosperous, or so famous

for the breadth of his shadow. Originally a foundling in the streets of Belford, he owed his very name, like the "Richard Monday," of one of Crabbe's finest delineations, to the accident of his having been picked up, when apparently about a week old, in a by-lane, close to St. Stephen's churchyard, and baptized by order of the vestry after the scene of his discovery. Like the hero of the poet, he also was sent to the parish workhouse; but, as unlike to Richard Monday, in character as in destiny, he won, by a real or fancied resemblance to a baby whom she had recently lost, the affection of the matron, and was by her care shielded, not only from the physical dangers of infancy, in such an abode, but from the moral perils of childhood.

Kindly yet roughly reared, Stephen Lane was even as a boy eminent for strength and hardihood, and invincible good-humour. At ten years old, he had fought with and vanquished every lad under fifteen, not only in the workhouse proper, but in the immediate purlieus of that respectable domicile; and would have got into a hundred scrapes, had he not been shielded, in the first place, by the active protection of his original patroness, the wife of the superintendent and master of the establishment, whose pet he continued to be; and, in the second, by his own bold and decided, yet kindly and affectionate temper. Never had a boy of ten years old more friends than the poor foundling of St. Stephen's workhouse. There was hardly an inmate of that miscellaneous dwelling who had not profited, at some time or other, by the good-humoured lad's delightful alertness in obliging, his ready services, his gaiety, his intelligence, and his resource. From mending Master Hunt's crutch, down to rocking the cradle of Dame Green's baby—from fetching the water for the general wash, a labour which might have tried the strength of Hercules, down to leading out for his daily walk the half-blind, half-idiot, half-crazy David Hood, a task which would have worn out the patience of Job, nothing came amiss to him. All was performed with the same cheerful goodwill; and the warm-hearted gratitude with which he received kindness was even more attaching than his readiness to perform good offices to others. I question

if ever there were a happier childhood than that of the deserted parish-boy.—Set aside the pugnaciousness which he possessed in common with other brave and generous animals, and which his protectress, the matron of the house, who had enjoyed in her youth the advantage of perusing some of those novels—now, alas! no more—where the heroes, originally foundlings, turn out to be lords and dukes in the last volume, used to quote, in confirmation of her favourite theory, that he too would be found to be nobly born, as proofs of his innate high blood;—set aside the foes made by his propensity to single combat, which could hardly fail to exasperate the defeated champions, and Stephen had not an enemy in the world.

At ten years of age, however, the love of independence, and the desire to try his fortunes in the world, began to stir in the spirited lad; and his kind friend and confidant, the master's wife, readily promised her assistance to set him forth in search of adventures, though she was not a little scandalized to find his first step in life likely to lead him into a butcher's shop; he having formed an acquaintance with a journeyman slayer of cattle in the neighbourhood, who had interceded with his master to take him on trial as an errand boy, with an understanding that, if he showed industry and steadiness, and liked the craft, he might, on easy terms, be accepted as an apprentice. This prospect, which Stephen justly thought magnificent, shocked the lady of the workhouse, who had set her heart on his choosing a different scene of slaughter—killing men, not oxen—going forth a soldier, turning the fate of a battle, marrying some king's daughter or emperor's niece, and returning in triumph to his native town, a generalissimo, at the very least.

Her husband, however, and the parish-overseers were of a different opinion. They were much pleased with the proposal, and were (for overseers) really liberal in their manner of meeting it. So that a very few days saw Stephen in blue sleeves and a blue apron—the dress which he still loves best—parading through the streets of Belford, with a tray of meat upon his head, and a huge mastiff called Boxer—whose warlike name

matched his warlike nature—following at his heels, as if part and parcel of himself. A proud boy was Stephen on that first day of his promotion; and a still prouder, when, perched on a pony, long the object of his open admiration and his secret ambition, he carried out the orders to his country customers. His very basket danced for joy.

Years wore away, and found the errand boy transmuted into the apprentice, and the apprentice ripened into the journeyman, with no diminution of industry, intelligence, steadiness, and good-humour. As a young man of two or three and twenty, he was so remarkable for feats of strength and activity, for which his tall and athletic person, not, at that period, encumbered by flesh, particularly fitted him, as to be the champion of the town and neighbourhood; and large bets have been laid and won on his sparring, and wrestling, and lifting weights all but incredible. He has walked to London and back, (a distance of above sixty miles,) against time, leaping, in his way, all the turnpike-gates that he found shut, without even laying his hand upon the bars. He has driven a flock of sheep against a shepherd by profession, and has rowed against a bargeman; and all this without suffering these dangerous accomplishments to beguile him into the slightest deviation from his usual sobriety and good conduct. So that, when at six and twenty he became, first, head man to Mr. Jackson, the great butcher in the Butts; then married Mr. Jackson's only daughter; then, on his father-in-law's death, succeeded to the business and a very considerable property; and, finally, became one of the most substantial, respectable, and influential inhabitants of Belford,—every one felt that he most thoroughly deserved his good fortune: and, although his prosperity has continued to increase with his years, and those who envied have seldom had the comfort of being called on to condole with him on calamities of any kind, yet, such is the power of his straight-forward, fair dealing, and his enlarged liberality, that his political adversaries, on the occasion of a contested election, or some such trial of power, are driven back to the workhouse and St. Stephen's lane, to his obscure and ignoble origin, (for the noble parents whom



his poor old friend used to prognosticate have never turned up,) to find materials for party malignity.

Prosperous, most prosperous, has Stephen Lane been through life; but by far the best part of his good fortune (setting pecuniary advantages quite out of the question) was his gaining the heart and hand of such a woman as Margaret Jackson. In her youth she was splendidly beautiful—of the luxuriant and gorgeous beauty in which *Giorgione* revelled; and now, in the autumn of her days, amplified, not like her husband, but so as to suit her matronly character, she seems to me almost as delightful to look upon as she could have been in her earliest spring. I do not know a prettier picture than to see her sitting at her own door, on a summer afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grand-children,—all of them handsome, gay, and cheerful,—with her knitting on her knee, and her sweet face beaming with benevolence and affection, smiling on all around, and seeming as if it were her sole desire to make every one about her as good and as happy as herself. One cause of the long endurance of her beauty is undoubtedly its delightful expression. The sunshine and harmony of mind depicted in her countenance would have made plain features pleasing; and there was an intelligence, an enlargement of intellect, in the bright eyes and the fair expanded forehead, which mingled well with the sweetness that dimpled round her lips. Butcher's wife and butcher's daughter though she were, yet was she a graceful and gracious woman,—one of nature's gentlewomen in look and in thought. All her words were candid—all her actions liberal—all her pleasures unselfish—though, in her great pleasure of giving, I am not quite sure that she was so—she took such extreme delight in it. All the poor of the parish and the town came to her, as a matter of course—that is always the case with the eminently charitable; but children also applied to her for their little indulgences, as if by instinct. All the boys in the street used to come to her to supply their several desires; to lend them knives and give them string for kites, or pencils for drawing, or balls for cricket, as the matter might be. Those huge pockets of hers were a perfect toy-shop, and so the

urchins knew. And the little damsels, their sisters, came to her also for materials for doll's dresses, or odd bits of riband for pincushions, or coloured silks to embroider their needle-cases, or any of the thousand-and-one knick-knacks which young girls fancy they want. However out of the way the demand might seem, there was the article in Mrs. Lane's great pocket. She knew the taste of her clients, and was never unprovided. And in the same ample receptacle, mixed with knives and balls, and pencils for the boys, and doll's dresses, and sometimes even a doll itself, for the girls, might be found sugar-plums, and cakes, and apples, and gingerbread-nuts, for the "toddling wee things," for whom even dolls have no charms. There was no limit to Mrs. Lane's bounty, or to the good-humoured alacrity with which she would interrupt a serious occupation to satisfy the claims of the small people. Oh, how they all loved Mrs. Lane!

Another and a very different class also loved the kind and generous inhabitant of the Butts—the class who, having seen better days, are usually averse to accepting obligations from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their inferiors. With them, Mrs. Lane's delicacy was remarkable. Mrs. Lucas, the curate's widow, often found some unspoken luxury, a sweetbread, or so forth, added to her slender order; and Mr. Hughes, the consumptive young artist, could never manage to get his bill. Our good friend the butcher had his full share in the benevolence of these acts, but the manner of them belonged wholly to his wife.

Her delicacy, however, did not, fortunately for herself and for her husband, extend to her domestic habits. She was well content to live in the coarse plenty in which her father lived, and in which Stephen revelled; and by this assimilation of taste, she not only ensured her own comfort, but preserved, unimpaired, her influence over his coarser but kindly and excellent disposition. It was, probably, to this influence that her children owed an education which, without raising them in the slightest degree above their station or their home, yet followed the spirit of the age, and added considerable cultivation, and plain but useful knowledge,

to the strong and manly sense of their father, and her own sweet and sunny temperament. They are just what the children of such parents ought to be.—The daughters, happily married in their own rank of life; the sons, each in his different line, following the footsteps of their father and amassing large fortunes, not by paltry savings or daring speculations, but by well-grounded and judicious calculation—by sound and liberal views—by sterling sense and downright honesty.

Universally as Mrs. Lane was beloved, Stephen had his enemies. He was a politician—a Reformer—a Radical, in those days in which reform was not so popular as it has been lately: he loved to descant on liberty, and economy, and retrenchment, and reform, and carried his theory into practice, in a way exceedingly inconvenient to the tory member, whom he helped to oust; to the mayor and corporation, whom he watched as a cat watches a mouse, or as Mr. Hume watches the cabinet ministers; and to all gas companies, and paving companies, and water companies, and contractors of every sort, whom he attacks as monopolizers and speculators, and twenty more long words with bad meanings, and torments out of their lives;—for he is a terrible man in a public meeting, hath a loud, sonorous voice, excellent lungs, cares for nobody, and is quite entirely inaccessible to conviction, the finest of all qualities for your thorough-going partisan. All the Tories hated Mr. Lane.

But the Tories latterly have formed but a small minority in Belford; and amongst the Whigs and Radicals, or, to gather the two parties into one word, the Reformers, he was decidedly popular—the leader of the opulent tradespeople both socially and politically. He it was—this denouncer of mayor's feasts and parish festivals—who, after the great contest, which his candidate gained by three, gave to the new member a dinner more magnificent, as he declared, than any he had ever seen or ever imagined—a dinner like the realization of an epicure's dream, or an embodying of some of the visions of the old dramatic poets, accompanied by wines so aristocratic, that they blushed to find themselves on a butcher's table. He

was president of a smoking-club, and vice-president of half-a-dozen societies where utility and charity come in the shape of a good dinner; was a great man at a Smithfield cattle-show; an eminent looker-on at the bowling-green, which salutary exercise he patronised and promoted by sitting at an open window in a commodious smoking-room commanding the scene of action; and a capital performer of catches and glees.

He was musical, very, did I not say so when talking of his youthful accomplishments?—playing by ear, “with fingers like toes” (as somebody said of Handel) both on the piano and the flute, and singing, in a fine bass voice, many of the old songs which are so eminently popular and national. His voice was loudest at church, giving body, as it were, to the voices of the rest of the congregation, and “God save the King” at the theatre would not have been worth hearing without Mr. Lane—he put his whole heart into it; for, with all his theoretical radicalism, the King—any of the three kings in whose reign he hath flourished, for he did not reserve his loyalty for our present popular monarch, but bestowed it in full amplitude on his predecessors, the two last of the Georges—the King hath not a more loyal subject. He is a great patron of the drama, especially the comic drama, and likes no place better than the stage-box at the Belford theatre, a niche meant for six, which exactly fits him. All-fours is his favourite game, and Joe Miller his favourite author.

His retirement from business and from Belford occasioned a general astonishment and consternation. It was perfectly understood that he could afford to retire from business as well as any tradesman who ever gave up a flourishing shop in that independent borough; but the busybodies, who take so unaccountable a pleasure in meddling with every body's concerns, had long ago decided that he never would do so; and that he should abandon the good town at the very moment when the progress of the Reform Bill had completed his political triumphs—when the few adversaries who remained to the cause, as he was wont emphatically to term it, had not a foot to stand upon—did appear the most wonderful wonder of wonders that had occurred



since the days of Katterfelto. Stephen Lane without Belford!—Belford, especially in its reformed state, without Stephen Lane, appeared as incredible as the announcements of the bottle-conjurer. Stephen Lane to abandon the great shop in the Butts! What other place would ever hold him? And to quit the scene of his triumphs too! to fly from the very field of victory!—the thing seemed impossible!

It was, however, amongst the impossibilities that turn out true. Stephen Lane *did* leave the reformed borough, perhaps all the sooner because it *was* reformed, and his work was over—his occupation was gone. It is certain that, without perhaps exactly knowing his own feelings, our good butcher did feel the vacuum, the want of an exciting object, which often attends upon the fulfilment of a great hope. He also felt and understood better the entire cessation of opposition amongst his old enemies, the corporation party. “Dang it, they might ha’ shown fight, these corporationers! I thought Ben Bailey had had more bottom!” was his exclamation, after a borough-meeting which had passed off unanimously; and, scandalized at the pacific disposition of his adversaries, our puissant grazier turned his steps towards “fresh fields and pastures new.”

He did not move very far. Just over the border-line, which divides the parish of St. Stephen, in the loyal and independent borough of Belford, from the adjoining hamlet of Sunham—that is to say, exactly half a mile from the great shop in the Butts, did Mr. Lane take up his abode, calling his suburban habitation, which was actually joined to the town by two rows of two-story houses, one of them fronted with poplars, and called Marvell Terrace, in compliment to the patriot of that name in Charles’s days,—calling this *rus in urbe* of his “the country,” after the fashion of the inhabitants of Kensington and Hackney, and the other suburban villages which surround London proper; as if people who live in the midst of brick houses could have a right to the same rustic title with those who live amongst green fields. Compared to the Butts, however, Mr. Lane’s new residence was almost rural; and the country he called it accordingly.

Retaining, however, his old town predilections, his large, square, commodious, and very ugly red house, with very white mouldings and window-frames, (red, so to say, picked out with white,) and embellished by a bright green door and a resplendent brass knocker, was placed close to the road-side—as close as possible; and the road happening to be that which led from the town of Belford to the little place called London, he had the happiness of counting above sixty stage coaches, which passed his door in the twenty-four hours, with vans, wagons, carts, and other vehicles in proportion; and of enjoying, not only from his commodious mansion, but also from the window of a smoking-room at the end of a long brick wall which parted his garden from the road, all the clatter, dust, and din of these several equipages—the noise being duly enhanced by there being, just opposite his smoking-room window, a public house of great resort, where most of the coaches stopped to take up parcels and passengers, and where singing, drinking, and four-corners were going on all the day long.

One of his greatest pleasures in this retirement seems to be to bring all around him—wife, children, and grand-children—to the level of his own size, or that of his prize ox,—the expressions are nearly synonymous. The servant-lads have a chubby breadth of feature, like the stone heads, with wings under them (*soi-disant* cherubim,) which one sees perched round old monuments; and the maids have a broad, Dutch look, full and florid, like the women in Teniers’ pictures. The very animals seem bursting with over-fatness: the great horse that draws his substantial equipage, labours under the double weight of his master’s flesh and his own; his cows look like stalled oxen; and the leash of large red greyhounds, on whose prowess and pedigree he prides himself, and whom he boasts, and vaunts, and brags of, and offers to bet upon, in the very spirit of the inimitable dialogue between Page and Shallow in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” could no more run a course in their present condition than they could fly,—the hares would stand and laugh at them.

Mr. Lane is certainly a very happy person; although, when first he removed

from the Butts, it was quite the fashion to bestow a great deal of pity on the poor rich man, self-condemned to idleness,—which pity was as much thrown away as pity for those who have the power to follow their own devices generally is. Our good neighbour is not the man to be idle. Besides going every day to the old shop, where his sons carry on the business, and he officiates *en amateur*, attending his old clubs, and pursuing his old diversions in Belford, he has his farm in Sunham to manage, (some five hundred acres of pasture and arable land, which he purchased with his new house,) and the whole parish to reform. He has already begun to institute inquiries into charity-schools and poor-rates, has an eye on the surveyor of highways, and a close watch on the overseer; he attends turnpike meetings, and keeps a sharp look-out upon the tolls; and goes peeping about the workhouse with an anxiety to detect peculation that would do honour even to a radical member of the reformed House of Commons.

Moreover, he hath a competitor worthy of his powers in the shape of the village orator, Mr. Jacob Jones, a little whippersnapper of a gentleman farmer, with a shrill, cracked voice, and great activity of body, who, having had the advantage of studying some odds-and-ends of law, during a three years' residence in an attorney's office, has picked up therein a competent portion of technical jargon, together with a prodigious volubility of tongue, and a comfortable stock of impudence; and, under favour of these good gifts, hath led the village senate by the nose for the last dozen years. Now, Mr. Jacob Jones is, in his way, nearly as great a man as Mr. Lane; rides his bit of blood a fox-hunting with my Lord; dines once a year with Sir John; and advocates abuses through thick and thin—he does not well know why—almost as stoutly as our good knight of the cleaver does battle for reform. These two champions are to be pitted against each other at the next vestry-meeting, and much interest is excited as to the event of the contest. I, for my part, think, that Mr. Lane will carry the day. He is, in every way, a man of more substance; and Jacob Jones will no more be able to withstand “the momentum of his republican fist,” than a soldier of light infantry could stand the

charge of a heavy dragoon. Stephen, honest man, will certainly add to his other avocations that of overseer of Sunham. Much good may it do him!—*Miss Mitford.*

#### MAGAZINE DAY.\*

“Magazine Day” is a sort of monthly era in the life of a London bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine Day can only be said fairly to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the width and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town, as periodical literature on that day.

The point from which the magazines and other periodicals all start when their distribution is about to take place, is Paternoster-row, which, with that fondness for brevity of expression so characteristic of the people of London, is invariably called “the Row.” The Row is not only the great, but may be said to be the only emporium of periodical literature on Magazine Day. Most persons unacquainted with the London bibliopolic trade, fancy that every bookseller in town, who receives an order for a certain periodical from the country, must go for it direct to the particular publisher of that periodical. This is not the fact. The party receiving the order sends it at once to the Row, where he gets the periodical in question, and where he gets, at the same time, all the other periodicals which other customers may have ordered. If he had to go for each periodical to the place of publication, he would find it impossible to get through his business, if of any extent, with the requisite expedition, as the publishers of such works are scattered in all directions throughout the metropolis. Only fancy a person having to

\* This article is contributed by the Author of “Random Recollections of the House of Commons,” “The Great Metropolis,” &c.



go, say from the middle of the city, first to a house in Leadenhall-street, for the "Asiatic Journal," and then westward to Regent-street for "Frazer's Magazine," "Bentley's Miscellany," or the "Metropolitan Magazine." Instead of this, however, he has only to go to the Row, where he at once gets, from the house he is in the habit of dealing with, all the periodicals for which he may have orders.

The actual publishers of periodicals, therefore, have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the sale of their respective works on Magazine Day, and they seldom have any idea of the actual number sold of their own publications on that day. I have known instances in which the proprietors of some new periodical, or the new proprietors of some old one, have been extremely anxious to know the effects of the expenditure of a very large sum of money in advertisements, and yet have not been able to form the least idea on the subject on Magazine Day. The plan adopted by the publishers of periodicals, is to send to the various wholesale houses in the Row large quantities of their respective works, either on the evening before or early in the morning of Magazine Day. Different houses receive different quantities, according to the relative amount of business done. These houses all take them on the condition that the unsold copies shall be returned. They have a small commission on the number sold, over and above the regular trade allowance of twenty-five per cent. This enables them to supply the trade on the same terms as if each periodical were purchased direct from its publisher. These wholesale houses in the Row scarcely ever, by chance, meet with any other customers than the trade; and, consequently they never get full price for any magazine or other periodical they vend.

The number of these wholesale houses in the Row is not great. Including those whose business is chiefly confined to cheap publications, it does not exceed a dozen. The leading houses are not above half a dozen in number. The quantity of business which some of these houses go through on Magazine Day is immense. I know one house which draws, on an average, from 1200*l.* or 1500*l.* Only fancy the number of periodicals, varying from sixpence to three shillings and six-

pence, which must be turned over from the shelves of the establishment to the hands of the purchasers, before such a sum of money could be taken! The house to which I refer disposes of from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty of some of the more popular periodicals. The business done on Magazine Day is all for ready money. There are no credit transactions whatever. The best customers know, that, without money, they will not be supplied, and consequently no credit is either asked for or expected.

The constant bustle kept up from morning till night in these wholesale houses, exceeds anything of which a person who has not witnessed it could form any conception. The premises are full of young men and boys, all struggling for a priority of "supply." I have often seen as many as fifty or sixty wedged into a shop of the ordinary size. What between the rapid and noisy movement of their feet on the floor—the chinking of sovereigns, and shillings, and pence, on the counter—the quarrelling among themselves—the loud announcement of the names of the works supplied, and the amount of money to which each person's order comes, by the parties behind the counter, and the calls of the customers for the different publications wanted—what between all these discordant sounds, kept up without one moment's intermission, a stranger becomes literally stupified before he has been many minutes in the place. Anything more confused, either to the eye or the ear, it were difficult to conceive. I have often thought that some of the houses in the Row would furnish a fine example, on Magazine Day, of a miniature Babel. The unfortunate persons doomed to spend that day behind the counter, undergo an incredible amount of hardship. Negro slavery, under its worst aspects, never exhibited anything to parallel the labour and fatigue which these persons are fated to encounter. The only thing that sustains them is the consideration that *the* day happens only once a-month. I am satisfied that a week consecutively of such labour as is undergone in these houses on Magazine Day, would be more than the strongest constitution could endure.

To a person unacquainted with such matter, who chanced to spend a few

minutes in a large house in the Row on Magazine Day, all that he heard would be quite unintelligible. The individuals ordering periodicals scarcely ever call the periodicals they wish to procure by their proper names. The love of brevity, to which I have already referred is observable in every word they utter. The "Gentleman's Magazine" never gets any other name than the "Gents." "Tait's Magazine" is simply "Tait." The "New Monthly Magazine" is the "New Month." The "Metropolitan Magazine" is abbreviated to the first three letters, with the addition of an s. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" is the "Ency. Brit." The "Court Magazine" is the "Courts;" the "Lady's Magazine and Museum" is reduced to the dissyllable of "Ladies;" so that it is quite common to hear one person singing out, in one breath, "two Gents," "six Tait's," "four Blackwood," "dozen Chambers" (meaning monthly parts), "three New Months," "three Mets," "one Court," and "two Ladies." But to form some idea of the ludicrous effect which such unintelligible jargon must have in the ears of a stranger, it will be necessary that the reader imagine to himself that a battery of such terms, levelled, if I may use the expression, at the parties behind the counter, is kept up incessantly by fifteen or twenty persons at once.

The incessant bustle kept up from morning till night in these houses in the Row, coupled with the crowds of persons, chiefly young men, who are always in them, afford excellent opportunities to those youths who may be disposed to exercise their light-fingered capabilities. Handkerchiefs often disappear from one's pockets on such occasions; but when it chances to be a rainy day, and umbrellas are in requisition, the possessors of such articles will require to keep what is called a sharp look-out if they mean to retain them for their own use. A few years since, I had occasion, on a rainy Magazine Day, to be in one of the wholesale houses in the Row. I laid down an excellent silk umbrella while I paid for a magazine; it instantly vanished. I mentioned the circumstance to one of the proprietors of the establishment; his answer was, "Oh, sir, everybody must take care of himself on Magazine Day."

While mortified at the circumstance, I could not help admiring the remarkable dexterity with which the theft had been committed. I hung the article on the counter, close beside me, and I am sure half a dozen seconds could not have elapsed before I discovered that it was gone.

Magazine Day always occurs on the last day of the month, except when that last day happens on a Sunday. In such a case, Magazine Day takes place on the Saturday. The appearance of the Row on such days exhibits a remarkable contrast to what it does on any other day of the month. On other days of the month, the Row has a dull aspect. You only meet with a single individual at distances of from twenty to thirty yards. The place has quite a deserted appearance. Very different is it on Magazine Day. Then you see crowds of persons, chiefly young men, flying about in all directions, with bags thrown over their shoulders, either partially or wholly filled with "Mags," as the case chances to be. They could not appear in greater haste though they were running to save their lives.

I have referred to the quantity of business done in one of the largest houses in the Row on Magazine Day. What the entire number of periodicals which are sold by the booksellers in the Row on that day is, I have no data by which I can arrive at a positive conclusion; but, from calculations I have made, I should think the number of periodicals which issue from the Row on the last day of every month cannot be much under fifty thousand; and I should think the entire sum received over the counter for these is not less 7000*l.* or 8000*l.*

The Row is well adapted for being the emporium of literature. It is exactly in the centre of London, being in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's. And yet, while thus in the very centre of this great and busy metropolis, it is, as I have said before, so very quiet, except on Magazine Day, that, if a stranger were taken from the country, and dropped down into it blindfolded, he would, on opening his eyes, conclude that he was in some small provincial town. The Row is almost exclusively occupied by booksellers and stationers. The only premises of any note possessed by any other tradesman, are



those occupied by a candle-maker. I have often thought it a pity that he could not be induced by some means or other to go and manufacture his rushlights, his sixes, &c., in some other quarter. The association between tallow and literature is quite an odd one.

I have said that Magazine Day is a sort of era in the history of the bibliopolic trade; so it is also in that of another class of persons—I mean authors of books and contributors to periodicals. Every Magazine Day, by ten o'clock, authors are attracted to the Row, from all parts of the metropolis, to see what is said of their productions in the literary notices; while contributors, or rather would-be contributors, are drawn to the same locality, to see whether their articles are inserted, or whether they can read their fate in the notices to correspondents. Neither authors who expect their books to be reviewed, nor candidates for admission into magazines, have resolution to wait till the periodicals are regularly published. Their anxiety to ascertain their doom, in such cases, is so intense, that they will rather walk from the most distant parts of London to the Row—the magazines being here first seen—than wait for two or three hours, till brought to them. When the result is agreeable, they do not regret their early rising, or the distance they have walked; when it is otherwise they reproach themselves with their folly in having tormented themselves before the time.

Magazine Day is not confined to the metropolitan circulation of periodical literature. On that day, works of this class are collected for all parts of the country, and sent off in packages by the earliest conveyance. Since the late establishment of steam communication between London and almost every port of any importance in the kingdom, the periodicals which first see the light in the Row, on Magazine Day, are in the hands of readers in the remotest parts of the country in less than a week. The quantity of literature thus sent off in monthly parcels to the country is immense, and has been vastly increased since the introduction of cheap publications into the bibliopolic market.

*Chambers' Journal.*

#### WHAT IS HONOUR?

Not to be capacious, nor unjustly fight;  
Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

#### GLANCES AT THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

HUDDELSFIELD.—The Huddersfield Tunnel is a most extraordinary work. Between Huddersfield and the village of Marsden, where it commences, there are on the canal forty-two locks—the turnpike road leading by the side, along higher ground, through a very romantic glen, which assumes gradually a more and more mountainous character. The mouth of the tunnel is about seven miles distant from Huddersfield, a little to the north of the canal. Here the Manchester-road commences a stupendous ascent, of a mile and a half in continuation, so that, were it not that the tunnel proclaims its own wonder, being in length three miles and a quarter, cut through the middle of a solid mountain—the face of the country altogether would seem to bid defiance to such a work of art. The cost is said to have been 300,000*l.*, which brings the expense to 1*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* per inch; but notwithstanding, the line is regularly worked, the undertaking has failed to reimburse the original proprietors. As the dimensions are too small to admit of two boats passing each other during their passage through, strict regulations are enforced as to the times when they are permitted to enter at either end. Accordingly they adopt intervals of four hours, continually, during day and night; when the towing horses are sent over the hill in charge of a man, who receives sixpence for conducting each horse. The span of the circular aperture is about ten feet; the height not sufficient to allow a man to stand upright in the boat—those used in this navigation being of a narrow, compact build, suited to the service, and capable of carrying from twelve to twenty tons.

The operation of working the boats through is a singular one; and performed by a description of labourers adventitiously hired for the purpose. As there is generally work to be had, a sufficient number of these continually present themselves, who having remained a few days or a week, or as long as it suits them, receive their payment, pursue their march, and choose another occupation. These men, from the nature of their service, are called “leggers,” for they literally work the boat with their legs, or kick it from one end of the tunnel to the other; two “leggers” in each boat, lying on their sides, back to back, derive a purchase from shoulder to shoulder, and use their feet against the opposite walls. It is a hard service, performed in total darkness, and not altogether void of danger, as the roof is composed of loose material, in some parts continually breaking in. Two hours is the time occupied in legging a boat through, and a legger earns a shilling for a light boat; after twelve tons he receives one shilling and sixpence, and so on. Adjacent to the tunnel are considerable reservoirs of water on the higher ground; I saw one containing about twelve acres; another considerably more elevated, is a great deal larger. This latter I did not see, but a miller, whose works receive the stream

as it passes towards the lower reservoir, told me it enabled him, on its transit, to set on three pairs of stone of four feet ten inches diameter, for three weeks, day and night; he said it measured forty acres.

DEWSBURY.—The town of Dewsbury is not only celebrated for its manufacture of blankets, but also for a novel business or trade which has sprung up in England, in addition to the arts and sciences, of late years—namely, that of grinding old garments new; literally tearing in pieces fusty old rags, collected from Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent, by a machine called a “devil,” till a substance very like the original wool is produced: this, by the help of a small addition of new wool, is respun and manufactured into sundry useful coarse articles; such as the wadding which Messrs. Stultze and Co. introduce within the collars of their very fashionable coats, and various descriptions of druggets, horse sheeting, &c.

The trade or occupation of the late owner, his life and habits, or the filthiness and antiquity of the garment itself, oppose no bar to this wonderful process of regeneration; whether from the scarecrow or the gibbet, it makes no difference; so that, according to the transmutation of human affairs, it no doubt frequently does happen, without figure of speech or metaphor, that the identical garment to-day exposed to the sun and rain in a Kentish cherry orchard, or saturated with tobacco smoke on the back of a beggar in a pot-house, is doomed, in its turn, “*perfusus liquidis odoribus*,” to grace the swelling collar, or add dignified proportion to the chest of the dandy. Old flannel petticoats, serge, and bunting, are not only unravelled and brought to their original thread by the claws of the devil, but this machine, by-the-way, simply a series of cylinders armed with iron hooks, effectually, it is said, pulls to pieces and separates the pitchmark of the sheep’s back—which latter operation really is a job worthy of the very devil himself. Those who delight in matters of speculation have here an ample field, provided they feel inclined to extend their researches on this doctrine of the transmigration of coats; for their imagination would have room to range in unfettered flight, even from the blazing galaxy of a regal drawing-room down to the night cellars and lowest haunts of London, Germany, Poland, Portugal, &c. as well as probably even to other countries visited by the plague. But as such considerations would only tend to put a man out of conceit with his own coat, or afflict some of my fair friends with an antipathy to flannel altogether, they are much better let alone; nevertheless, the subject may serve as a hint to those whom a spirit of economy may urge to drive an over-hard bargain with their tailor, or good housewives, who inconsiderately chuckle at having been clever enough, as they imagine, to perform an impossibility—that is to say, in times while the labourer is worthy of his hire, to buy a pair of blankets for less than the value of the wool. These economists may treasure up much useful information, by considering

well the means by which materials may be combined to suit their purpose; for the “shoddy,” as it is called, may be, as occasion requires, mixed with new wool in any proportion; so as to afford, by the help of various artists, in this free country, equal satisfaction to all parties, whether the latter be tidy or dirty by nature.

As I was anxious to see somewhat of the above process, I walked from Dewsbury to the village of Battley Carr, on the river Calder, about a mile distant, where there are several rag mills, and paid a visit to one of them. The rags were ground, as they term it, in the uppermost apartment of the building, by machines, in outward appearance like Cook’s agricultural winnowing machine, and each attended by three or four boys and girls. The operation of the machinery was so thoroughly incased in wood, that nothing was to be seen, though it consisted, as has been before observed, of cylinders armed with hooks, which, being of different sizes, perform their office one after another till the rags put in at the top come out at the bottom to all appearance like coarse short wool. A single glance at the ceremony going forward was quite sufficient to convey a tolerable idea of the business—a single whiff of air from the interior of the apartment was almost more than could be endured.

I will not undertake to render intelligible to the other senses what is an affair of the nose alone—in other words, I will not attempt to describe an ill smell; first, because the subject is not agreeable, and next, because it is particularly difficult; indeed, I know not even whether it be a physical or a metaphysical question, whether or not a smell be, *de jure*, a noun and the name of a thing, having substance and dimensions, or whether it be an ethereal essence void of material particles—as it were the benediction of animal matter departing from the physical to the metaphysical world, and at that very critical moment of its existence, or non-existence, when it belongs to neither. But if the smell of the rag-grinding process can be estimated in any degree, and an inference drawn, by the quantity of dust produced, the quality of the latter at the same time not being forgotten, then some little notion may probably be given by stating, that the boys and girls who attend the mill are not only involved all the time it works in a thick cloud, so as to be hardly visible, but whenever they emerge, appear covered from head to foot with downy particles that entirely obscure their features and render them in appearance like so many brown moths.

It is really extraordinary to observe, on taking a portion of shoddy in the hand as it comes from the mill, the full extent of its transmutation—how perfectly the disentanglement of the filament has been effected; although, notwithstanding its freshened appearance, time and temperature must have inevitably brought it nearer to the period of ultimate decay.

The shoddy thus prepared in the mill is afterward subjected to the usual process of



manufacture, and together with an admixture of new wool, and the help of large quantities of oil, it is passed through the discipline of the carding machine, mules, &c., till a thread is formed, which latter is handed to the weavers. But, alas! there is no such thing as perfection in human nature, or the works of man:—notwithstanding all possible exertion, there are certain parts and particles appertaining to these fusty old rags that cannot be worked up into new coats, do what men will; and of which the shoddy, to do it justice, may be said to be wholly liberated and purified: such things, for instance, as the hides of ancient fleas that have lingered through a rainy season and died of rheumatism, and so forth. Yet, in the present day, such is the enlightenment of man's understanding, that even all these, be they what they may, are scrupulously turned to account, being mixed up together with all the refuse, and that part of the shoddy too short to spin, packed in bales, covered with coarse matting, and thus shipped off to Kent as manure for hops. In this state, called "tillage muck," it fetches about forty-seven shillings a ton. In a yard adjoining Raven's wharf, which though a mile from the town of Dewsbury, and the road is extremely hilly, is the usual place of shipment, I saw a large heap of this compost which very much resembled—"horresco referens"—"I have a crawling sensation as I write"—the stuffing I have occasionally seen, nay, slept upon, in inferior mattresses. Workmen were at the time employed in lading a cargo of these bales, as well as the compost that lay in bulk in the yard; they were then heating most violently. Impressed, on account of the vessel, with the apprehension of fire, for never did I see goods put on board in such a state, I asked the man at the crane whether he did not think there was danger. After looking at me for some seconds with attention, his reply was at least emphatic—"I like, sir," said he, "to see 'em sweat."—*Sir George Head.*

## RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

### THE GULF.

The *Halcyon* was a small, two-masted vessel, of about trifling burden, in fact, of far too great a draught for the trade in which it was engaged, as will be seen hereafter. The peculiar details of the rig I spare you; first, because you would hardly be wiser for them, and secondly, because I have forgotten them. Our freight below deck consisted of *notions*, or a mixed cargo of European and American manufacture, suited to the Mexican market. The hold was gorged to the hatches; the forward deck encumbered with two large piles of merchandise and lumber, and the cabins, fore and aft,

were filled to a certain extent, much to the discomfort of the live stock on board, under which head our trio, and about forty passengers—inclusive of women and children, and exclusive of half a dozen of hands belonging to the vessel—must be comprised.

The low after-cabin measured twelve feet by eight. It was furnished with four confined double berths, each containing a dirty mattress, a blanket, and on an average five hundred cockroaches and other creepers. Half a dozen passengers might have been accommodated with some decency in this den; nevertheless, as it was, it was devoted to the free use of five-and-twenty. In brief, the manner in which the vessel was crammed to repletion with live and dead stock, to the exclusion of any chance of ease, was discreditable to the owners and officers of the ship. But what could we expect from beings such as we now had to deal with!

The day spent at anchor, within the bar of the Mississippi, had given us some foretaste of our position, and of the character of those among whom we were thrown; and during the succeeding days, we had ample time for closer observation.

As to the nations and pursuits, there was distinction enough among the forty souls on board: as to character, one term would suffice; they were rogues all; ourselves excluded. De Vignes, the captain, was a Provençal, the same who, if report said true, commanded the *Calypso* slave ship, with three hundred slaves on board, which was captured by an English cruiser off Mantanzas. Within sight of his port, his evil star prevailed; he was observed and chased—was obliged to run his ship aground, and only escaped certain hanging by leaping overboard, and swimming for his life to the shore. Though a slave dealer and excessively choleric, he was not without his good points. When not irritated, he might be termed good natured, and evinced generous and charitable feelings. He was doubtless a good seaman. His general manner, however, gave you the impression of being soured by adversity, and by a constant struggle with misfortune. Among the crew under his command, you might enumerate probably as many

nations as individuals; and nothing could be more amusing than to hear the orders, whenever he was in a bustle, given and responded to in English, Spanish and French.

Among those who were entitled, by right of payment, to the same accommodation as ourselves—with the exception of the special enjoyment of the berths and cockroaches, which we had timely secured—there were characters such as would make the fortune of any of the present herd of tale-weavers for the annuals and magazines. I cannot linger, however, with either Don Peblo, a fat old Spaniard, full of conceits, and odd scraps of songs, with a good chance of being hung as a Guachupin; or Don Garcia, an exiled Mexican officer, of Iturbide's party, repairing secretly thither with reasonable expectation of being discovered and shot; or Cortina the captain, who had lost his ship; or Celestina, the *farceur* of the company. Neither can I give you the history of the conjuror on board; nor describe the boisterous singing and gaming, the impure orgies and impious airs of the *mauvais sujets*, French, Spanish, German nor give the history of the fair Creole emigrating from New Orleans, with her squalling child, under the protection of a fat and portly schoolmaster of Tamaulipas, jealous and suspicious of every man on board. One personage, however, was too striking not to be singled out.

A tall athletic figure, with strongly marked features; a countenance roughened with the signs of long addiction to a life of passion and adventure; shabby travel-worn habiliments, and a slouched hat, under which, he could, when occasion suited, throw his changeful features into shadows, indicated the bravo, *soi disant* Monsieur le Marquis de Maison Rouge, of the ancient and noble house of Maison Rouge de Perpignan. According to his own account, he had been born and bred in Louisiana, and had been cheated of some hundred thousand million acres of fat and fertile land in that state, as his lawful patrimony. He had been compelled by a stern and uncivil guardian to study civil engineering, and, according to his own testimony, with considerable success. Subsequently, he was taken prisoner by the English, when acting as sentinel in the marshes, at the

time of the attack upon New Orleans. Whether his brain or his morals had become unsettled from a knock on the head from the butt end of a musket, which he had received on this occasion, and had not yet digested, I cannot say; but it was evident that he had never acted like a man of education, breeding or noble birth since. He had adopted the creed of Sardanapalus; and at New Orleans, in the attakapas, at the Havanna, in the islands, and on the main land, had led, for years, a shameless life of sin and crime. As he acquired gold, he spent it in brawls and violence. His person bore the marks of the cutting and stabbing frays in which he had often been an actor, and not unfrequently a victim. Now, penniless, he was going to Mexico, to make his fortune in some wild speculation, in reference to which he could neither point out the means by which it was to be set on foot, nor the ultimate ends which were to be gained. When not excited, he was good tempered, and his voice was one of the most musical I ever heard. When conversing, which he did at times most agreeable and well, you could hardly believe that those bland tones were the production of such a stormy machine; or that the same lips could pour forth that uncontrolled torrent of impure language, in hot vehemence of rage, when the possessor was under the influence of passion. Never did I see before me an example like that here afforded, of the wakefulness of conscience while the body slept. He never gave himself up to rest like other men. It seemed that his nerves were never unbraced, and his muscles never in complete repose—that the bow was never unstrung. The first impulse of his muscular arm on being disturbed, was to place itself in a position to guard his body; the first expression of his lineaments was that of suspicion. He never seemed to dream of his innocent childhood, but always of the scenes of his misspent and stormy manhood, and they truly were not calculated to lull his slumbers.

Thus crowded together and surrounded, it was a blessing to be favoured by wind and weather, and to have a reasonable hope of a speedy termination to our voyage. The meals, which occurred twice a day, were hasty and rude repasts, of



which, hunger compelling, we all partook, standing round the raised roof of the after-cabin: below decks, it would have been impossible to assist at them.

Sunday was, of course, in nowise distinguished from other days, by a greater propriety of demeanor or calmer temper of mind. We were quite beyond the Sabbath: and the only thing which marked that such a day was entered on the log, was a quarrel, knife in hand, between the supervisor of provisions and the cook, arising from a claim to the honor of mixing the Sunday pudding, upon which each insisted. I forget who gained the victory ultimately, but I remember that the pudding was very badly mixed, and as tough as parchment.

The morning of the fifth day after quitting the Balize, as I have related, it fell calm. A golden mist hovered over the surface of the sea, and the green color of its waters betokened our having come upon soundings. The weather, as the day advanced, maintained the same character. Portuguese men-of-war floated by hundreds about the goelette; and whenever the white vapours, in which the horizon was swathed, broke in our vicinity, and the sunlight burst upon us, the air was delicious. The state of inaction, however, was disagreeable, and the constant jar of what our captain in his piebald language, called the *pumtackle*, as the bark rolled on the swell, not the less so. We were drifting slowly on the current to the northward. As the sun sunk, however, the sea breeze filled our sails; and the mist dispersing, we proceeded to the westward; and, coming in full view of the low, sandy hills on the beach, anchored after sunset in about nine fathoms, in the roads of Tampico, directly opposite the bar at the entrance of the river Panuco, distant about three miles.

This was not so much amiss. But our pleasant dreams of a speedy termination to the present state of durance vile were, as yet, far from being realized.

The night was clear and starlight—how bright and brilliant the constellations stood in the heavens, I cannot describe to you. Even after our short voyage, the breath of the land was delicious, and the heavy dull sound of the breakers on the bar that engirdled the land of wonders before us,

was music to our ears as we lay under our blankets stretched on the roof of the cabin. We hailed our escape from the arms of winter; from the marshes, quags, mud and snow of New Orleans, its thick and polluted air, where the worshippers of Mammon alone can find delight, to the mountains, the vegetation, the eternal summer of New Spain.

Still, if I may depict my own feelings, I must confess that there was a weight on my spirits, which, though it could not entirely crush those pleasant hopes and reflections, seemed to prevent their soaring and running riot. I would not shut my eyes to some signs of probable difficulty which all might have noticed; and I could not prevent certain portents of coming troubles from depressing on my mind.

Among the former I may mention the knowledge, that as there was only six or seven feet of water on the bar, while our vessel had full ten feet draught, she must consequently be unloaded before she could enter the river. Further, that where we lay, as well as on the whole shelterless and iron-bound coast to the north and south, no vessel could maintain its ground, should any of the prevailing winds arise. In addition, it was whispered about the vessel, that no inconsiderable quantity of contraband goods were concealed on board, and that a recent change in the custom house of Tampico, combined with the bad name which the *Halcyon* had already acquired, would probably bring the vessel and all on board into difficulty, in this semi-barbarous country, where the law was but imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly administered.

Moreover, the eyes and ears of some of us on board were witnesses of much calculated to throw a yet darker veil over the future.

Lovely as the weather had been for some time, the signs of a coming change had gradually thickened upon us. The deep blue of the southern sky, had of late, occasionally, towards evening, been flickered with one or two light vapoury and feathery clouds, like the tail of a comet, seemingly balanced over our heads in the upper regions of the atmosphere. The cessation of the steady breeze, the fluctuating calm of the preceding day, the superabundant dews, and more than

all, the restless swell now heaving upon the shore from the depths of the gulf, had all betokened to the practised eye and long experience of De Vignes the near approach of a *norte*, one of the most dreaded of those violent winds which agitate this land-locked and deceitful sea; and while others were dreaming of land, he was evidently thinking of storm and tempest, and was preparing for it accordingly. Our chain cable was fitted with a buoy, and arrangements made to slip it at a moment's warning. Before he went to his repose, the topmasts and yards were lowered, and every sail on board double reefed, and the decks cleared as far as it was possible to clear them.

With the approach of morning, driving bodies of cold mist covered us once more, and veiled the land from our view. Hour went after hour, and the evil omens thickened around us; the sky became blurred with shapeless masses of reddish clouds; as the sun rose, a broken and discolored rainbow was seen in the west. Ill-omened arch! how different from the bow after summer rain, spanning the eastern sky at eventide, which we have learned to hail as full of promise!

About ten o'clock a.m. the sea breeze dispersed the mists on the smoothed but heaving surface of the water, but had no power on the sky, which imperceptibly grew of a deeper dun, especially from the zenith to the southeast.

Our eyes were anxiously turned to the west, where we could again descry the range of coast, the foam-covered line of breakers on the bar, and the tall masts of a number of vessels within it. Six or eight of various burden were seen riding at anchor, in the open roadstead; either watching, like ourselves, for communication with the shore, or outward bound, for the reception of their cargo. Our glasses were constantly directed to the bar for some indication that the signals for a pilot were observed; but hours came and went, without the slightest sign of recognition. As the day passed the meridian, however, a black spot was seen among the breakers, and then another, and we soon distinguished two custom-house boats pulling north and south, to communicate with other ships. When it became evident that neither considered us within their

beat, the captain resolved to send the shallop with two men to communicate with them. Two more hours of uncertainty followed, when the boatmen came back, stating that the answer returned by the officers was, that we must come and anchor near the shore, before they would board us. Old De Vignes gave a terrific growl on hearing this; and glanced at the thickening sky, and at the eastern horizon; and, after a moment's hesitation, gave the necessary order to obey, and to run the goelette in. The anchor was weighed; and a momentary exultation was felt by all, as we found ourselves at length riding at anchor again within hail.

What then occurred is now like a dream to me; that a boat should come aboard of us, and that hardly an individual should leave the goelette, when at this time our fate might have been foreseen by the most heedless on board, seems to me to be perfectly incomprehensible. The crowded state of the vessel was a source of discomfort to all; our water and our biscuit were both known to be running short, and the signs of the impending tempest could no longer be misunderstood. Yet no one stirred—for why, no one could give a reason but the poor one, that the few who went, must go without baggage ashore, and the impulse seemed to be “to stick by the stuff.” The boat was, after an instant's parley, pushed off again with its wild, savage looking crew, who were accompanied by the supercargo of the goelette, after giving the promise, that early next morning all the passengers should be landed, and the discharge of the cargo forthwith commenced. They hoisted the sail—were soon carried to the bar, and disappeared among the huge waves which broke upon it.

The momentary bustle over, we had time to comprehend our position, and it grew more dreary every instant. The wind now blew steadily from the southeast, and the swell rose with it. The sky began to lose its uniform shade, and to jag and to rend into shapeless masses of broken clouds. The man-of-war bird was seen high up in the atmosphere, breasting the breeze, and scudding out to sea; while the bands of white pelicans, which we had watched soaring and diving



in the roadstead during the morning, quit-  
ted their toils and wheeled their heavy  
flight over the breakers to the sheltered  
sands and lagoons of the land. It seemed  
as if all were leaving us and our illstarred  
neighbours to their fate. It was evident  
that the latter had taken the alarm, and  
were hastily preparing for the coming  
struggle with the powers of the air and  
ocean. One brig partly discharged,  
which lay about a mile nearer the bar,  
trusting probably to the weight of water  
which was now rolling in upon the land,  
resolved to attempt the passage, and set-  
ting her sails, stood in boldly for the  
shore. The day must have been near  
its close, for we had difficulty to descry  
her motions distinctly in the thickening  
haze. She was seen to career midway  
among the breakers, when suddenly her  
change of position and inclination told us  
she had struck. A few minutes of intense  
anxiety followed. To return was impos-  
sible, and if she did not advance, her  
total loss was unavoidable. We saw her  
heave and strike heavily three or four  
times, as the sea rolled in upon her, and  
had given her up for lost, when providen-  
tially a heavier billow than ordinary  
carried her over the last ridge, and righting,  
she was in safety. How we envied her!

As evening darkened, the deck, the  
wind increased, and the captain no  
longer made a secret of his conviction  
that we should be driven out to sea before  
morning. There was something like des-  
pair painted on the visages of some,  
when this became known; and a volley  
of curses, deep, not loud, answered the  
announcement.

We were not long left in uncertainty.  
"The ship to the southward is scudding!"  
said one. "There goes the brig!" ex-  
claimed another. I remember I was in  
my usual position on the deck near the  
little tiller; now and then glancing at  
the dim form of our nearest neighbour;  
or searching into the gloom to windward,  
striving to penetrate the dusk out of  
which one spectral foam-tipped billow  
was heaving and passing under us after  
another, urged by the impulse of a strong  
but steady wind, when all of a sudden  
the goelette received a shock from the  
opposite quarter which staggered all upon  
deck, and steadied her completely for the  
moment.

"*El norte!*" yelled the mate at my  
elbow, as a torrent of wind and spray  
swept over the deck. "*El norte!*"  
echoed Cortina, the shipless captain, "I  
lost my ship in the last!" "*El norte!*"  
shouted the bravo, excited with the  
coming struggle with the elements, for  
which he had been preparing himself by  
stripping himself almost naked, and tying  
a ragged handkerchief about his head.  
"Helm hard down—slip the chain  
cable!" responded the captain, as he  
hoisted the jib with his own hands; and  
instantly the harsh sound of the iron was  
heard passing out at the bow. The vessel  
began to change her direction, when  
suddenly she was brought to again with a  
jerk, and a cry forward announced that  
the last bolt of the chain refused to pass  
through the hawse hole.

A cold chisel was procured, and while  
it was employed to cut the bolt, all who  
were aware of the circumstance were in-  
clined to check their breath. Our  
position was truly one of no ordinary  
peril, as the strain upon the forward  
timber threatened to tear it out of the ship,  
in which case we must intantly have gone  
down.

At length the bolt was severed, and  
the vessel free from all obstacles, whirled  
round, and began to fly before the wind.

Such a wind I had till then never im-  
agined. The sea was apparently levelled  
under its pressure; and far and near  
seemed like a carpet of driving snow,  
from the sleet and foam which were  
raised and hurried along its surface.

Thus we turned our back on the shore,  
and drove hour after hour in storm and  
darkness into the unknown void before  
us.

What appearance there was in the  
sky I do not know, as our vision was  
limited to a narrow circle of half a furlong  
around us; but if the disorder of the  
clouds answered that of the waves, there  
must have been awful doings over our  
heads.

The sea, in spite of the tremendous  
force of the wind which I have alluded  
to, was not long to be lulled in this un-  
natural slumber, but began to rise and  
toss us about in fearful wise; and yet it  
was not until we had run under shortened  
sail for many hours, in a direction that  
carried us out of all danger of the coast

and we lay to under three-reefed mainsail and trysail, that we felt all the discomfort of our situation.

By this time the decks, washed by the sea, had been cleared of all lumber. The cocks and hens had been drowned in the coops, the boat had been half staved, the binnacle and compass broken, and all the inhabitants forced by the wet and chillness of the atmosphere to herd together below deck.

Meantime, what between the crowded state of the cabins, the violence of the storm, the shocks received from the strife of waters in which we were involved, the fears and terrors of some, the horrid and blasphemous language uttered by others of the desperadoes about us, the dirt and impurity surrounding us, and the quarrelling and caballing of the crew, our position was truly unenviable.

Morning brought no cessation of the tempest. The wind continued to blow with terrific violence, and daylight found us rocking and riding among a tumult of billows, whitened by the driving surf, and enveloped by a gray misty cloud of agitated vapour. The pumps were sounded every half hour. The *Halcyon* was however sound, and the captain's arrangements well and knowingly made; and there we rode, while one immense billow after another swelled up like huge monsters out of the mist to windward, advanced topling towards us, with its broad spread moving slopes marbled by the bands of creamy foam, and after a moment of seeming hesitation whether it should go over or under us, was seen vanishing to leeward.

The history of hours thus spent, must be passed over. The first day the *Halcyon's* stomach seemed to be annihilated. Nobody cared for sustenance, and cooking was out of the question. Some hope had been entertained that the storm might lull at sunset, the same hour at which it had arisen; but the evening apparently darkened over us more gloomily than before, and all the livelong night the wild wind and wild waves continued to struggle on the agitated bosom of the gulf. Our cabin was a Pandemonium.

Towards noon the second day the wind began to abate, the vapour to disperse, and the clouds to grow more transparent. An imperfect observation

taken at twelve o'clock showed us that we had been driven about one hundred and fifty miles to the southeast of Tampico. With evening it fell a dead calm, while the sea continued to roll mountains high, and the goelette for the following twenty-four hours was tossed about like a cork in a boiling pot.

Both bread and water were becoming scarce, and we were put upon an allowance of the latter. After the cessation of the norte the sky became perfectly clear, and the weather warm, with glorious moonlight nights. The lightness and variableness of the wind, however, had allowed us to make but little way; the more so, as we were during the calms at the mercy of the powerful currents in these seas.

To cut a long story short, you may imagine us on the afternoon of the fifth day from the date of our mishap, once more within sight of land; and approaching our anchorage with feelings which you can well conceive, when you recollect the heartburning we had before experienced, and the hopelessness of a speedy communication with the shore, combined with the present state of the vessel, the nausea, which we could not but feel at our prolonged contact with the most godless and abandoned set of human beings I ever was in company with; and more than all, the fact that the signs of another norte had been thickening around during the day, and now at the approach of night were becoming too evident to admit of misinterpretation. Upon one subject we were all agreed this time, that if we left the *Halcyon* without a rag, we would not let another opportunity slip through our fingers. Well, our signal was once more fluttering in the wind, and we came to our old anchoring ground. One or two of our former neighbours were also seen regaining their port—the greater part were yet missing. With what anxiety we directed our eyes to the bar! An hour went by, evening with its menace narrowed the horizon; the wind which had brought us in blew stiffer and stiffer. I had begun to give up my hope, for, without being able to account for it, I had indulged a little—and had as a duty begun to school myself into resignation to the will of God, whatever that might be—when two specks were seen



in the breakers, and shortly we saw two boats pulling for us with might and main. The one was a revenue barge, and the other was a cockle shell of a boat belonging to an American brigantine within the bar, whose captain, out of friendship for De Vignes, risked the passage with two sailors, and came to warn him of the bad ordour in which the Halcyon stood at Tampico, and the difficulties which would attend his proceedings.

I saw at once that as far as our captain was concerned he was contented to remain out at sea, till time should permit his agents to make the necessary arrangement with the custom-house officers, which was not as yet terminated; and that the fate of his passengers was nothing in his eyes. He, however, clamoured for water, and that earnestly; and made no secret of his belief that he must again go out to sea. But we needed no spur to make us wish to escape from the Halcyon. There was no bond between us and our companions, but that of dire necessity, and chivalrous deference or devotion was here quite out of place. It was evident that each must shift for himself. Besides, among the many kinds of justices to be done, that kind usually termed "justice to one's self" is not always to be disregarded. A timely application to the captain of the brigantine secured us the use of his skiff, which was in truth a mere toy, so fragile that the weight of my two companions and myself was almost too much for it, and sank it to the water's edge. To this we speedily consigned our persons, leaving our goods and chattels to their fate. De Vignes had quarrelled with his acquaintance the instant he set his foot on deck, so that he had nothing to detain him; and after three minutes' stay, the little boat was scudding under a thin linen lugsail, over the broad swell, which was now rolling, in increasing volumes at the lapse of every ten seconds, in towards the land.

The feeling of exultation was warm in our bosoms as the distance between us and our late prison increased. There was, however, a peril in advance, which soon claimed our attention, and that was the passage of the bar, which now exhibited a broad band of breakers. But we felt stout hearted, even in a moment of

indecision, when it was suspected that we were missing the narrow passage and driving to destruction. There was an instant when we seemed on the point of being overwhelmed by the huge masses of foam which rose like columns on either hand, and took the wind out of the sail. In fact, we gave the southern breakers a very perilous shave; yet all sat steady, and in another minute, the bar and the gulf were behind us, and we were passing with wind and tide up the river Panuco.

*Latrobe.*

#### TURKISH JUSTICE.

The following summary of a remarkable case of litigation in Cairo is given by Mr. Lane, in his work on the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians:—"A Turkish merchant residing in Cairo died, leaving property to the amount of six thousand purses (about 30,000*l.*), and no relation to inherit but one daughter. The chief of the merchants of Cairo, hearing of this event, suborned a common fellah, who was the bowwab or doorkeeper of a respected sheykh, and whose parents (both of them Arabs) were known to many persons, to assert himself a son of a brother of the deceased. The case was brought before the Cadee, and as it was one of considerable importance, several of the principal Oolama of the city were summoned to decide it. They were all bribed or influenced by El-Mahhroockee (chief of the merchants), as will presently be shown; false witnesses were brought forward to swear to the truth of the bowwab's pretensions, and others to give testimony to the good character of these witnesses. Three thousand purses were adjudged to the daughter of the deceased, and the other half of the property to the bowwab. The chief Mooftee was absent from Cairo when the case was tried. On his return to the metropolis, the daughter of the deceased merchant repaired to his house, stated her case to him, and earnestly solicited redress. The Mooftee, though convinced of the injustice which she had suffered, and not doubting the truth of what she related respecting the part which El-Mahhroockee had taken in this affair, told her that he feared it was impossible for him to annul the judgment unless there were some singularity in the proceedings of the court, but that he would look at the record of the case in the register of the Mahkemeh. Having done this, he betook himself to the Basha, with whom he was in great favour, for his knowledge and integrity, and complained to him that the tribunal of the Cadee was disgraced by the administration of the most flagrant injustice; that false witness was admitted by the Oolama, however evident and glaring it might be; and that a judgment which had been given in a late case, during his absence, was the general talk and wonder of the town.

The Basha summoned the Cadee, and all the Oolama who had tried this case, to meet the Mooftee in the Citadel, and, when they had assembled there, addressed them, as from himself, with the Mooftee's complaint. The Cadee appearing like the Oolama highly indignant at this charge, demanded to know upon what it was grounded. The Basha replied, that it was a general charge, but particularly grounded upon the case in which the court had admitted the claim of a bowwab to relationship and inheritance which they could not believe to be his right. The Cadee here urged that he had passed sentence in accordance with the unanimous decision of the Oolama then present. 'Let the record of the case be read,' said the Basha. The journal being sent for, this was done; and when the secretary had finished reading the minutes, the Cadee, in a loud tone of proud authority, said, 'And I judged so.' The Mooftee in a louder and more authoritative tone exclaimed, 'And thy judgment is false.' All eyes were fixed in astonishment, now at the Mooftee, now at the Basha, now at the other Oolama. The Cadee and the Oolama rolled their heads and stroked their beards. The former exclaimed, tapping his breast, 'I, the Cadee of Musr, pass a false sentence!' 'And we,' said the Oolama, 'we, Sheykh Mahdee, we, Oolama el-Islam, give a false decision!' 'O Sheykh Mahdee,' said Mahhroockee (who, from his commercial transactions with the Basha, could generally obtain a place in his councils), 'respect the Oolama as they respect thee.' 'O Mahhroockee,' exclaimed the Mooftee, 'art thou concerned in this affair? Declare what part thou hast in it, or else hold thy peace: Go speak in the assemblies of the merchants, but presume not again to open thy mouth in the council of the Oolama.' Mahhroockee immediately left the palace, for he saw how the affair would terminate, and had to make his arrangements accordingly. The Mooftee was now desired by the other Oolama to adduce a proof of the invalidity of their decision. Drawing from his breast a small book on the laws of inheritance, he read from it: 'To establish a claim to relationship and inheritance, the names of the father and mother of the claimant, and those of his father's father and mother, and of his mother's father and mother, must be ascertained.' The names of the father and mother of the pretended father of the bowwab, the false witnesses had not been prepared to give: and this deficiency in the testimony (which the Oolama, in trying the case, purposely overlooked) now caused the sentence to be annulled."

#### THE ABERDEEN PROVOST.

Once upon a time it struck the good people of Aberdeen that it would not only add to their dignity, but also to their profit, that a West India ship should directly sail from their port to Jamaica. They had long looked with an envious eye upon the profits of the high-fed and punch-consuming burgesses of Glasgow,

and grudged them the accumulated treasures won from the successful navigation of the Atlantic. They considered within themselves that every pound of sugar which softened the tea of the fair, or seasoned the toddy of the sages of the city, paid an indirect tax to those rum-bibbing varlets, and they resolved in their own minds that this was a growing evil that must be abated; so, after much consultation, they formed the magnanimous resolution, that they should possess the means of supplying themselves with such outlandish luxuries as had added to the profit of the Glasgowwegians. After many mature consultations, therefore, and a great consumption of thought and toddy, it was resolved that a ship should be built, manned, and equipped, to undertake a voyage (which they looked upon as in the last degree doubtful and dangerous) by a kind of joint-stock company, of which the provost patriotically consented to become the head.

Week after week and month after month passed away, and doubts and fears were hinted at, for the safety of "the boaty!" but still it came not. At last some murmurs were expressed by owners to the amount of pounds, that it would have been better to have allowed the men of Glasgow to have taken both the risks and profits of sugar and rum speculations, than for the decent and sober burgesses of Aberdeen to have left the safe and profitable stock-trade with Holland, for any such outlandish speculation. At last, when hope had grown sick, the joyful tidings were spread that "the boaty" was safely moored, and all was as it should be. All the substantial, 'sponsible men of the city, hastened on board, with the provost at their head, to behold with their own eyes a ship that had actually passed twice over the Atlantic; a feat to which Captain Parry's voyage now would seem the mere crossing of a ferry.

Captain Skene received them at the gangway with the gruff hospitality of a seaman, and heartily welcomed his owners on board. But what pen can describe the wonders that met their admiring eyes! There was a cocoa nut, husk and all—a head of Indian corn enveloped in its blades—a negro—a shark's jaw, with its triple row of teeth—a land tortoise—a turtle—a plantain to cure wounds—a centipede in a doctor's phial—a dolphin's tail—and a flying fish preserved in rum. When they had satiated their eyes in admiring these tropical wonders, they were summoned to a dinner in the cabin, rich with all the delicacies of a foreign voyage. There were the Chili pickles that made the eyes to water—the pine apple, which had lost every flavour save that of the spirits in which it had been preserved—the barbicued pig, and the sea pie of innumerable contents—with the therapia baked in the shell, and the lobscous reeking from the coppers.

The provost never felt himself so great a man before. He was now on board of a trader which had visited foreign parts, and of which he was undoubtedly the principal owner. He had been the great means of introducing a new trade into his native city, and he was now in



the full fruition of these gratifying reflections. He felt elated with a double portion of dignity, and was laying down the law with a relative portion of his usual solemnity, when he was most indecorously interrupted by a sudden and violent pulling at his pig-tail from behind. He looked round in wrath; but seeing his assailant was a sickly, weak-looking, dark-complexioned lad, who had skipped off the moment he was observed, and having compassion for his want of breeding, he rebuked him with mildness and dignity, and resumed the thread of his discourse. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the attack was resumed; this was too much to be borne—he forgot in a moment both his age and his place, and exclaimed in peevish fretfulness, “Laddie, but gin you come that gait again, I’ll put ye in the heart o’ auld Aberdeen” (the jail). “What’s the matter wi’ ye, provost?” said the captain. “It is only that unchancy laddie o’ yours,” replied the provost, “has pu’d my tail as an’ he wud tug it oot by the roots.” “What laddie, provost?” cried the captain. “Why, that yin there wi’ the rough mouth and the sair een.” “Laddie! bless you, provost, that’s only a monkey we hae brocht wi’ us.” “A monkey ca’ ye it?” said the astonished provost; “I thoct it was a sugar-maker’s son frae the West Indies, come hame to our university for his education.”—*From the Scotch Haggis, a collection of Anecdotes.*

#### “STOP MY PAPER!”

Of all the silly, short-sighted, ridiculous phrases, this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children. We have a certain class of subscribers who take our paper, and profess to like its contents, till, by-and-bye, an opinion meets their view, with which they do not agree. What do they then, in their sagacity? Turn to their nearest companion with a passing comment upon the error they think they have detected?—or direct a brief communication to the editor, begging to dissent therefrom in the same pages where the article which displeased them has appeared? No. Get into a passion, and, for all we know, stamp and swear, and *instantly*, before the foam has time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with, “Stop my paper!” If we say rents are exorbitantly high, and landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance, round comes a broad hat and a gold-headed cane, with “Sir, stop my paper!” Does an actor receive a bit of advice? The green-room is too hot to hold him, till relieved by those revengeful words, “Stop my paper!” If we ever praise one, some envious rival steals gloomily in, with—“Sir, if you please, stop my paper!” We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steam boats, but our paper is “stopped” by a ship captain. Our doctor nearly left us the other day because a correspondent had praised an enemy of “our college”—and we expect “*fieri facias*” in the office presently, on account of something which we understand somebody has said against

some law suit, in we do not remember what court. But all those affairs were outdone yesterday, by the following:—We were sitting in our elbow-chair, ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice, when a little withered Frenchman, with a cowl as long as himself, and twice as heavy, rushed into our presence. “Sair!” and he stopped to breathe. “Well, Sir?” “Monsieur!” he stopped again to take breath. “Diable, Monsieur!” and he flourished his instrument about his head. “Really, my friend,” said we, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, “when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure.” “No, Sair: I have come to horsewhip you wid dis cowlhide!” We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it. “Pardon, Sair,” said the Frenchman; “I will first give you some little explanation. Monsieur, if you have writ dis article!” We looked it over, and acknowledged ourselves the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvement in rail-roads, and intimating that this mode of travelling would one day supersede every other. “You have writ dat in your papair?” “Yes, Sir.” “Well, den, Sair, stop your rascaille papair. I have devote all my life to ride de balloon! I shall look to find every one wid his little balloon—to ride horseback in the air—to go round de world in one sumair, and making me rich like Monsieur Astain wid de big hotel. Well, Monsienr, now you put piece in you papair to say dat de rail-road, Monsienr, de little rail-road supersede—dat is what you say—supersede every ting else. Monsienr, I have de honour to inform you dat de rail-road nevair supersede de balloon; and so, Monsienr, stop you vile papair!”—*New York Mirror.*

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.—The fish commonly called by seamen the “Portuguese Man of War,” is the *holothuria physalis* of Linnaeus, and a species of mollusca. It consists of a small bladder about seven inches long; very much resembling the air bladder of fishes; from the bottom of which descends a number of strings, of a bright blue, and red; some of them three or four feet in length; which, upon being touched, sting like a nettle, but with much more force. On the top of the bladder is a membrane, which is used as a sail, and turned so as to receive the wind whichever way it blows; this membrane is marked in fine pink-coloured veins, and the animal is, in every respect, an object exquisitely curious and beautiful.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Colonel Despraux, in his pamphlet on the police of Paris, remarks, there seem to be different periods for different crimes. He had always observed the summer months to be comparatively months of low riot. November began the burglaries, January and February the stealing pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes, probably from the conflux to the theatres at that time. But swindling transactions, and all frauds that require peculiar dexterity, were prevalent about March.

(To the Editor of the British Colonial Magazine.)

SIR.—The following Poem is the production of the late William Mains of Glasgow. I know not of any poem of its kind, with the exception of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," at all equal to it; and, as it never appeared in any literary Magazine, I transcribe it for the readers of the "British Colonial."

Yours, AB. McLACHLAN.

#### THE WARLOCK'S DEATH BED.

Wha's that a glowering ayont my head  
Wi' thae fiery wulcat een,  
Wha asks in a voice that mak's me fley'd,  
If my lang dead sark be clean:  
There's a haun' on my breast like a lump o' lead,  
But it's no the haun' o' a frein.

It's a bonny nicht, and the three-quarter moon  
Is sailing along the sky;  
My kimmers are a' in the lift aboon,  
And sweepin' the licht clouds by;  
They should hae been here wi' wae'fu' croon,  
And seen the auld Warlock die.

Wha's that wi' an eerie soun' at the door?  
It's the win' soughing mournfu' an' Nicht—  
It used to come wi' a joyfu' roar  
When it wanted me out at nicht,  
To gang awa down to the wreck-heap'd shore,  
And laugh at some drowning wicht.

It will often come to the auld Warlock's grave,  
An' o'er the headstones spring,  
An' through the blae nettles wi' anger rave  
When it canna death's house ower-ding;  
But sometime or ither the wa's maun wave,  
And then I'll awa on its wing.

There's a wee bit spark in the gatherin' coal  
That lies on the cauld hearth-stane;  
There's a wee bit spark in the poor auld fool  
That lies on this bed his lane:  
The morn's the Sabbath, but 'gin bell tolls,  
Baith o' the sparks will be gane.

I mind when I swirled o'er the wa's sae steep,  
O' an auld castle down by the sea,  
When I drap't the big stanes wi' a powerfu' sweep  
Down in the dark saut bree;  
How the thundering noise that cam' frae the deep  
Made me laugh wi' a fearsome glee.

But a louder storm is now in my ear,  
For death is at wark in my breast,  
And riving my thochts wi' an awesome tear  
Awa' frae their earthly rest,  
And driving them down a dark ocean of fear,  
But the laugh o' the Warlock has ceased.

I mind when I was a bit thro' ither thing,  
O' gaun to a fierce rinnin' burn,  
And sending a boat, wi' a coup an' a spring,  
Awa' wi' its sails a-torn;  
And I clapped my hauns, and wi' joy did sing.  
For I kent it would ne'er return.

And now I am speeding down a tide  
Which is baith rapid and black,  
And the auld farrant spirit that's stauning beside  
Twirls his hauns wi' a joyfu' smack,  
And says to himself in the heicht o' his pride,  
Will the Warlock ever come back?

I mind when I was a bit thro' ither wean,  
But I canna remember the word  
I said, when I was in my bed alane,  
Whan nane but my Maker heard:  
I strive to remember, but a' in vain,  
It's like the lost sang o' a bird.

There's surely somebody lying ayont,  
For I fin' a het, het breath,  
And the claes hae a smell as if they were brunt,  
But it's no' wi' the fever o' death;  
They'll soon be here wi' their dogs to hunt  
The poor foolish Warlock's wraith.

I'll up an' awa' to the awmry neuk,  
An' sit in my big arm-chair,  
Whar' aften I read the black words o' his beuk,  
And leartn his accursed lair;  
And I'll dee, drawin' roun' my bare tatter'd cloak,  
To keep out the cauld, cauld air.

#### EVENING MUSINGS.

I sit in the dreamy evening light,  
The lake is sleeping, the stars are bright;  
My head is pillow'd on thy dear breast,  
Its burning throbbings are hush'd to rest;  
My eyes are filled with unbidden tears,  
For the sad sweet thoughts of other years.  
I see the visions of youth sweep by,  
As the golden clouds float o'er the sky,  
Those visions of perfect love and bliss  
Not realized in a world like this;  
As one by one they vanished in gloom,  
My heart grew cold as a ruin'd tomb,  
When only the flowers of memory bloom.  
My bosom's treasures are dead or chang'd,  
Many are absent—a few estrang'd—  
And fickle fortune frowns on me now,  
Deep griefs have furrow'd my youthful brow.  
Hope—friends—life's pleasures—all, all are gone,  
I live forsaken! here! alone!  
Forgive me, dear one, Love still is mine,  
While thou dost tenderly call me—thine,  
I'll think no more of the mournful past,  
These sighs and these tears shall be my last;  
The world's contempt I'll no longer dread,  
Thou art here to raise my drooping head,  
Thy loving heart shall my refuge be,  
I will only live for Heav'n and thee.

Mrs. C. Holtiwell.

#### WHERE ARE THE VISIONS?

"Where are the visions that round me once hover'd,  
"Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone;  
"Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,  
"And voices that music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,  
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh where?"  
And, pointing his wand to the sunset before me,  
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There!"

Fondly I looked, when the wizard had spoken,  
And there, 'mid the dim-shining ruins of day,  
Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,  
The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

Moore.



**LEPROSY.**—There is near to the walls of Morocco, about the north-west point, a village, called the Village of Lepers. I had a curiosity to visit it: but I was told that any other excursion would be preferable; that the lepers were totally excluded from the rest of mankind; and that, although none of them would dare to approach us, yet the excursion would not only be unsatisfactory but disgusting. I was, however, determined to go; I mounted my horse, and took two horse guards with me, and my own servant. We rode through the lepers' town; the inhabitants collected at the doors of their habitations, but did not approach us; they, for the most part, showed no external disfiguration, but were generally sallow. Some of the young women were very handsome; they have, however, a paucity of eyebrow, which it must be allowed, is somewhat incompatible with beauty; some few had no eyebrows at all, which completely destroyed the effect of their dark animated eyes. They are obliged to wear a large straw hat, with a brim about nine inches wide: this their *badge of reparation*, a token of division between the clean and the unclean, which, seen in the country or on the road, prevents any one from having personal contact with them. They are allowed to beg, and accordingly are seen by the sides of the roads, with their straw hat badge, and wooden bowl before them, to receive the charity of passengers, exclaiming "Bestow on me the property of God," "All belongs to God!" reminding the passenger that he is a steward, and accountable for the appropriation of his property; that he derives his property from the bounty and favour of God. When any one gives them money, they pronounce a blessing on him; as "May God increase your good!" &c. The province of Haha abounds in lepers; and it is said that the Arganic oil, which is much used in food throughout this picturesque province, promotes this loathsome disease.—*Jackson's Morocco.*

**PROMPT ANSWER.**—Chateaufort, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?" "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

**DR. JOHNSON.**—When Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that he was of a mean extraction; that he had no money; and that he had had an uncle hanged. The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied, that she had no more money than himself, and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. And thus was accomplished this very curious affair.—*The same.*

**A GOOD REBUKE.**—Sir William B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know

that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."—*The same.*

**FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS.**—Theo. Cibber, in company with three others made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular excepting a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach, and while on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every baiting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and language cannot express how admirably they all squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stamping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter—"Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir?" said the man. "Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out—"Here you—take out my eye." "Sir," said the waiter, "your eye?" "Yes, my eye. Come here you stupid dog—pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easily as possible." This done, the third cried out—"Here, you rascal—take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was a cork, and also conceiving that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken: the fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying, with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth and leg, lying on the table, cried out in a frightful hollow voice—"Come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran madly about the house, as if terrified out of his senses.—*The same.*

**ARIOSTO**, the celebrated Italian poet, began one of his comedies during his father's life-time, who rebuked him sharply for some great fault, but all the while he returned no answer. Soon after his brother began to scold him on the same subject; but he easily refuted him, and with strong arguments justified his own conduct. "Why, then," said his brother, "did you not so satisfy your father?" "In truth," replied Ariosto, "I was just then, thinking of a part of my comedy, and methought my father's speech to me was so suited to the part of an old man chiding his son, that I entirely forgot I was concerned in it myself, and considered it only as forming a part of my play."

**PHOSPHORUS.**—This singular substance was accidentally discovered in 1677, by an alchemist of Hamburgh, named Brandt, when he was engaged in searching for the philosopher's stone. Kunkel, another chemist, who had seen the new product, joined one of his friends, named Krafft, to purchase the secret of its preparation; but Krafft, deceiving his friend, made the purchase for himself, and refused to communicate it. Kunkel, who at this time knew nothing farther of its preparation than that it was obtained by certain process from urin, undertook the task and succeeded. It is on this account that this substance long went under the name of Kunkel's phosphorus. Mr. Bayle is also considered as one of the discoverers of phosphorus. He communicated the secret to the Royal Society of London, in 1680; and the process to Godfrey Hankwitz, an apothecary, who for many years supplied Europe with phosphorus. In the year 1737, a stranger having sold to the French Government a process for making phosphorus, the Academy of Science charged Dufay, Duhamel, and Hellot, to superintend it, and an account of the success of the experiment was published. In 1743, Margraf made great improvements in the process; but still it continued to be obtained with difficulty, and in a very small quantity. In the year 1774, the Swedish chemists, Gahn and Scheele, made the important discovery that phosphorus is contained in the bones of animals; and they improved the processes for procuring it.

**COMPOSITION FOR PRESERVING EGGS.**—Take and put into a tub or vessel one bushel measure of quicklime, thirty-two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tartar, and mix the same together with as much water as will reduce the composition or mixture to that consistence, that it will cause an egg, put into it, to swim with its top just above the liquid; then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them sound for the space of two years at least.

**GUNS.**—The invention of guns is indisputably the Germans, which was produced by an accident in this manner:—One Barthoe Schwartz, a friar, in making chemical experiments, mixed some salt-petre and brimstone with other ingredients, and set them upon the fire in a crucible, but a spark getting in, the pot suddenly broke with great violence and noise: which unexpected event surprised him at first, but he repeated the experiment, and finding the effect constant, set himself at work to improve it: for which purpose he caused an iron pipe to be made with a small hole at the lower end to fire it at, and putting in some of his new ingredients, together with some small stones, set fire to it, and found it answered his expectation, in penetrating all before it. This happened about the year 1330, and was soon improved to the making of great ordnance, &c.

**NUMERAL LETTERS.**—The first obvious mode of reckoning, Pasquin supposes in his *Recherches de la France*, to have been upon the fingers, each finger standing for I, and representable by an upright stroke, so that the number 4 was represented by IIII, but there being no more

fingers on one hand wherewith to continue the number, 5 was considered as formed by the first finger and thumb, which when the hand is displayed has something of the V-like figure. The representation of 5 having been thus fixed on, its double, or 10, was produced by joining together two V's at their points, which formed a figure like an X. The letter C anciently written [ ] being the initial letter of the Latin word *Centum*, was a very natural and obvious abbreviation of the number 100, and the ancient letter being divided into two horizontally, each half was a kind of L. That letter was therefore adopted to signify 50, and for the like reason the letter M, the initial letter of the Latin word *Mille*, signifying 1,000, is made to stand for that sum: being divided down the middle, it split into two letters, each resembling a D, and a D accordingly, is the numeral letter for 500, or half 1,000.

**GHOST STORY.**—A gentleman journeying towards the house of a friend, who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest, in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some time among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it, he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked at the gate, he thought it proper to look through the window. He saw a number of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were at that moment letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman, startled at this unusual sight, and imagining that he had arrived at the retreats of fiends and witches, mounted his horse, and rode away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who sat up waiting for him. On his arrival, his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of agitation visible in his face. He began to recount his adventures, after much hesitation, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friend should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with the crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, crying out, "Then I am king of the cats!" and then scrambled up the chimney, and was never seen more.

**ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.**—The celebrated Earl of Peterborough crossing the King's Mews one evening in a chair, soon after the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough from one of his victorious campaigns, was mistaken by the populace for his Grace, and was soon surrounded from curiosity to see the man who had given the French so many drubbings. His Lordship finding that the multitude had followed his chair upon a wrong scent, ordered the men who carried the vehicle to stop; and putting down the front glass, he thus addressed the mistaken crowd:—"I can assure you, gentlemen, that I am not the Duke of Marlborough; and to convince you that I am not, (continued his Lordship,) throwing a handfull of money amongst them, here is something for you to drink."—The well known avarice of his Grace



gave a strong point to his Lordship's speech, and proved at once his non-identity with the hero of Blenheim.

**PATHETIC REJOINDER.**—A celebrated literary character, in a northern metropolis, had a black servant, whom he occasionally employed in beating covers for woodcocks and other game. On one occasion of intense frost, the native of Africa's sultry shores was nearly frozen to death by the cold and wet of the bushes, which sparkled (but not with fire-flies), and on which, pathetically blowing his fingers, he was heard to exclaim, in reply to an observation of his master, that "the woodcocks were very scarce," "Ah, massa, me wish woodcock never been!"

**CONVICTS.**—Among numerous instances of bare-faced hypocrisy among the convicts on board of ship, Mr. Cunningham mentions that of one Breadman, who, on arriving at Sydney, was in the last stage of consumption, and unable to sit up without fainting. This expiring wretch, who grasped his bible to the last, mustered strength enough, while the hospital-man was drawing on his trousers, to stretch out his pale trembling hand towards the other's waistcoat pocket, and actually to pick it of a comb and a pen-knife:—next morning he was a corpse. "Yet," says Mr. Cunningham, "during his whole illness, this man would regularly request some of the *sober-minded rogues* to read the scriptures to him, and pray by his bed-side!"

The women are described as infinitely more difficult to manage than the men; but those composing the cargo which our author once superintended, were pretty well kept under by "an old sybil of seventy," a "most trust-worthy creature," who had been, during forty years of her life, in all the houses of correction, prisons, and penitentiaries of the metropolis. Some of Mrs. Fry's reformed damsels from Newgate, very soon after getting on board, set about *papering their hair* with the religious tracts that this good lady had supplied them with for their edification.—*Cunningham's New South Wales.*

**SUBTERRANEAN GROWTH OF POTATOES.**—A mixture of two parts Danube sand, and one part common earth, was laid in a layer an inch thick, in one corner of a cellar; and, in April, thirty-two yellow potatoes, with their skins, placed upon its surface. They threw out stalks on all sides, and at the end of the following November more than a quarter of a bushel of the best potatoes were gathered, about a tenth part of which were about the size of apples, the rest as large as nuts. The skin was very thin, the pulp farinaceous, white, and of a good taste. No attention was given to the potatoes during the time they remained on the sand, and they grew without the influence of the sun or light. This trial may be advantageously applied in fortified places, hospitals, houses of correction, and, in general, in all places where cellars or subterranean places occur, being neither too cold nor too moist, and where it is important to procure a cheap but abundant nourishment for many individuals.

**ANCESTRY OF FIELDING.**—The immortal Fielding, says Gibbon in the history of his own life, was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the courts of Habsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century, Duke of Alsace; far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Habsburg; the former, the Knights and Sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany, and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new world. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the Romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the Palace of the Escorial, and the Imperial Eagle of the House of Austria.—*Lord Sheffield's Life of Gibbon.*

**THE HALCYON,** so often alluded to by the poets, is the bird called the King Fisher. It was believed by the ancients that while the female brooded over the eggs, the sea and weather remained calm and unruffled; hence arose the expression of "halcyon days."

**GUDE NEWS.**—While Christie tells them wha dinna ken, that he has a public house, first door down Libbertown Wynd, in the Lawn Market, whaur he keeps the best o' stuff; gude nappy Yill frae the best o' Bruars in big bottels an' wee anes, an' Porter frae Lunnon o' a' sorts; Whuske as gude as in the Toun, an' o' a' strength, an' for cheapness ekwall to ony that's gaun. Jinger Beer in wee bottels at Tippence, an' Sma' Beer for three bawbees the twa bottels out of the house, an' a penny the bottel in.

N. B.—Toddy cheap an' unco' gude if 'tis his ain mackin. S. H.

**BELL RINGING.**—A poor Swiss, who was in the madhouse of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, "I come, sir, to ask a favour of you, I used to ring the bells; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head! I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and he died ringing the bells.

**AN EXPLETIVE.**—A Newspaper tells us that an old woman died April 26, at Wolverhampton, aged 150 years.

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# THE BRITISH COLONIAL MAGAZINE

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## THE CURATE OF ST. NICHOLAS'.

Amongst the most generally beloved, not merely of the clergy, but of the whole population of Belford, as that population stood some thirty years ago, was my good old friend, the Curate of St. Nicholas'; and, in my mind, he had qualities that might both explain and justify his universal popularity.

Belford is, at present, singularly fortunate in the parochial clergy. Of the two vicars, whom I have the honour and the privilege of knowing, one confers upon the place the ennobling distinction of being the residence of a great poet; whilst both are not only, in the highest sense of that highest word, gentlemen, in birth, in education, in manners, and in mind—but eminently popular in the pulpit, and, as parish priests, not to be excelled, even amongst the generally excellent clergy-men of the Church of England—a phrase, by the way, which just at this moment sounds so like a war-cry, that I cannot too quickly disclaim any intention of inflicting a political dissertation on the unwary reader. My design is simply to draw a faithful likeness of one of the most peaceable members of the establishment.

Of late years, there has been a prodigious change in the body clerical. The activity of the dissenters, the spread of education, and the immense increase of population, to say nothing of that "word of power," Reform, have combined to produce a stirring spirit of emulation amongst the younger clergy, which has quite changed the aspect of the profession. Heretofore, the "church militant" was the quietest and easiest of all avocations; and the most slender and lady-like young gentleman, the "mamma's darling" of a great family, whose lungs were too tender for the bar, and whose frame was

too delicate for the army, might be sent with perfect comfort to the snug curacy of a neighbouring parish, to read Horace, cultivate auriculas, christen, marry, and bury, about twice a quarter, and do duty once every Sunday. Now times are altered; prayers must be read and sermons preached twice a day at least, not forgetting lectures in Lent, and homilies at tide times; workhouses are to be visited; schools attended, boys and girls taught in the morning, and grown-up bumpkins in the evening; children are to be catechised; masters and mistresses looked after; hymn books distributed; bibles given away; tract societies fostered amongst the zealous, and psalmody cultivated amongst the musical. In short, a curate, now-a-days, even a country curate, much more if his parish lie in a great town, has need of the lungs of a barrister in good practice, and the strength and activity of an officer of dragoons.

Now this is just as it ought to be. Nevertheless, I cannot help entertaining certain relents in favour of the well-endowed churchman of the old school, round, indolent, and rubicund, at peace with himself and all around him, who lives in quiet and plenty in his ample parsonage-house, dispensing with a liberal hand the superfluities of his hospitable table, regular and exact in his conduct, but not so precise as to refuse a Saturday night's rubber in his own person, or to condemn his parishioners for their game of cricket on Sunday afternoons; charitable in word and deed, tolerant, indulgent, kind, to the widest extent of that widest word; but, except in such wisdom (and it is of the best,) no wiser than that eminent member of the church, Parson Adams. In a word, exactly such a man as my good old friend the rector of Had-



ley, *cidevant* curate of St. Nicholas' in Belford, who has just passed the window in that relique of antiquity, his one-horse chaise. Ah, we may see him still, through the budding leaves of the clustering China rose, as he is stopping to give a penny to poor lame Dinah Moore—stooping, and stooping his short round person with no small effort, that he may put it into her little hand, because the child would have some difficulty in picking it up on account of her crutches. Yes, there he goes, ro-tund and rosy, “a tun of a man,” filling three parts of his roomy equipage; the shovel-hat with a rose in it, the very model of orthodoxy, overshadowing his white hairs and placid countenance; his little stunted foot-boy in a purple livery, driving a coach-horse as fat as his master; whilst the old white terrier, fatter still—his pet terrier Venom, waddles after the chaise (of which the head is let down, in honour, I presume, of this bright April morning), much resembling in gait and aspect that other white waddling thing, a goose, if a goose were gifted with four legs.

There he goes, my venerable friend the Reverend Josiah Singleton, rector of Hadley-cum-Doveton, in the county of Southampton, and vicar of Delworth, in the county of Surrey. There he goes, in whose youth tract societies and adult schools *were not*, but who yet has done as much good and as little harm in his generation, has formed as just and as useful a link between the rich and the poor, the landlord and the peasant, as ever did honour to religion and to human nature. Perhaps this is only saying, in other words, that, under any system, benevolence and single-mindedness will produce their proper effects.

I am not, however, going to preach a sermon over my worthy friend—long may it be before his funeral sermon is preached! or even to write his *éloge*, for *éloges* are dull things; and to sit down with the intention of being dull,—to set about the matter with malice prepense (howbeit the calamity may sometimes happen accidentally), I hold to be an unnecessary impertinence. I am only to give a slight sketch, a sort of a bird's-eye view of my reverend friend's life, which, by the way, has been, except in one single particular, so barren of incidents, that it might almost

pass for one of those proverbially uneventful narratives, *The Lives of the Poets*.

Fifty-six years ago, our portly rector—then, it may be presumed a sleek and comely bachelor—left college, where he had passed through his examinations and taken his degrees with respectable mediocrity, and was ordained to the curacy of St. Nicholas' parish, in our market-town of Belford, where, by the recommendation of his vicar, Dr. Grampound, he fixed himself in the small but neat first-floor of a reduced widow gentlewoman, who endeavoured to eke out a small annuity by letting lodgings at eight shillings a-week, linen, china, plate, glass, and waiting included, and by keeping a toy-shop, of which the whole stock, fiddles, drums, balls, dolls, and shuttlecocks, might safely be appraised at under eight pounds, including a stately rocking-horse, the poor widow's *cheval de betaille*, which had occupied one side of Mrs. Martin's shop from the time of her setting up in business, and still continued to keep his station uncheaped by her thrifty customers.

There, by the advice of Dr. Grampound, did he place himself on his arrival at Belford; and there he continued for full thirty years, occupying the same first-floor; the sitting-room—a pleasant apartment, with one window (for the little toy-shop was a corner-house) abutting on the High-bridge, and the other on the market-place—still, as at first, furnished with a Scotch carpet, cane chairs, a Pembroke table, and two hanging shelves, which seemed placed there less for their ostensible destination of holding books, sermons, and newspapers than for the purpose of bobbing against the head of every unwary person who might happen to sit down near the wall; and the small chamber behind, with the tent-bed and dimity furniture, its mahogany chest of drawers, one chair and no table; with the self-same spare, quiet, decent landlady, in her faded but well preserved mourning gown, and the identical serving maiden, Patty, a demure, civil, modest damsel, dwarfed, as it should seem by constant curtsying, since from twelve years of age she had not grown an inch. Except the clock of time, which, however imperceptibly, does still keep moving, everything about the

little toy-shop in the market-place at Belford was at a stand still. The very tabby-cat which lay basking on the hearth, might have passed for his progenitor of happy memory, who took his station there the night of Mr. Singleton's arrival; and the self-same hobby-horse still stood rocking opposite the counter, the admiration of every urchin who passed the door, and so completely the pride of the mistress of the domicile, that it is to be questioned—convenient as 30s. lawful money of Great Britain might sometimes have proved to Mrs. Martin—whether she would not have felt more reluctance than pleasure in parting with this, the prime ornament of her stock.

There, however, the rocking-horse remained; and there remained Mr. Singleton, gradually advancing from a personable youth to a portly middle-aged man; and obscure and untempting as the station of a curate in a country-town may appear, it is doubtful whether those thirty years of comparative poverty were not amongst the happiest of his easy and tranquil life.

Very happy they undoubtedly were. To say nothing of the comforts provided for him by his assiduous landlady and her civil domestic, both of whom felt all the value of their kind, orderly, and considerate inmate; especially as compared with the racketty recruiting officers and troublesome single gentlewomen who had generally occupied the first-floor; our curate was in prime favour with his vicar, Dr. Grampound, a stately pillar of divinity, rigidly orthodox in all matters of church and state, who having a stall in a distant cathedral, and another living by the seaside, spent but little of this time at Belford, and had been so tormented by his three last curates—the first of whom was avowedly of whig politics, and more than suspected of Calvinistic religion; the second was a fox-hunter, and the third a poet—that he was delighted to intrust his flock to a staid, sober youth of high-church and tory principles, who never mounted a horse in his life, and would hardly have trusted himself on Mrs. Martin's steed of wood: and whose genius, so far from carrying him into any flights of poesy, never went beyond that weekly process of sermon-making which, as the doctor observed, was all that a sound divine need

know of authorship. Never was curate a greater favourite with his principal. He has even been heard to prophesy that the young man would be a bishop.

Amongst the parishioners, high and low, Josiah was no less a favourite. The poor felt his benevolence, his integrity, his piety, and his steady kindness; whilst the richer classes (for in the good town of Belford few were absolutely rich) were won by his unaffected good-nature, the most popular of all qualities. There was nothing shining about the man, no danger of his setting the Thames on fire, and the gentlemen liked him none the worse for that; but his chief friends and allies were the ladies—not the young ladies, by whom, to say the truth, he was not so much courted, and whom, in return, he did not trouble himself to court; but the discreet mammas and grand-mammas, and maiden gentlewomen of a certain age, amongst whom he found himself considerably more valued and infinitely more at home.

Sooth to say, our staid, worthy, prudent, sober young man, had at no time of his life been endowed with the buoyant and mercurial spirit peculiar to youth. There was in him a peculiar analogy between the mind and the body. Both were heavy, sluggish, and slow. He was no strait-laced person either; he liked a joke in his own quiet way well enough; but as to encountering the quips, and cranks, and quiddities of a set of giddy girls, he would as soon have danced a cotillion. The gift was not in him. So with a wise instinct he stuck to their elders; called on them in the morning; drank tea with them at night; played whist, quadrille, cassino, backgammon, commerce, or lottery-tickets, as the party might require; told news and talked scandal as well as any woman among them all; accommodated a difference of four years' standing between the wife of the chief attorney and the sister of the principal physician; and was appealed to as absolute referee in a question of precedence between the widow of a post-captain and the lady of a colonel of volunteers, which had divided the whole gentility of town into parties. In short, he was such a favourite in the female world, then when the ladies of Belford (on their husbands setting up a weekly card-club at the



Crown) resolved to meet on the same night at each other's houses, Mr. Singleton was, by unanimous consent, the only gentleman admitted to the female coterie.

Happier man could hardly be, than the worthy Josiah in this fair company. At first, indeed, some slight interruptions to his comfort had offered themselves, in the shape of overtures matrimonial, from three mammas, two papas, one uncle, and (I grieve to say) one lady, an elderly young lady, a sort of dowager spinster in her own proper person, who, smitten with Mr. Singleton's excellent character, a small independence, besides his curacy in possession, and a trifling estate (much exaggerated by the gossip fame) in expectancy, and perhaps somewhat swayed by Dr. Grampound's magnificent prophecy, had, at the commencement of his career, respectively given him to understand that he might, if he chose, become more nearly related to them. This is a sort of dilemma which a well-bred man, and a man of humanity, (and our curate was both,) usually feels to be tolerably embarrassing. Josiah, however, extricated himself with his usual straightforward simplicity. He said, and said truly, "that he considered matrimony a great comfort—that he had a great respect for the state, and no disinclination to any of the ladies; but that he was a poor man, and could not afford so expensive a luxury." And with the exception of one mamma, who had nine unmarried daughters, and proposed waiting for a living, and the old young lady who had offered herself, and who kept her bed and threatened to die on his refusal, thus giving him the fright of having to bury his inamorata, and being haunted by her ghost—with these slight exceptions, everybody took his answer in good part.

As he advanced in life these sort of annoyances ceased—his staid, sober deportment, ruddy countenance, and portly person, giving him an air of being even older than he really was; so that he came to be considered as that privileged person, a confirmed old bachelor, the general beau of the female coterie, and the favourite marryer and christener of the town and neighbourhood. Nay, as years wore away and he began to marry some whom he had christened, and to bury many whom he had married, even Dr. Gram-

pound's prophecy ceased to be remembered, and he appeared to be as firmly rooted in Belford as St. Nicholas's church, and as completely fixed in the toy-shop as the rocking-horse.

Destiny, however, had other things in store for him. The good town of Belford, as I have already hinted, is, to its own misfortune, a poor place! an independent borough, and subject, accordingly, to the infliction (privilege, I believe, the voters are pleased to call it) of an election. For thirty years—during which period there had been seven or eight of these visitations—the calamity had passed over so mildly, that, except three or four days of intolerable drunkenness, (accompanied, of course, by a sufficient number of broken heads,) no other mischief had occurred; the two great families, whig and tory, might be said to divide the town—for this was before the days of that active reformer, Stephen Land—having entered by agreement, into a compromise to return one member each; a compact which might have held good to this time, had not some slackness of attention on the part of the whigs (the Blues, as they were called in election jargon) provoked the Yellow or tory part of the corporation, to sign a requisition to the Hon. Mr. Delworth, to stand as their second candidate, and produced the novelty of a sharp contest in their hitherto peaceful borough. When it came, it came with a vengeance. It lasted eight days—as long as it could last. The dregs of that cup of evil were drained to the very bottom. Words are faint to describe the tumult, the turmoil, the blustering, the brawling, the abuse, the ill-will, the battles by tongue and by fist, of that disastrous time. At last the Yellows carried it by six; and on a petition and scrutiny in the House of Commons, by one single vote; and as Mr. Singleton had been engaged on the side of the winning party, not merely by his own political opinions, and those of his ancient vicar, Dr. Grampound, but, by the predilections of his female allies, who were Yellows to a man, those who understood the ordinary course of such matters were not greatly astonished, in the course of the ensuing three years, to find our good curate rector of Hadley, vicar of Delworth, and chaplain to the new member's father. One thing, however, was remarkable, that, amidst all

the scurrility and ill blood of an election contest, and in spite of the envy which is pretty sure to follow a sudden change of fortune, Mr. Singleton neither made an enemy nor lost a friend. His peaceful, unoffending character disarmed offence. He had been unexpectedly useful to the winning party, not merely by knowing and having served many of the poorer voters, but by possessing one eminent qualification, not sufficiently valued or demanded in a canvasser; he was the best listener of the party, and is said to have gained the half-dozen votes which decided the election, by the mere process of letting people talk.

This talent, which, it is to be presumed, he acquired in the ladies' club at Belford, and which probably contributed to his popularity in that society, stood him in great stead in the aristocratic circle of Delworth Castle. The whole family was equally delighted and amused by his *bon-homme* and simplicity; and he, in return, captivated by their kindness, as well as grateful for their benefits, paid them a sincere and unfeigned homage, which trebled their good-will. Never was so honest and artless a courtier. There was something at once diverting and amiable in the ascendancy which everything connected with his patron held over Mr. Singleton's imagination. Loyal subject as he unquestionably was, the king, the queen, and the royal family would have been as nothing in his eyes, compared with Lord and Lady Delworth, and their illustrious offspring. He purchased a new peerage, which, in the course of a few days, opened involuntary on the honoured page which contained an account of their genealogy; his halls were hung with ground-plans of Hadley House, elevations of Delworth Castle, maps of the estate, prints of the late and present lords, and of a judge of Queen Anne's reign, and of a bishop of George the Second's, worthies of the family; he had, on his dining-room mantle-piece, models of two wings, once projected for Hadley, but which had never been built; and is said once to have bought on old head of the first Duke of Marlborough, which a cunning auctioneer had fobbed off upon him, by pretending that the great captain was a progenitor of his noble patron.

Besides this predominant taste, he soon

began to indulge other inclinations at the rectory, which savoured a little of his old bachelor habits. He became a collector of shells and china, and fancier of tulips; and when he invited the coterie of Belford ladies to partake of a syllabub, astonished and delighted them by the performance of a piping bull-finch of his own teaching, who executed the Blue Bells of Scotland in a manner not to be surpassed by the barrel organ, by means of which this accomplished bird had been instructed. He engaged Mrs. Martin as his housekeeper, and Patty as his housemaid; set up the identical one-horse shay in which he was riding to day; became a member of the clerical dinner club, took in *St. James's Chronicle* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and was known by everybody as a confirmed old bachelor.

All these indications notwithstanding, nothing was less in his contemplation than to remain in that forlorn condition. Marriage, after all, was his predominant taste; his real fancy was for the ladies. He was fifty seven, or thereabouts, when he began to make love; but he has amply made up for his loss of time, by marrying no less than four wives since that period. Call him Mr. Singleton, indeed!—why, his proper name would be Doubleton. Four wives has he had, and of all varieties. His first was a pretty rosy smiling lass just come from school, who had known him all her life, and seemed to look upon him just as a school-girl does upon an indulgent grand-papa, who comes to fetch her for the holidays. She was as happy as a bird, poor thing! during the three months she lived with him—but then came a violent fever and carried her off.

His next wife was a pale, sickly, consumptive lady, not over young, for whose convenience he set up a carriage, and for whose health he travelled to Lisbon and Madeira, and Nice, and Florence, and Hastings, and Clifton, and all the places by sea and land, abroad and at home, where sick people go to get well,—at one of which she, poor lady, died.

Then he espoused a buxom, jolly, merry widow, who had herself had two husbands, and who seemed likely to see him out; but the small-pox came in her way, and she died also.

Then he married his present lady, a charming woman, neither fat nor thin,



nor young nor old—not very healthy, nor particularly sickly—who makes him very happy, and seems to find her own happiness in making him so.

He has no children by any of his wives; but has abundance of adherents in parlour and hall. Half the poor of the parish are occasionally to be found in his kitchen, and his dining-room is the seat of hospitality, not only to his old friends of the town and his new friends of the country, but to all the families of all his wives. He talks of them (for he talks more now than he did at the Belford election, having fallen into the gossiping habit of “narrative old age”) in the quietest manner possible, mixing, in a way the most diverting and the most unconscious, stories of his first wife and his second, of his present and his last. He seems to have been perfectly happy with all of them, especially with this. But if he should have the misfortune to lose that delightful person, he would certainly console himself, and prove his respect for the state by marrying again; and such is his reputation as a super-excellent husband, especially in the main article of giving his wives their own way, that, in spite of his being even now an octogenarian, I have no doubt but there would be abundance of fair candidates for the heart and hand of the good Rector of Hadley.

*Miss Mitford.*

#### MY FRIEND BROMELY.

One dull snowy morning in January, while sitting at breakfast in my lodgings in a dull street in London, I received the following note:—“Dear Harry, I am confined to bed—very unwell—come and see me—immediately.—Yours always, T. Bromely.”

This was very laconic. I had seen Bromely a few nights before at the opera in high spirits, and apparently in good health. I was rather surprised, therefore, at the import of the card, but thinking that it might be some trifling indisposition, I finished my breakfast and my newspaper before setting out to call. I found myself about one o'clock at his lodgings, and, on enquiring of the footman how his master was, I learned that he had been confined to bed two days, and was still unable to rise. I entered the chamber, and having shaken hands, began to give the customary consolations—hoped “that the illness was trifling,” and so on; but after I had become familiar with the gloom of the apartment, which was darkened, and could distinguish objects properly, I was struck with the change which had taken place in his countenance. To be sure, there must

always be a great difference in a man's appearance when he exchanges the gilding of a fashionable exterior for the paraphernalia of a sick-bed; but even after making allowance for this, I thought I discovered symptoms of a serious malady. The worst part of the affair was the utter prostration of mind which he had experienced, for he hardly appeared to listen to what I said; and on enquiring what physicians he had consulted, he answered “None; it was of no use.” I of course told him of the madness, the folly of this, and said I would bring Dr. Berkely with me at four o'clock, though I hoped that by that time he would be better.

“To tell the truth,” said he suddenly, “I am afraid to hear the sentence of a physician, for fear of having my suspicions confirmed; but I dare say it is the best way to be resolved at once. Do bring him. Pray, what day of the month is this, Harry?”

“The sixth,” I answered. “Is it?” he exclaimed with an earnestness which made me start. “Harry, I must be well by the twelfth.”

I told him if there was any thing I could do for him on that particular day, I would do it with pleasure. “No, no, no!” he answered impatiently; “I must be out myself. What is to be done? You cannot imagine the horrid necessity for my being out on that day, and I can't tell you.”

I tried to make him explain what he seemed so anxious about, but he was impatient of the subject; and seeing I only irritated him by inquiries, I ceased to press them, and took my leave. It was evening before I saw Dr. Berkely. The rain was pouring in torrents, and it was pitchy dark. We drove to Bromely's, and I entered the chamber along with the doctor, who, seating himself by the fireside, put the usual medical questions, felt his patient's pulse, wrote a prescription, and was about to move off.

“One moment, doctor, if you please. I shall be obliged to you, if, for once, you will lay aside your professional caution, and speak out. What is the matter?” The doctor hesitated; said that at present he could not say with certainty what was the matter; would call to-morrow; hoped it was only cold; recommended quietness; and desired him to keep his mind free from alarm, as probably there was not much to apprehend.

Bromely was dissatisfied, but the doctor would not speak out. I took my leave along with him, and, on parting, inquired if he feared any thing very bad; and though he gave me no explicit answer, I was satisfied he considered the matter serious. He went to visit his patients, and I went to the opera. In the glitter of the performance, I forgot Bromely and his illness.

Another note next morning. It ran thus: “Dear Harry, I have had a miserable night, and am wretched. Do come and see me; it will be a charity,” &c. The note was hardly legible, and had been written evidently in violent agitation. In half an hour after the receipt, I was in his chamber. He was looking miserably, but seemed rejoiced when I entered.

"You must think me very selfish in boring you thus," said he; "but if you knew how miserable I am when alone, I am sure you would not grudge me an hour of your society."

What could I do? Of course I was obliged to say, that, if my presence gave him any satisfaction, I would remain with pleasure. "No, no, no!" he answered quickly. "I know very well no one would prefer being here to enjoying himself in his own way, but I shall accept of your kindness for all that." I offered to read to him, but he declined; and, accordingly, I was obliged to keep up a conversation which was any thing but enlivening.

The doctor called, and having ascertained the state of his patient, wrote another prescription. and was about to retire. "Pray, sit down, doctor," said Bromely, "and do me a favour." The doctor took a chair and looked at his watch, as much as to hint that his time was precious. "Oh, it will be your own fault if you be detained, doctor. Answer me a very simple question: I am determined to know, and I have a reason for it—if you will not tell me, I shall call another physician, who may not be so scrupulous—am I in for a fever?" The doctor nodded assent.

Bromely sank back on his pillow at this confirmation of his suspicions, and was silent for some time. He seemed greatly agitated. "How long," at last said he, "how long, doctor, may it take to set me up again; that is, supposing I recover?" and he looked rather wildly in his face.

"It is really impossible to say, Mr. Bromely. At present, I assure you, I can have no idea, and the less you think about it, the better." "But I may be out by the twelfth?" "Impossible," answered the doctor.

I shall not soon forget the look the sick man gave when he received this laconic answer. Impatience and despair seemed to agitate him fearfully. "Dr. Berkely, come what may, you *must* and *shall* enable me to be out on that day. I think I could walk about just now." He made an effort to raise himself in bed, but a sudden sickness came over him, and, with a groan, his head again sought its pillow.

"Doctor," said he, after a pause, "could you give me such a draught as would enable me to go out for an hour or two? I care not how much I suffer as the consequence. I know," continued he, "you can prolong life at times, though you cannot save it. Come, doctor, have you such a medicine?"

"Mr. Bromely, this is foolish. Forgive me, it is sinful. You must not think of going out. I can give no such medicine as you ask. For your own safety, I advise you to compose yourself. Do not think of leaving your bed."

Bromely was suddenly silent, and seemed to be engaged in painful reflection. The doctor departed, promising to call again in the evening. A considerable time elapsed before he broke silence; and when he did so, I thought the tone of his voice had altered considerably. His look was fierce: I thought the fever had gone to his brain.

"Harry," said he, "I don't care for Berke-

ly's opinion. Doctors have their creed, and they must stick to it for the sake of consistency. If disease be in my system, how can outward circumstances affect me? What does it matter whether I lie, or sit, or walk? Besides, I recollect an anecdote of a soldier in a retreat, who kept his saddle for a week, and the man had a malignant fever on him. What is there, then, to hinder me from going out for an hour? Harry, once for all, I must be out on the twelfth, and you must assist me."

"What is the meaning of this nonsense?" I exclaimed impatiently, for I had almost lost my temper at his folly—"what *can* there be which so imperiously demands your presence, at the risk, nay, the certainty of your death, being the consequence? It is absurd to talk of moving from your room; and I certainly shall not assist in any such mad attempt."

I was frightened at the expression of his countenance. He was generally an open-hearted and most kind-hearted being, but his look was now dreadful to behold; and when he spoke, though he trembled with passion, the words came slowly and distinctly. "Hear me, Harry: I am fixed in my resolve to be out by the twelfth, and, what is more, you *shall* assist in that very mad attempt." He laughed; but such a laugh! I was terrified. I was afraid that he was deranged—was in a state of raving madness. "Well," said I, with the view of soothing him, "we shall see how you are on that day, and then"—He interrupted me. "Oh, yes; try and soothe me like a child! Yes, we *shall* see on that day." And he was silent.

Days rolled on, and still the same wild determination remained, and every day only saw his resolution become stronger, if possible. He laughed at bodily pain, philosophised upon it, made me read medical books upon fever and delirium, and reasoned upon them as abstract speculations; always ending by repeating his fixed resolution to be out on the twelfth.

It was on the evening of the eleventh that I was sitting with him. He was in a state of high excitement, and talked of going out to-morrow as a thing of course—said I must go with him, in a coach, and implored my acquiescence in terms which distressed me. I had hitherto refrained from contradicting him, as I thought the irritation caused by my opposition made him worse; but now I thought it was high time to tell him my mind, and did so. I represented to him as strongly as possible the madness, the impossibility of his going out—nay, more, that force was to be used to compel him to remain in bed if he persisted in the attempt—and tried by every means in my power to dissuade him from it. He heard me with perfect quietness, though with impatience. When I had finished, he made no answer, but, to my astonishment, got out of bed, threw a dressing-gown about him, walked firmly across the room, and, opening a drawer, took out a pair of dumb-bells, and having exercised them in the usual way for about a minute, put them back in their place, and returned to bed.

"Every night," said he, "since I have been confined, I have done this; and as long as I can



do it, no one shall persuade me that I can't go out; and, as for force," continued he, "look here!" He opened a case which lay at the back of his bed, and produced a pair of pistols, nodded significantly, and replaced them. It was in vain to remonstrate. I still, of course, thought the necessity of his being out existed only in his imagination, and I determined to take serious measures for his confinement. At night I easily got possession of the pistols.

Next day I called, as he had made me solemnly promise to do. He had discovered that the pistols had been taken away, and I expected a violent scene, which I was prepared for. I was mistaken, however. He lay a few minutes perfectly silent; and when he spoke, he did so slowly and mildly.

"Harry," said he, "are you determined not to assist me in going out to-day—for an hour—or two?" I shook my head.

"When I assure you," continued he, calmly, "when I assure you that my honour, and the honour of my family—nay, that my life depends upon it?"

I was astonished at the calmness and firmness with which he spoke, but I was determined not to give way. "Bromely," said I, "once more for all, I will not be accessory to your death, and it is idle to say another word about it."

"Well," said he, "I have now no alternative but to speak out. Is the door shut?" I answered in the affirmative. "Come near me." I approached the bed.

He moved his lips two or three times as if he had been about to speak, but his tongue refused to perform its office; a flush spread over him as he raised himself on one arm, and, looking me steadfastly and sternly in the face, whispered,

"Harry, I HAVE FORGED A BILL."

I forget what exclamation I made. I sat down by the fire, and was silent for some time. I knew that he was watching every motion, but I knew not what to say. I was thankful that he spoke first, though bitterly.

"Well," said he, "you know all, and I suppose are thinking of a decent excuse for shaking me off. And the truth is, Harry, though you should go this instant, I shall not blame you."

"You wrong me," I said; "but what on earth could have tempted you to such an act of madness?"

"What could tempt me? Do you recollect the night we were at Mallet's, some months ago, when I won eight hundred pounds from young Denson? You won from him yourself, Harry. I thought he was rich. He left the table that night not worth a farthing. A fortnight afterwards, I learned that his boy was lying dead in his house, and he had not the means of burying him; that his wife was distracted, and that he was starving. At that moment there was an execution or some such thing going on in the house for 1000*l*. What could I do? I had not the money. I had been the cause of his ruin. I forged a bill upon old Denham for 1500*l*. and gave Denson the money.

I expected to have been in funds long before this, but have been disappointed. The bill is due on the 13th—you see I am a correct man of business—and unless it be taken up to-day, all must come out to-morrow; and you remember the fate of Dr. Dodd—it will be mine. Now, will you lend me a hand?"

"With all my heart," said I, "but how? I have not half the money."

"God bless you, Harry. I'll get the money, but then I must make another confession." "To whom?" said I. "To my sister Jane, Lady Dashley."

"Will Lady Dashley give you money?"

"Will she not, and the honour of the family at stake? Come assist me to rise."

I did get him out of bed, and his clothes on. He fainted once, and I gave up all for lost; but he recovered, and his resolution was as strong as ever. I had almost to carry him to the coach, and, when seated there, had to support him from falling. By the time we had approached Lady Dashley's, he rallied; and though I trembled for the result, he went out firmly, but deadly pale, and walked into the house. I was left in no enviable state. A quarter of an hour passed away, and no tidings; another quarter had nearly been measured, when a servant came out and requested me to walk in. I was shown into a parlour where Bromely was lying on a sofa. His sister, Lady Dashley, was at a writing-desk, and evidently dreadfully agitated; there was no time for salutations; she advanced to meet me.

"You know this dreadful business. Here is a draft on Coutts for the amount. I know there is not so much, but I daresay they will not refuse; at all events you must try. Hasten; let me know the moment you get the business finished."

Bromely was too much exhausted to go with me. I bolted into the coach, gave the driver a sovereign to drive with all the speed he could—presented the cheque at Coutts's; it was shown to one of the partners. I was in a dreadful state of suspense; but it was passed. I got the money, and drove at equal speed to the bank at which the bill was payable. I alighted, and, for the first time, hesitated. I was in a state of considerable agitation, and I must appear calm to prevent suspicion. After pausing a few minutes to recover myself, I walked calmly into the telling room of the bank, and asked as coolly as possible for Mr. Denham's bill.

There was no such bill. I recollected in an instant that it was due only on the morrow. I mentioned this, and added that it would be obliging if they would take payment of the bill to-day. It was got and paid, and in my possession. My feelings must have betrayed me when I had the fatal document in my hand, for the clerk did look suspicious. However, it was in my possession, and I was again at the coach in an instant. Driving with the former rapidity, I was at Lady Dashley's door in a twinkling. I rushed up stairs, and found the parties as I had left them. Neither had power to utter a syllable.

"There is the bill," said I, putting it in the fire.

I never witnessed such a relief to two human beings. It is impossible to record the lady's thanks and Bromely's gratitude. I got him to his lodgings. He was dreadfully ill for months, and raved continually of bills, and banks, and felony, but he recovered.

HE HAS NOT TOUCHED CARD NOR DICE-BOX SINCE.

### THE DECAYED GENTLEWOMAN.

There is something, it appears to us, deeply and peculiarly affecting in the expression—applied to persons in distress—"they have seen better days." No claim upon our sympathy touches us so nearly as this. It at once brings before our minds the possibility of a change in our own circumstances, and no appeal—such is our nature—comes so home to our bosoms as that which suggests the chance of ourselves and those dear to us having one day to ask for such pity as is called for from us. When woman, in particular, gentle, good, and unobtrusive, is the unfortunate object that has "seen better days," the case is still more strongly calculated to move our compassion; for we are usually inclined to presume, and with probability, that, though she is a participator in the sad reverse, she could not have had any blameable share in producing it. Of all objects of pity, indeed, under the sun, the woman who has undergone a change in her estate, and bears her fall with uncomplaining mildness and patience, is one of the most truly and profoundly interesting. Shoeless, garmentless, homeless poverty, poverty that sits by the wayside begging with its many wants obtruded on every hand, never touches the soul with a pang a hundredth part so acute, as does the shrinking, carefully concealed indigence of the Decayed Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Mellick of Westborough was so exactly the realization of this character, that, in describing her, we shall describe the class, an interesting and peculiar one, to which she belonged. In person she was above the middle size, but of a slender make; in middle life she looked much older than she really was, but she gained, as she advanced towards seventy, a well-preserved and comely look, which it was a pleasure to see. In fact, while the early troubles of her life made her old

before her time, the quiet unruffled tenor of her later years had in some measure restored her original appearance, though her hour of bodily and mental ease came too late to save many traces of her youthful beauty.

About forty years before she reached the time of life referred to, Mrs. Mellick's evil day had come to pass, in the ruin and sudden death of her husband, the last of an old landed family in the neighbourhood of Westborough. But amid the wreck of her fortunes, she had found some individuals not unmindful of her conduct in her prosperity; and it is to the honour of our nature, that persons, who, like her, have fallen from their prosperous estate, do find, in general, some humble shelter, to which they are welcome in memory of the past. It is true, that, when she was received into the house of Mr. Mason, a cabinetmaker in Westborough, Mrs. Mellick sought nothing in charity, nor did she ever need to do so while she lived there. But then Mr. and Mrs. Mason did not know that the case would turn out thus, and therefore they are entitled to praise for their conduct. A small parlour and bedroom was all that Mrs. Mellick and her little boy required, and, indeed, the cabinetmaker had no more to give. Year after year went on, subsequently to this arrangement; Mrs. Mellick's little boy was put to school by her relations, and the Masons and their inmate found themselves so mutually agreeable, that neither ever thought of change. Mrs. Mason, indeed, was in the habit of remarking to her acquaintances, when her lodger first came, "that as to the money they received, it was a mere nothing; but then they had reason to think the poor lady had not much to spare; besides, whatever the world might say of Mr. Mellick, he had always behaved well to them, and paid honestly for what work was done for him, and *that* was more than could be said of many; and poor Mrs. Mellick was so quiet, and gave so little trouble, that, for her part, she was glad to have her;" and so on, always winding up her insinuations of small payment by a reclaiming clause to her lodger's advantage.

The circumstance of Mr. Mason being a cabinetmaker, turned out greatly to Mrs. Mellick's comfort as regarded lodge-



ment. As her worth became known to the good couple with whom she lived, they gave her the benefit of all the nice little pieces of furniture—the walnut bedstead, the mahogany chest of drawers, the oaken cupboard, inlaid with ivory and parti-coloured woods, and other articles—all manufactured by Mr. Mason at his leisure hours. Into the parlour where these things stood, and which was further decorated with shell-work and other ornaments, visitors were freely admitted; but into the bedroom beyond, Mrs. Mason only was privileged by her lodger with the right of entrance. This exclusion, it was supposed, had some connection with the portrait of Mr. Mellick, painted in the heyday of his youth, which was known to hang within.

Visitors to Mrs. Mellick had to pass through her landlady's kitchen, and, then ascending by two steps into the parlour, at once the Decayed Gentlewoman was before them, a woman whose hand a duke might have kissed without derogating from his dignity, and yet who had less to live upon than the stipend he paid to his valet! She sat regularly in one place—in an ancient chair of faded damask—near the fire, out of the draught, and with her back to the window. She was always dressed in black, and a most respectable and interesting figure she was, in spite of her antique garments, dyed though they might have been. Her long satin cloak, well wadded, and trimmed with its enduring narrow fur, and her small but at one time costly ermine muff, and her quiet self-possessed air, established her at once for a lady born and bred. It was well for Mrs. Mellick that in the days of her full purse, silks and satins were made for wear, and that nobody wore any worse velvets than those of Genoa. But, in truth, the clothes of the Decayed Gentlewoman never *did* wear out, for with what care were they husbanded! Worn only, in their first estate, to go out in, or to grace the call of some especial visitor; never burnt brown by the fire; never exposed to the tumbling of disorderly children; never worn to carve great dinners in; worn with a sense of their value ever before the mind; invisibly darned and repaired if accident happened; turned if soiled, and re-turned when the first side had freshened; pinned

up in a napkin, and put by without crease or false fold, under secure lock and key. Well may the best gown wear for ever—wear till the heartless and the fastidious make a jest of it! Again, how wonderfully is the every-day dress kept in a visibly good condition! But, oh! the darns and joins and laboriously-kept-together parts which are needfully concealed under the nice muslin apron and the over-handkerchief! I could shed tears when I look at the decent appearance of the Decayed Gentlewoman in her every-day dress; for I know how every thin place has been anticipated, how the tatter that *would* come, in spite of prevention, has been subject of regret and anxiety! Not one corner of that handkerchief, artlessly as its folds may seem to be disposed, but has a purpose in its arrangement—has some little darn, or spot worn into visible network—to hide from the prying eye! And this garment, for which the dealer in cast-off apparel would not give you three groats, may be put off for one still more dilapidated, or for a cotton wrapper, when no one is expected to come, and yet even this shall have no observable rent or tatter about it! The poverty of the Decayed Gentlewoman is a respectable thing; it has nothing squalid nor sordid about it; it can never make her an object of vulgar pity; on the contrary, it excites the esteem, nay, the very reverence, of good hearts!

The sombreness of Mrs. Mellick's dress was relieved by the white apron, always spotless, save for those pertinacious iron-moulds, which, spite of salt of lemons, *will* come in old muslin. The folds of the apron were always fresh; and a white India muslin handkerchief was laid in delicate fold over her bosom. God help her! those very handkerchiefs were poor Mr. Mellick's cravats; and long was it before she could prevail upon herself to apply them to her own use; and when at length she did, compelled by her own store being exhausted, she had forcibly to put away the agonising consciousness, and assiduously to occupy her mind with other thoughts. But that is years since, and her heart has long beat quiescently under the fair folds of the muslin. A very nice rather high cap, but not of the widow's form, completed her costume; the clear starching and making up of

which was always an object of great attention, although nobody, except Mrs. Mason and her little maid, ever saw her about the first part of the operation.

Of Mrs. Mellick's little parlour, a word must be said; and the more so, because in its leading features the description will apply to the parlour of every Decayed Gentlewoman. Mrs. Mellick's room was small and low, but not unpleasant looking; with two old-fashioned sash-windows, screened by white netted blinds, scrupulously clean. Within a recess or alcove were a few shelves decorated with half-a-dozen old china teacups and saucers, three jars, and certain nondescript vessels of an antique cast, and the grate was so bricked internally as to consume the least possible quantity of fuel, consistent with the retention of the character of a fire. An antiquated pier-glass and two good prints decorated the walls, which were covered with old-fashioned paper. The chairs were plain, but bright and polished, and in one corner, on a turn-down stand of Mr. Mason's making, stood a little glass, filled with flowers, the proceeds of the small garden attached to the house. On the table before the venerable inmate of the chamber, might always be seen her knitting or netting, and most commonly her Prayer-book. On one of the window seats lay two or three volumes of the Ladies' Magazine, Young's Night Thoughts, Cowper's Poems, Hervey's Meditations, and a large Family Bible. In the latter book Mrs. Mellick very frequently read, for she was devout, not only in seeming, but in sincerity. As if essential to the character in which we have presented her, she was a devout Church-of-England lady; and bad indeed must the weather have been, when her well-preserved old silk umbrella was not seen, or the sound of her pattens heard, at the hour of service in the church of Westborough.

This portrait of a Decayed Gentlewoman will call up the recollection, we imagine, of some counterpart or other in the minds of many of our readers. The young will remember calling, it may be, with their mammas upon some ancient and venerable old lady, who presented them with a modicum of comfits taken from an old cupboard, where they were kept in the sugar bowl of a tea set of

china. A canister of gingerbread nuts was the treasure Mrs. Mellick kept for this purpose. On an elderly person she occasionally bestowed a glass of wine; and as this was always remarked to be of a fine quality, it was conjectured that some rich relation now and then sent her a bottle or two as a present; for it was guessed that she could not herself afford it out of her small means. And what were these means? Thirty pounds a-year, the joint annuity of two relations. Small occasional presents she might receive in addition to this; but of a certainty they were like angel visits, "few and far between." One present which Mrs. Mellick regularly got, deserves mention. This was a barrel of oysters, which she received annually from her son in London, where he had commenced practice as physician, and subsequently had married, and had a large family. In return, Mrs. Mellick devoted much of her time to the knitting of lamb's-wool stockings for her grandchildren. The London papers were also regularly sent to Mrs. Mellick by her son, and this deserves notice as being a characteristic feature of the old lady's caste. Decayed Gentlewomen in provincial situations always receive second-hand metropolitan papers; and this gives them no small superiority in a certain way, enabling them to oblige their news-loving neighbours and to assume credit for the possession of rich friends far away. But this was not Mrs. Mellick's disposition or desire.

With thirty pounds a-year only, and every thing to find out of it, Mrs. Mellick could neither give parties nor indulge in luxurious living for herself. The Decayed Gentlewoman's eating, like her dress, was reduced to the very lowest possible scale of expenditure; and Mrs. Mason could tell, if she would, how short the commons of her inmate often were. She wondered with herself how the poor lady kept soul and body together on the modicum of victuals that she consumed; and many a time she added from her own more amply supplied table any savoury morsel which she thought could not be unpalatable to the lady, and yet might look rather like a little polite attention than a gift out of pure charity. Ill as Mrs. Mellick, however, could afford to entertain company, she did, nevertheless,



to relieve her mind perhaps of a sense of obligation, invite now and then two or three quiet ladies to take a cup of tea with her. And then came out that little chased silver tea-pot, about the size and as round as a small melon, that dainty silver cream-jug, and that pair of silver candlesticks, which, together with a gold etui-case, and a most elaborate and delicately carved gold snuff-box, were, as she never failed to relate during tea, the legacy of her godmother, together with the history of the old lady, which it must be confessed was well worth hearing. But she did not tell how this legacy came to her on the very day of poor Mellick's funeral, and being put aside in the overwhelming agony of the time into her wardrobe, was, unknown to herself, saved among her clothes from the general wreck which followed. An incident like this, connected with that sad event, she could never have related. No allusion was ever made by her to the dark times of her ruined hopes and fortunes. And though people wondered at her settling for life in the neighbourhood of her former happiness and later misfortunes, and it perhaps might not be easy to account for such a choice, still her sense of suffering was so great, that, during forty years, she was never known to walk upon the road that led to her former residence, even though the house was soon taken down, the materials sold, the whole demesne ploughed, planted, and every way changed, so that she could not have known where it had stood. Her sensibilities towards the past were very acute; her study seemed to be to forget all connected with it. Mellick-field was as though it had never been, and she never alluded to it, except to her most intimate friends, and then only casually.

But though Mrs. Mellick, like all those of her class who are possessed of keen sensibilities, was unable to talk of the circumstances immediately and intimately connected with her former condition, she was not so unwilling to converse of the collateral affairs, as they may be called, relating to past times. She had some remote family connection with two noble houses, and in the heyday of her prosperity, an earl, her cousin, had lunched at Mellick-field, as he passed through the

county; this established the validity of her claim with the whole neighbourhood, and left a lasting interest in her own heart for every branch of his widely extended family. Laterally and collaterally she knew how they had branched out, and had a sort of maternal anxiety about the younger scions of the house; wondered how they were to be provided for; and if any of the name or connection signalled themselves at home or abroad, she never failed to relate it. She had a feeling of strong regard for old George III. and his queen; thought they were good family people, and vastly superior to their successors. The fact was, when she was young she passed three years in London with relations who lived near the palace, and the princes and princesses, the old king and queen, were mixed up in her memory with many a bright young remembrance, that not even the troubles of her after life could obliterate.

If Mrs. Mellick, as we have said, upon her thirty pounds a-year, could be no giver of parties, she still was often invited to many quiet family parties in Westborough. She was an excellent hand at a rubber of whist, and with some old gentlemen of the place was a favourite partner; and, moreover, as she had two tolerably handsome visiting gowns, and was a person of good presence, a lady, even scrupulous as to the appearance of her rooms, could never object to Mrs. Mellick on that score. But as no Decayed Gentlewoman may ever calculate on being sent home in the carriages of her friends, or on being attended by their liveried servants, and equally rarely may look to have the escort of any gentleman who would go out of his way to leave her at her own door, so dear Mrs. Mellick was always fetched home by Mrs. Mason's little maid, who came with a modest rap and low voice, bringing lantern and cloak, as the night might be, to convoy home the lady at ten, or at farthest half an hour later.

Through the whole of her life, Mrs. Mellick was a proof how totally independent of large income is personal respectability. Its great secret is self-respect. Poverty could never degrade such as she, for she never degraded herself by pretence or duplicity.

RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

TAMPICO.

It was well that our minds, on landing, were really disposed to contentment, and that we were inclined to overlook minor grievances in our escape from far greater, otherwise, there were circumstances attending our first début in this land of delights, teeming, as we supposed, with gold and silver, and the richest fruits of the earth, which were certainly far more agreeable, setting aside the causes of trial at which I hinted at the close of my last letter.

The first thing we experienced, which considerably surprised us on placing foot in the town, was the great difficulty of finding a *shelter*: and we were in the end fain to put up, all three, with a small room in the second story of a square, ill-built, open, wood barrack, the ground floor of which served as a billiard room and gambling house to the piebald population of Tampico de las Tamaulipas.

The second thing which quite horrified us, was the difficulty of procuring *food* wherewith to satisfy the appetites of three able-bodied gentlemen just from sea. Eggs we found were rare, meat was rarer, bread the rarest of all; and, except at certain hours of the day, when it was doled forth in most apologetic morsels, could not be had for love and money.

The third thing in my list, which nearly petrified us, was the *cold*. Lying under the tropic of Cancer, we were absolutely forced to rise in the night, and dress ourselves before we could sleep.

The fourth—but no, I will save a few miseries to qualify some future page of enjoyment.

As late as 1825, the site of the present town of Tampico was solely occupied by a few Indian huts, and the feeble commerce carried on in the port was concentrated at the Pueblo Viejo, or Old Town, situated on the shore of a shallow lagoon a few miles distant, in the state of Vera Cruz. The difficulty of approach, added to the heavy dues exacted for all goods crossing into the state of Tamaulipas on their road to the interior, seems to have directed the attention of the merchants and other speculators to the present site. And truly no possible position could have been better chosen, as it is nearer the bar, situated on the main river, with sufficient depth of water to admit vessels of burden to anchor close to the town, and, moreover, commands an unimpeded navigation for one hundred and twenty miles up the country. Were it not for the annual visits of the yellow fever, and irremediable difficulties which the interposition of the bar imposes upon the merchant, there is no doubt that Tampico would become the most flourishing port in New Spain. As it is, vessels are frequently detained four or five months; being blown off and on by the frequent severe gales, before they can unload and get inside the bar; and held prisoners as long, before they can cross it again.

The new town is built in regular squares, upon the narrow and depressed termination of a rocky peninsula, at the lower extremity of a

cluster of lakes which empty their waters into the gulf by the river Panuco. The houses have no pretension to uniformity in their style of architecture. The European merchant builds substantial stone stores and dwelling houses, according to the fashion of his country. The American runs up his flimsy clap board edifices. The Mexican of Spanish descent exhibits his taste and his knowledge of the climate by low thick walls, gayly painted and flat-roofed habitations, with internal courts; and the Indian raises his bamboo cage, plastered with mud, and thatched with palm leaves, according to the custom of his forefathers.

The population is, of course, the most mongrel that can be conceived. The commerce of the port is principally in the hands of foreigners; the imports consisting of every imaginable fabric, whether their introduction is consistent with the existing laws of the republic or not. Smuggling is reduced to a system. The exports are confined to specie and fustic alone. Of the former, seven millions of dollars from the upper provinces were shipped at this port alone, during the year 1833.

The sum of the population the preceding year, before the cholera broke out, had been estimated at five thousand. Of these, three thousand are said to have been swept away: and though the town was rapidly recruiting its numbers at the time of our visit, the enormous price paid for every article, whether of foreign or domestic production, as well as for labour, is hardly to be credited. Wages for the poorest mason or carpenter, generally English or German, amounted to three or four dollars a day: indeed, I knew one instance of a "turn out" of the workmen employed upon the house of one of the principal merchants, who were not content with four dollars, but laid a claim to six! The most ragged urchin lying all day under the shade in the street, if asked to lend a hand to aid the operations of the merchant for a few hours, will not stir till he has made his bargain for a couple of dollars payment. You cannot cross the river, a row of five minutes, for less. To come up from the bar, a distance of six miles, though you be ten in company—ten dollars per head is the sum demanded. Good law, and good physicking—and one might add, good advice, that cheapest of all articles in an ordinary state of society—cannot be had for love or money. This, among a beggarly, half-naked population, (I cry your pardon for speaking so of a sovereign people,) would be perfectly laughable, if it were not felt to be a serious matter. You may remark, that both classes, native and foreign, have the same lust of gain; they only differ in their mode of following it, the one striving for it by hook and crook, the others waiting till it drops before their noses.

While I am scrawling these general outlines upon paper, I may at once say that the tone of society is neither creditable to the superior education of European residents, nor to the lofty pretensions of the Mexican *employés*, who form the nucleus of native society here. The latter are ignorant and debased, insufferably



bigoted and proud: jealous of foreigners, and, I believe, the majority here, as throughout the country, thoroughly unprincipled. Extraordinary indeed must the virtue be, which will make the possessor sensible to stern justice, and insensible to a bribe.

As to religion—name it not: the God of the South is Mammon. There is nothing in the degraded ultra-Cotholocism of New Spain which can touch the heart and elevate human nature; and, unfortunately, the majority of the young European merchants who resort here to drive their gainful commerce, evince by word and deed, that the lessons of their youth, and the God of their fathers, are alike both forgotten. Had there been more family men among them, one might perhaps have met with more honourable exceptions. Like many *mauvais sujets* all the world over, they were in general good-tempered, serviceable fellows; and, personally, we had nothing to complain of, as far as our slight intercourse with them went.

I have summarily mentioned the two principal classes of the inhabitants, forming, as it were, the elite of the town. It may be observed of the common people, that, little as can be said in their favour as a mass, individually they are by far the most picturesque in form, manner, and clothing. Their characters and costumes are as various as their blood. The poor Indian is distinguished by his sandalled foot, miserable attire, and subdued air. He, at least, seems to have gained nothing by the change of masters. How should he! He was the slave of the few, now he is the slave of the many. If the Spaniard did little to raise the character of the conquered vassal, the Mexican does less, if possible, to instruct the darker skin whom he pretends to consider politically as his equal, but whom, in fact, he always treats as his inferior. They are as they ever were—governed by the priests, and kept in utter ignorance. They supply the market with fruits, water, and vegetables.

You have here the modern Mexican of every degree, from the substantial *ranchero*, or proprietor, bespurred, and bedizened in the full and showy Mexican costume of stamped leather, embroidered vest, and gaudy *serape*, and curbing a wild horse loaded with furniture; or the trusty *arriero*, with his long string of mules, his precious cargo of specie, and his train of assistant *mozos*; down to the poor adventurer whose whole wardrobe consists of a pair of faded velvetene trousers slit half way up the leg, and a tawdry cloak, haunting the gambling table, and living upon what fortune sends.

The costumes are extremely picturesque from their diversity of colour and pattern, and the brilliant hues in fashion. I have omitted to mention the soldiery, than which a more shabaroony, cut-throat set, whether officers or men, I never beheld. It is said that they fight well. I do not dispute the *on dit*, but from all the evidence I could ever collect, I have considerable difficulty in believing it. I think they would run better; and I know that on

most occasions, they do so with very slight provocation. As to costume, nothing could be more diverting. There was *an orderly* in attendance on a general officer dwelling in our vicinity, who used to shamle past our quarters every morning at a certain hour, garbed in a short coat, richly embroidered with worsted, a clumsy sword, a cap and sash, and never a strap or shred upon his lower limbs—saving your presence.

The Fonda de la Bolza, where you have seen us lodged, was at the time of our visit, in the hands of a Frenchman. He was on the point of retiring with a handsome independence drawn from divers sources: to wit, the gleanings of the billiard tables below stairs—the proceeds of the miserable lodgings above, let to gentlemen who could, unfortunately, not better themselves; those of a bar for the dispensation of *aqua ardiente*, (strong waters,) lemonade, and liqueurs; a table d'hôte, morning and evening, furnished with a little fish, a little flesh, and a little fowl, and garnished with gizzard, tripe, ox cheek, yams, black beans, and bananas; and lastly, a gaming table in a retired piazza, over which he acted as presiding genius and banker.

Uncomfortable within, and environed with filth and garbage without, there was little in the Fonda to keep us willing prisoners; for we happened to be addicted neither to tipping nor gambling; and our first care after realizing our position, was to contrive the means of passing as much of our time as possible out of doors.

A few days gave us an insight into all the capabilities of the spot where we were cooped up. Society, I have said, was very confined. The young foreigners, when emancipated from their counting-houses, passed their evenings in riding in the vicinity; playing at bowls, or worse, at *monte*; or made an attempt to get up a waltz by the aid of a poor pianoforte, a fife, and a pair of matrons. Books and literature, or the study of natural history, had no votaries among them. Now and then a tawdry masquerade, in which all classes mingled, was the amusement of the evening; but they were dull and stupid as might be, and only to be surpassed in stupidity by the fandangoes danced by the lower orders once or twice a week, under an open thatched shed, in the outskirts of the town.

By aid of sundry letters of credit, and the real kindness of the gentleman who acted as English and American consul, to whom we were all along greatly indebted, we soon achieved the purchase of horses. They may always be purchased—as to selling them, that, we found on divers occasions, to be quite another affair. We also hired *an orderly* to wait upon our donships; and set to work to make such preparations for our journey into the interior as were in our power, in the absence of all the accoutrements purchased at New Orleans for the purpose; and, moreover, took occasion, as weather and temper invited, to garb ourselves in our best—in which you will recollect we were not much embarrassed

by variety of choice—to sneak out of our den at the Bolza, and ride about the environs.

These rides, however, were principally confined to the evening hours preceding sunset, and to the back of the ridge on the San Luis Potosi road, from many of the banana and sugar plantations on which line, the view over the nearer lakes, and towards the distant Siersa Madre, a spur of which appeared far to the southward, was uncommonly beautiful.

A rocky bluff overhanging the Panuco, at the upper end of the town just above the market, was the scene of almost a daily visit, as it commanded an extended view over the distant country both far and near. A little above this point, the river Tammasee, draining the Lago Chairel, and many other lagoons covering a vast tract of country to the westward, forms its junction with the Panuco or Tula, which comes from afar, flowing in a most graceful sweep among low wooded islands from the south-west. Beyond the farther shore lies the lagoon of Pueblo Viego; and farther to the south, far in the distance, the fertile uplands of the Huastec, and the advanced spurs of the eastern Cordillera of Mexico.

There is yet a distant object, which excites the marvel of the traveller at Tampico, and this is the Bernal, an isolated mountain, rising like a huge stack, with smooth perpendicular sides, and jagged summit, over the level line of the horizon to the westward. It is about thirty leagues distant, if we were rightly informed.

Immediately above Tampico, the peninsula, which is rendered such by the lagoon Carpentaro at the back of the town, continues to rise gradually towards the westward, and appears crowded by the Indian huts. They and their bamboo enclosures are nearly buried in a tangled labyrinth of weed of the *Solanum* species, overtopped occasionally by a banana, or the tall mutilated trunk of a yellow-wood tree.

At early morning the landing below the bluff might be observed beset by the market boats and canoes of the Indians, laden with the produce of the farms of the upper district—sugarcane, bamboo, hay, and fruit, or with loads of sweet water brought down the Tammasee. At the same hour the shore was lined by females standing up to their knees in water, patiently labouring at the purification of some article of apparel, in defiance of the alligators swarming on the neighbouring swampy shore, and disporting themselves in the river. Lower down, abreast of the custom-house, and busy marketplace, appeared the various foreign merchant vessels at anchor; and still farther to the left, the range of hills, which rise above Pueblo Viejo, and form the right bank of the Panuco to the gulf. Nothing could exceed the picturesque appearance of many of the figures which here continually pass before us, or the classic character of the women, laden with the Etruscan-shaped water jar of the country; and many a time were we allured to maintain our post, till the heat of the sun, and the effluvia of putrid carcasses which line the shore, forced

us to retire. The most striking features of the same view were to be commanded from any of the farms situated to the right of the St. Luis Potosi road, which, from the peculiar water-girt position of the town, formed the only evening ride of all the gallants of Tampico; the road to the bar being nearly impassable, on account of the state of the intervening swamps.

Every evening during this period of our detention, our tawdry retainer, Julian, appeared about an hour before sunset, with our horses, at the door of the Bolza, and mounting, we never failed to forget the ennui of our position, and the heat and annoyances of midday, in our two hours' gallop amid scenes of such beauty.

But you will not be tempted to suspect that I could be, with my prying disposition, in a new country, teeming with novelty and wonders in natural history, without a partial resumption of my wonted habit of an occasional stroll on foot, in spite of heat, insects, and the robbers, from whom there was of course some risk, as in other highly civilized countries. "What was the heat to me," thought I, "I can bear it; and the insects, they are what I have come in search of. What are the robbers to me, they will not find my present wardrobe worth cutting my throat for:" so leaving my two companions to their sedentary philosophy, and their siestas, which were sometimes taken by anticipation in the morning as well as afternoon—as soon as the weather became genial, I might be daily seen, after securing a breakfast, which, considering how doubtful the dinner was, was a very necessary precaution, stealing off up to the bluff, and among the fragile Indian huts. My accoutrement consisted of a good cudgel, a long sharp knife, the same that had operated upon the bison, a few thousand entomological pins, a bag of seeds, and a broad-eaved palmetto *sombrero*.

That was certainly a species of intoxication! All was new, except the earth I trod upon—trees, shrubs, plants, insects, and birds. I gathered, examined, impaled. No flower courted my admiring gaze in vain. No insect hummed in my ear unattended to. If I skirted the riverside—there was the garrulous jackdaw with his mates quarrelling in their indescribable manner among the glossy leaves and innumerable stems of the mangroves; the white snow crane standing motionless in the shallow water, or a flight of vultures hovering over a dark corner, where my approach had scared them from a bloated carcass—not unfrequently a humn one. Farther, the huge slimy log, half buried in the mud, crowded with terrapins; and the loathsome alligator squatting among the reeds on the shore. I would then follow one of those narrow winding paths cut in that thick dense shrubbery which covers a great portion of the surface of the country in the vicinity of Tampico—a wildness of curious trees and thickets, matted and woven together with ten thousand creepers and parasitical plants, with their graceful hanging flowers, seed vessels—vines, passifloras, and splendid convulvi rendered quite



impervious by the thorny nature of the covert, and the rank growth of prickly aloes which form the undergrowth. These were the paradise of the parrot and other gaudy rivals. Here and there, a small enclosure of sugarcane, and a picturesque Indian hut, would rise on the ordinary solitude of my stroll. I always found the pure-blooded native friendly; and a yard of sugarcane, a gourd of water, and perhaps a glass of *aqua ardiente*, were always at my service. For a whole week I found these daily predatory walks perfectly delightful. I rushed into every thicket, I culled every flower, I handled everything within reach, and longed to handle a great deal which was beyond it. I went wheresoever I listed, nothing doubting; and you certainly have no suspicion of the cause which was all this time, silently but surely, operating a total change in my taste, habits, and pursuits.

I have described what I was the first week: I will now tell you what I was the second, and, in fact, as long as I remained in the lower country. My love of locomotion remained the same, but all my eagerness and fire to make collections, and to touch what I saw, were utterly extinguished. I walked abroad it is true, but it was with the noli-me-tangere air of a spruce gentleman in a street full of chimney-sweepers. My eyes roamed as they had hitherto done—but as to contact with flower or leaf, however curious or beautiful it might be, that I most scrupulously avoided. I found it was one thing to catch crickets, or gather lilies, daisies, or daffodils, in England, and another to make collections under the tropics.

In fact, here the insects and flowers are in league for mutual defence; every leaf, every spray, holds its myriads of *garapatos*, a species of wood bug, from the size of a small pin head to that of a pea; and the slightest touch is sure to bring a host upon your person, where, attaining the skin, they silently and insensibly bury themselves to the neck, with their barbed claws, and are seldom perceived till they are too firmly fixed to extract without danger; and, at the best, cause great irritation, and often inflammation. Now, in consequence of my love of natural history, I had become a perfect pasture for these omnivorous nuisances, with others of their confraternity, not to be described; and at the end of the term indicated, what between the attacks of the *garapatos* without, and the nightly wounds inflicted within doors by myriads of mosquitoes—which are here very large and sanguinary, not quite as large as a jacksnipe—I was upon the verge of a fever, and solemnly abjured my occupation. It was nearly three weeks before I lost all the consequences of my imprudence, for such it was, and never can I sufficiently appreciate the real merit of those patient, indefatigable and rhinoceros-skinned men, who have succeeded in enriching our European collections with the wonders of the torrid zone.

Such was the terror which the torment I had been subjected to inspired, that, as long as we were in the *térres calientes* to which these parts are fortunately confined, I never ran unneces-

sary risks; and after any accidental contact with tree or shrub, instituted the ordinary patient search to which all must submit.—*Latrobe*.

#### ENTHUSIASM IN PAPER MAKING.

In the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., numerous experiments are detailed of the manufacture of paper from various materials, and in their library is to be seen a book written in German, containing between thirty and forty specimens of paper made of different materials. The author of this curious work, M. Schäffer, was apparently one of those enthusiasts who become so enamoured of a particular pursuit as to cause everything to be subservient to the one great end which they propose. M. Schäffer relates, that his interest in the pursuit becoming well known, everybody was anxious to supply some material, or to suggest some hint in furtherance of his views, and that the most heterogeneous substances were constantly presented to him with the question, "Can you make this into paper?" His account of the causes which led him to many trials of different substances is confirmatory of the foregoing, while it illustrates the observation, that from the most trifling circumstances useful knowledge may be obtained by those who walk abroad with their senses and understandings alive to surrounding objects. By this means, and by the zealous co-operation of those more immediately about him, M. Schäffer affirms that his catalogue was much increased: while he became so absorbed in the all-engrossing subject, that it would seem the whole world assumed to him the character of one vast mass of latent material for paper.

The bark of various trees, of the willow, the beech, the aspin, and the hawthorn, have been successfully formed into paper. That made from the bark of the lime-tree is of a reddish-brown colour, and so extremely smooth as to be peculiarly well calculated for drawings; the paper produce of this bark is not merely confined to the leaves of a book of specimens, but it is manufactured for useful purposes in some of the northern parts of the Continent. The wood, as well as the inner bark, of the mulberry, is likewise capable of being made into this substance. A specimen of paper made from the down of the catkins of the black poplar is of a very superior quality, being very soft and silky. A paper similar to the last was likewise produced from the silky down of the *asclepias*, with the admixture of a portion of linen rags. The tendrils of the vine, after being subjected to putrefactive fermentation, can be converted into a tolerable paper. The stalks of the mugwort, or *artemisia*, formed another material of nearly similar quality. This plant may almost be considered a weed, as it grows spontaneously on banks and on the sides of foot-paths, and its roots spread and propagate very rapidly. The nettle is another weed from which two kinds of paper have been made: the one from the rind, the other from

the ligneous part. The paper manufactured from this plant by M. de Villette was of a dark green colour; that produced by M. Schäffer is tolerably white. The stalks of the common thistle, as well as the down which envelopes its seed, were both made available to this purpose. In relating the manner of manufacturing these stalks into paper, it is stated that the first experiment perfectly answered; a pulpy substance was produced, which cohered in thin sheets; but on a second trial, vain were the maceration and subsequent manipulations; it refused to become a coherent mass, and paper could not be produced without the addition of linen rags. At a subsequent period, M. Schäffer was led to suspect that this want of success might possibly have arisen in consequence of the more mature age of the plants, which rendered them woody, and less capable of being formed into a pulp.

The bark and stalk of bryony—the leaves of the *typha latifolia*, or cat's tail—the slender stalks of the climbing *clematis*—the more ligneous twigs of the branching broom—the fibrous stem of the upright lily—and the succulent stalks of the lordly river-weed, all were alike successfully brought into a pulpy consistence capable of cohering in thin and smooth surfaces. Substances yet more unpromising did this persevering experimentalist endeavour to convert to his favourite object. Turf-tree, earth, and coral moss, were successfully manufactured into paper. Even cabbage-stalks, wood-shavings, and saw-dust, were each in turn placed under process, and specimens of the result are to be seen in the above-mentioned book. Then the rind of potatoes was acted upon, and, finally, the potatoe itself; this latter substance proved a most excellent material, producing a paper extremely smooth and soft to the touch, while its tenacity approached nearer to parchment than any other vegetable substance thus employed, and caused M. Schäffer to esteem it as a valuable drawing-paper, which he recommended should be manufactured exclusively for that purpose, as he supposed that an edible substance might be deemed too valuable to allow of its extensive use, except as an article of food. A good and cheap paper was produced from "pine buds," which, from the description given of them, are the common fir-apples, or fruit of fir-trees. These are well known as being hard woody ones, composed of scales overlapping each other. A singular accident led to the attempt with so apparently inappropriate a substantant.

M. Schäffer's foreman had purchased a particular kind of bird, whose natural food is the fir-apple. Soon after it had been provided with its first meal, the man remarked a considerable quantity of downy litter in the bird's cage, and supposing that it had been negligently introduced with its food, the careful owner cleansed the cage, and procured a fresh supply of the pine buds. After a time, the same appearance was again observed in the cage, and on watching the movements of the bird, it was found diligently tearing to pieces each scale of the cone, until at length the

whole assumed the form of a ball of tow, and then it was in a proper state of preparation to be used as food by the feathered epicure. Profiting by this hint, its owner went joyfully to tell the wonderful labours of the industrious bird, and how it had converted the harsh fir cone into a material of which paper could be made. No time was lost in imitating the operations of the bird on the fir-apple, and paper was shortly produced, extremely strong and serviceable, and fit for use as a wrapping paper.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

## IN SEARCH OF A SITUATION.

The long-wished-for day at length arrived that was to release me from a bondage, by indenture of seven years' laborious servitude; and surely I can never forget the enthusiastic manner in which I exclaimed "I am free," on that eventful day.

With an elated heart I set out for Liverpool, where I felt convinced my mercantile knowledge would soon be appreciated, and an excellent situation soon obtained. I provided, or rather my discreet sister provided, several introductory letters to the merchants resident there; and an abrupt departure saw me on the coach for that commercial town. On my arrival I procured genteel lodgings, and next morning I set off in search of a situation; but the hum and bustle of commerce drew me from my aim, and three days elapsed in admiring and wondering at the extent of the docks, the magnificence of the public buildings, &c., when I awoke from my inertness with—"This wont do; it really wont; I must commence in earnest to-morrow morning;" and I accordingly visited the advertising offices, and perused the wanted columns of the day's paper, and was fortunate enough to find a vacancy advertised in the Mercury:—"Wanted, a young man who has a thorough knowledge of book-keeping and accounts; a reference as to character and ability will be required. Address,——Box, —, Post-office." I immediately wrote in my best hand an application, saying as much as I could as to ability, &c., and consigned it with a prayer for success to the post-office; but a few days convinced me I was not the chosen one, as I never heard anything more concerning it. It was not long ere I applied for a situation as a traveller, advertised in another paper, but without success. Another day, another vacancy, and another application. And all in vain. However, patience and perseverance were my watchwords.

I now began to perceive I was an unwelcome daily visitor at the office of a gentleman who had consented to allow my letters to be directed there—in fact, I thought I appeared unwelcome to the town; and tired with my own fruitless exertions, I determined to use my introductory letters, and selected one to Mr B., merchant, for the experiment. I obtained an audience in his private office; but he eyed me on my entrance, as if he anticipated my errand; for there is something about a man out



of a situation by which he is easily distinguished. "Who is this letter from?" he coldly inquired; and on being informed, "Oh! out of a situation." How is Mr. B.? When did you see him last?" But before I could answer his inquiries, he resumed, "I have no vacancy myself; but if I should hear of anything, I'll let you know." I thanked him; and begged permission to call again in a few days; but he told me I need not give myself the trouble, as he should let me know if he should hear of anything. I forgot to leave my address, and therefore never heard from him. I then tried my fortune with another, addressed to Mr. L. He could not be seen, I was informed by the clerk. Was it anything he could deliver? he inquired. I put the letter into his hands, and he forwarded it to Mr. L. in a private office. A few minutes elapsed, and the clerk was called in; I could distinctly hear what passed between them. "Ask the young man—I suppose he is waiting—ask him how Mr. R. is, and tell him I am not in the way of hearing of vacancies;" but the clerk feeling for my distress, told me in language which his master had neither the politeness nor the humanity to use, that Mr. L. was sorry, &c., and should feel happy to render me any assistance, but could do nothing in the mean time. I left the office, the indignant blood boiling within me, and wishing anything but benedictions on his head.

I now took from the remaining four letters, one which happened to be for Mr. M., in the immediate neighbourhood, resolving, whether fortunate or otherwise, to consign the others to the flames. I was fortunate enough to find him disengaged, and had a private interview. He was a man whose penetrating eye seemed to read my wants; a man of peculiar behaviour and thinking, and I leave the reader to judge of his speech, which I give verbatim, so far as my memory serves. On my putting the letter into his hand, he remarked, "Well, young man, I perceive this is from my friend Mr. C., at least its like his handwriting," forcing a kind of a laugh at the circumstance of recognition; "how was he and his family when you left?" I answered him whilst he was perusing the letter. "In search of a situation, I find; well, don't let me discourage you," said he; "but it really is a piece of indiscretion to leave a place where you are well known, to come to another, a complete stranger; besides, only consider, suppose a vacancy should occur, the preference would certainly be given to one who is acquainted with the localities of the town, trade, &c., and therefore I see but little chance of your succeeding. But don't let me discourage you; all I have got to say is, a young man should always remain in the town where he is known, so long as he can keep his character; and he will find great difficulty in succeeding anywhere after that is gone. For my own part, I have no opening in my establishment at present; Indeed, if I had, I could not, for the first three months, allow anything in the shape of a stipend. As I said before, I have got my complement in the office. How-

ever as you are so well recommended by Mr. C., I will allow you to come here until you meet with a situation, which will be much better than lounging or rambling about the town." A pretty compliment to one who had served seven years in the same department of commerce, and that with a most extensive house; but, because not acquainted with the localities of the town and trade, I must be estimated at the low grade of a country lad! After a few common place expressions on both sides, I bade the great man good morning, and so we parted.

Thus ended another week, with no better prospects than before; my finances becoming low, I changed my lodgings, and farmed the remainder of my money to the best advantage. Time kept stealing on; every day applying, every day disappointed: 'tis true I had a note to attend an office where I had been making application, but it would not answer even my purpose. A salary of twenty pounds per annum for twelve hours' work per day, I thought worse than starving, and therefore refused it; for like the Vicar of Wakefield, I had a "knack of hoping" for brighter, balmy days. At another time I ventured to undertake the engrossing of a deed (I had studied ornamental writing) for an attorney, which occupied me two days and a night, and for which I received—nothing. The fellow pleaded his own case most fluently, telling me that his work was not *professionally done*, and therefore he must consider what I deserved, ere he could pay me anything; but the number of "call agains" disgusted me, and I never received a shilling for it. What sorry luck for eleven weeks' probation! and yet, even this little success induced me to think that the eye of the public was upon me, and I was ever busying about; and if I chance to look in a shop-window, it was always done in a run-away posture; every artifice I could devise was used, but all proved abortive. Few, indeed, can rightly estimate the painful intensity of such an existence, spent thus by one who had been for seven years trained to think of nothing but business, and yet to be, in the midst of it, doing nothing. All the world seemed happy and busy but myself.

I frequently met with a young man pursuing the same inquiry at the different offices, who, after he had got settled himself, introduced me to a concern, the owner of which immediately professed a friendly feeling towards me, and raised my expectations high with one of his hair-brained schemes, which, when tried, proved a complete failure, and was abruptly told in a few weeks that my services were no longer wanted. I found afterwards that he had served several in the same way, and had more than once lured young men from their situations by splendid professions and promises, only to be entrapped; and away they were sent to sink or swim in the ocean of life. It does not require much foresight to anticipate the result of such new-fangled actions—he was made to drink deep of the cup he had so frequently handed to others.

Distress now stared me in the face, and, reduced to the last shilling, I knew not how to act; a stubborn pride, which not even misery could subdue, prevented me from applying to my relations for pecuniary assistance; indeed, the same feeling would not allow me to write to them at all, to their great discomfort and frequent solicitations. My landlady was prompt in her demands for her weekly rental; but having my luggage in her possession, she did not trouble me so much as I anticipated. I now began to fear that all my little chattels would soon be reduced to the portable compass of a pawn-ticket, but, by entreaty they were saved that honor. My clothes, of which I had but a slender stock, grew gradually more and more shabby, but still I tried to keep up an appearance of gentility. Often has a clean shirt-collar done the office of a shirt; indeed, every thing, more or less, partook of a struggle with poverty. Hunger and I were good friends. Often have I returned in an evening, after a day spent in tedious search, and gone to bed without breaking my fast. Who can picture my aching heart?

The strange remarks of Mr. M. frequently occurred to my mind, and seemed to be an augury of my fate. I wished I had stopt in the "town where I was known," or even accepted the twenty pound salary per year offered me.

How readily we wish the time revoked.

That we might try the ground again, where once (Through inexperience we now perceive)

We mis'd the happiness we might have found.

One circumstance I should not forget. Passing along Paradise-street, one evening I met an old school fellow, along with two smart young gentlemen. I plainly perceived he recognised me, though he passed without moving or speaking. They turned the corner of Richmond-street, and I moved on; but to my surprise he left his companions and came to me. I related my sad tale to him as briefly as possible, for I could perceive he was impatient of delay. He pulled out a handful of silver, and selected two half-crowns, which he gave me, remarking he would have given me more, but he was going to see Liston perform at the theatre, and would want all the money he had with him. Had I been possessed of five shillings, I would have spurned the gift; but poverty and distress are poor aids for the independent mind.

Compelled by poverty, I now determined to accept any situation that came in my way, and no longer considered myself *too good* for this or that; and I soon found an opportunity of trying my resolution. "An errand boy wanted," was wafered on a bookseller's shop window. I applied; he seemed surprised at the application, and kindly inquired into my circumstances. He relieved me, and in three days—wonderful to tell—procured me a situation of £100 per year, which soon enabled me to defray all my debts, and assume a respectable appearance. Three years afterwards I was taken into partnership, in an opulent firm, and became rich, and willing to relieve the destitute wherever I could find them.

If men in office and power would only consider what benefactions they could confer by a single effort of their own; how they could lighten and alleviate the sufferings of virtue bowed down by misfortune; and what prayers would ascend to the Almighty for their preservation, offered up from hearts grateful for benefits received, they would find in it its own rich reward.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

## NATURAL CAVES IN IRELAND.

About two miles from Kilkenny, in the neighbourhood of the park-house of Donmore, are a number of caves, as curious, perhaps, as any mentioned in natural history, except those of Antiparos in the Archipelago. After a difficult descent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this subterraneous world is gained. The appearance of the first cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives rise to an idea of a grand Gothic structure in ruins. The solemnity of this place is not a little increased by the gaiety of those scenes that present themselves on every side previous to our entering it: the floor is uneven, and stones of various sizes are promiscuously dispersed upon it: the sides are composed of ragged work, in some parts covered with moss, and in others curiously frosted; and from the roof, which is a kind of arch, several huge rocks project beyond each other, that seem to threaten instant ruin. The circumference of this cave is not less than two hundred feet, and in height about fifty. There is a small, but continual dropping of water from the ceiling, and a few petrifications resembling icicles.

The place has its inhabitants; for immediately on entering into it you are surprised with a confused noise, which is occasioned by a multitude of wild pigeons; hence there is a passage towards the left, where by a small ascent a kind of a hole is gained, much like, but larger than the mouth of an oven, which introduces to a place where, by the help of candles, daylight being excluded, a broken and surprising scene of monstrous stones heaped on each other, chequered with various colors, inequality of rocks overhead, and an infinity of stactactical stones, presents itself. Nature, one would imagine, designed the first cave as a preparative for what remains to be seen; by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and awful objects, and the mind tolerably fortified against those ideas that result from a combination of appearances unthought of, surprising and menacing. The spectator flatters himself that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor anything more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the first cavern; but he soon discovers his mistake; for the bare want of that light which dresses nature with gaiety is alone sufficient to render the second far more dreadful. In the first he fancies ruin frowns upon him from several parts; but in this it is threatened from a thousand vast rocks rudely piled on each other, that compose the sides,



which seem bending in, and a multitude of no smaller size are pendent from the roof in the most extraordinary manner; add to this, that by a false step one would be dashed from precipice to precipice. Indeed, it would be a matter of much difficulty, or rather impracticable, to walk over this apartment, had not nature, as if studious for the safety of the curious, caused a sort of branches to shoot from the surface of the rocks, which are remarkably unequal, and always damp. These branches are from four to six inches in length, and nearly as thick: they are useful in the summits of the rocks to prevent slipping, and in the sides are ladders to descend and ascend with tolerable facility. This astonishing passage leads to a place far more curious than any of the rest. On entering into it, a person is almost induced to believe himself situated in an ancient temple, decorated with all the expense of art; yet, notwithstanding the beauty and splendour that catch the eye on every side, there is something of solemnity in the fashion of the place which must be felt by the most ordinary spectator. The floor in some parts is covered with a crystalline substance; the sides in many places are incrustated with the same, wrought in a mode not unlike the Gothic style of ornament, and the top is almost entirely covered with inverted pyramids of the like elegantly white and lucid matter. At the points of these statelike strata are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water; for when one fails, another succeeds; these pendent gems contribute not a little to the glory of the roof, which, when the place is properly illuminated, appears as if formed of the purest crystal.

Here are three extraordinary and beautiful congelations, which, without the aid of a strong imagination, may be taken for an organ, altar, and cross. The former, except when strictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of a considerable size; the second is of a simple form, rather long and square, and the third reaches from the floor to the roof, which must be about twenty feet. These curious figures are owing either to water that falls from the upper parts of the cave to the ground, which coagulated into stone from time to time, until at length it acquired those forms which are now so pleasing; or to an exudation, or exhalation, or petrifying juices out of the earth; or, perhaps, they partake of spar, which is a kind of a rock plant. The former seems to be the most probable supposition, as these figures in color and consistence appear exactly like the icicles on the top, which are only seen from the wet parts of the caverns, and in this place there is a great oozing of water, and a much larger number of petrifications, than in any other. When this curious apartment has been sufficiently examined, the guides lead you for a considerable way through winding places, until a glimmering light agreeably surprises. Here a journey of above a quarter of a mile through those parts is ended; but upon returning into the first cavern, the entrance into other apartments, less curious indeed, but as extensive as those we have

described, offers itself. The passages into some of these are so very low, that there is a necessity of creeping through them; by these we proceed until the noise of the subterraneous river is heard; farther than this none have ventured.—*Mirror*.

**NATURAL LIFE OF TREES.**—There are various opinions respecting the full age or natural life of trees. The few following instances will show the length of time which trees have been known to exist. Mr. Galyne, and others, imagine that from 300 to 400 years form the natural life of the oak tree. An oak tree was felled in April 1791, in the park of Sir John Rushout, bart. at Northwick, near Blackley, in Worcestershire, judged to be about 300 years old. It was perfectly sound; contained 634 cubical feet of timber in the trunk, and the arms were estimated at 200 feet more. In Mr. Gilpin's work on forest scenery, there is an account of oak trees in the new forest, which had marks of existence before the time of the conquest. The tree in the same forest against which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel glanced and killed King William Rufus, remains still a tree though much mutilated. In Mr. Robert Lowe's "View of the Agriculture of Nottinghamshire," several trees are said to have been lately felled in Sherwood Forest, which were found to have cut in them I. R. or In. R. (Rex.) and some had a crown over the letters. Mr. M'William, in his "Essay on the dryrot," goes still further—he says that many trees might be mentioned, in this and other countries, which bear sufficient testimony of their being far above 1,000 years old, and he gives reasons for believing that several trees now exist above 3,000 years old!

**FLOWERS ON THE ALPS.**—The flowers of the mountains—they must not be forgotten. It is worth a botanist's while to traverse all these high passes; nay, it is worth the while of a painter, or any one who delights to look upon graceful flowers, or lovely hues, to pay a visit to these little wild nymphs of Flora, at their homes in the mountains of St. Bernard. We are speaking now, generally, of what may be seen throughout the whole of the route, from Moutier by the little St. Bernard, to Aosta,—and thence again to Martigny. There is no flower so small, so beautiful, so splendid in colour, but its equal may be met with in these sequestered places. The tenaciousness of flowers is not known: their hardihood is not sufficiently admired. Wherever there is a handful of earth, their also is a patch of wild-flowers. If there be a crevice in the rock, sufficient to thrust in the edge of a knife, there will the winds carry a few grains of dust, and there straight up springs a flower. In the lower parts of the Alps, they cover the earth with beauty. Thousands, and tens of thousands, blue, and yellow, and pink, and violet, and white, of every shadow and every form, are to be seen, vying with each other, and eclipsing every thing besides. Midway they meet you again, sometimes fragrant and always lovely; and in the topmost places, where the larch, and the pine, and the rododendron

## THE TIME-PIECE.

Who is *he*, so swiftly flying,  
 His career no eye can see?  
 Who are *they*, so early dying,  
 From their birth they cease to be?  
 Time—behold his pictured face!  
 Moments—can you count their face?

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,  
 Here he feigns unconscious sleep,  
 Round and round this circle trembling  
 Day and night his symbols creep;  
 While unseen, through earth and sky,  
 His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark! what petty pulses, beating,  
 Spring new moments into light;  
 Every pulse, its stroke repeating,  
 Sends its moments back to night;  
 Yet not one of all the train  
 Comes uncalled, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory,  
 Spirits trace before the throne,  
 On eternal scrolls, the story  
 Of each little moment down,  
 Every deed, and word, and thought,  
 Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute  
 Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,  
 More of sin and sorrow in it,  
 More of man might we behold  
 Than on history's broadest page  
 In the relics of an age.

*Montgomery.*

## NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns  
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret;  
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns  
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet:  
 Ne'er hath a beam  
 Been lost in the stream

That ever was shed from thy form or soul;  
 The spell of those eyes,  
 The balm of thy sighs,

Still float on the surface and hallow my bowl.  
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal  
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;  
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that love, in his fairy bower,  
 Had two blush-roses of birth divine;  
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,  
 But bath'd the other with mantling wine:  
 Soon did the buds  
 That drank the floods

Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade;  
 While those which the tide  
 Of ruby had dy'd

All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!  
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal  
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;  
 Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

*Moore.*

## THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,  
 In watching and pursuing  
 The light that lies  
 In woman's eyes,  
 Has been my heart's undoing,  
 Tho' wisdom oft has taught me,  
 I scorn'd the love she brought me—  
 My only books  
 Were woman's looks,  
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile, when beauty granted,  
 I hung with gaze enchanted,  
 Like him the sprite  
 Whom maids by night  
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
 Like him, too, beauty won me,  
 But while her eyes were on me,  
 If once their ray  
 Was turn'd away,  
 O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?  
 And is my proud heart growing  
 Too cold or wise  
 For brilliant eyes  
 Again to set it going?  
 No, vain, alas! th' endeavour  
 From bonds so sweet to sever:  
 Poor wisdom's chance  
 Against a glance  
 Is now as weak as ever.

*Moore.*

## WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

When love is kind,  
 Cheerful, and free,  
 Love's sure to find  
 Welcome from me.

But when love brings  
 Heartache or pang,  
 Tears and such things—  
 Love may go hang!

If love can sigh  
 For one alone,  
 Well pleased am I  
 To be that one.

But should I see  
 Love giv'n to rove  
 To two or three,  
 Then—good-by love!

Love must, in short,  
 Keep fond and true  
 Through good report  
 And evil too.

Else, here I swear,  
 Young love may go,  
 For aught I care—  
 To Jericho.

*Moore.*

## A HOME ARGUMENT.

By one decisive argument  
 Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent,  
 To fix the bridal day.

"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?  
 I shall not change my mind," she said,  
 "But then," says Giles, "I may."



## HOW A DUEL MAY BE GOT UP.

This affair of the duel is worth recording. It happened thus :—"That was a beautiful ostrich plum which Miss Smith wore at the race ball last night," said I. "I thought it the ugliest thing I ever saw," remarked Captain Brown. "It certainly was not ugly," I replied; "but of course there may be different opinions as to its beauty. I, for instance, thought it very beautiful." "And I thought it very ugly," responded Captain Brown; "As ugly as Miss Smith herself." "Miss Smith is not exactly handsome, I allow," was my answer; "but a lady may not be handsome, and yet not ugly." "Every one to his taste," said Captain Brown, with what I considered an insulting air; and he added, "every Jack has his Gill!" "Miss Smith is no Gill of mine," I replied. "I did not say she was," said Captain Brown, and laughed. "And I am no Jack," I continued, nettled by his laugh. "I did not say you were," said Captain Brown, fiercely; "but if you want to make a quarrel of it you may. I say again, and I have as much right to say what I say, as you have to say what you say, that Miss Smith's ostrich plum was ugly, as ugly as Miss Smith herself." "Since you put it thus offensively, Captain Brown," I retorted, "I now maintain there was nothing ugly, no, nor anything ugly at all, either in Miss Smith's feathers, or Miss Smith herself. I'll not be brow-beaten by any man, Captain Brown!" "Sir, you are insolent!" exclaimed Captain Brown, looking as scarlet as his own jacket. "Very likely; but I always make it a rule to conduct myself towards persons as they deserve," and I turned upon my heel to quit the room. Captain Brown followed me to the door. "You shall hear from me in an hour," "In half an hour, if you like," said I, and walked away boiling, with indignation.

Before I heard from Captain Brown, I was as cool as a cucumber. I saw all the folly of my situation. I had never spoken to Miss Smith in my life. What was it to me, then, whether her ostrich plume was beautiful or ugly, or she herself handsome or a fright? I resolved to treat the matter with ridicule. It would be preposterous to go out for such a cause. We should be the laughing-stocks of all our friends and acquaintance. These were my first thoughts, when my mind was calm enough for thought to take the place of feeling. Besides; I might be shot through the body; and all for what?—a silly dispute about Miss Smith and her feathers! I did not like the idea. I determined I would not make an affair of honor of it. But what would the world say, if Captain Brown posted me as a coward, or horse-whipped me, or if I were pointed at as a man who had sneaked out of a duel by a voluntary apology? These were my second thoughts. They carried the day after a sharp struggle with my first. I determined I would make an affair of honor of it. I did so. I met Captain Brown the next morning at sunrise, and sacrificed one of my fingers, be-

sides the risk of sacrificing my life, in defence of Miss Smith's personal charms and the disputed pulchritude of her ostrich plume.

**SOUP.**—The celebrated chemist, Justus Liebig, in a new work on the *Chemistry of Food*, gives the following result of his researches on alimentary substances:—When one pound of lean beef, free of fat, and separated from the bones, in the finely chopped state in which it is used for beef-sausages, or mince meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling; and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a cloth from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strength as cannot be obtained even by boiling for hours from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt, and the other usual additions by which soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat darker, by means of roasted onions, or burnt sugar, it forms the best soup which can in any way be prepared from one pound of flesh.

The influence which the brown colour of this soup, or colour in general, exercises on the taste, in consequence of the ideas associated with colour in the mind (ideas of strength, concentration, &c.), may be rendered quite evident by the following experiment:—The soup coloured brown by means of caramel, is declared by all persons to have a much stronger taste than the same soup when not coloured; and yet the caramel, in point of fact, does not in any way actually heighten the taste.

The extract of meat may, perhaps, admit of being employed as a valuable remedy for many dyspeptic patients, with a view to increasing the activity of the stomach and promoting digestion. For, if the blood, or the muscular substance of emaciated convalescents cannot supply the matters necessary for digestion in sufficient quantity for a rapid reproduction of the lost strength (that is, lost parts of the organism), the benefit derived from well-made soup during convalescence admits of a simple explanation.

**DRUNKENNESS.**—A drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found amongst all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and defamed in the eyes of all reasonable persons than a drunkard. *Æschines* commending Philip, King of Macedonia, for a jovial man that would drink freely, *Demosthenes* answered—"That this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

**BONOSUS**, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon a tree before them was not a man, but a bottle.

## DEER HUNTING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

As the haunts of the fallow-deer or venays are generally far from the abodes of men, and as they live in continual alarm from the depredations of the host of enemies, beasts and birds of prey, and even reptiles, that beset them, but for the extraordinary instinct or sagacity nature has endowed them with for their preservation, the race must long since have been extinct. The impenetrable mountains of the Cordilleras are inhabited by immense herds of these animals; a species of the stag-kind also sometimes herds amongst them, though, as there seems a great aversion to this commixture, it must be considered as dictated by some necessary or instinctive policy. In those haunts are also to be met the *cabia montes*, or mountain-goat, so much admired for its symmetry of form and delicious flavour. The intricate and steep pathways leading to their couching haunts are mostly in clefts of rocky precipices, inaccessible to beasts of prey; and even a nimble dog can scarcely skip from rock to rock, to the outposts where their videttes are placed. Should any of them venture, they soon have occasion to repent their temerity.

It is not uncommon to see the jaguar, the tiger, &c., who have the hardihood to attack their outposts, hurled by the butting sentinels, the horned patriarchs of the flock, down a precipice of five or six hundred feet; so that unless impelled by extreme hunger, they never attack them, except in their more open pastures. As those ravenous creatures are dormant during the day, the deer are then partly secure. At night a straggler from the community is sure of his fate; as the jaguars hunt in packs, and are very quick-scented. One trait of the South American deer is worthy of notice. In Europe, a hunted deer is driven from amongst the herd, and abandoned to its fate; here, the guardians of the flock succour even a stranger of their community. I apprehend, that during the fawning season the females and fawns suffer more than the males, as the young are obliged to be deposited in thickets, and the eagle and vulture are always watching over head. The large brown snake is also a great destroyer of them, but the jaguar and wild-cat are their worst enemies. There are about four bucks to one doe, in the herd, which shows what destruction there must be of the latter. The colours of the deer are various, and mostly beautifully dipped upon yellow, white and dun. The stag is generally of a dusky brown. Hunting those animals is a source both of amusement and emolument to the Indian tribes in high latitudes, and they may be said to have brought it to high perfection. Having ascertained the haunts of the animals for about a week, the whole tribe assemble before day-break, some ascend the highest trees, to mark their progress; others crouch under leaves, so as to impound them when they betake themselves to their fastnesses; then the whole tribe, men, women, and boys, stretch over a vast extent of country, and, assisted by their curs

and horns, make every kind of hideous noises obliging them to quit their grazing spots while the dew is on the ground. As the deer assemble, they form in complete marching order, preceded by the elders or patriarchs, while the bucks of the second class bring up the rear, to protect the females and young, and repel any attacks. In this manner they arrive at their haunts; whilst the Indians, advancing in all directions, prevent their retreat, by closing up all the embouchures or openings, and while the deer are forming in battle array, prepare the instruments of destruction, viz. large lances, resinous torches, and nooses fixed to long poles. The women are also busy stuffing jaguar and tiger skins. The Indians having made proper crevices, dug into the grit and brown rock which form the paths, advance. The images of the wild beasts are now presented, to intimidate the deer from breaking, which the bucks no sooner perceive than they make a violent effort to strike them into the gulf,—their animosity to those beasts being such, that they often pass or leap over a man to get at them. The Indians then strike, and hurl them into the abyss below, where the women are ready to hamstring or disable them, before they recover from their stupor. When the hunters can no longer provoke them to rush on the stuffed tigers, &c., they make signals for those overhead to throw lighted flambeaux amongst them. This causes them to make a desperate effort to escape, and when the Indians have hurled a sufficient number down the precipices, they suffer the females and the fawns, and some of the bucks to escape. Indeed, they seem very much averse to destroying a doe at all, and always liberate the doe fawns. In those excursions they take on an average from four to five hundred. In taking the *Ciervo Grande*, or Large Stag, they seldom get more than from thirty to fifty; but of the mountain-goat they catch an immense number; they enter the caverns in the rocks by night, and pursue them by torch-light; and frequently yoke a great many of them together alive, although the flesh loses its flavour from the effort to domesticate them, and they scarcely ever lose their native wildness. A full-grown fallow-deer could be bought at Valencia for seven pisetos, or about five shillings British. During the hunting season, the Creoles sometimes hunt, but the Indians are more expert.

*Monthly Magazine.*

## AN AFRICAN KING.

In the afternoon I was visited by the king, who was attended by a great number of eunuchs and a cavalcade of about a dozen horsemen. He was splendidly dressed in silk and velvet robes, and appeared to be a man of immense size. His countenance is by no means prepossessing, particularly his eyes, which are of a dirty red colour, having a sinister and foreboding expression. I presented him with a brass-mounted sword, an umbrella five feet in diameter, highly ornamented, a brace of pistols, and several other things, and then informed him through my interpreter that I had



come a great distance to look at him in the face, and to hold a good palaver with him; that his messengers had informed me it was his desire to see the face of a white man; and trusting to his good faith, though ill, and unable to walk, that I was anxious to give him our goods for ivory, and had brought with me a good quantity for that purpose. Having finished my speech, he rose, and said in the Housaa language, that he was glad to see the face of a white man—it was what he had long wished for; that he had abundance of ivory, and that all he had was mine; to which sentiment twelve grey-headed negroes, who appeared to form his privy council, bowed assent. In the evening I had a visit from a man whose face I thought was not new to me, and a lady who assured me she was the king's mother, and to whom it was intimated that I should give a present. A looking-glass and a cake of Windsor soap satisfied her, but not her companion, who became abusive, and was at length bundled off by my Kroomen. On the following morning I was carried to the king's house to return his visit, but was only allowed to enter the outer court yard, which is about forty feet wide, with a verandah on the side next the house. Under this verandah I was placed, and in a short time the very man who had been turned out of my hut by my Kroomen the night before came and sat down by my side. After some conversation, I asked for the king; on which he said that he was the king! This was too much for me to believe, until he went through a gatewaay and returned in a few minutes with his stomacher and his splendid robes on. After laughing heartily at my astonishment, he asked for the carpet on which I was seated, and which I refused him, having no other. After some angry words on both sides, he went off in a pet, and I returned to my hut in any but a pleasant state of mind. On inquiry of the owner of my hut, he informed me, and I afterwards found it to be the case, that on all great occasions it is customary for the king and his attendants to puff themselves out to a ridiculous size with cotton wadding; and this fully explained the mistake I was under with regard to the king's identity. On his first visit he appeared to be an immense-sized personage; and could not even rise from his seat without assistance. When he visited me incognito, he was a raw-boned active-looking man.—*Laird's Narrative of the Last Expedition into Central Africa.*

**THE SUNFLOWER.**—The value of this plant, which is easily cultivated, and ornamental to the garden, is scarcely known in most parts of the kingdom. The seed forms a most excellent and convenient food for poultry, and it is only necessary to cut of the heads off the plant when ripe, tie them in bunches, and hang them up in a dry situation, to be used as wanted. They not only fatten every kind of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs they lay. When cultivated to a considerable extent, they are also capital food for sheep and pigs, and for pheasants. The leaves when dried form a

good powder for cattle; the dry stalks burn well, and form an abundance of alkali; and when in bloom, the flower is most attractive to bees.

**ABSTINENCE.**—Pliny says, a person may live seven days without any food whatever, and that many people have continued more than eleven days without either food or drink. Petrus de Albano says, there was in his time, in Normandy, a woman, thirty years of age, who had lived without food for eighteen years. Alexander Benedictus mentions a person at Venice, who lived six days without food. Jubertus relates, that a woman lived in good health three years, without either food or drink; and that he saw another who had lived to her tenth year without food or drink, and that when she arrived at a proper age she was married, and lived like other people in respect to diet, and had children. Clausius mentions, that some of the more rigid Banmanians in India abstain from food, frequently for twenty days together. Albertus Kratzus says, that a hermit in the mountains in the canton of Schwitz, lived twenty years without food. Guarginus says, that Louis the pious, emperor of France, who died in 840, existed the last forty days of his life without either food or drink. Citois gives the history of a girl who lived three years without food. Albertus Magnus says, he saw a woman at Cologne who often lived twenty and sometimes thirty days without food; and that he saw an hypochondrical man, who lived without food for seven weeks, drinking a draught of water every other day. Hildanus relates the case of a girl who lived many days without food or drink. Sylvius says there was a young woman in Spain, aged twenty-two years, who never ate any food, but lived entirely upon water; and that there was a girl in Narbonne, and another in Germany, who lived three years in good health without any kind of food or drink. It is said that Democritus lived to the age of one hundred and nine years, and that in the latter part of his life he subsisted almost entirely, for forty days at one time, on smelling honey and bread.—Others might be adduced, but these shall for the present suffice.

**MODE OF ADMINISTERING APERIENTS TO CHILDREN.**—Phosphate of soda may be used conveniently as a condiment in soup, in the place of common salt. Children may be unconsciously beguiled into the taking of the medicine in this way, and it will be found an excellent purgative.

**SELF-DENIAL.**—There never did, and never will exist, anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir W. Scott.*

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## KING HARWOOD.

The good town of Belford swarmed, of course, with single ladies—especially with single ladies of that despised denomination which is commonly known by the title of old maids. For gentlewomen of that description, especially of the less affluent class, (and although such a thing may be found here and there, a rich old maid is much rarer than a poor one,) a provincial town in this protestant country, where nunneries are not, is the natural refuge. A village life, however humble the dwelling, is at once more expensive—since messengers and conveyances, men and horses, of some sort, are in the actual country indispensable,—and more melancholy, for there is a sense of loneliness and insignificance, a solitude within doors and without, which none but an unconnected and unprotected woman can thoroughly understand. And London, without family ties, or personal importance, or engrossing pursuit,—to be poor and elderly, idle and alone in London, is a climax of desolation which everybody can comprehend, because almost every one must, at some time or other, have felt, in a greater or less degree, the humbling sense of individual nothingness—of being but a drop of water in the ocean, a particle of sand on the sea-shore, which so often presses upon the mind amidst the bustling crowds and the splendid gaieties of the great city. To be rich or to be busy is the necessity of London.

The poor and the idle, on the other hand, get on best in a country town. Belford was the paradise of ill-jointed widows and portionless old maids. There they met on the table-land of gentility, passing their mornings in calls at each other's houses, and their evenings in small tea-parties, seasoned with a rubber or a

pool, and garnished with the little quiet gossiping (call it not scandal, gentle reader!) which their habits required. So large a portion of the population consisted of single ladies, that it might almost have been called a maiden town. Indeed, a calculating Cantab, happening to be there for the long vacation, amused his leisure by taking a census of the female householders, beginning with Mrs. Davisons—fine alert old ladies, between 70 and 80, who, being proud of their sprightliness and vigour, were suspected of adding a few more years to their age than would be borne out by the register,—and ending with Miss Letitia Pierce, a damsel on the confines of forty, who was more than suspected of a slight falsification of dates the converse way. I think he made the sum total, in the three parishes, amount to one hundred and seventy-four.

The part of the town in which they chiefly congregated, the lady's *quartier*, was one hilly corner of the parish of St. Nicholas, a sort of highland district, all made up of short rows, and pigmy places, and half-finished crescents, entirely uncontaminated by the vulgarity of shops, ill-paved, worse lighted, and so placed that it seemed to catch all the smoke of the more thickly inhabited part of the town, and was consequently encircled by a wreath of vapour, like Snowden or Skiddaw.

Why the good ladies chose this elevated and inconvenient position, one can hardly tell; perhaps because it was cheap; perhaps, because it was genteel—perhaps, from a mixture of both causes; I can only answer for the fact; and of this favourite spot the most favoured portion was a slender line of houses, tall and slim, known by the name of Warwick-terrace, consisting of a tolerable spacious dwelling



at either end, and four smaller tenements linked two by two in the centre.

The tenants of Warwick-terrace were, with one solitary exception, exclusively female. One of the end houses was occupied by a comfortable-looking, very round Miss Blackall, a spinster of fifty, the richest and simplest of the row, with her parrot, who had certainly more words, and nearly as many ideas, as his mistress; her black footman, whose fine livery, white, turned up with scarlet, and glittering silver lace, seemed rather ashamed of his "sober-suited" neighbours; the plush waistcoat and inexpressibles blushing as if in scorn. The other corner was filled by Mrs. Leeson, a kind-hearted bustling dame, the great ends of whose existence were visiting and cards, who had, probably made more morning calls and played a greater number of rubbers than any woman in Belford, and who boasted a tabby cat, and a head maid called Nanny, that formed a proper pendant to the parrot and Cæsar. Of the four centre habitations, one pair was the residence of Miss Savage, who bore the formidable reputation of a sensible woman—an accusation which rested, probably, on no worse foundation than a gruff voice and something of a vinegar aspect,—and of Miss Steele, who, poor thing, underwent a still worse calumny, and was called literary, simply because forty years ago she had made a grand poetical collection, consisting of divers manuscript volumes, written in an upright taper hand, and filled with such choice morceaus as Mrs. Greville's "Ode to Indifference," Miss Seward's "Monody on Major Andre," sundry translations of Metastasio's "Nice," and a considerable collection of enigmas, on which stock, undiminished and unincreased, she still traded; whilst the last brace of houses, linked together like Siamese twins, was divided between two families, the three Miss Lockes,—whom no one ever dreamt of talking of as separate or individual personages—one should as soon have thought of severing the Graces, or the Furies, or the Fates, or any other classical trio, as of knowing them apart; the three Miss Lockes lived in one of these houses, and Mrs. Harwood and her two daughters in the other.

It is with the Harwoods only that we have to do at present.

Mrs. Harwood was the widow of the late and the mother of the present rector of Dighton, a family living purchased by the father of her late husband, who, himself a respectable and affluent yeoman, aspired to a rivalry with his old landlord, the squire of the next parish; and, when he sent his only son to the university, established him in the rectory, married him to the daughter of an archdeacon, and set up a public-house, called the Harwood Arms—somewhat to the profit of the Herald's Office, who had to discover or invent these illustrious bearings—had accomplished the two objects of his ambition, and died contented.

The son proved a bright pattern of posthumous duty; exactly the sort of rector the good old farmer would have wished to see, did he turn out,—respectable, conscientious, always just, and often kind; but so solemn, so pompous, so swelling in deportment and grandiloquent in speech, that he had not been half a dozen years inducted to the living before he obtained the popular title of bishop of Dighton—a distinction which he seems to have taken in good part, by assuming a costume as nearly episcopal as possible, at all points, and copying, with the nicest accuracy, the shovel hat and buzz wig of the prelate of the diocese, a man of seventy-five. He put his coachman and footboy into the right clerical livery, and adjusted his household and modelled his behaviour according to the strictest notions of the stateliness and decorum proper to a dignitary of the church.

Perhaps he expected that the nickname by which he was so little aggrieved would some day or other be realised; some professional advancement he certainly reckoned upon. But, in spite of his cultivating most assiduously all profitable connexions—of his christening his eldest son "Earl," after a friend of good parliamentary interest, and his younger boy, "King," after another—of his choosing one noble sponsor for his daughter Georgina, and another for his daughter Henrietta—he lived and died with no better preferment than the rectory of Dighton, which had been presented to him by his honest father five-and-forty years before, and to which his son Earl succeeded: the only advantage which his careful courting of patrons and patronage had procured for

his family being comprised of his having obtained for his son King, through the recommendation of a noble friend, the situation of clerk at his banker's in Lombard-street.

Mrs. Harwood, a stately portly dame, almost as full of parade as her husband, had on her part been equally unlucky. The grand object of her life had been to marry her daughters, and in that she failed, probably because she had been too ambitious in her attempts. Certain it is that, on the removal of the widow to Belford, poor Miss Harwood, who had been an insipid beauty, and whose beauty had turned into sallowness and haggardness, was forced to take refuge in ill-health and tender spirits, and set up, as a last chance, for interesting; whilst Henrietta, who had five-and-twenty years before reckoned herself accomplished, still, though with diminished pretensions, kept the field—sang with a voice considerably the worse for wear, danced as often as she could get a partner, flirted with beaux of all ages, from sixty to sixteen—chiefly it may be presumed, with the latter, because of all mankind a shy lad from college is the likeliest to be taken in by an elderly miss. A wretched personage, under an affectation of boisterous gaiety, was Henrietta Harwood! a miserable specimen of that most miserable class of single women who, at forty and upwards, go about dressing and talking like young girls, and will not grow old.

Earl Harwood was his father slightly modernized. He was a tall, fair, heavy-looking man, not perhaps quite so solemn and pompous as "the bishop," but far more cold and supercilious. If I wished to define him in four letters, the little word "prig" would come very conveniently to my aid; and perhaps, in its comprehensive brevity, it conveys as accurate an idea of his manner as can be given; a prig of the slower and graver order was Earl Harwood.

His brother King, on the other hand, was a coxcomb of the brisker sort; *up*—not like generous champagne; but like cider, or perry, or gooseberry-wine, or "the acid flash of soda-water;" or, perhaps, more still like the slight froth that runs over the top of that abomination, a pot of porter, to which, by the way, together with the fellow abominations, snuff

and cigars, he was inveterately addicted. Conceit and pretension, together with a dash of the worst because the finest vulgarity, that which thinks itself genteel, were the first and last of King Harwood. His very pace was an amble—a frisk, a skip, a strut, a prance—he could not walk; and he always stood on tiptoe, so that the heels of his shoes never wore out. The effect of this was, of course, to make him look less tall than he was; so that, being really a man of middle height, he passed for short. His figure was slight, his face fair, and usually adorned with a smile half supercilious and half self-satisfied, and set off by a pair of most conceited-looking spectacles. There is no greater atrocity than his who shows you glass for eyes, and, instead of opening wide those windows of the heart, fobs you off with a bit of senseless crystal which conceals, instead of enforcing, an honest meaning—"there was no speculation in those *pebbles* which he did glare withal." For the rest, he was duly whiskered and curled; though the eye-lashes, when by a chance removal of the spectacles they were discovered, lying under suspicion of sandiness; and, the whiskers and hair being auburn, it was a disputed point whether the barber's part of him consisted in dyeing his actual locks, or in a supplemental periwig: that the curls were of their natural colour, nobody believed that took the trouble to think about it.

But it was his speech that was the prime distinction of King Harwood: the pert fops of Congreve's comedies, Petulant, Witwoud, Froth, and Brisk, (pregnant names!) seemed but types of our hero. He never opened his lips (and he was always chatting) but to proclaim his own infinite superiority to all about him. He would have taught Burke to speak, and Reynolds to paint, and John Kemble to act. The Waverly novels would have been the better for his hints; and it was some pity that Shakspeare had not lived in these days, because he had a suggestion that would greatly have improved his Lear.

Nothing was too great for him to meddle with, and nothing too little; but his preference went very naturally with the latter, which amalgamated most happily with his own mind: and when the unex-



pected legacy of a plebeian great-aunt, the despised sister of his grand-father, the farmer, enabled him to leave quill-driving, of which he was heartily weary, and to descend from the high stool in Lombard-street, on which he had been perched for five-and-twenty years; there doubtless mingled with the desire to assist his family, by adding his small income to their still smaller one—for this egregious coxcomb was an excellent son and a kind brother, just in his dealings, and generous in his heart, when, through the thick coating of foppery one could find the way to it—some wish to escape from the city, where his talents were, as he imagined, buried in the crowd, smothered against the jostling multitudes, and to emerge, in all his lustre, in the smaller and more select coteries of the country. On his arrival at Belford, accordingly, he installed himself, at once, as arbiter of fashion, the professed *beau garçon*, the lady's man of the town and neighbourhood; and having purchased a horse, and ascertained, to his great comfort, that his avocation as a banker's clerk was either wholly unsuspected in the county circles which his late father had frequented, or so indistinctly known, that the very least little white lie in the world would pass him off as belonging to the House, he boldly claimed acquaintance with every body in the county whose name he had ever heard in his life, and, regardless of the tolerably visible contempt of the gentlemen, proceeded to make his court to the ladies with might and with main.

He miscalculated, however, the means best fitted to compass his end. Women, however frivolous, do not like a frivolous man; they would as soon take a fancy to their mercer as to the man who offers to choose their silks, and if he will find fault with their embroidery, and correct their patterns, he must lay his account in being no more regarded by them than their milliner or their maid. Sooth to say, your fine lady is an ungrateful personage; she accepts the help, and then laughs at the officious helper—sucks the orange and throws away the peel. This truth found King Harwood, when, after riding to London, and running all over that well-sized town, to match, in German lamb's wool, the unmatched brown and gold feathers of the game-cock's neck, which

that ambitious embroideress, Lady Delany, aspired to imitate in a table-carpet, he found himself saluted for his pains with the malicious soubriquet of King of the Bantams. This and other affronts drove him from the county society, which he had intended to enlighten and adorn, to the less brilliant circles of Belford, which, perhaps suited his taste better, he being of that class of persons who had rather reign in the town than serve in the country; whilst his brother Earl, safe in cold silence and dull respectability, kept sedulously among his rural compeers, and was considered one of the most unexceptionable grace-sayers at a great dinner of any clergyman in the neighbourhood.

To Belford, therefore, the poor King of the Bantams was compelled to come, thinking himself the cleverest and most fashionable man in the place; an opinion which, I am sorry to say, he had pretty much to himself. The gentlemen smiled at his pretensions, and the young ladies laughed, which was just the reverse of the impression which he intended to make. How the thing happened I can hardly tell, for, in general, the young ladies of a country town are sufficiently susceptible to attention from a London man. Perhaps the man was not to their taste, as conceit finds few favourers; or, perhaps, they disliked the kind of attention, which consisted rather in making perpetual demands on their admiration, than in offering the tribute of his own; perhaps, also, the gentleman, who partook of the family fault, and would be young in spite of the register, was too old for them. However it befell, he was no favourite amongst the Belford belles.

Neither was he in very good odour with the mammas. He was too poor, too proud, too scornful, and a Harwood, in which name all the pretension of the world seemed gathered. Nay, he not only in his own person out-Harwooded Harwood, but was held accountable for not a few of the delinquencies of that obnoxious race, whose airs had much augmented since he had honoured Belford by his presence. Before his arrival, Miss Henrietta and her stately mamma had walked out, like the other ladies of the town, unattended: the King came, and they could not stir without being followed as their shadow by the poor little

footboy, who formed the only serving-man of their establishment; before that *avatar* they dined at six, now seven was the family hour; and whereas they were wont, previously, to take that refecton without alarming their neighbours, and causing Miss Blackall's parrot to scream, and Mrs. Leeson's cat to mew, now the solitary maid of all-work, or perchance the King himself, tinkled and jangled the door-bell, or the parlour-bell, to tell those who knew it before that dinner was ready, (I wonder he had not purchased a gong,) and to set every lady in the Row a moralizing on the sin of pride and the folly of pretension. Ah! if they who are at once poor and gently bred could but understand how safe a refuge from the contempt of the rich they would find in frank and open poverty! how entirely the pride of the world bends before a simple and honest humility!—how completely we, the poorest, may say with Constance (provided only that we imitate her action, and throw ourselves on the ground as we speak the words,) "Here is my throne,—let kings come bow to me!"—if they would but do this, how much of pain and grief they might save themselves! But this was a truth which the Harwoods had yet to discover.

Much of his unpopularity might, however, be traced to a source on which he particularly prided himself:—a misfortune which has befallen a wiser man.

Amongst his other iniquities the poor King of the Bantams had a small genius for music, an accomplishment that flattered at once his propensities and his pretensions, his natural love of noise and his acquired love of consequence. He sung, with a falsetto that went through one's head like the screams of a young peacock, divers popular ballads in various languages, very difficult to distinguish each from each; he was a most pertinacious and intolerable scraper on the violoncello, an instrument which it is almost as presumptuous to touch, unless finely, as it is to attempt and to fail in an epic poem or an historical picture; and he showed the extent and the variety of his want of power, by playing quite as ill on the flute, which again may be compared to a failure in the composition of an acrostic, or the drawing of a butterfly. Sooth to say, he was equally bad at all; and yet he

contrived to be quite as great a pest to the unmusical part of society—by far the larger part in Belford certainly, and, I suspect, everywhere—as if he had actually been the splendid performer he fancied himself. Nay, he was even a greater nuisance than a fine player can be; for if music be, as Mr. Charles Lamb happily calls it, "measured malice," malice out of all measure must be admitted to be worse still.

Generally speaking, people who dislike the art deserve to be as much bored as they are by the "concord of sweet sounds." There is not an English lady in a thousand who, when asked if she be fond of music, has the courage enough to say, No; she thinks it would be rude to do so; whereas, in my opinion, it is a civil way of getting out of a scrape, since, if the performance be such as commands admiration, (and the very best music is an enjoyment as exquisite as it is rare,) the delight evinced comes as a pleasant surprise, or as a graceful compliment; and if (as is by very far most probable) the singing chance to be such as one would rather not hear, why then one has, at least, the very great comfort of not being obliged to simper and profess oneself pleased, but may seem as tired, and look as likely to yawn as one will, without offering any particular affront, or incurring any worse imputation than that of being wholly without taste for music—a natural defect, at which the amateur who has been excruciating one's ears vents his contempt in a shrug of scornful pity, little suspecting how entirely (as is often the case in that amiable passion) the contempt is mutual.

Now there are certain cases under which the evil of music is much mitigated: when one is not expected to listen, for instance, as at a large party in London, or, better still, at a great house in the country, where there are three or four rooms open, and one can get completely out of the way, and hear no more of the noise than of a peal of bells in the great parish. Music, under such circumstances, may be endured with becoming philosophy. But the poor Belfordians had no such resource. Their parties were held, at the best, in two small drawing-rooms laid into one by the aid of folding-doors; so that when Mr. King, accompanied by his



sister Henrietta, who drummed and strummed upon the piano like a boarding-school Miss, and sung her part in a duet with a voice like a raven, began his eternal vocalization, (for, never tired of hearing himself, he never dreamt of leaving off until his unhappy audience parted for the night,)—when once the self-delighted pair began, the deafened whist-table groaned in dismay; lottery-tickets were at a discount; commerce at a standstill; Pope Joan died a natural death, and the pool of quadrille came to an untimely end.

The reign of the four kings, so long the mild and absolute sovereigns of the Belford parties, might be said to be over, and the good old ladies, long their peaceable and loving subjects, submitted with peevish patience to the yoke of the usurper. They listened and they yawned; joined in their grumbling by the other vocalists of this genteel society, the singing young ladies and manœuvring mammas, who found themselves literally "pushed from their stools," their music stools, by the Harwood monopoly of the instrument, as well as affronted by the Bantam King's intolerance of all bad singing except his own. How long the usurpation would have lasted, how long the discontent would have been confined to hints and frowns, and whispered mutterings, and very intelligible innuendoes, without breaking into open rebellion,—in other words, how long it would have been before King Harwood was sent to Coventry, there is no telling. He himself put an end to his musical sovereignty, as other ambitious rulers have done before him, by an overweening desire to add to the extent of his dominions.

Thus it fell out.

One of the associations which did the greatest honour to Belford, was a society of amateur musicians—chiefly tradesmen, imbued with a real love of the art, and a desire to extend and cultivate an amusement which, however one may laugh at the affectation of musical taste, is, when so pursued, of a very elevating and delightful character—who met frequently at each other's houses for the sake of practice, and encouraged by the leadership of an accomplished violin player, and the possession of two or three voices of extraordinary brilliancy and power, began

about this time to extend their plan, to rehearse two or three times a week at a great room belonging to one of the society, and to give amateur concerts at the Town-hall.

Very delightful these concerts were. Every man exerted himself to the utmost, and, accustomed to play the same pieces with the same associates, the performance had much of the unity which makes the charm of family music. They were so unaffected, too, so thoroughly unpretending—there was such genuine good taste, so much of the true spirit of enjoyment, and so little of trickery and display, that the audience, who went prepared to be indulgent, were enchanted; the amateur concerts became the fashion of the day, and all the elegance and beauty of the town and neighbourhood crowded to the Belford Town-hall. This was enough for Mr. King Harwood. He had attended once as a hearer, and he instantly determined to be heard. It was pretermittting his dignity, to be sure, and his brother, Earl, would have been dumb for ever before he would have condescended to such an association. But the vanity of our friend the King was of a more popular description. Rather than not get applause he would have played Punch at Belford fair; accordingly, he offered himself as a tenor singer to the amateur society, and they, won by his puffs of his musical genius,—which, to say the truth, had about them the prevailing power which always results from the speaker's perfect faith in his own assertions, the self-deluding faith which has never failed to make converts, from Mahomet down to Joanna Southcot,—they, won to belief, and civilly unwilling to put his talents to the proof, accepted his services for the next concert.

Luckless King Harwood! He to sing in concerted pieces! Could not he have remembered that unhappy supper of the Catch and Glee Club, in Finsbury-square, where, for his sake, "Non Nobis Domine," was hissed, and "Glorious Apollo" wellnigh damned? He to aspire to the dictatorship of country musicians! Had he wholly forgotten that still more unlucky morning, when aspiring to reform the church music of Dighton, he and the parish clerk and the obedient sexton, began, as announced and pre-arranged, to warble Luther's Hymn; whilst

all the rest of the singing gallery, three clarionets, two French horns, the bassoon, and the rustic vocalists struck up the Hundredth Psalm; and the instructed charity children, catching the last word as given out by the clerk, completed the triple chain, not of harmony, but discord, by screaming out at the top of their shrill childish voices the sweet sounds of the Morning Hymn? Was that day forgotten, and that day's mortification?—when my lord, a musical amateur of the first water, whom the innovation was intended to captivate, was fain to stop his cognoscent ears, whilst Lady Julia held her handkerchief to her fair face to conceal her irrepressible laughter, and the unhappy source of this confusion ran first of all to the Rectory to escape from the tittering remarks of the congregation, and then half-way to London to escape from the solemn rebuke of the Rector? Could that hour be forgotten?

I suppose it was. Certain he offered himself and was accepted; and was no sooner installed a member of the Society, than he began his usual course of dictation and finding fault. His first contest was that very fruitful ground of dispute, the concert bill. With the instrumental pieces he did not meddle; but in the vocal parts the Society had wisely confined themselves to English words and English composers, to the great horror of the new *primo tenore*, who proposed to substitute Spohr and Auber and Rossini, for Purcell and Harrington and Bishop, and to have “no vulgar English name,” in the whole bill of fare.

“To think of the chap!” exclaimed our good friend Stephen Lane, when Master King proposed a quartet from the “Cenerentola,” in lieu of the magnificent music which has well nigh turned one of the finest tragedies in the world into the very finest opera—(I mean, of course, Matthew Locke’s music in *Macbeth*)—“To think of the chap!” exclaimed Stephen, who had sung Hecate with admirable power and beauty for nearly forty years, and whose noble bass voice still retained its unrivalled richness of tone—“To think of his wanting to frisk me into some of his parly voos stuff, and daring to sneer and snigger not only at Locke’s music!—and I’ll thank any of your parly voos to show me finer—but at Shakspeare

himself! I don’t know much of poetry, to be sure,” said Stephen; “but I know this, that Shakspeare’s the poet of old England, and that every Englisman’s bound to stand up for him, as he is for his country or his religion; and, dang it, if that chap dares to fleer at him again before my face, I’ll knock him down—and so you may tell him, Master Antony,” pursued the worthy butcher, somewhat wroth against the leader, whose courtesy had admitted the offending party,—“so you may tell him; and I tell you, that if I had not stood up all my life against the system, I’d strike, and leave you to get a bass where you could. I hate such puppies, and so you may tell him!” So saying, Stephen walked away, and the concert bill remained unaltered.

If (as is possible) there had been a latent hope that the new member would take offence at his want of influence in the programme of the evening’s amusement, and “strike” himself, the hope was disappointed. Most punctual in the orchestra was Mr. King Harwood, and most delighted to perceive a crowded and fashionable audience. He placed himself in a conspicuous situation and a most conspicuous attitude, and sat out first an overture of Weber’s, then the fine old duet, “Time has not thinned my flowing hair,” and then the cause of quarrel, “When shall we three meet again,” in which Stephen had insisted on his bearing no part, with scornful *sang froid*—although the Hecate was so superb, and the whole performance so striking, that, as if to move his spleen, it had been rapturously encored. The next piece was “O Nanny!” harmonized for four voices, in which he was to bear a part—and a most conspicuous part he did bear, sure enough! The essence of that sweetest melody, which “custom cannot stale,” is, as every one knows, its simplicity; but simplicity made no part of our vocalist’s merits! No one that heard him will ever forget the trills, and runs, and shakes, the cadences and flourishes of that “O Nanny!”—The other three voices (one of which was Stephen’s,) stopped in astonishment, and the panting violins “toiled after him in vain.” At last, Stephen Lane, somewhat provoked at having been put out of his own straight course by any thing,—for, as he said afterwards, he



thought he could have sung "O Nanny!" in the midst of an earthquake, and determined to see if he could stop the chap's flourishes,—suddenly snatched the fiddlestick out of the hands of the wondering leader, and jerked the printed glee out of the white-gloved hands of the singer, as he was holding the leaves with the most delicate affectation—sent them sailing and fluttering over the heads of the audience, and then, as the King, nothing daunted, continued his variations on "Thou wert fairest," followed up his blow by a dexterous twitch with the same convenient instrument at the poor beau's caxon, which flew spinning along the ceiling, and alighted at last on one of the ornaments of the centre chandelier, leaving the luckless vocalist with a short crop of reddish hair, somewhat grizzled, a fierce pair of whiskers curled and dyed, and a most chapfallen countenance, in the midst of the cheers, the bravos, and the encores of the diverted audience, who laughed at the exploit from the same resistless impulse that tempted honest Stephen to the act.

"Flesh and blood could not withstand it, man!" exclaimed he, apologetically, holding out his huge red fist, which the crestfallen beau was far too angry to take, "but I'm quite ready to make the wig good; I'll give you half a dozen, if you like, in return for the fun; and I'd recommend their fitting tighter, for really it's extraordinary what a little bit of a jerk sent that fellow flying up to the ceiling just like a bird. The fiddlestick's none the worse—nor you either, if you could but think so."

But in the midst of this consolatory and conciliatory language, the discomfited hero of the evening disappeared, leaving his "O Nanny!" under the feet of the company, and his periwig perched on the chandelier over their heads.

The result of this adventure was, in the first place, a most satisfactory settlement of the question of wig or no wig, which had divided the female world of Belford; and a complete cure of his musical mania on the part of its hero. He never sang a note again, and has even been known to wince at the sound of a barrel organ, whilst those little vehicles of fairy tunes, French work-boxes and snuff-boxes were objects of especial alarm.

He always looked as if he expected to hear the sweet air of "O Nanny!" issuing from them.

One would have thought that such a calamity would have been something of a lesson. But vanity is a strong-rooted plant that soon sprouts out again, crop it off closely as you may, and the misadventure wrought but little change in his habits. For two or three days, (probably, whilst a new wig was making) he kept his room, sick or sulky; then he rode over to Dighton, for two or three days more; after which he returned to Belford, revisited his old haunts and renewed his old ways, strutting and skipping, as usual, the loudest at public meetings—the busiest on committees—the most philosophical member of the Philosophical Society, at which, by the way, adventuring with all the boldness of ignorance on certain chemical experiments, he very literally burnt his fingers; and the most horticultural of the horticulturists, marching about in a blue apron, like a real gardener, flourishing watering-pots, cheapening budding-knives, and boasting of his marvels in grafting and pruning, although the only things resembling trees in his mother's slip of a garden were some smoky China roses that would not blow, and a few blighted currants that refused to ripen.

But these were trifles. He attended all the more serious business of the town and country—was a constant man at the vestry, although no householder, and at borough and county meetings, although he had not a foot of land in the world. He attended railway meetings, navigation meetings, turnpike meetings, gas-works meetings, paving meetings, Macadamizing meetings, water-works meetings, cottage-allotment meetings, anti-slavetrade meetings, education meetings of every sort, and dissenting meetings of all denominations; never failed the bench; was as punctual at an inquest as the coroner, at the quarter-sessions as the chairman, at the assizes as the judge, and hath been oftener called to order by the court, and turned out of the grand-jury room by the foreman, than any otherman in the country. In short, as Stephen Lane, whom he encountered pretty frequently in his perambulations, pithily observed of him, "A body was sure to find the chap wherever he had no business."

Stephen, who, probably, thought he had given him punishment enough, regarded the poor King after the fashion in which his great dog Smoker would look upon a cur that he had tossed once and disdained to toss again—a mixture of toleration and contempt. The utmost to which the good butcher was ever provoked by his adversary's noisiest nonsense or pertest presumption, was a magnificent nod towards the chandelier from whence the memorable wig had once hung pendant, a true escutcheon of pretence; or, if that memento were not sufficient, the whistling a few bars of "Where thou wert fairest,"—a gentle hint, which seldom failed of its effect in perplexing and dumb-founding the orator.

They were, however, destined to another encounter; and, as often happens in this world of shifting circumstance, the result of that encounter brought out points of character which entirely changed their feelings and position towards each other.

Stephen had been, as I have before said, or meant to say, a mighty cricketer in his time; and, although now many stone too heavy for active participation, continued as firmly attached to the sport, as fond of looking on and promoting that most noble and truly English game, as your old cricketer, when of a hearty and English character, is generally found to be. He patronized and promoted the diversion on all occasions, formed a weekly club at Belford, for the sake of practice, assigned them a commodious meadow for a cricket-ground, trained up sons and grandsons to the exercise, made matches with all the parishes round, and was so sedulous in maintaining the credit of the Belford Eleven, that not a lad came into the place as an apprentice or a journeyman—especially if he happen to belong to a cricketing county—without Stephen's examining into his proficiency in his favourite accomplishment. Towards blacksmiths, who, from the development of muscular power in the arms, are often excellent players, and millers, who are good cricketers, one scarcely knows why—it runs in the trade—his attention was particularly directed, and his researches were at last rewarded by the discovery of a first-rate batsman, at a forge nearly opposite his own residence.

Caleb Hyde, the handicraftsman in

question, was a spare, sinewy, half-starved looking young man, as ragged as the wildest colt he ever shod; Humphrey Clinker was not in a more unclothed condition when he first shocked the eyes of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble; and, Stephen, seeing that he was a capital ironsmith, and sure to command good wages, began to fear that his evil plight arose, as in nine cases out of ten raggedness does arise, from the gentle seductions of the beer-houses. On inquiry, however, he found that his protegee was as sober as if there were not a beer-house in the world; that he had been reduced to his present unseemly plight by a long fever; and that his only extravagance consisted in his having, ever since he was out of his apprenticeship, supported by the sweat of his brow an aged mother and a sickly sister, for whose maintenance, during his own tedious illness, he had pawned his clothes, rather than allow them to receive relief from the parish. This instance of affectionate independence won the butcher's heart.

"That's what I call acting like a man and an Englishman!" exclaimed honest Stephen. "I never had a mother to take care of," continued he, pursuing the same train of thought,—“that is, I never knew her; and an unnatural jade she must have been; but nobody belonging to me should ever have received parish money whilst I had the use of my two hands;—and this poor fellow must be seen to.

And as an induction to the more considerable and more permanent benefits which he designed for him, he carried Caleb off to the cricket-ground, where there was a grand rendezvous of all the amateurs of the neighbourhood, beating up for recruits for a great match to come off at Danby-park on the succeeding week.

"They give their players a guinea a day," thought Stephen; "and I'd bet fifty guineas that Sir Thomas takes a fancy to him."

Now, the Belford cricket-ground happened to be one of Mr. King Harwood's many lounges. He never, to be sure, condescended to play there; but it was an excellent opportunity to find fault with those that did, to lay down the law on disputed points, to talk familiarly of the great men at Lord's, and to boast how, in



one match, on that classic ground, he had got more notches than Mr. Ward, and had caught out Mr. Budd, and bowled out Lord Frederick. Any body, to have heard him, would have thought him, in his single person, able to beat a whole eleven. That marquee, on the Belford cricket-ground, was the place to see King Harwood in his glory.

There he was, on the afternoon in question, putting in his word on all occasions; a word of more importance than usual, because Sir Thomas being himself unable to attend, his steward, whom he had sent to select the auxiliaries for the great match, was rather more inclined than his master would have been to listen to his suggestions, (a circumstance which may be easily accounted for by the fact, that the one did know him, and the other did not,) and, therefore, in more danger of being prejudiced by his scornful disdain of poor Caleb, towards whom he had taken a violent aversion, first as a protegee of Mr. Lane, and, secondly, as being very literally an "unwashed artificer;" Stephen having carried him off from the forge without even permitting the indispensable ablutions, or the slight improvement in costume which his scanty wardrobe would have permitted.

"He 'would be a disgrace to your eleven, Mr. Miller!" said his Bantamic Majesty to the civil steward; "Sir Thomas would have to clothe him from top to toe. There's the cricketer that I should recommend," added he, pointing to a young linendraper, in nankeen shorts, light shoes, and silk stockings. "He understands the proper costume, and is, in my mind, a far prettier player. Out!" shouted "the skipping King," as Caleb, running a little too hard, saved himself from being stumped out by throwing himself down at full length, with his arm extended, and the end of his bat full two inches beyond the stride; "Out! fairly out!"

"No out!" vociferated the butcher; "it's a thing done every day. He's not out, and you are!" exclaimed the man of the cleaver.

But the cry of "out" having once been raised, the other side, especially the scout who had picked up and tossed the ball, and the wicket-keeper who had caught it from the scout, and the bowler—a dogged, surly old player, whom Caleb's batting

had teased not a little,—joined in the clamour; and forthwith a confusion and a din of tongues, like that of the Tower of Babel, arose amongst the cricketers and standers by; from the midst of which might be heard at intervals, "Lord's Ground," "Howard," "Mr. Ward," "Mr. Budd," "Lord Frederick," and "The Marybone Club," in the positive dogmatical dictatorial tones of Mr. King Harwood; and the apparently irrelevant question, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" sung, in his deep and powerful bary-tone voice, by Stephen Lane.

At last, from mere weariness, there was a pause in the uproar; and our honest butcher, wiping his fine broad manly face, exclaimed, half in soliloquy, "To be sure, it's foolish enough to make such a squabbling at a mere practising bout amongst ourselves; but one can't help being aggravated to hear the chap, who sits there never touching a bat, lay down the law as if he could beat all England: whereas it's my firm belief that he never played in a match in his life. If he had, he'd want to play now. I defy a man that has been a cricketer not to feel a yearning, like, after the game when it's going on before his eyes; and I would not mind laying a smartish wager that his playing is just as bad as his singing."

"I'll play any man for thirty pounds, the best of two innings, at single wicket!" replied King, producing the money.

"Done," replied Stephen; "and Caleb, here, shall be your man."

"Surely, Mr. Lane," replied the affronted beau, "you can't intend to match me with a dirty ragged fellow like that? Of course I expect something like equality in my opponent—some decent person. No one could expect me to play against a journeyman blacksmith."

"Why not?" demanded the undaunted radical; "we're all the same flesh and blood, whether clean or dirty—all sprung from Adam. And as to Caleb, poor fellow! who pawned his clothes to keep his old mother and his sick sister, I only wish we were all as good. Howsomever, as that match would be, as you say, rather unequal—for I'll be bound that he'd beat you with his right hand tied behind him,—why it would not be fair to put him against you. Here's my little grandson Gregory, who won't be ten years old till

next Martinmas—he shall play you ; or, dang it, man,” shouted Stephen, “I’ll play you myself ! I have not taken a bat in hand these twenty years,” continued he, beginning, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, especially of poor Caleb, to strip off his coat and waistcoat, and prepare for the encounter,—“I have not touched bat or ball for these twenty years, but I’m as sure of beating that chap as if he were a woman. So hold your tongue, Peter Jenkins ! be quiet, Caleb ! Don’t you prate about your grandmother, Gregory ; for play I will. And get you ready, Master Harwood, for I mean to bowl you out at the first ball.”

And Master King did make ready accordingly ; tied one handkerchief round his white trousers and another round his waist, lamented the want of his nankeens and his cricketing pumps, poised the bats, found fault with the ball, and finally placed himself in an attitude at the wicket ; and having won the toss, prepared to receive the ball, which Stephen on his part was preparing very deliberately to deliver.

Stephen in his time had been an excellent fast bowler ; and as that power was not affected by his size, (though probably somewhat impaired by want of practice,) and his confidence in his adversary’s bad play was much increased by the manner in which he stood at his wicket, he calculated with the most comfortable certainty on getting him out whenever he liked ; and he was right ; the unlucky King could neither stop nor strike. He kept no guard over his wicket ; and in less than three minutes the stumps rattled without his having once hit the ball.

It was now Stephen’s turn to go in—the fattest cricketer of a surety that ever wielded a bat. He stood up to his wicket like a man, and considering that King’s bowling was soon seen to be as bad as his hitting—that is to say, as bad as any thing could be—there was every chance of his stopping the ball, and continuing in for three hours ; but whether he would get a notch in three days, whether dear Stephen Lane *could* run, was a problem. It *was* solved, however, and sooner than might have been expected. He gave a mighty hit—a hit that sent her spinning into the hedge at the bottom of the ground—a hit, of which any body else would

have made three even at single wicket ; and, setting out on a leisurely trot, contrived to get home, without much inconvenience, just before the panting King arrived at his ground. In his next attempt at running, he was not so fortunate : his antagonist reached the wicket whilst he was still in mid-career, so that his innings was over, and Mr. King Harwood had to go in against one.

Alas ! he found it one too many ! At the very second ball, he made a hit—his first hit—and unluckily a hit up, and Stephen caught him out by the mere exertion of lifting his right arm ; so that the match was won at a single innings, the account standing thus :—

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| King Harwood, first innings | . 0 |
| Ditto, second innings       | . 0 |
| Stephen Lane, first innings | . 1 |

It would have been difficult to give the scorers on both sides less trouble.

Stephen was charmed with his success, laughing like a child for very glee, tossing the ball into the air, and enjoying his triumph with unrestrained delight, until his antagonist, who had borne his defeat with much equanimity, approached him with the amount of his bet : it then seemed to strike him suddenly, that Mr. Harwood was a gentleman, and poor, and that thirty pounds was too much for him to lose.

“No, no, sir,” said Stephen, gently putting aside the offered notes ; “all’s right now : we’ve had our frolic out, and it’s over. ’Twas foolish enough, at the best, in an old man like me, and so my dame will say ; but, as to playing for money, that’s quite entirely out of the question.”

“These notes are yours, Mr. Lane,” replied King Harwood, gravely.

“No such thing, man,” rejoined Stephen, more earnestly ; “I never play for money, except now and then a sixpenny game at all-fours, with Peter Jenkins there. I hate gambling. We’ve all of us plenty to do with our bank-notes, without wasting them in such tom-foolery. Put ’em up, man, do. Keep ’em till we play the return match, and that won’t be in a hurry, I promise you ; I’ve had enough of this sport for one while,” added Stephen, wiping his honest face, and preparing to reassume his coat and waistcoat ; “put up the notes, man, can’t ye !”

“As I said before, Mr. Lane, this



money is yours. You need not scruple taking it; for, though I am a poor man, I do not owe a farthing in the world. The loss will occasion me no inconvenience. I had merely put aside this sum to pay Charles Wither the difference between my bay mare and his chestnut horse; and now I shall keep the mare; and, perhaps, after all, she is the more useful roadster of the two. You *must* take the money."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" exclaimed Stephen, struck with sudden and unexpected respect at the frank avowal of poverty, the good principles and the good temper of this speech. "How can I? Wasn't it my own rule, when I gave this bit of ground to the cricketers, that nobody should ever play in it for any stake, high or low? A pretty thing it would be if I, a reformer of forty years' standing, should be the first man to break a law of my own making! Besides, 'tis setting a bad example to these youngsters, and ought not to be done—and shan't be done," continued Stephen, waxing positive. "You've no notion what an obstinate old chap I can be! Better let me have my own way."

"Provided you let me have mine. You say you cannot take these notes—I feel that I cannot keep them. Suppose we make them over to your friend Caleb, to repair his wardrobe?"

"Dang it, you are a real good fellow!" shouted Stephen, in an ecstasy, grasping King Harwood's hand, and shaking it as if he would shake it off; "a capital fellow! a true-born Englishman! and I beg your pardon, from my soul, for that trick of the wig, and all my flouting and fleering before and since. You've taught me a lesson that I shan't forget in a hurry. Your heart's in the right place; and when that's the case, why a little finery and nonsense signifies no more than the patches upon Caleb's jacket, or the spots on a bullock's hide, just skin deep, and hardly that. I've a respect for you, man! and I beg your pardon over and over." And again and again he wrung King Harwood's hand in his huge red fist; whilst, borne away by his honest fervency, King returned the pressure and walked silently home, wondering a little at his own gratification, for a chord had been struck in his bosom that had seldom vibrated before, and the sensation was as new as it was delightful.

The next morning little Gregory Lane made his appearance at Warwick-terrace, mounted on Mr. Charles Wither's beautiful chestnut.

"Grandfather sends his duty, sir," said the smiling boy, jumping down, and putting the bridle into King Harwood's hand, "and says that you had your way yesterday, and that he must have his to-day. He's as quiet as a lamb," added the boy, already, like Harry Blount in Marmion, a "sworn horse-courser;" "and such a trotter! He'll carry you twelve miles an hour with ease." And King Harwood accepted the offering; and Stephen and he were good friends ever after.

Miss Mitford.

#### A SKETCH.

Old Mrs. Brag had, as Miss Scropps, married at seventeen; and although, as far as my own experience goes, I admit I never saw such a thing, she was said to be a lady of nearly fifty-five years of age, somewhere about the period at which this glimpse at the history of her yet unrecorded family begins.

It may be supposed that I should apologise for bringing the eyes, or perhaps the noses, of my readers in contact with all the arcana of Mr. John's shop; but I have a reason for doing so. I propose not merely to show by illustration how very ridiculous a pretender must always be, but to exhibit a striking instance of the retributive justice which seems somehow to keep the world in an equipoise, by exhibiting the wonderful utility of which the meanest and stupidest animal extant may prove; as *vide* (to quote the words of James the First, about Dæmonology) the fable of the Lion, the Mouse, and the Meshes.

Soar we then for a moment from the gloom of the tallow-chandler to a more charming region, and to a people of a different mould, and yet who, as the reader will see, may in the course of events become connected, and intimately too, with our sprightly gentleman in the scarlet jacket and white cords. Let us, therefore, betake ourselves to the *boudoir* of one of the most charming young widows in England, where she is sitting *tête-à-tête* with her unmarried sister, talking over two absent gentlemen, whose tempers and dispositions are the immediate subject of their conversation.

Mrs. Dallington, the elder of the two ladies so engaged, had been married at nineteen, merely to oblige her father, (who died six months afterwards,) to a gentleman of the name which she still bore; who, to all the other merits which distinguished his character, emulated in a high degree the fox-hunting propensities of the tallow-man in the white cords of whom we have just spoken. He was, however, rich, and a gentleman, and had a right to make as great a fool of himself as he pleased—and

so he did: and the foolery began in his leaving a beautiful wife, with a pair of eyes as black as sloes and as bright as diamonds, alone and moping, while he was amusing himself by following his dogs, which dogs were following something certainly not sweeter than themselves across the country.

Mr. Dallington, who rode about nine stone four, one fine morning, when the scent lay "uncommon strong," the dogs in full cry, the field in a state of the highest excitement, the fox going away right on-end across a heavy country, which would probably break the hearts of some of the horses and the necks of some of the riders, met with a slight accident, which in fox-hunting goes for very little, but which in its proverbial or rather convivial parallel, matrimony, goes for something more. In switching a rasper, the exemplary and high-spirited gentleman missed his tip and pitched right upon his head in the middle of a ditch, where he remained exactly long enough to make the lovely wife he had left at home a very delightful widow.

Dallington, or at least what had been Dallington in the early part of the day, was put upon a hurdle and taken to a farm-house; whence the melancholy intelligence was conveyed to his lady, who, still with all the respect she felt for her late father's judgment in selecting him for her partner for life, considered the event which had just taken place as philosophically as any woman of strong feelings and a tender disposition might be supposed to endure any sudden shock which results from the death of a fellow-creature.

True, most true it is, she never had felt that sort of love for the husband forced upon her, as a "fine match," which a woman ought to feel for the being who is destined (if he be fortunate enough) to share her hopes, her wishes, and her happiness. Mrs. Dallington was a creature all intellect, all vivacity, all fire; full of arch playfulness and gaiety of heart, and as completely the reverse of her quiet, timid, and sensitive sister, as light of darkness, fire of water, or any other two unmeetable opposites.

There are many adages connected with love and matrimony which it must be admitted are, however forcible in themselves, extremely contradictory of each other. But in the course of considerable experience in such matters, I am apt to imagine that the real truth is—supposing always exceptions to general rules—that women are most apt to prefer men the least like themselves; and men, *vice versâ*. It is the pride of the little man to have a large wife; it is the taste of a tall man to possess a short one; a fair woman admires a dark Lothario; while a bright-eyed brunette delights in blazing away upon a fair Romeo. A learned man eschews a blue partner; he relaxes into ease in the company of his ordinarily-educated better-half, and reposes from his graver studies in the agreeable common-places of an intelligent but not abstruse associate; while the learned lady prefers the plodding spouse, and never desires that he should meddle with her arts and sciences, but merely wishes him to exert his

energies in the comfortable arrangement of their establishment, and the acquirement of the supplies necessary to set off her own attractions in their most alluring form before the visitors whom she chooses to invite.

The assimilation of tempers and dispositions by which happiness grows between married couples is, in fact, a habit most amiable and advantageous: the handwritings of men and their wives become like each other in the course of time. But whether the love of contraries in the abstract, be or be not so general as some observers would have it to be, certain it is that in the particular individual case before us it did exist.

Sir Charles Lydiard had been, just about the period at which the reader is introduced to him, some two years paying his addresses to the vivacious widow Dallington. He was a man of high principle, rigid honour, polished manners, and most amiable disposition; but he was cold, reserved, and even suspicious of the object of his affections. His suspicions, or perhaps they might be more justly called doubts, arose not from the slightest want of confidence in the candour or sincerity of the lady, but in a want of confidence in himself. He might fairly have said to his heroine, with Steele's hero:—

—"Of you I am not jealous,—

'Tis my own indolence that gives me fears:

And tenderness forms dangers where they're not.

I doubt and envy all things that approach thee."

There he was, the constant, faithful lover, never away from the house, sitting and sighing "like furnace," listening to the gaieties of Mrs. Dallington's conversation, a very spectre of despair, not ill described by the English Aristophanes in the person of one Harry Heetic, with a bunch of jonquils in his button-hole, looking dead and dressed, like the waxwork in Westminster Abbey. There was no animating him, no rousing him into a proposal; his attachment had become habitual, and day after day the affair went on without "progressing," as the Americans have it, one inch. And yet the widow was devoted to Sir Charles. It must be admitted that she every morning expected the question; but every evening that expectation was blighted, and the worthy baronet returned from his placid state of negative happiness to his own solitary home, to lie awake for hours balancing the chances of matrimony, and endeavouring to make up his mind to the deciding enquiry which, if the real truth were told, he lingeringly delayed, apprehensive that it might meet with a negative, certain not only to kill the hopes which sometimes outweighed his doubts, but to put an end to his acquaintance with the charming widow altogether.

While Sir Charles Lydiard remained thus drooping in the bright sunshine of Mrs. Dallington's eyes, her timid sister Blanche was undergoing a siege of a very different nature. Far from contenting himself, to use a military phrase, with sitting down before the place, and establishing a corps of observation merely to watch the enemy, Frank Rushton, who was more madly in love than ever dandy had been



found to be for many years, had for the last three months,—the whole period, in fact, of his acquaintance with her,—been assiduously and incessantly carrying on an attack upon the heart of his adorable Dulcinea; and, as it appeared, with as little chance of making an impression as her sister had of exciting Sir Charles to an offer. In fact, the four players at this love-game were equally divided into the fiery and the frosty; but, which in the sequel made all the sport, as Mr. Brag would have called it, the partners were so curiously matched, and the icicles and sunbeams so regularly and heraldically counter-changed, that the lovers and their mistresses were the exact opposites of each other. It was extremely amusing to hear the discussions in which Sir Charles and his friend Rushton were in the habit of indulging.

"My dear Frank," said Sir Charles, "your affection for Blanche is madness,—the way in which you go on sets me in a fever: and as for the poor young creature herself, she is absolutely harassed out of her wits."

"So you think, Sir Charles," replied Frank: "but it strikes me that her sister would not be less pleased with your society if you were to follow my example. Why there you sit, moping and melancholy, as if you were on the edge of your own grave, instead of being on the verge of all earthly happiness; you look and languish, sigh and say nothing, and, like the Cardinal, 'die, and make no sign.'"

"It may be so," said the baronet,—"I suppose it is so; but I cannot,—struggle as I may with my feelings,—I cannot overcome the doubts which seem to me to cloud the prospect of the felicity of which you talk so easily."

"Doubts! my dear friend," said Rushton: "What doubts can you have? Your doubts are, in fact, jealousies,—and how needless! Mrs. Dallington has been a wife,—and never was a more exemplary wife in the world."

"Her trial was short," said Sir Charles; "nor should I call it a fair one,—her marriage was not one of love."

"Then so much the greater her credit for the conduct she observed," said Rushton.

"The struggle did not last long," replied Sir Charles: "her husband was killed within eight months of her marriage."

"She bore her loss like a Christian," said Rushton.

"Yes," sighed the baronet; "it is wonderful to behold the pious resignation of ladies in her position."

"Well," said Rushton, "if your apprehensions overcome your affection, and your doubts transcend your hopes, break off the acquaintance at once,—take your hat and go—"

"—And be neither missed nor inquired after, in all probability," said Lydiard.

"There you wrong your fair friend," said Rushton. "She values you, esteems you, and with a very little trouble on your part would love you. Your flame is so gentle, that it scarcely warms; and, like the fire in the grate there, if she did not occasionally stir it with good nature and kind looks, my belief is, it would go out entirely."

"My dear Rushton," said Sir Charles, "you entirely misunderstand my character, and the character of my affection for our charming friend; my doubts are the 'fruits of love.'"

"A most disagreeable harvest, Lydiard," replied Rushton.

"True," said Sir Charles, "but I cannot conquer them. You blame my caution and coldness; but when I see you devoting yourself, hand over head, if I may so say, to the mild, quiet, timid, blushing creature, Blanche, I cannot, since I had the pleasure of introducing you to the family, but feel anxious on your account. I don't believe one word of all those professions of meekness, and mildness, and modesty of which that young lady is so profusely liberal. I have seen her exchange looks with her sister,—while you, blinded by your passion, have seen nothing—which convinces me that you would do well to scrutinise and consider before you plunge into the stormy ocean of matrimony."

"Why," said Rushton, "Blanche is something like Moore's beautiful Nora Creena:—

Few her looks, but every one  
Like unexpected light surprises!"

"Egad!" said Lydiard, "the light I saw was both surprising and unexpected. I have some little experience in family telegraphs, but the signal she threw out was not altogether complimentary to you, for she seemed to me to be laughing at you."

"Don't be too sure of that, Charles," said Rushton. "I too have seen those telegraphic symptoms; and my opinion is, that if you were to adopt my style of proceeding, you would find the widow much less attentive to her sister's evolutions. But no; you have fallen into a custom of going there day after day; you feel at your ease, you enjoy the society and conversation of a delightful person; and because you have nothing to excite you to action, so the affair goes on—not even a dash of jealousy to create a fermentation in your cup of nectar."

"There you mistake," said Lydiard. "I—I—certainly have never touched upon the subject—never opened my lips to a human being about it; but I am not quite so sure that it is not jealousy which keeps me backward and depresses me."

"Indeed!" said Rushton; "jealous! What of somebody who visits at the house?"

"Yes," said Sir Charles.

"Do you mean Sir Baggs Waddilove?" said Rushton.

"Pshaw—no."

"Perhaps that Colonel Scramshaw?"

"Not a bit of it."

"The Count?"

"What, Swagrandstraddle!—No."

"Lord Tom Towse?"

"You burn," said Sir Charles, "as the children say to the blinded one;—not of him, Frank—what think you of his friend?"

"What, that horrid vulgar dog, Brag," said Rushton, "his toady—his spaniel?"

"Upon my honour, yes," said Sir Charles.

"The deuce you are!" said Rushton; "that's very odd."

"Is it?" said Lydiard. "I confess, I am almost ashamed of being ruffled by such a fellow; but somehow, Mrs. Dallington seems as much at her ease with him, notwithstanding his vulgarity, his glaring ignorance, and his unbounded impertinence, that, upon my honour, I cannot help thinking—you know women are very odd creatures, and I—"

"You surprise me, Lydiard," said Rushton, "but not disagreeably. I have thought,—only don't mention it—that Blanche has a sort of,—eh—you understand me—a partiality for him—I don't know how it is; she certainly looks at the monster now and then."

"What," interrupted Lydiard, "some more of her few unexpected lights, eh?"

"I cannot understand it," said Rushton: "I suppose he entertains them with his absurdities, and his nonsense, and even his vanity, and his vulgarity. But I think we may both be pretty secure, that neither of such women as your widow and my Blanche could entertain a serious thought of a fellow of whom nobody knows anything except as Lord Tom Towzle's tiger, especially in a house into which Lord Tom himself finds it particularly difficult to get the *entrée*."

"No," said Lydiard, "one would not think there was much danger; and yet—yet you *will* allow it is very odd indeed that we should both have been struck by the same notion."

"So it is," replied Rushton. "However, as far as I am concerned, I am determined to fathom the affair to the bottom. I love Blanche better than my life; but if I thought—"

"Stop, stop, Rushton," interrupted the worthy baronet. "What has gone with your stern reproof of my scepticism? Here are you who have just been rallying me upon my doubts with regard to the loveliest of her sex, now coming to fathom an affair to the bottom which implicates in your mind the sincerity and single-heartedness of one of the purest, gentlest Nora Greenas that ever walked with her eyes cast down upon the earth."

"Hang the fellow!" said Rushton; "it is too ridiculous! Besides, he is not often there. Yet, never mind—he may do good: the smallest wheel in a great piece of machinery has its work to perform to keep all the rest going. This stupid animal may serve to equalize our passions, and make us see clearer; he will cool *me* and warm *you*, and who knows but it may turn out all for the best?"

"Why," said Lydiard, "the fact is pretty clear:—As we have not, even in this age of liberality, arrived at so great a reform of the church as to establish the toleration of bigamy, he can but marry one of the ladies; and, as far as I am concerned, if my adorable widow has a taste which would lead her to admit the pretensions of that miserable little animal, I am quite sure it never could be diverted into a passion for me; and so, Mr. Rushton, if he conquer, he is perfectly welcome to the fruits of his triumph."

"Ah, that's it!" said Rushton; "there are prudence, philosophy, wisdom, and half a dozen other splendid qualities, combined! But

as for *me*, if he were to be smiled upon in earnest by Blanche, it would be the last gleam of sunshine one of us should see; he never should live to enjoy the happiness of which he had deprived me!"

"Now, Rushton," said Sir Charles, "how unjust, how inconsiderate that is! If Blanche smile on him and not on you, it is a clear proof that she prefers him. Why make her miserable by killing the little man? You might as well shoot her poodle or wring the neck of her canary-bird."

How much farther this dialogue, which was hereabouts interrupted, might have been carried, it is not in my power to say; but sufficient has been developed to the reader to show that the incomparable Jack Brag, by dint of the equivocal introduction of his master, Lord Tom Towzle, had obtained footing at least in one respectable and agreeable house. It is, as Sir Charles Lydiard says, a matter of impossibility to ascertain the particular qualities or circumstances by which women of station and talent, as well as their inferiors in rank and intellect, are captivated. Certain it is, that after once Mr. Brag had been admitted to Mrs. Dallington's house, he was a visitor there as frequently as he could contrive to manage it; and, as we have seen, although his other avocations were numerous, he had contrived to unsettle the minds of two most respectable gentlemen of totally different characters and dispositions, both pursuing similar objects by different roads.—*Theodore Hook*.

#### SAWNEY.

That there is no part of the world where a Scotsman and a Newcastle grinding-stone may not be found, is a most true saying, as far as the Scotsman, at least, is concerned. It has been so ever since Scotland was a nation. If we can believe Dempster, there were Scotsmen in learned institutions all over Europe so early as the eighth century. In the whole range of Scottish biography, four-fifths of the details refer to countries out of Scotland. It has been stated that, in the reign of Charles I. there were several thousands of Scottish pedlars in the kingdom of Poland alone.\* Germany, Prussia, Denmark, and other countries in the centre of Europe, contain many landed families descended from Scottish gentlemen who lent their swords to Gustavus Adolphus.

Modern emigration has produced still greater wonders. Whole districts of America are peopled by Scotch. A certain valley in New Jersey, we have heard, is settled almost entirely by persons from Roxburgh and Selkirk shires. In a large part of Prince Edward's Island, the vernacular tongue is Gaelic, the inhabitants being mostly Highlanders. And a gentleman who has the means of knowing, lately mentioned to us that there are more people from

\* The Scottish term for pedlar is *pether*, which being found in England and other countries as a family surname, may lead to the conclusion that persons so called are the descendants of the Scottish pedlars who roved so extensively abroad in ancient times.



the Isle of Skye in different parts of America, than the whole of the population of Skye amounts to at present—such has been the extent of the emigration. In Nova Scotia, a large section of the inhabitants are Scotch; and at Halifax and many other towns, there are St. Andrew clubs, composed exclusively of Scotch and their immediate descendants. In New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land and the East and West Indies, this singular migratory people are to be found in equal abundance. They are likewise, in lesser or greater numbers, scattered over the different islands of the Pacific, also the Isle of France, Madagascar, the Cape of Good Hope, and Madeira; one of them was lately discovered by an English traveller in Kamptschatka, quite nationalised among the inhabitants of that half-savage country. This instance was not more remarkable than the discovery of the son of an Edinburgh porter at the head of a predatory band of Arabs in the deserts of Africa, as mentioned in an early number of the *Journal*. The story, we should suppose, is also well known, of a certain vizier to the sultan of Constantinople having been a Scotsman from Kirkaldy. It is as follows:—At the conclusion of a war between the Russians and Turks, before the treaty of peace was concluded, there was occasion for a conference between the Russian general, who was Field-Marshal Keith, and the grand vizier, to settle some preliminary articles. When the conference was at an end, they arose to separate: the Marshal made his bow with hat in hand, and the vizier his salaam, with turban on his head: but when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to the marshal, took him by the hand, and, in the broadest Scotch dialect, spoken by the lowest and most illiterate of our countrymen, declared warmly that it made him “unco happy, now he was sae far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station.” Marshal Keith was astonished; but the vizier replied, “my father was bellman of Kirkaldy, in Fife, and I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother, often occasionally passing.” More than one Scotsman have figured as Russian Admirals. Admiral Greig, a native of Inverkeithing, who died about 1791, occurs to us as a remarkable instance. Catherine, also, had a physician who was the son of a miller at the head of Peeblesshire.

An acquaintance lately mentioned to us, that, while travelling on the continent, he alighted upon a couple of Sawneys by pure accident—the one keeping a saddler's shop in Paris, the other keeping a provision warehouse at Rome. In the first instance he had gone into a shop to ask his way, and to his astonishment, his enquiry in bad French, was answered by a reply in good broad Scotch. This puts us in mind of a story we saw some time since in a Perth paper. A gentleman from the neighbourhood of Perth, a few years ago, had occasion to visit Alexandria, and as the Pasha's reforms had not been then affected, he was more than once exposed to the outrages and insults

of the populace. Having applied to Mr. Salt, the British consul, for protection, he was given in charge to a Mussulman of respectability in the place, under whose guardianship he visited every accessible object of interest in that wonderful city. He was surprised on a very short acquaintance, to find that his companion spoke English fluently. On questioning him, he was informed, to his no small astonishment, that the Mussulman was a native of Scotland; and that he was born and spent his youth at Luncarty bleachfield, in the neighbourhood of Perth; that he had a scuffle with another young man there, whose life was in consequence despaired of, and, dreading the punishment of the law, he had fled from his native place, and taken refuge in a vessel bound for the Mediterranean. This vessel was captured by the Algerines, and the prisoners carried into port. After going through sundry adventures, he came into the service of an apothecary in Alexandria, who employed him to sell drugs through the city, allowing him a very small pittance from the sums he thus collected. He afterwards applied to Mr. Salt, who kindly assisted him with money sufficient to commence business as an apothecary on his own account, and he had been so successful, that he soon repaid the borrowed money; and he was now in good circumstances.

Travellers abroad cannot be more surprised with the universality of Sawney, than they would be journeying through Scotland, and finding on private enquiry how many of the natives of the different towns have left their homes in order to better their circumstances elsewhere. It is our belief that there is not a small town or village in the whole country, but, as in the case of the Isle of Skye, has as many of its natives abroad as there are left at home. In some cases the number of these absentees must be double that of the residents. Every family you visit has a relation in foreign countries. The lower and middle classes have friends in North America and Australia; the higher orders have sons in the East Indies or in the army. Every one has a cousin, a son, an uncle, or some relative or other, abroad. Indeed, there is no such a thing as a complete set of relations to be found. There is an universal scattering. One day, entering into a little friendly chat with an old man who was breaking stones on a roadside in a distant part of the country, and whose family we had known many years ago at school, we found this kind of dispersion pretty well illustrated. “Well, Robert,” said I, “there's a fine day.” (By the bye, always begin with the weather with a Scottish peasant: it gives an easy opening to a dialogue.) “Ay, it's grand weather, sir, for the craps; we've great reason to be thankful.” Resting on his hammer, and looking sideways at us, the old man continued—“But you seem to ken me, sir, and I'm rather at a loss.” “Oh,” I replied, “it's many years since I saw you; but I knew your sons very well at school. What has become of Jamie, and Bob, and Wattie?—they were about my age, and I knew them better than

the others of your family." "Thank ye for speering, sir; is it possible that ye kenn'd sae many o' my callants? I'm really greatly obliged to ye; but as I was saying, I'm rather at a loss." I told him who I was, and he proceeded. "Weel, sir, I'm very glad to see ye, and I'm as glad to tell ye that my family are a' weel, the last time I heard o' them; there are nane o' them at hame noo; it's lang sin' they gaed away, ane by ane, and I have naebody wi' me i' the house but the ould woman." "Why, where have they all gone to?" I enquired. "Ou, ye see, sir, there's Tam, he was the ouldst—ye dinna ken him, though—he listed in the 42nd regiment, and was sae lang away somewhere, that we thought we had lost him; at length we got a letter, that telled us that he had first been made a corporal and then a serjeant, but that he had been greatly wounded, lost an ee or something at the battle of Waterloo, an' that he got his discharge; however, he said he wasna comin' hame, for that he had married a decent woman that keepit a hotel in Brussels; and sae there he is noo; he's very mindfu', and often sends to us. As for Jamie, he is now in Canada. He was bred a mason, and was thought gaye guid at his trade, he had a turn for carving, and cut a headstone in the kirkyard, that was set up for the auld minister by the parishioners. But what could he do here?—there's nae buildin' worth speakin' o'; sae he gaed into Edinburgh when the trade was at the briskest, in the year twenty-four. Next year, however, came the great dullness, and he was laid off wi' mony ane besides. At length government advertised for masons to gang out to Canada, to build the locks and things o' the Ottawa canal; and sae ye see Jamie jumpit at the offer, like a cock at a grosset, and aff he set to Greenock. He wasna lang o' getting to Canada, and there he is, when I last heard o' him." "And doing well, I hope," said I. "Ou," continued the old man, "as for that I'm no feared. He tells me in his last letter that he is now appointed manager o' the works, and has a capital house, wi' rowth o' a' thing." "I like to hear such good news of Jamie," I observed, in order to carry on the narrative of the family's dispersal; "you must now inform me of Rob and Wattie." "I'll do that, sir; that's easy done. Baith Rob and Wattie are in Van Dieman's Land, a place clean on the other side o' the world as I understand, but a fine country for a' that. The ane gaed out before the other. Wattie he gaed out first. He was brought up a wright; made ploughs and harrows, and sic-like things for country wark. Weel, ye see, after he had served his apprenticeship near hand in the village, he got employment in Leith frae the Mortons, the great agricultural implement makers. He hadna been there ower twa yeas at maist, when an order cam frae the governor o' Van Dieman's Land, to send out some harrows and ploughs, and a pair o' the new kind o' fanners, and nae less than a complete thrashin' mill. They were also, that's the Mortons, to send out a clever steady young man that understood the makin' and mendin' o'

machinery. Weel, a' that was gane through; they sent a' the things that were wanted; and what did they do but make an offer to Wattie to gang out wi' them? Wattie wasna very fond o' the job at first; but they got him coax'd ower to gang, telling him that he would get on famously under the governor; and sae to mak a lang tale short, he at length consented, and after comin' out here to bid us farewell, he sailed frae Leith in a vessel for Hobart Town. He was soon greatly taken notice o' by Captain Mac—something, I forget his name, but he was the governor's secretary, at ony rate, and got Wattie appointed to a first-rate situation in the agricultural line. Wattie liket the place sae weel that he sent for Bob, who was hangin' about at hame, no doing muckle for himsel' or ony body else; and sae he set aff too, and by Wattie's assistance has bagun the farming way, and I believe he's doing no that amiss."

Here my old acquaintance paused, thinking perhaps that he had told me enough, and that it was now my turn to answer a few of his questions; however, I still had something to ask, "But, Robert," said I, "you had a daughter—Jean, I think, is she gone away from you too?" "That's true, sir, Jean's away too; she was first in service up bye at the Hall; frae that she was married to Simmie Robinson, the farmer o' the Park Neuk, but afterwards they gaed into the Lowdens, and hae a bit guid downsittin' at a place called the Cleugh; their bairns sometimes come and see us in the vaicans; and there's ane o' them a stout callant, that's already speakin' o' gaun out either to his uncle Jamie in Canada, or Wattie in Van Dieman's Land." "I see," said I, "your family have all a roving turn—don't like to stay much where they were born." "Stay where they were born!" exclaimed the old hearty Scot, with a smile on his weather-beaten countenance, and a spirit flashing through his watery though undimmed eyes. "Stay where they were born! that would be a set o't; what in all the world would they do here; there's no wark for the half of the folk in the place; every ane idler than another. If they were to stay at hame, I doubt it would turn out a puir business; and if they married, it would be naething less than the cat lickin' the dog's mouth, and the mouse in the press wi' the tear in its ee. Na, na, that would never do; they maun gang where there's bread to be gat for the winning."

"Well, but," I remarked, "I hope they have not all left you and their mother without doing something for you in your old age. I think they might at least have saved you from going out as a labourer on the roadside." "That's very mindfu' o' you to say sae," replied my friend of the hammer; "my sons have a' as guid as tell'd me they wadna see me come to a strait, and they now and then send me a bit remembrance. It was only the other day that Wattie sent his mother a real India silk gown, and me an order on the bank for five pounds, which I got every farthing. But, ye ken, we dinna need muckle help to keep



us; we have a' the pickle tatties and the kail yard, and the cow; and as long as I am yable to do a day's wark, Mr. Thompson has promised to gie me stanes to break; and that's a job that does unco weel for me, for I can tak my leisure, and gang and come when I like." "And how much do you get for breaking these stanes?" I asked. "I'll tell you what I get—just sixteen for the square yard." "Do you mean sixteen shillings?" "Na! sixteen shillings! that wad be a payment; I get sixteen-pence, and it's weel-paid siller." And how long do you take to break a square yard." "Why, ye see, that depends on the weather; I daurna come out on wat days for the pains; I've haen a kind o' rackit back for fifteen years, come handsel Monday; I got it liftin' a lade o' meal on to a cart at the mill; sae I maun tak things canny, ye see; if I mak sixpence a day, I think I do no ill i' the main." "Well, Robert, I see you have got the good old Scotch spunk in you, and wont be a burden to any one, as long as you can keep your head above water." So saying, and after a little more chat between us, I left the old man to his humble, but honorable labours.

Robert's family history is quite a sample of what one may hear at every step in Scotland. There is a universal migratory spirit in the people, who, though as warmly attached to their native country, as the English can be to theirs, do not in general scruple to abandon that native country for ever. This national trait has frequently been the subject of remark, but has never yet been fully accounted for. It arises from various causes. The chief reason is, undoubtedly, the inability of the country to afford scope for the industry of all the population it produces. But this is by no means peculiar to Scotland. There are hundreds of other countries equally incapable of supporting all their inhabitants with comfort, and yet we do not hear of the migratory spirit existing in them to any great extent. Is it, then, any way attributable to the absence of a poor-law? A good deal owing to this, but not altogether, because other countries similarly situated have no poor-law, and yet the people do not care for bettering their condition by removal. The absence of a law to compel the rich to support the able-bodied poor, has been of considerable benefit to the Scotch. It has prevented the people from entertaining the most distant notion of being ever supported by the public contribution. Their thoughts have therefore been turned entirely into a healthy channel—that of self-dependence. From the dawn of boyhood, they have been compelled to look forward to the possibility of being removed to a new scene of exertion. We remember once conversing with a gentleman, who told us he had endeavoured to procure a number of operative English cloth-manufacturers for an establishment he had begun in Scotland, but without avail. He had offered them higher wages than they were at that time getting; but they would not be tempted. "What," said they, "do you think we will run the risk of losing our parish?" the argument was unanswerable.

As the Scotchman has no parish, in the English sense of the word, he is not afraid of losing anything by going abroad.

The emigration of so many young men from the country, has its advantages and disadvantages. Among the most obvious of its disadvantages, is the inequality produced in the number of the sexes at home. Of young women of the trading and professional classes, in country towns, there are usually ten for one of young men; and the consequence necessarily is, that a great number of those classes are either never married at all, or only married late in life to persons still older than themselves, in many instances to individuals who have returned from abroad with competencies. Of the advantage, on the other hand, we may reckon, in the first place, the fulfilment of the purposes of commerce, and in a certain degree, of those of emigration also. Distant countries are improved by the income of so many members of a civilized and educated race. If these countries do not ultimately benefit by the settling of the strangers, their original country at least profits by their return. When they come back to the British shores, it is usually with an independency, which they desire to enjoy in the bosom of their families, amidst the scenes of their boyhood. They either purchase the property of spendthrift rank, or create new residences for themselves; and hence it is in no small measure to this class, that we are indebted for so large and useful a body of resident gentry. Nor must it be overlooked that these roamers, during the days of their pilgrimage, do much good to the friends they have left behind. A Scotsman is not only the most disposed of all men to travel or emigrate, but he is the most unchangeable of all men during his absence from his native seat. He never forgets the place of his birth, his old schoolmaster, his mother, his father, his sisters, the friends who helped him off on his cruise, or anything else that has once entered his affections, or become to him a habit of feeling. Usually, fortune has no sooner begun to shed her courted light upon his path, than he endeavours to reflect a portion of it back upon the modest household, and perhaps poverty-chilled hearth, where he knows that kind hearts are beating for him. Many is the family in old Scotland, whose reduced circumstances are only redeemed from bitterness by the generosity of the "callant," who went away almost penniless from them a few years ago, and whose loadstar in all his wanderings is still the little parlour in which they daily assemble, and over whose fire-place there hangs a little black portrait of him, more prized and admired than anything else in the house. Thus to recollect and cherish their relatives, is the rule amongst the numerous Scotch scattered over the world; there are of course exceptions, but they are not numerous. If, in the wanderings of the present sheet—for it, too, like every thing Scottish, wanders—the sentences we have just penned should fall beneath the eye of any one who feels that they do not apply to him, may we hope that they will not be

without avail in awaking an affectionate remembrance of a home where *he* can never be forgot, and in prompting that succor to his less fortunate friends, which so many of his countrymen are proud and happy to render?

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### KNITTING.

We find the following notices on the subject of knitting and stocking-weaving in a late number of that useful miscellany, the *Magazine of Domestic Economy* :—

"It is probable that the art of knitting was discovered in the sixteenth century, but this is doubtful; and it is a disputed point to what people we are indebted for the invention, the name of the inventor being wholly unknown. Savary, in his '*Dictionnaire de Commerce*,' gives the merit to the Scottish nation, because the French stocking-knitters, when they became so numerous as to form a Guild, made choice of St. Fiacre for a patron, this saint having been the son of Eugenius, who is said to have been king of Scotland in the beginning of the seventh century; besides this, there is a tradition that the first knit stockings were carried to France from that country. The first letter of foundation for this Guild, named the '*Communante des maitres honneties au tricot*,' is dated August 1527. This account of the invention is however contradicted by our own annals. Howel, in his '*History of the World*,' printed in 1680, relates that Henry VIII., who reigned from 1509 to 1647, wore *cloth hose*, till he received a pair of knit silk stockings from Spain. This author says, 'Silk is now grown nigh as common as wool, and become the clothing of those in the kitchen as well as the court; we wear it not only on our backs, but of late years on our legs and feet, and tread on that which formerly was of the same value with gold itself. Yet that magnificent and expensive prince Henry VIII., wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. King Edward, his son, was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Thomas Gresham, his merchant, and the present was taken much notice of. Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign, was presented by Mrs. Montague, her silk-woman, with a pair of black knit silk stockings, and thenceforth she never wore cloth any more.' In the year 1530, John Palsgrave, French master to the Princess Mary, published a grammar, in which the different meanings of the verb *to knit* are exemplified, and among them 'I knitt bonnetts or hosen,' is rendered '*Je lasse*,'—Example. 'She that sytthet knytinge from morrow to eve can scantilly win her bread.' '*Celle qui ne fait que lasser depuis matin jusqu'au sayre, a grans peyne peut elle gagner son payn*.' I give the sentence because it seems to prove that knitting was a business at this time, although one which was badly remunerated; and the master's care to instruct his

pupil in this meaning of the word, shows that knitting was an amusement or employment with which even royalty was acquainted. In a household book kept during the life of Sir Thomas L'Estrange of Hunstanton in Norfolk, by his lady, Ann, daughter of Lord Vaux, are entries, in the year 1533, for '*knytt hose*,' at so low a price that we cannot suppose them to have been foreign articles, but made by those persons to whom Palsgrave's example refers. Neither can we imagine these hose were of silk, two pair of them, at the price of one shilling together, being for the children. And in the reign of Edward VI. among the regulations relating to trade and manufactures, issued in 1552, mention is made of '*knitte hose, knitte petticoates, knitte gloves, knitte sleeves, or any other thing used to be made of woolle*.' The art of knitting must have been practised to some extent to render this act necessary, and I cannot reconcile it with other anecdotes upon the subject; as for instance, we are told, that, in the year 1564, William Rider, an apprentice of Master Thomas Burdet, having accidentally seen in the shop of an Italian merchant a pair of knit worsted stockings, procured from Mantua, and having borrowed them, made a pair exactly like them, and these were the first stockings made in England of woollen yarn. Either this anecdote or the act of Edward VI. must be incorrect, and I think the balance of credibility in favour of the latter. About 1577, knitting was so commonly practised in the villages of England, that in Hollinshed's Chronicle, the bark of the alder is mentioned as being much used by the country wives in colouring their '*knitt hosen*' black. The greatest ornaments in dress about the same time were knit silk stockings and Spanish leather shoes. About 1579, Queen Elizabeth being at Norwich, there were exhibited before her upon a stage, eight female children spinning worsted yarn, and as many knitting worsted yarn hose. I ought to notice that the court poet of Henry VII. mentions in derision the '*blanket hose*' of the female who is the subject of his verse; thereby intimating that even at that period better kinds of stockings were in use. To counterbalance this, we have the expensive *cloth hose* as worn by Queen Elizabeth, who inherited among others of her father's many foibles (to speak gently) his love of dress.

In Germany the first mention of stocking-knitters occurs in the middle of the sixteenth century, and at Berlin about the year 1590. Silk stockings were first worn in France by Henry II. at the marriage of his sister with the Duke of Savoy in 1559. In the reign of Henry III., who ascended the throne in 1575, the consort of Geoffry Camus de Butcarre, who held a high office in the state, would not wear silk stockings, given to her by a nurse who lived at court as a Christmas present, because she considered them too gay. This was forty-eight years after the establishment of the Guild in that country.

The first stocking-loom used in England was invented by William Lee, and the date of this invention is fixed in Deering's History of Not-



tingham, in the year 1589. This ingenious person was a native of Woodborough, a village about seven miles distant from Nottingham. He was heir to a considerable freehold estate, and a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge. Being attached to a young country girl, whose occupation was knitting, he be-thought him of endeavoring to find out a machine which should facilitate her work, and lessen her labour. The result of his efforts was the stocking-loom; and having instructed his brother James in the use of it, and engaged apprentices and assistants, he carried on business for several years at Calverton, a village about five miles distant from Nottingham. Obtaining neither support nor remuneration from Queen Elizabeth, to whom he showed his work, Lee accepted an invitation from Henry IV. of France, who, having heard of this invention, promised a handsome reward to the inventor of it. Lee, therefore, carried nine journeymen and several looms to Rouen, in Normandy, where he worked with much approbation; but the assassination of the king, and the internal commotions which succeeded, injured the undertaking, and he fell into great distress, and died soon after at Paris. Two of his people remained in France; the others soon returned to England, and joined a former apprentice of Lee's, named Ashton, at Thornton, by whom some improvements in the loom were made, and the foundation of the stocking manufactory laid in this country. The number of masters increased so much that they applied to Cromwell to sanction the formation of a Guild; this was however refused, and letters patent were not granted to them till 1663, when privileges were secured to them to the extent of ten miles round London.

In the year 1614, the Venetian ambassador, Antonio Correr, persuaded an apprentice named Henry Mead, by the promise of five hundred pounds sterling, to go with a loom to Venice for a stated time, and to teach there the use of it. Mead met there with a favourable reception; but his loom becoming deranged, and no person at Venice being able at repair it, he returned to England when his time was expired, and the deranged loom was sold in London by the Venetians for a mere trifle. Another account says that Correr sent a boy back with Mead to England, who returned to Venice well instructed in the art, which was established at Udina, and a great many stockings were manufactured and sent for sale chiefly to Gradisca, in Austria. But in consequence of the poverty of the Venetian stocking knitters, an order was given to the person who had made the machines, Giambattista Carli of Gemona, that he should make no more looms; and the business at Udina being relinquished, the masters removed their machines to Gradisca, where the inhabitants of Udina were obliged to purchase such stockings as they wanted.

Some weeks after this, a person of the name of Abraham Jones, who understood stocking-weaving and the construction of the loom, went with some assistants to Amsterdam, where he worked on his own account for two years, till

he and his people were carried off by a contagious disease, when the looms, (no one understanding the use of them), were sent to London and sold at a low price. This was mentioned in the petition to Cromwell, and the establishment of a privileged company urged as the means of exclusively retaining the trade in this country.

Notwithstanding the clear and distinct account of the invention of the stocking-frame by William Lee, the French have laid claim to that honour; as, however, they do not pretend to give the name of the inventor, or the circumstances attending his discovery, it is not worth while entering into their pretensions. The first loom was probably carried to France in the time of Colbert, by a person named Cavellier, a native of Nismes; and in the course of fifty years the number of looms in the town and neighbourhood increased to some thousands. Savory asserts that the stocking manufactory was established at the castle of Madrid, in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, in 1656, under the direction of John Hindret. Winklemaun says that the French refugees who sought shelter in Germany after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, carried the first looms to Hesse. This is rendered probable by the circumstance that the Germans give French names to every part of their looms, as well as to their different kinds of work.

[For a very considerable period the practice of domestic knitting has been carried on to a great extent in the Shetland islands. There every female knits stockings and mits made from the fine native wool, and the produce forms a considerable branch of the export trade to the mainland of Scotland and England. Domestic knitting is also, we believe, carried on to a considerable extent in Aberdeenshire, but is now little practised in more southern districts.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.]

#### EST FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

A Cornish gentleman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great a rogue as was ever struck off the rolls. However, as he thought his knowledge might be useful, he showed him his papers, took him to compare the surveyor's drawing with the situation of the pit, &c. When on one of these excursions, the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft by means of a rope which he held in his hand, he called out to the parson, who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to the infernal regions?" "I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but if you let go your hold you will be there in a minute." —*Mirror*.

## MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,  
 Losing all that made life dear,  
 Should some notes we used to love  
 In days of childhood, meet our ear,  
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!  
 Waking thoughts that long have slept—  
 Kindling former smiles again  
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 Is the grateful breath of song  
 That once was heard in happier hours.  
 Filled with balm the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death.  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh, how faint—how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell!  
 Why should Feeling ever speak  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
 Friendship balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are e'n more false than they;  
 Oh! 'tis only Music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

Moore.

## DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her who long  
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.  
 Oh! woman's heart was made  
 For minstrel hands alone;  
 By other fingers play'd,  
 It yields not half the tone.  
 Then here's to her who long  
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—  
 The girl that gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,  
 Where Wealth and Wit once stood,  
 They ask'd her "which might pass?"  
 She answerd, "he who could."  
 With golden key Wealth thought  
 To pass—but 'twould not do:  
 While Wit a diamond brought,  
 Which cut his bright way through.  
 So here's to her who long  
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home  
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,  
 Is like the gloomy gnome  
 That dwells in dark gold mines.  
 But oh! the poet's love  
 Can boast a brighter sphere;  
 It's native home 's above,  
 Tho' woman keeps it here.  
 Then drink to her who long  
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

Moore.

## THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By the soft green light in the woody glade.  
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd,  
 By the household tree through which thine eye  
 First looked in love to the summer sky;  
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath  
 Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,  
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,  
 Holy and precious— oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy rustle of the stream  
 Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;  
 By the shiver of the ivy leaves  
 To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves;  
 By the bee's deep murmur in the limes—  
 By the music of the Sabbath chimes—  
 By every sound of thy native shade  
 Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,  
 When twilight call'd unto household mirth;  
 By the fairy tale or the legend old,  
 In that ring of happy faces told;  
 By the quiet hour when hearts unite  
 In the parting prayer and the kind "Good night!"  
 By the smiling eye and the loving tone,  
 Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,  
 A guardian power and a guiding light.  
 It hath led the freeman forth to stand  
 In the mountain battles of his land;  
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,  
 To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;  
 And back to the gates of his father's hall  
 It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride, would stray  
 From the pure first loves of its youth away—  
 When the sullying breath of the world would come  
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home  
 Think thou again of the woody glade,  
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made,  
 Think of the tree at thy father's door,  
 And the kindly spell will return once more!

Mrs. Hemans.

## SONG.

My mind is my kingdom, but if thou wilt deign  
 To sway there a queen without measure,  
 Then come, o'er its wishes and homage to reign,  
 And make it an empire of pleasure.

Then of thoughts and emotions each mutinous crowd,  
 That rebell'd at stern reason and duty,  
 Returning shall yield all their loyalty proud  
 To the halcyon dominion of Beauty.

Campbell.

## TO THE WIND.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,  
 Blasts of the night—ye howl, as now  
 My shudd'ring casement loud  
 With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,  
 The howling sweep, the sudden rush  
 And when the passing gale  
 Pour'd deep the hollow dirge.

Kirke White.



## DISCHARGING OF AN AMERICAN LAKE.

On the morning of June the 6th, 1810, being a day observed as a general holiday in the state of Vermont, about one hundred individuals, resident in a thinly populated portion of that state, assembled with shovels, spades, hoes, crowbars, and pickaxes, and marched to a lake called Long Lake, voting that they would have a "regular frolic." Not that their object was entirely of this character; on the contrary, they had the useful purpose in view of drawing off a small current of water from the lake in question, for the supply of certain mills situated at a short distance below. It was only from the uncertain and speculative nature of their attempt that they bestowed on it the name of a frolic, or, in American phraseology, a "scrape." They accordingly set to work in execution of their design, and, ere a few hours of the day passed over, the consequence was a true "scrape," in the English sense of the word. A most awful and desolating eruption of water signalized that attempt, such as has seldom, probably, been seen even in America, a land where waters move on a scale unknown anywhere else. In order to understand fully the nature of this occurrence, it is necessary to explain briefly the character, relative position, and extent, of the sheet of water thus fortuitously and unexpectedly discharged.

Long Lake, before it was drained, was a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile and a half in length from north to south, and, where largest, three-fourths of a mile in breadth. At the southern extremity, the lake was pointed in shape, and shallow, but it rapidly swelled out, in the form of a pear, and became very deep, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. Only about five hundred yards, indeed, of the length of the lake, at the southern end, was less than this depth, so that the whole contained body of water was very great. The only supply of Long Lake came from a small rivulet on the western side, and the sole outlet was through a trifling sluggish streamlet at the southern point, where the shore was low. The eastern and western banks were bold and elevated. The northern shore, with which we have chiefly to do at present, was about half a mile in length, and was generally low, rising not more than five or six feet above the surface of the lake, and consisting of a narrow belt of sand, succeeded by a bank of light sandy earth. The descent here, from the surface of the water, was bold and rapid, and the lake's greatest depth was at no great distance from the shore. Against the inclined plane of the northern bank, the whole waters may be said to have rested, and this plane was covered over with a sheet of calcareous deposit, from two to six inches thick, lying on a mass of sandy earth. This deposit was the true support of the lake, having long preserved, doubtless, the soft bank from the wearing action of the water, when agitated by storms.

Such a preservative was much required, for the northern boundary was extremely narrow.

The ground continued level only for about five rods, and then descended rapidly for other two hundred rods, where it reached the shores of a second lake, called Mud Lake, which was about three-fourths of a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. There had never been any natural connection between Long Lake and Mud Lake. The difference in their level was about two hundred feet, and Mud Lake discharged itself in an opposite direction from the former; towards the north, namely, by a rapid stream called Barton River. On this stream, about four miles below Mud Lake, was situated a hamlet called Keene-Corner, where there were a grist-mill and a saw-mill, named Wilson's mills. About seven miles farther down the little valley of Barton river, stood the village of Barton, and below this were two other mills, at various distances. With the exception of the cleared land about these mill-hamlets, the whole country in this neighbourhood was covered with a thick forest, reaching to the very shores of Barton river and the two lakes, and also covering the ground between them.

Barton river, in the summer season, gave but an insufficient supply of water to the mills of Keene-Corner, which was a great inconvenience to the inhabitants, and had frequently provoked discussions of the question, "Whether it was not practicable to let out part of the water of Long Lake into Mud Lake, and so furnish an additional supply to the mills on Barton river?" An affirmative conclusion was generally come to on the point, and, at last, on the holiday of June the 6th, 1810, the inhabitants, as has been mentioned, with a body of neighbours collected from all quarters around, marched to Long Lake to make the long-meditated attempt, though so little aware of the consequences as to regard the enterprise half as a frolic.

About ten o'clock, the band reached the northern shore of Long Lake, and after selecting the track that seemed most feasible, began to cut down the trees, and to dig a channel for the water across the belt of sandy earth forming the boundary of the lake. They commenced within a yard of the water, and by three o'clock had dug a trench five feet wide, and eight feet deep, from that point to the brow of the declivity leading to Mud Lake. The command was then given that all hands should leave the trench, and, this being done, some of the men commenced with their pickaxes to break as much as they could of the cake of calcareous deposit already alluded to, expecting that, when this was accomplished, the water would carry before it the little sand left in the trench, and flow in a gentle stream over the declivity. When a portion of the deposit was broken, the water *did* press over the aperture, but, to the surprise of the workmen, it did not flow into the trench. The sand under the deposit was a species of quicksand, and the issuing stream, instead of flowing along the trench, began to sink beneath the deposit, and to work down a portion of the quicksand with it. The portion of the deposit thus

undermined was not long able to sustain the pressure, and burst. This occasioned a violent rushing of the water to the part; more of it sank below the deposit, undermined, and broke it up still further. Successive underminings and burstings of this kind took place, until at length the belt of sand in which the trench had been made, was worn down to the width of several rods, and finally the waters made a deep gulf or channel through the whole barrier, and poured down the declivity to Mud Lake!

While these operations, which did not occupy above twenty minutes, were going on, the workmen stood looking on in stupefied amazement at the unforeseen commotion they had excited, and they did not think of getting out of the way until the first burst of the torrent began, when one of them was with difficulty saved by the hair of the head. Another was caught by the torrent, and only saved by his accidentally catching the roots of a tree. These accidents induced the men to run with speed to save their lives, and as they did so, they felt the whole ground quivering under them. Having got to a secure spot, they stood and watched the progress of the desolation.

It was but a *few seconds*, after the first efflux of its waters, ere Long Lake was entirely empty! When the first waters escaped, the rest, being left without support, flowed northwards with such impetuosity that the northern shore gave way to the width of more than a quarter of a mile, and the depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The whole barrier being thus removed, the escape of the waters, as has been said, was almost instantaneous, and the violence of their motion inconceivable. The liberated mass—consisting of a volume of fluid one and a half miles in length, three-fourths of a mile in width, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth—made its way down the declivity to Mud Lake, tearing up and bearing before it trees, earth, and rocks, and excavating a channel of a quarter of a mile in width, and from fifty to eighty feet in depth. “With the immense momentum which it had gained,” says Dr. Dwight, in his account of the eruption in Silliman’s Journal, “it flowed into the valley of Mud Lake, forcing forward, with irresistible impetuosity, the spoils which it had already accumulated, tore away masses of earth from the high grounds on each side of the lake, excavated the whole bottom of the valley, including the shores of Mud Lake, to the depth of perhaps thirty feet, and with the additional mass of water thus acquired, made its way down the channel of Barton river.”

With the exception of the narrow pass by which Barton river found an outlet, the whole northern shore of Mud Lake had been composed of rising ground of considerable height. The torrent broke away this mound in a moment, and carried it, as a fresh trophy, down the valley. The valley, however, was insufficient to serve the torrent for a path; it hollowed out a new one for itself, varying from twenty to thirty rods in width, and from twenty to sixty feet in depth. This excavating course

was continued for about five miles below Mud Lake, where the country opened up considerably. Before reaching this point, however, the waters carried away the mills at Keene-Corner, or rather carried away, to a great depth, the ground on which they stood. Happily no lives were lost, though one man had just barely escaped the torrent’s path as it went by.

About a mile below Keene-Corner, “the moving mass of trees, earth, and water (says Dr. Dwight), expanded itself as the country opened, and, with the velocity acquired in its long descent, marched onwards in its work of desolation.” The inhabitants of Barton, seven miles below Keene-Corner, received a dreadful alarm, when they saw the flood rushing rapidly down towards them, bearing a moving forest on its top. Only one house, nevertheless, proved to be within the track of the torrent. The proprietor of this, and his wife, were then at home. Alarmed by the noise, the man caught his wife in his arms, and carried her up the bank; yet it was with the utmost difficulty they escaped. Their house was lifted from its foundations, but being carried against some firm object, it remained there till the waters passed. The mills of Mr. Blodget, and those of Mr. Enos, respectively three and five miles below Barton, and fourteen and sixteen below Mud Lake, were entirely carried away. At Enos’s mills the torrent retained still enough of force to move a rock, above one hundred tons in weight, many rods from its bed. Indeed, the excavating effects of the waters extended over the greater part of the level country above Enos’s mill, a channel from thirty to sixty rods in width, and from ten to fifteen feet in depth, being left to mark its course. Below these mills, the country opened up still more, and the force of the current was much weakened, but its marks were visible all the way to Lake Memphremagog, fifteen miles below Barton, into which it discharged itself.

It was fortunate, though most remarkable, that no lives were lost through this violent and most unlooked-for eruption of water. The neighbouring inhabitants of the country, who were not within sight of the flood, participated in the alarm excited by it; for the noise of the first outbreak was like the loudest thunder, and the earth shook as if with an earthquake, causing the cattle to run home with signs of the utmost terror and alarm. After the torrent had passed, the appearance of the districts through which it had moved was most extraordinary. The immense continuous chasm ploughed out by the waters, was the most remarkable object. In many places, also, great depositions of sand and earth had taken place, wherever the waters had been obstructed, and formed an eddy in their course. These sandy heaps covered acres in many places. The quantity of wood which the waters had carried down was large beyond calculation. In some places where the current had met an obstruction, heaps of timber had been piled up to the height of eighty feet. At Barton, a field of twenty acres had been covered with deposited timber to the height of twenty feet. Thirteen years after-



wards, Dr. Dwight saw abundance of the same timber still lying, though the people around had been continually using it as fuel since the time of the eruption. The site of Long Lake remained, ever after the event, without water, though the bottom continued soft and marshy. Mud Lake was not entirely exterminated, though the mud from the upper pool filled it up so much as to make it a shallow and trifling body of water ever afterwards.

Though the men who caused this violent and unexpected deluge were scarcely blameable, they were prosecuted by the proprietor of one of the destroyed mills, who sought damages of a thousand dollars from them, but afterwards took a hundred in compromise. After all, it was fortunate that the eruption took place at the time it did, when the country was very scantily settled. From the slight and fragile nature of the northern barrier, as well as from the local position of the lake, it may be safely pronounced that its waters would, sooner or later, have discharged themselves in the way they did; and had this taken place when the country was thickly peopled, as it is now, the calamity might have been one of the most signal and destructive that ever resulted from similar causes.

PROGRESS.—Greater changes have taken place in no single age than are at this time in progress; and the revolutions in which empires, kingdoms or republics are made and unmade, and political constitutions rise and burst like bubbles upon a standing pool, when its stagnant waters are disturbed by a thunder-shower, are not the most momentous of those changes, neither are they those which most nearly concern us. The effects of the discovery of printing could never be felt in their full extent by any nation, till education, and the diffusion also of a certain kind of knowledge, had become so general, that newspapers should be accessible to every body, and the very lowest of the people should have opportunity to read them, or to hear them read. The maxim that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance, will not be maintained in any country where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise in the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, knowing those institutions to be founded on the rock of righteous principles. They know, also, that the best means of preserving them from danger is so to promote the increase of general information, as to make the people perceive how intimately their own well-being depends upon the stability of the state, thus making them wise to obedience.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM INJURING PICTURE FRAMES, GLASSES, &c.—Boil three or four leeks in a pint of water, then with a gilding brush wash over your glasses and frames with the liquid, and the flies will not go near the articles so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

From an oversight, a portion only of the following article appeared in our last number. (See page 404):—

FLOWERS ON THE ALPS.—The flowers of the mountains—they must not be forgotten. It is worth a botanist's while to traverse all these high passes; nay, it is worth the while of a painter, or any one who delights to look upon graceful flowers, or lovely hues, to pay a visit to these little wild nymphs of Flora, at their homes in the mountains of St. Bernard. We are speaking now generally of what may be seen throughout the whole of the route, from Moutier, by the little St. Bernard, to Aosta,—and thence again to Martigny. There is no flower so small, so beautiful, so splendid in colour, but its equal may be met with in these sequestered places. The tenaciousness of flowers is not known; their hardihood is not sufficiently admired. Wherever there is a handful of earth, there also is a patch of wild-flowers. If there be a crevice in the rock, sufficient to thrust in the edge of a knife, there will the winds carry a few grains of dust, and there straight up springs a flower. In the lower parts of the Alps, they cover the earth with beauty, Thousands and tens of thousands, blue, and yellow, and pink, and violet, and white, of every shadow and every form, are to be seen, vying with each other, and eclipsing every thing besides. Midway they meet you again, sometimes fragrant and always lovely: and in the topmost places, where the larch, and the pine, and the rododendron, (the last living shrub), are no longer to be seen, where you are just about to tread upon the limit of perpetual snow, there still peep up and blossom the "Forget me not," the Alpine ranunculus, and the white and blue gentian, the last of which displays, even in this frozen air, a blue of such intense and splendid colour, as can scarcely be surpassed by the heavens themselves. It is impossible not to be affected at thus meeting with these little unsheltered things, at the edge of eternal barrenness. They are the last gifts of beneficent, abundant Nature. Thus far she has struggled and striven, vanquishing rocks and opposing elements, and sowing here a forest of larches, and there a wood of pines, a clump of rhododendrons, a patch of withered herbage, and, lastly, a bright blue flower. Like some mild conqueror, who carries gifts and civilization into a savage country, but is compelled to stop somewhere at last, she seems determined that her parting present shall also be the most beautiful. This is the limit of her sway. Here, where she has cast down these lovely landmarks, her empire ceases. Beyond, rule the ice and the storm!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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# THE BRITISH COLONIAL MAGAZINE.

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## THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

Selina Stanfield was one of the prettiest girls in the scattered village of Woodfield; and with her father, a decayed squire of ancient descent, occupied the last remaining ruinous fragment of the old turreted hall at the end of the lane leading to Blackmere Common—as desolate a spot as a traveller may meet with in the course of a ride of thirty miles over the bleak plains that lie on the western extremity of Norfolk. Selina, who had had the misfortune of losing her mother in her childhood, had picked up a sort of desultory education from her father, and an old maiden gentlewoman, of very slender attainments, her aunt; under whose united auspices she learned to read, write, cast accounts, and to play a few tunes on an old cracked harpsichord which had belonged to her grandmother. She could also embroider filigree, and work gentlemen's ruffles; which last accomplishment, all things considered, was rather a super-numerary acquirement for a heroine of the nineteenth century; but Aunt Bridget, who had been celebrated for her performances in this way, assured her pupil that no young lady would be regarded as a well-educated person unless she were capable of executing such handiworks.

At the age of fifteen, Selina was very pretty, and highly sentimental; had read all the old romances in her aunt's closet by stealth; and it was the ardent wish of her heart to experience a few distresses and marvellous adventures; it was, moreover, her secret desire to become the wife of a bandit chief.

Notwithstanding his fine names, no creature could be less like one of those lawless but far-famed desperadoes, than Albert Orlando Fisher, the ruddy, good-

tempered son of a deceased naval lieutenant. Albert, with his poor mother, and eight juvenile brethren, occupied a thatched cottage in the centre of an old monastic enclosure called the Priory; and, for an hour every day, put on his best clothes, for the purpose of shining peerless in the eyes of his fair neighbour, when he walked past her father's gate at noon, or called to bring him a weekly newspaper (a week old) which he had borrowed of the village apothecary for the squire's reading.

Selina was far from being insensible that those attentions were designed for her; and she graciously permitted Albert Orlando to walk by her side to and from church, when papa was confined to his chamber with the gout, and Aunt Bridget staid at home to take care of him. She also condescended to avail herself of his services in smuggling into the house, unknown to papa and aunt, the contraband article of new novels from the circulating-library at the nearest market-town, which was six miles distant from Woodfield. She accepted the daily offering of flowers which he privily made to her, with the rustic but not displeasing gallantry in which love instructs his most untaught votaries; and she read with assumed dignity, but secret rapture, the "amatory doggerel rhymes, of Cupid's own inditing," which he addressed to her at certain interesting times and seasons, such as birthdays, new years, and Valentine's anniversaries.

She all of a sudden grew vastly intimate with his mother, who, good woman, felt herself greatly honoured by the calls of Miss Selina. She became fond of lonely rambles on Blackmere Common; a similar taste existed on the part of Albert Orlando Fisher; and by some secret



sympathy, I suppose, it happened that they always chose the same hour for their walks.

He commenced instructing her in botany; and she, in return, laboured to imbue his mind with the elevated and heroic sentiments, in which his deficiency was but too apparent, even in her partial eyes. Albert Orlando, who was a mere matter-of-fact sort of person, did not comprehend much of Selina's refinement, but, lover-like, he listened with great admiration to all she said, and told every one who asked any questions respecting his fair Selina, that she was the prettiest girl for ten miles round, and was clever enough to puzzle an Oxford scholar, which speech gave rise to the report that Miss Stanfield understood Greek and Latin better than the parson, a gentleman whom we have now occasion to introduce to our readers.

The reverend preacher was precisely of that perilous age when single gentlemen, arrived at the verge of decided old bachelorism, evince much painful anxiety to form a matrimonial connection of a nature sufficiently advantageous to satisfy their own self-esteem; and, abandoning all caution, contract such marriages as cannot fail to amuse the lovers of the marvellous. He possessed an eye for beauty, and began to regard the fair Selina with no common interest, in consequence of the attention which his egotistical pedantry had induced him to pay to her; and falling into an error, by no means unusual among vain people, of attributing his own sentiments to her, he at length persuaded himself into the belief that the young beauty would esteem herself the most fortunate of her sex in becoming his wife. He had no sooner arrived at this flattering conclusion, than he commenced a course of diurnal annoyances, in the shape of morning calls and friendly tea-visits at Blackmere Hall; to the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Bridget Stanfield, who, no less egotistical than good Parson Bell, placed all these civilities to her own account, and invariably sent her pretty niece out of the way whenever she spied the portly divine, with his umbrella under his arm, ambling up the old avenue of chesnut trees leading to the house. This was vastly agreeable to Selina, who was thus enabled to enjoy many opportunities of unreserved intercourse with young

Fisher. Parson Bell, however, was too cunning to be thus easily out-witted; nor had he lived so long in single blessedness to be caught at last by a spinster of fifty years' standing. He soon discovered the drift of aunt Bridget, and was at length awake to the mortifying fact, that Selina had bestowed her youthful affections on a young and handsome lover; but one, withal, whose poverty, even more than his want of refinement, would present an insuperable barrier against his union with Selina Stanfield. Still he was a formidable rival. He was the only young man in the village whose station in society would entitle him to make pretensions to the daughter of proud Squire Stanfield. As for the squire, the overweening ideas of his own importance, and the claims of his ancient family, appeared to increase as the means necessary to substantiate those claims decreased. Field after field of the family estate had been alienated from the patrimony by his predecessors, to portion off their daughters, or to provide for the numerous train of younger sons which had blessed their union with dowerless beauties, till Reginald Stanfield and his sister Bridget found themselves in possession of little more of the goods of fortune than sufficed to supply them with the bare necessities of life.

Reginald Stanfield felt these things severely, but his indolent disposition would have prevented him from making any exertions towards improving his situation, even had he possessed the capabilities of so doing. His education had been neglected, and his natural abilities by no means furnished him with those resources which might have assisted him in a struggle to recover the bygone prosperity of his race. His keen perception of the disadvantages under which his straitened circumstances would oblige him to appear if he mingled in society, induced him to lead the life of an anchorite in the very prime of his days; and so long had he persevered in this self-imposed seclusion, that any infringement on his solitary habits would have been most irksome to him. He saw his lovely and only child—the last of that line of whose name and reminiscences he was so proud—stepping fast into womanhood, without the most remote prospect of enjoying any of those advantages so requisite for a young

female, who is likely to be but slenderly provided with the goods of fortune; and he sometimes reflected with anxiety on the subject of her future destiny. Such thoughts, however, were painful; and therefore Mr. Stanfield, consistently with his natural and acquired indolence of mind, abandoned them for the more agreeable occupation of his favourite heraldic studies.

The visits of Parson Bell he at first considered intrusive, but every man is assailable when his weak side is known. Reginald Stanfield's might have been perceptible to a child, and was therefore sufficiently open to the cunning divine, who plied him so successfully with flattery, and rendered himself so agreeable by the civilities of lending him books, newspapers, magazines, and sending him occasional presents of game and fish, that the favour of the old squire was completely propitiated; and he at length heard without displeasure, though certainly with some surprise, his neighbour's proposal for Selina's hand.

The lover talked of settlements on his future bride, and represented, in many tempting terms, the increase of comforts that must accrue to Mr. Stanfield himself from the connection. The slight objections urged by the father of the young beauty, on the score of disparity of age, were easily answered. Selina was summoned; and, after a suitable preamble, the old squire presented the Rev. Joseph Bell to her in due form, as the gentleman whom he designed for her future husband. Selina stood aghast at a communication so truly unexpected; then, after a moment's recollection, exclaimed with great *naïvete*, "Dear papa, you have mistaken me for aunt Bridget. Mr. Bell is her lover, not mine. I'll go and call her;" and, without paying the slightest regard to the expostulations of her antiquated suitor or the anger of her father, she darted out of the room, and with breathless haste sought her aunt, whom she dispatched to join the astonished pair in the study. As may naturally be supposed, the squire and the worthy ecclesiastic were wholly unprepared for so unprecedented a proceeding on the part of a young lady when receiving a proposal of marriage. But Selina knew nothing of the world or its forms, and when

surprised out of her acquired habits of romance, she invariably conducted herself in a most original manner. Whilst under the influence of these feelings, her first impulse was to avail herself of the respite she had ingeniously procured, to seek her youthful lover, and acquaint him with the scene that had just taken place. Albert Orlando, who loved her with all the ardour of which a young warm heart is capable, and who was withal of a more shrewd and observant character than herself, saw much occasion for alarm when he considered the circumstances of the case, and reflected that Mr. Stanfield might have accepted from his designing neighbour pecuniary obligations, which there could be no means of repaying otherwise than by the sacrifice of Selina's hand.

Selina, who observed the change of his countenance, assured him that there was not the slightest cause for uneasiness, as her heart was unalterably his; and protested her antipathy to her middle-aged lover in terms sufficiently energetic to have made a figure in a tragedy, or a melodrama at the least.

"Oh, but circumstances may, and I fear will, compel you to become his wife, my sweet Selina," said young Fisher despondingly.

"Albert, if I thought such a thing possible, I would elope with you this very night, and thus put it out of the power even of fate to entail upon me a destiny so full of woe." Albert, with a deep sigh, cut short this romantic effusion by producing the whole of his worldly wealth, consisting of three shillings and four pence-halfpenny, not half enough, as he observed, to cover the expenses of their marriage by banns; and then what resource had either of them for a maintenance? Selina, in direct terms, proposed that Albert should become either a pirate or a bandit. "My love," replied the young man, laughing, "either of those high-sounding but villanous professions, even if practicable in these days, would conduct me post-haste to the gallows."

"Oh, but you do not know what interesting people pirates and brigands are!" "Very grand sort of fellows in the pages of romance I will allow, Selina; but heaven defend us both from the acquaintance and principles of such gentry in real life."



"But what other resource have you, Albert?"

"Heaven be praised, a very substantial one, my dear girl," said the young man, in a cheerful tone. "Patience! pretty Selina, and you will yet be mine; but, before I can indulge the rapturous hope of calling you my own, I must pass some years of patient expectation in active and industrious exertions."

Selina, of course, eagerly demanded an explanation, which Albert Orlando gave, by putting into her hand a letter, received that morning by his mother, from a distant relation, who was established in a prosperous business as a hosier and draper in Norwich. The contents were as follow:—

"Dear Madam—I take the liberty of addressing you, in consequence of a letter from the reverend minister of your parish, Mr. Joseph Bell, dated the first of this present month, in which he informs me that you have been left with a large family in a very destitute condition, by the death of my deceased kinsman, and that your eldest son in particular, whom he describes as a fine lad of eighteen, writing a good hand, and clever at accounts, has been, owing to your straitened circumstances, brought up without a business, and likely, in consequence, to fall into idle, disorderly habits, though at present he represents him as a steady, modest, respectable youth, which I have great pleasure in learning; and I beg leave to say, my dear madam, that, as a relation of the family, and a single man without any incumbrances, I shall consider it my duty to take him by the hand. Luckily, a vacancy for an apprentice, in my well-established house of business, occurs at this time, which affords me the opportunity of serving the lad in the most essential manner, by taking him into my own family and shop, where, if he thinks proper to behave himself in a praiseworthy manner, it will be much to his own interest, as I am getting into years, and may possibly, if he prove deserving of my favour, and clever in the business, take him into the firm as a junior partner. Waiting your reply, I am, dear madam, your humble servant,  
RALPH FISHER."

"I think!" echoed Selina, disdainfully, all the pride of the Stanfields flushing her countenance as she spoke: "I think that,

were I a man, I would rather die than condescend to become a hosier's apprentice!"

"Then, of course, you would never condescend to become the wife of a man who had filled such a situation," retorted Albert Orlando, with great pique.

Selina was silent.

"Miss Stanfield," resumed the young man, "the destiny which is offered to my acceptance by my worthy cousin is not very agreeable to the son of a naval officer; but a better and a wiser man than myself has observed, that 'we are not our own carvers.' Nothing can be justly called mean or dishonourable that is not dishonest; and my duty to my mother and family compels me to embrace a disagreeable occupation, even at the price of a sacrifice upon which I had not calculated."

Selina burst into tears. "I have no wish to influence your destiny, Mr. Fisher," said she, turning away.

"If you loved me, Selina, you would endeavour to strengthen my virtuous resolution, instead of acting thus unkindly; but I suppose you wish to break your engagement with me, that you may be free to marry old Parson Bell."

"I am not aware that I am compelled to marry either of you," replied Selina. "Old Parson Bell, as you call him, appears, however, to have taken his measures very skilfully for our separation; and it must be confessed, Mr. Fisher, that you have completely fallen into his plans." So saying, the offended beauty walked away with great dignity.

"Stay, Selina!" cried the agitated lover.

"Wait till Selina Stanfield is at your beck and call; before you presume to issue your commands, sir," replied the lady: and thus they parted.

The Rev. Joseph Bell reaped no advantage from the success of the schemes by means of which he had separated the youthful lovers; for he became, in consequence, so odious to the fair Selina, that she refused to enter the same room with him, on account, as she said, of the disrespect with which he had treated aunt Bridget, to whom she pertinaciously referred whenever she was called upon by her father or any one else to show cause for her proceedings.

Aunt Bridget, who was penetrated with gratitude at this instance of her niece's dutiful respect, united with her in taking active measures for the expulsion of their quotidian annoyance from the ruins of Blackmere Hall, which he haunted like an evil genius. The parson, however, spared no pains in rendering himself agreeable to the old squire, over whose feeble mind he daily acquired a stronger influence; but I believe it may be set down as a general axiom, that when the females of the house are united in common cause, they are sure to compass their ends; and the aunt and niece at length succeeded in banishing their unwelcome visitant from their domestic circle. It matters not to detail the means by which this desired object was effected; the result was, that the disappointed candidate for the fair hand of Selina vented his wrath on the occasion by suddenly demanding, in a peremptory manner, the payment of divers sums with which at sundry times he had accommodated Mr. Stanfield. The old squire was paralysed, and, had Selina consented, would have endeavoured, by the sacrifice of her affections, to purchase the forbearance of his quondam friend.

"Surely, my dear papa, you would not so far depart from the dignity of your name and family!" exclaimed the young lady, in reply to the squire's expressed wish for a reconciliation with her antiquated lover.

"Not willingly, my child," replied her father; "but how else can I resist impending ruin? How raise three hundred pounds to liquidate the demand of interest and principal which it seems I owe him?"

"Your submission, my dear father, would not pay the debt; and if it would satisfy the creditor, I think you would never stoop to the degradation of existing from day to day on such paltry terms."

"But if you would marry him, my dear Selina——"

"I would die a thousand deaths first!" exclaimed Selina, shuddering.

"You are very perverse," said her father; "he would make you a very good husband; and, in fact, unless you can persuade yourself to accept him, I know not what we are to do; for you must be aware, that I have other debts, and that the estate, burdened with mortgages and other incumbrances, produces an income quite inadequate to our maintenance."

"I know that, papa; and my firm opinion is, that your best plan will be to sell it."

"Sell it! Sell Blackmere Hall and all its dependencies, the ancient domain of my family!—the girl is mad to think of such a thing!" retorted the angry squire, and he forbade her to allude again to the subject.

Selina obeyed; but his creditors were less complaisant. The principal mortgagee foreclosed and seized the estate; others put in their claims; the whole property was put up to auction;—and when every thing was sold, a very inconsiderable surplus remained for the maintenance of the last of the name of Stanfield. To the squire this was of little consequence; but the alienation of the patrimony broke his heart; and before the purchaser took possession of the crumbling manor-house, its late possessor slept with his fathers.

Selina was gifted with an innate strength of character which had only wanted scope to display its energies. On the present occasion she felt like a daughter, but she acted like a heroine—not the heroine of romance, whose sickly sensibilities are vented in tears, swoonings, and hysterics, but like the self-devoted heroine of real life, who represses the bitterness and anguish of her own heart to minister to the relief of those around her. She saw her sole relative and friend, aunt Bridget, sinking like her father beneath the calamity which had deprived them of home and fortune, and she felt herself imperatively called upon for active exertions. She had no counsellor to advise, no comforter to soothe, nor had she any friend to whom she could apply for assistance; but when the last rites had been paid to her father's remains, she resolved to trace for herself a plan of life, which, she trusted, would enable her to meet the exigencies of her situation. Having hired a small house in the village, she commenced the business of tuition; which, though the very antipodes to romance, afforded a maintenance for herself and aunt Bridget, who, partaking of the indolence of disposition and hereditary pride by which the squire had been characterised, would do nothing for herself. Within a few months after this reverse of circumstances, the old lady, like her brother, sank under the



burden of calamity. The decease of her kinswoman, though in reality a mitigation of Selina's troubles, the dutiful niece lamented as a trying affliction. While her aunt lived, she had a motive for exertion; and however irksome her task might have been, she had felt a satisfaction in performing it, for the sake of the last surviving link between herself and the world, in which she now stood a solitary being.

An unprotected state, she was aware, was not exactly desirable for a female so young as herself. Mr. Bell had taken the opportunity of Mrs. Bridget Stanfield's decease to recommence the persecution of his addresses to Selina; and was at length so pertinaciously annoying, that she resolved to abandon her native village for ever, and seek the sanction of a home in some private family, by accepting the situation of governess.

An occupation of this description was difficult to be obtained by a young female, whose education, like that of our heroine, had been of a desultory nature; but after advertising till both her patience and slender resources were well nigh exhausted, Selina at last formed an engagement with a family in a distant county, where, for a salary which a metropolitan housemaid would consider infinitely beneath her merits, Miss Stanfield undertook to communicate the rudiments of learning to six young ladies and two young gentlemen. With a heavy heart she bade adieu to the scenes of her childhood, and took her place in the London mail. The route lay through the ancient city of Norwich, which she had never before visited, but which, as the abode of Albert Fisher, possessed for her a secret interest that pride forbade her to avow even to herself. That her breach with Albert was attributable solely to her own vanity, she was forced to confess; but since she had felt that conviction, no opportunity had occurred of acknowledging her error, for Mrs. Fisher had left Woodfield before the death of Mr. Stanfield. Years had passed away in their swift course, and Selina, who had neither seen nor heard from her offended lover since the day of their quarrel, concluded that his boyish passion had been in the first instance shaken by her pride and petulance, and finally obliterated by time, absence, and change. How the young lady's affections had resisted the

force of these united influences, we must not take upon us to decide; but certain it is, that when the passengers stopped at the Angel Hotel to breakfast, Selina, instead of partaking of that meal, directed her steps to the interesting locality where stood a large hosier and draper's shop, over the door of which the name of Fisher was ostentatiously emblazoned in huge golden letters. Entering a haberdasher's opposite, Selina purchased an article for which she had no occasion, as an excuse for taking a correct survey of the premises over the way. She enjoyed the felicity of beholding Albert Orlando himself, in very spruce attire, waiting with courteous smiles on an old market-woman, and apparently exerting much powerful eloquence in the recommendation of a pair of coarse worsted hose, which the dame was examining with critical attention. Had time permitted, Selina might have made other observations—for Albert was wholly unconscious of her vicinity—but the dread of losing her place in the mail compelled her to hasten from the spot.

In due time she arrived at the end of her journey, and in the course of six months exchanged her lot of worse than Egyptian bondage, for a situation scarcely preferable in another family.

There is no cure for romance so effectual as a life of constant mental exertion and daily mortifications;—such as those to which the ill-treated and oppressed class of females called private governesses are subjected. It is probable that the high-spirited Selina Stanfield more than once gave a sigh to the remembrance of her first love, and balanced against the genteeler miseries of spinsterhood and preceptress-ship, the substantial comforts she might have enjoyed as the wife of Albert.

Seven years had revolved since, from the haberdasher's shop near Norwich market-place, she had enjoyed the stolen prospect of a certain interesting personage, and no second object (though Selina had, notwithstanding her forlorn situation, been wooed again and again,) had succeeded him in her heart; nor had she been fortunate enough to find a permanent home in any of the families to whom she had, on various occasions, engaged her services as governess. Norwich itself was at length the place of her destination.

She had made many exertions and some sacrifices to conclude an engagement in that city with a lady, the education of whose infant family she had undertaken to conduct. The first time she had occasion for a pair of new gloves, she made a point of purchasing them at the same shop which she had once before visited for a similar purpose ; but in vain did she direct an anxious glance to the opposite windows—a draper's shop occupied the place of "Fisher's old-established warehouse ;" nor was that interesting name to be found over any door in the neighbourhood. This circumstance produced a wonderful depression of spirits on the part of the fair Selina : she returned home in silence and doubt—a certain feeling of delicacy and pride, which was natural to her character, operating to prevent her from making any inquiry of the haberdasher respecting the disappearance of the name of Fisher from his vicinity.

A few days after this circumstance, the governess accompanied her pupils to the cathedral on some civic festival, when the mayor and corporation went thither in state to attend divine service. On that morning, Selina had been somewhat roused from her listless state of dejection by the lively delight of her pupils at the anticipated spectacle of witnessing the entrance of the above-mentioned important personages, attired in their scarlet robes and lilac silk scarfs.

"And only think, Miss Stanfield," said one of the children, "the mayor is not a great old ugly mayor with a wig on his head, like the old frights in St. Andrew's Hall, at which you laughed so much when papa took you to see them ; but he is a young mayor, with curling hair and rosy cheeks, and with a great gold chain about his neck."

"Yes, and he is so good-natured," said another of the children ; "he always laughs and tells us nice funny stories when he comes to see papa ; and he is to drink tea with papa to-morrow, and then he will tell you a story too, perhaps, if we ask him."

Here the prattle of the little folks was interrupted by the entrance of the procession. The organ struck up, the macers, sword-bearer, &c., preceded the right worshipful chief magistrate towards his stall, the aldermen and other members of

the corporation following with their accustomed grace and dignity. Selina Stanfield was amused at the novelty of the scene, and interested in watching its effect upon the countenances of the children, when one of the little boys, pulling her by the sleeve, whispered, "Now, dear Miss Stanfield, do look at the mayor, for he is looking so much at you." Selina mechanically obeyed the injunction ; and, in spite of the gorgeous adornments of scarlet robes, gold chains, &c., recognized the round blue eyes, and good-tempered handsome face, of her first, her only love—Albert Orlando Fisher.

"Oh dear, Miss Stanfield, I declare the mayor himself has bowed to you," whispered the eldest girl ; "but that, I suppose, was because you were with us, for he cannot be acquainted with you."

The joyous glance of the faithful Albert assured Selina that the years of care and sorrow which had passed over her head since last they met, had neither banished her from his recollection, nor divorced her from his love.

"But our fortunes are different at present," sighed she to herself : "we parted in anger ; I was in the wrong, and it is now his turn to indulge in proud and scornful feelings."

Proud and scornful feelings never formed any part of Albert's character ; his affections were warm and kindly ; and though his love partook not of the nature of romance, it was not, on that account, the less enduring and sincere.

Our tale having already exceeded the prescribed limits, we must disappoint the gentle reader of the details of the interesting scene which took place on the following day between the worthy Albert Orlando Fisher and Selina Stanfield. Suffice it to say, that the latter, instead of envying the destiny of either pirate's or bandit's bride, considered herself as one of the happiest among women, when, at the next civic festival, she presided in St. Andrew's Hall as mayoress of Norwich. —*Miss Agnes Strickland.*

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A western American editor complains that all the good things in his paper are cut out and inserted in other papers without acknowledgment of the source whence they were obtained. He says, "They do not render unto scissors the things which are scissor's."



## A NIGHT IN CUNNEMARA.

The evening of an autumn day in 1829 brought two young men, who had been engaged for several hours in shooting over the wilds of Cunnemara, to the vicinity of the lodgings of a priest, with whom one of them was on terms of intimate friendship. The day had been one of cheerless unintermitting rain; the two sportsmen were drenched with wet; and one of them, a stranger in the district, and not accustomed to its rude exercises, was spent with fatigue. It was after a slow and toilsome march through a bog of various degrees of solidity, and being more than once soured almost to the shoulders in the black moreen or bog-water which lay at the bottom of the hollows cut in it by the winter floods, that the young men reached the vicinity of the priest's mansion. A shot fired at this moment by Blake, the individual of the party to whom Cunnemara was native ground, caused the almost instant appearance, at the door of his hovel, of the good-humoured face of Father Dennis, who no sooner distinguished his friend, than he issued forth, and gave him and his companion a hearty welcome.

"Father Dennis, Captain Clinton, of the —th. Clinton, Father Dennis Connelly," was the brief introduction by which Blake put the priest and his friend upon a footing of friendship. There was no need to inquire into the condition of the two sportsmen, and as little need to hint to the priest the line of conduct he ought to pursue towards them.

"Cold, wet, hungry, and fatigued, I see you are," said he, taking a pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers after it. "But there's none of you more so than I am myself. Up and out I've been from peep of day this morning; not a morsel inside my lips since the bit of breakfast I swallowed at six o'clock; and never sat down a minute, no, nor stood still aither, only just while I stepped in where I got calls, to buckle a pair in one place, and christen a couple of pausteens in another."

"What was it kept you so busy, Dennis?" said Blake.

"Pattthern day\* dont you know? And didn't you know how the Heffernans and Connyrs were killing each other last year? Oh, then, if I hadn't enough to do with them this day, my name's not Dennis Connelly. God knows a heart-scald they are to any one that wants to keep pace and quiet among them. If you knew the pain I have in my shoulder this minute with leathering the scoundrels, and the tired legs I have pelting afther them; for as fast as I'd disperse them in one place, they'd gather in another." And Father Dennis, with grimaces expressive of extreme suffering, rubbed the ailing shoulder with his left hand, and the ailing legs with both.

"What! do you beat your parishioners?" cried the Englishman, in utter astonishment.

"To be sure I do—bate them while bating's

good for them, and that's long enough," replied the priest. "The poor ignorant cratures! sure they're like wild Indians! It's the only way to get any good of them."

"And are none of them ever tempted to make a return in kind?"

"Sthrike me! is it? Ah, captain, you English have quare notions in your heads—no, but down on their knees to beg my pardon, and wouldn't think they'd have luck or grace if they didn't get it. When one dashes into the thick of a fight, then, to be sure, one may get an odd blow, but not on purpose—they'd think the hand would rot off them if they riz it on their clargy."

"In such a very wild district, all this may probably be necessary," said Clinton, making a polite effort.

"It is, my dear sir, quite necessary," cried the priest, taking Clinton's remark in perfect good faith; "only look at this delicate little switch I took from a fellow to-day. There can't be less than a pound's weight of lead in the ferral. A crack of that now would smash an ox's skull, let alone a Christian's; and the blackguard had it up just ready to let fly at one that wasn't thinking of him at all—(you know him, Isidore—Davy Gavan, from Rusvela, a quiet poor man as ever lived), I got a houl't of the stick, but the fellow held it tight; he darn't sthrike me, and he didn't like to let it go; so there we were at it, pully hauly, till I twisted it out of his gripe in spite of him. I had a great mind to give him a good clip then, but I didn't like to do it with such a walloper, so I makes a kick at him; and what do you think? the impudent scoundrel caught my foot in his hand. I felt I could not help going; but just as I was tumbling back, I tilts up the other foot with a spang, hit him just here under the butt of the ear, and knocked him over and over—you never seen a fellow take such a roll. Between ourselves," added the stalwart champion of good order, with a meaning compression of the lips, and a corresponding wink and nod, "he didn't get up quite so quick as I did."

The young men were by this time seated in the priest's parlour, where no time was lost in purveying for them, and for the priest himself, the solacements demanded by their worn-out condition. An hour must be supposed to have passed since their meal was concluded. They are seated round a blazing turf fire, and the corner of a large square table is drawn in between them, the more conveniently to bring within general reach the materials for compounding the smoking and smoky beverage that stands before each. The general appearance of the apartment is rather more decent than might be expected in a district so uncivilised. It is ceiled and whitewashed, and the earthen floor is covered with a "cautigh," or carpet of rush matting. It moreover boasts a couple of little sashed windows, a painted wooden chimneypiece, (no grate, however,) and for ornament, a whole series of highly coloured prints of saints, angels, and devils, varied by a coffee-coloured whole length portrait

\* A half festive half religious meeting of the people in solitary places, common in the Highlands of Ireland, and at which much fighting sometimes takes place.

of Napoleon Bonaparte, a view of the Bay of Naples, and a political caricature or two of some fifty years' standing. The priest's bed, it is true, as it stands against the wall, is rather a conspicuous object. But with its gay chintz curtains (quite new) and its patchwork quilt, it cannot well be deemed an eyesore, especially considering that the room is not otherwise very rich in furniture. Indeed, unless a great chest and a trunk or two may be counted as such, the inventory must be limited to a few chairs, and an immense wooden press painted red, (mahogany colour intended,) to which the woman of the house is paying constant visits, the upper compartment being her pantry, and the lower her repository for house linen, &c.

The trio at the fire sat for a time silent and unoccupied; the countenances and attitudes of each richly, though in different styles, expressive of the quiet indolent satisfaction of rest after fatigue. At length, rousing himself, Father Dennis exclaimed, "Come, another tumbler, gentlemen! A wet day in the hills calls for two, at any rate, to the one you'd take at any other time."

"Ay, that's the rule, Clinton; so fill, fill, my boy," cried Blake. "Do you know, I think you are getting reconciled to the poteen?"

"You are not far from the truth," returned Clinton, smiling. "I am truly grateful to the put—put—heen, or what do you call it? and with good reason too, for I never swallowed a potion half so grateful as that tumbler you forced down my throat by way of a preparative to drying myself. Henceforward I shall ever account it as the very best of cordials, where cordials are needed."

"There's many a true word said in jest, captain," said Father Dennis, nodding, as he filled his own glass brimful, and with an air of practised dexterity, turned it into his tumbler.

"You fancy I'm jesting, Mr. Connelly, do you? Upon my honour you are wrong if you do. I literally think what I say of it."

"Then upon my honour, and my conscience too, you're not far out in that, any way. And it's in such a place as this it *is* needed. Oh, the hardships I have to go through here in the winter saison, they're beyond belief! One can't even have a horse to help one out, for there's no riding. Look at my two elegant pair of boots that I brought with me, hanging up there against the wall, till they'd puzzle the rats themselves to make any use of them. And the foot work through the wet bogs is the sore work, though nothing at all to the boat work. Think, now, what it is to be out tossing on this contrary coast in all weathers—often with every tack about you as dripping wet as if you were keelhailed, and knowing all the time that you have a great deal better chance of the bottom than of any other end to your voyage.—How would you like that, captain?"

"Not at all, I confess. But I hardly think the perils of the sea can be much greater than the perils of the land in this quarter."

"Ah, the mooreen!" cried the priest. "Well, captain, I agree with you. As bad to be choked that way as with salt water."

"Ay, Dennis; but 'tisn't either of them you or I'd choose, if we were to be choked at all," said Blake, laughing; "water like this 'would be more to our taste. Come, will you tell the story of the cock and the tumbler to Clinton? Do, now—that's a good fellow."

"Oh, that ould story!—'twould be no pleasure to him."

"I beg your pardon, it would be a very great pleasure to me to hear a story of yours, if you will so far favour me," said the young officer, politely.

"You're very kind to say so, captain, I'm sure —"

Here both the young men broke in upon his disqualifying speech, with assurances that at length seemed to conquer his modesty. "Oh, if you really have a fancy for it, gentlemen, 'tis no trouble to me to tell it, to be sure. I don't know, Captain Clinton, whether you have any idea of the sort of a life a poor man lades, that's coadjuther (what you'd call curate, you know) to a snug, dacent, worthy, gentile parish priest that loves his aise. I'll tell you, then. It's just the life of a pack-horse—no better. A sort of hand-ball he is, knocked about here and there, and up and down, and to and fro, wherever his shuparior places to think he's wanted. Then, after slaving this way all day, routed out of his bed, maybe, half-a-dozen times in the coorse of the one night, to trot to the far ends of the parish at the bidding of every ould collich that takes it into her crazy head she's booked for the other world, and she as tough all the time, maybe, as an old raven."

"I beg pardon for the interruption, Mr. Connelly," said Clinton, laughing heartily at the list of grievances, or rather at the manner in which they were set forth, tones and grimaces inclusive; "but you must make allowance for my utter ignorance. Tell me, how is this very hard case different from yours at present, as a parish priest? You are liable to be called about in the same way, if I don't misunderstand you."

"True for you, my dear sir. I have most of the hardships as it is, sure enough. But then there's two little circumstances in the case that make a material difference. The poor coadjuther, you see, does all the work, and gets only half, maybe only the third, of the dues. Then, again, after one of them unlucky calls, when he jogs back tired and disappointed, all the comfort there's for him is black looks, if it isn't hard words itself, from one that wouldn't wag a finger to save him a journey to Jerico and back again."

"All very true," cried Blake, "But where has the story slipped to, Dennis?"

"Patience, Isidore, I'm coming to it, all in good time, if you'll only let me. Well, you are to know, Captain Clinton, there was once upon a time a poor priest—as it might be myself—and he, after a hard day's work, was just going to sit down to his little supper, of a Saturday night, of all nights in the week, when there comes a tantararara to his door, enough to waken up the dead; and before he had time



to bless himself, he was packed off to ride seven miles up the mountain, through the rain and sleet and wind (pitch dark it was too, into the bargain) to anoint a creature that wasn't expected.\* Well, captain, I needn't tell you what a time he and his poor baste had of it, getting through the bogs such a night; but he did get through them at last. The man of the house was in bed, but he got up, and brought out a little cruiskeen of potteen; and another man that had come across from Joyce Country, he got up too, and they all three settled themselves down by the fire, very cosy and comfortable. The priest had just mixed his tumbler, when he sees the cock, that was roosting upon the rafters above, lifting up the wings of him this way" (acting the motion), "getting ready for the crow; a sign, mark you, that twelve o'clock is coming. Now, a priest can't touch bit or sup, you know, from twelve o'clock on Saturday night, till twelve o'clock next day—that's till after last mass. So when he sees the lad preparing, he ups with the tumbler" (still acting), "and down clean he had it, before the screech came. 'There now,' says he in Irish, as he sat down with a whack, 'wasn't that well done? I took it off between the clapping and the crowing.'"

The lungs of the young Englishman did "crow like chanticleer" at this narrative; nor was he behind in the clapping.

"Ah, but it is better far in the Irish," resumed Father Dennis. "*Edir sgihan see gub*, you know Isidore, between the wing and the back. By far more expressive."

Another hearty fit of laughter signalled the conclusion of the story. But, Clinton having for some time given tokens of a disposition to sleep, his friend now proposed that they should bid their kind host good-night. Dennis, though willing to prolong the entertainment, was too polite to resist their wishes, and he accordingly rose and led the way across the kitchen to an apartment, which was certainly no favourable contrast to the one they had just quitted. The earthen floor in its undisguised ruggedness—the unhung door merely resting against its door-frame—the partition wall wanting at least two feet of reaching the loft of hurdles that formed the sole ceiling overhead—and the small dismantled window, one pane alone, out of its four, in proper order for excluding air and admitting light, displayed no inconsiderable sum total of discomfort. Nor was there much to balance the account, except a tolerable clear fire on the hearth, and the clean and good articles of bedding that furnished forth a wooden-roofed bedstead, sociably destined for the accommodation of the pair of wearied sportsmen. Clinton's glance did not fail to take in all these details. But the idea of a bivouack being uppermost in his mind, he was able, with good grace, to make light of the subject-matter of the lamentations with which the parting compliments of the hospitable priest were rather profusely seasoned.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed, and the two youths were not half that time asleep, when Blake was awakened by Father Dennis's house-keeper, with the information that a marriage party had arrived, after having followed the priest all day, and that, if he and his friend would rise, they might see the whole of the fun from the top of the partition wall, without being themselves seen. "It's Tom Conry's widdy, sir," he said, "Mary Duane, and the bridegroom is a boy from Littermullin, Pat-sheen Halloran by name—a big mullet-headed sommochnawn, the very moral of the first husband, just as soft-looking, as fat and as foolish. Och, if your honor seen the pair, you would laugh if there was a laugh in you!"

Blake instantly rose, and roused his companion, who though at first more disposed to lie still than to enjoy the finest fun in the world, was at last persuaded to get up. When both had dressed, they ascended by a ladder to the place which the house-keeper had pointed out as a point of observation for the survey of the next apartment, and there, sure enough, a very amusing scene met their eyes. The bridal party easily distinguishable from the people of the house by their dripping garments, were (with one exception) clustered round the fire, which a half-dressed girl, evidently roused from her sleep for the occasion, had just replenished. This damsel was now squatted down before her handy-work, blowing it up with might and main by the alternate aid of her scanty red petticoat, and her redder lips, and from time to time intermitting her occupation to invite the approach of the straggler—a gentle dame—who, however, stoutly resisted persuasives, whether verbal or manual, to move her from the spot near the door, where she had thought fit to establish herself. But the object that most immediately caught Clinton's observation was a huge settle-bed near the fire, from which more than one head appeared, projecting like birds from the nest to take observation of the company who had broke up their rest.

"Now I must be your Asmodeus, I suppose, Clinton," said Blake. "To begin, I must point out the bride to you."

"Needless, quite needless, my good friend," returned the other. "There is no mistaking that fair personification of bridal bashfulness, leaning against the wall there, aloof from the rest of the bevy."

"Truly, I believe you are right. The shrinking attitude, and the half-averted visage, and the hood of the blue cloak, held so modestly round the chin, for fear a glimpse at all could be had of her! 'tis capitally well got up altogether! There now is the good of practice to make perfect. Not one raw maiden in ten could top her part with the widow."

"Well, as you would say, joy be with her! But you are forgetting your office, Signor Diabole; which is the happy man?"

"Well, to say truth, he is a stranger to me. But from Nelly's account, I opine, by the great red head, and red gills, and clumsy build, and sheepish look, we may identify him in the

\* Not expected to live.

person of the worthy beyond there so busy with the toe of his brogue settling straws in crosses. Symbolical and ominous that, I am afraid! But hush, here comes Father Dennis. Not a whisper above your breath now, or he'll look up at us, for he knows my peephole of old."

There was a general movement among the groups below, as the priest made his appearance; but we may fairly confine our notice (as Blake did) to the bride and bridegroom. The former shrunk yet closer to the wall, while the gallant groom came forward, fumbling in his pockets, and looking to the right and the left, as if for escape or assistance. At length he lugged forth the foot of a stocking, and one by one extracted its contents, some eight-and-twenty lilly-white shillings of which they formed a goodly pile on the table, that had meanwhile been placed before the ecclesiastic. Father Dennis seemed to look on during this operation with much unconcern; and when it was completed and the money pushed over to him, he measured its height with his thumb, and coolly pushed it back. "This won't do, my lady," cried he, addressing the bashful fair one, whose ogling of the wall became only the closer; "pay me the ten shillings you owe me for giving the rites of the church to your last husband, and then I'll marry you to another, and welcome—but the devil a bit till then."

Not a word issued from the blue hood; but the bridegroom's voice, with the chorus of two others, opened at once in Irish. The priest replied in the same language; they rejoined with interest (one little-looking woman being particularly vociferous) and the exchange of fire became every moment more close and continuous.

"Blake, all this is only a dumb show to me; pray, favor me with an interpretation," whispered Clinton to his companion, who was almost convulsed with suppressed laughter.

"Oh such a whimsical debate on the subject of the ten shillings! but I hardly know how to render it for you. That little bitter old woman there is the first husband's mother; she is all but drowning poor Dennis's enumeration of his expenses of purse and person in coming by boat to her son in a most plentiful torrent of abuses. Then there is the bride's mother, whining and trying to mollify; and the bride's brother making out a long account of losses sustained, and a blank one of the balance sheet; and the happy man himself, disputing his liability, and professing his inability to answer the debt of his predecessor. Now, now, again Father Dennis strikes in—'A folly to talk! one score must be cleared off before another is begun.'"

"And his firmness causes a lull," said Clinton.

"Ay, and sends the bridegroom's hand into his pocket again, though he almost swore himself black in the face just now that he had not another shilling in the world. Out comes the silver. Oh, that sleeve of a fellow, see how he keeps the hand over it! I'd lay anything now he'll want to get off for part!"

"Heyday! what has raised the storm again?" exclaimed the Englishman, as the clamour recommenced as spiritedly as ever.

"As I guessed he has put down six shillings, and wants time for the other four. Time for a month—for a fortnight—Och! prayers and entreaties!—well then really Dennis is very tough—maybe the poor fellow actually hasn't it."

"So it is your fashion in this country to marry without a shilling in the world, is it?" said Clinton.

"Too much so, I confess. But in the present case, a man might have stock, cows, sheep, pigs, and goats, and still not silver for a present occasion. I have more than half a mind to discover myself and lend. Och! no need of it! he has found out a pocket he didn't know he had about him—two shillings. You may coin the other two, my tight lad, before I think again of helping you. Now he is trying to persuade Nelly's husband to go bail for him. A civil refusal—Father Dennis wouldn't take his bail. By my honor and credit, but this is too good! Another little pocket he has discovered, and out come the last two shillings! My blessings on—Hollo! mercy on us! is the woman electrified?"

This vehement exclamation was not unequalled for, since the very moment the modest shrinking bride saw the last coin deposited, she flung back her hood, and, bursting through the circle, stood before the priest with eyes flashing, and cheeks glowing, and tongue ready to ring an alarm peal. "Since you have got my money, give me the worth of it!" she cried. "Say me a mass for the soul of my poor man that's gone! God knows it's chape arnin' fur ye!"

"Whisht, woman, whisht—stop your clatter—don't you know there's gentlemen in the house? Do you want to rouse them up?"

"Who cares for your gentlefolks!" she cried, screaming still louder and stamping with passion. "Let me have something for my money, I say—It's little you ever give, but let me have something!"

"Hut tut—sure it's none of your money I touched, maureen! Halloran did the thing handsome, after all—ped me for himself and yourself, and poor Tom into the bargain. I've nothing at all to do with you, asthore."

"You have something to do with me, and plenty to do with me. 'Twas my money he ped you down. Faith I'd think twice afore I'd marry without the marriage money in my fist—to lave a man the right to sell me whin he'd get tired o' me!"

At this moment the virago started and paused in her turn, the long-suppressed laughter from above breaking forth in an uncontrollable peal. Father Dennis's eye instantly sought the aperture. "Bother, you scamp, is it there you are?" he cried, shaking his fist good humouredly at his young friend; "and you have brought the English captain to spy at me too! By this and that, Isidore, I'll be even with you for this yet."



"Faith, you are even with me as it is, for I am more than half choaked with laughing," gasped Blake, "Oh, these sides of mine! they ought to be iron to stand it."

"And the wall ought to be iron to stand your wriggling; you'll have it a-top of us, I think," cried the priest. "Come down out of that, and don't be making a fool of yourself and aggravating me! Come down, I tell you, both o' ye, and look at the wedding like Christians."

"Here I am at your elbow," said Blake, making a leap from the top of the partition wall, while his companion effected a more orderly entrance. "Here we both are, and now let me settle the debate between you and Mary Duane. Mary will forgive your making her pay old debts (and, you know yourself, that is the greatest offence that can be given in this country), and you'll promise to say the mass for poor Tom Conry. You ought to do what you can for him, I'm sure, if it was only for old acquaintance sake. Many's the good drop of potheen of his making has helped to wet the whistle for you before now. And right good it was, always—wasn't it? It's the least you can do to give him a cast of your office, when he so often gave you one of his, before the puff was out of him."

"Well, well, sure I'll do it! No more words about it now," cried the priest: and the women hailed the promises in a torrent of thanks and blessings on "Misther Isidore."

When these were silenced, the ceremony proceeded. Bottles of the national cordial were then produced from the pockets of the men, and from under the cloaks of the women, supplying means of a deep pledge to the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom; which last important branch of the rites roused up even the tenants of the settle-bed, who had fallen fast asleep during the lull.

The departure of the bridal company of course followed; but the priest and his two young guests continued chatting and laughing by the kitchen fire for some time after the dispersion.

"Well, Clinton," said Blake, "you have now seen a good specimen of an Irish wedding. Do you think it was worth getting out of bed for?"

"I would not have missed it for anything," was the reply. "It was a most original scene—comic beyond what I could have conceived, even of a Cunnemara wedding. The comic even was admirable. The bridegroom, with his inimitable cruise of discovery through forgotten pockets, and the bashful bride transformed by a magic touch into an amazon. Why, it would make no bad groundwork for a pantomime. By the bye, though, the lady dropped something that puzzled me. What was that she said about her husband's having a right to sell her?"

"How? a right to sell her? Did she say that? Oh, I know now what you mean—that's if she did not pay the marriage money. A queer notion the people have here, that if a man pays the marriage fees, he in fact buys

his wife, and may sell her again for the same, if he can find a purchaser. I have known it actually done in one instance—though I suppose Dennis would snap off my nose for mentioning it, as I know I cannot back it by a second. But so far as talk goes, all the priests or layman can say won't beat it out of their heads but that it is lawful. There's another item for your commonplace book, if you keep one. I think a good long list of Cunnemara characteristics have fallen under your eye in this ramble of ours."

"Yes; I have certainly been fortunate in this respect," said the young officer. "Whatever may be my future adventures, I am pretty sure they will never efface the memory of this 'Night in Cunnemara.'"—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

There are some acts of the legislature which, because they excite no great amount of controversy in passing, are little thought of, then or afterwards, but yet, in the eye of a benevolent mind, are more significant, and of more real importance, than nine out of ten of those which attract the most notice. Of this class we consider the act against cruelty to animals—a measure for which there was no precedent that we are aware of in the days of either Greek or Roman greatness, or amongst the modern nations of Europe. The idea of extending the right of *personal protection* from the human being to the brute tribes was one reserved for Britain and the nineteenth century, and one for which, in our opinion, they are entitled to some credit. Yet the triumph is not by any means a complete one. We are forced, with humility, to recollect that there are other parts of Europe where legislative interference was not so necessary as in Britain; and also that, though the law was passed, it has by no means abolished the practices against which it was directed. In France, and most other continental countries, horses, dogs, and other animals, are generally treated with extreme humanity, and there, of course, no express legal enactment is required for their protection. The Frenchman talks to his horse, coaxes it on with words of endearment, gives it a portion of his bread, and sweetens its mouth with a bit of sugar or carrot; the animal consequently becomes most tractable, and exerts himself to the utmost of his ability for his master. The Turks are the kindest of all people to their animals. Their religion teaches them that acts of kindness done to animals, will be esteemed as good deeds by the Almighty, and thus their piety is ever exerted in seeking out objects whereon their humane feelings can be exercised. Pious Turks will not suffer birds' nests to be disturbed, neither will they wantonly kill any feathered or furred creature. A recent traveller mentions that he has seen wealthy Turks at Constantinople, in coming out of the mosques or churches, buy cagefuls of birds, to which they immediately had the pleasure of giving liberty. Cats are also much taken care of by

the Turks, and even dogs, which they deem unclean, are objects of constant solicitude. In every town in Turkey there are low stone fountains of fresh water, at which the dogs in the streets may at all times slake their thirst.

We can show nothing like this kindness to animals in England or Scotland. We cannot show a single fountain in a single town placed for the convenience of dogs. We can, without doubt, point to a few horse troughs erected here and there on the waysides, but these are not set up merely with the view of comforting the animals, but to prevent them from sinking under their load, and so failing in the execution of their appointed task. Besides, how frequently do we see these horse fountains destroyed! We know at least half a dozen in ruins within as many miles of Edinburgh. The placing of so much as a shilling's worth of metal about them, is certain to ensure their destruction.

The horse leads a very fine gentlemanly sort of life in England, provided he is a good or an elegantly formed horse. If he be youthful, has a beautiful glossy skin, can win a race, and show a pedigree, he will be petted, pampered, talked of, and chronicled. But let him grow old, lose his polish, and begin to lag in his paces, and it is all over with him—degradation and suffering mark the close of his career. Reader, have you ever seen a London cab-horse—once perhaps a racer—a creature yoked between two shafts, trailing a top-heavy vehicle after him, and urged on with the bitter, bitter lash, applied over his thin flanks and half-famished sides: crack, crack, the whip is sounding in our ears at this moment, as the pitiless driver hurries on in his headlong course, dashing through betwixt waggons, coaches, and carts, and trying, by his very speed, and the sustaining power of wheel and harness, to keep the poor animal from sinking and dying in the midst of the thoroughfare.

Along with the London cab-men we may class the Scotch coal-carters. Both may be supposed to rank as one genus, as respects the interest they take in the welfare of the brute creation. The Edinburgh coal-driver may be described as a sublimation of the peculiar genus to which he belongs. His favourite mode of driving his horse consists in tugging him with a rope halter by the left hand, while he belabours him with a stick with the right. He is of course perfectly regardless as to where his strokes fall. A good horseman never strikes his horse before the saddle, but the carter makes no distinction. Sometimes the blows are directed upon the head and across the eyes or mouth of the horse; sometimes across the back or legs; and when these blows do not produce the proper effect, he aims a well-directed kick with the point of his iron-shod foot against the belly of the animal. But, frequently, the load is so disproportionate to the poor horse's strength or feeding, that all these appliances, blows as well as kicks, accompanied with unmeaning howls of execration, fail in causing the animal to go forward, and he sinks down in the open street, a victim of the most brutal tyranny that the human mind can picture.

The perfect impunity with which persons of the above humble order maltreat their horses, often causes us to feel ashamed of the police of the country. The law, indeed, might as well have never been enacted, for no one seems to pay any regard to it. We now allude to the subject, with the hope of stirring up some philanthropic individuals to take ready and energetic means to enforce the provisions of the statute. We do not here appeal to ordinary commonplace persons who take things easily, or who are afraid of "coming before the public." We direct our observations to persons who have at once leisure and inclination to emulate the conduct of the benevolent Howard, and who will devote themselves with heart and soul to the duty of protecting animals from oppression. Who volunteers in this noble cause?—*Chambers.*

#### SERVANTS AT THE COUNTY COURT.

Three fair damsels who congregated at the County Court on Monday last, were, first, a fat and frowsy-looking cook, called Sarah Shanks; second, a prim, starched, sharply braced-up waiting-maid; and the third was a thorough-going rough-skinn'd and hard-fisted servant of "all work." Each had on as many clothes as she could possibly carry, and the fat and frowsy cook sported a huge ring! They had all been previously acquainted, but had not anticipated a meeting in the Middlesex County Court on this occasion.

"Why, Sally Shanks," said the waiting-woman, "why, goodness me, who'd a thort of seeing you eer?" "Or me you?" replied Sally Shanks. "I've summoned my missis," said the waiting-woman. "And so have I," said the cook. "Well I never," chim'd in the servant of 'all work'; "if I 'aint bin and done the same!" "He—he—he—he" said the *Abigail*, in full chorus. "Missises wont let no servants live now," said Mrs. Shanks; "no goin's out, no follorers, and no perkesites; they takes away the werry kitchen stuff." "Yes," said the housemaid, "and then see how they pokes about; no missis aint got any business in the kitchen." "No, to be sure," said the waiting-woman, "if they knew their places; 'spose we was to be a-poking our noses inter the drawin'-room. I'm sure my missis is no better than she o'rt to be." "No, nor mine," said the housemaid, twisting up her snub nose; "servants is got feelings as well as missises. What did you leave for, Missis Shanks?" "Oh, missis wanted dinner sarved up by half-past five, and I fell poorly and couldn't hurry; and so she came down in a panic, and I told her I won't used to it, and up and said she might get another cook. So she told me to pack up directly. I said I'd have my month's warning. She said I shouldn't; so I wouldn't take nothen—and so I've summoned her; but I des say she'll be too frighted to come, and so I shall get my money."

"That's right," said the housemaid; "there's nothen like sticking up for one's rights. There's my missis said I shouldn't have no follorers;



but we had a nice front area, and my sweetheart used to get over the railings, till at last missis she finds it out, and calls me inter the sitting-room, and ses to me, ses she, 'Susan,' ses she, 'you've disobeyed the rules of my house.' 'As how, mam?' says I, not a bit frightened. 'Why,' says she, 'you receive visitors in a clandestinous manner; and the rules of my house forbids any follorers.' 'Lawk, mam!' ses I, 'deed you're very much mistaken,' ses I; 'deed you are, mam,' ses I. 'Well,' says she, 'I hope I am.' 'I almost busted into laughing afore her face, cos I know'd Thomas ud be at the area at nine; and, sure as a gun, there he was at nine. So he jest whistled, and popp'd down; but he hadn't hardly got a bit o' wittles in his mouth before I hears missis a-creeeping down the stairs; and afore I could hide him, she comes rightslap into the kitchen. So she told me to go about my business. But I mean to let her know as servants aint to be treated in that way. Why, she stopp'd 7s. 6d. for breakages!" "Shameful! monstrous! No servant oughtn't to pay for nothen," said Mrs. Sally Shanks. "For my part, I shan't enter into no family agin where there aint a man-servant kept." "Why, to be sure it's better," said the waiting-maid, "sept when one has a party; and then I always thinks a man in the house is a great bore. D'ye think your missis 'ill come this'mornin'?" "Not she—nor yours nuther," said the housemaid; "they'll be ashamed; and you'll see we shall get what we wants—justice is justice, and no missis don't ought to put on a servant." "Ah," replied the lady's maid, "you should just read 'Anne Wolstonecroft.' She tells yer what the rights of women is. It's quite shameful our treatment—we don't get our rights."

Here the fat cook puffed hard, and the lady's maid resumed, "For my part I played some pretty tricks before I left; I tore three leaves out of missis's prayer-book, and I upset some witriol in her drawers, and took one of the screws out of the bedstead, and chucked it into the dust-hole!"

"I did worse nor that," said the cook; "the last dinner as I sarved up I made the soup with dish-water; I biled the fish all to batoms, and I know'd missis liked things well roasted, and so I sent every thing up quite ror." ("He, he, he," said the trio).

"Ah, but," rejoined the housemaid, "I did wuss nor that. Missis had a nasty little whelp of a dog, you'd be astonished to see how fond she was of it, and the nasty little beast was always a-making me work; so, thinks I, my fine feller, I'll do your jobs for you 'efore I goes; so I got very friendly with it, and arter I pack'd up my boxes, I says, jest as missis used to say, "Prinny, sweet—come, pretty Prinny—oh, it's a nice dog—come, my beauty—Prinny;" so the little beast let me take him, and I jest chucked him into the cistern, and there he is now, and they're a-drinking the water, and missis thinks she's lost him, and offered half a guinea reward. But, lawk a mercy, on'ey look how that there gentleman is a-starin' at us!" Here the colloquy was cut short. The several mistresses

did not appear, and the knowing *Abigails* of course got orders of court in their favour.

[The explanation may be added, for the benefit of servants, that they possess no legal right to admit their friends or acquaintances into the houses in which they serve, and that they can only do so by the express permission of their employers. Persons admitted by them, particularly at improper hours, can be committed for a trespass by the master or mistress of the house.]—*Sunday Times*.

### THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

Of all living objects, children, out of doors, seem to me the most interesting to a lover of nature. In a room, I may, perhaps, be allowed to exercise my privilege as an old maid, by confessing that they are in my eyes less engaging. If well-behaved, the poor little things seem constrained and *genes*—if ill-conducted, the *gene* is transferred to the unfortunate grown-up people, whom their noise distracts, and their questions interrupt. Within doors, in short, I am one of the many persons who like children in their places,—that is to say, in any place where I am not. But out o' doors there is no such limitation: from the gypsy urchins under a hedge, to the little lords and ladies in a ducal demesne, they are charming to look at, to watch, and to listen to. Dogs are less amusing, flowers are less beautiful, trees themselves are less picturesque.

I cannot even mention them without recalling to my mind twenty groups or single figures, of which Gainsborough would have made at once a picture and a story. The little aristocratic-looking girl, for instance, of some five or six years old, whom I used to see two years ago, every morning at breakfast-time, tripping along the most romantic street in England, (the High-street in Oxford,) attended or escorted, it is doubtful which, by a superb Newfoundland dog, curly and black, carrying in his huge mouth her tiny workbag, or her fairy parasol, and guarding with so true a fidelity his pretty young lady, whilst she, on her part, queened it over her lordly subject with such diverting gravity, seeming to guide him whilst he guided her—led, whilst she thought herself leading, and finally deposited at her daily school, with as much regularity as the same sagacious quadruped would have displayed in carrying his master's glove, or fetching a stick out of the water. How I should like to see a portrait of that fair demure elegant child, with her full short frock, her frilled trousers, and her blue kid shoes, threading her way, by the aid of her sable attendant, through the many small inpediments of the crowded streets of Oxford!

Or the pretty scene of childish distress which I saw last winter on my way to East Court,—a distress which told its own story as completely as the picture of the broken pitcher! Driving rapidly along the beautiful road from Eversley Bridge to Finchamstead, up hill and down; on the one side a wide shelving bank,

dotted with fine old oaks and beeches, intermingled with thorn and birch, and magnificent holly, and edging into Mr. Palmer's forest-like woods; on the other, an open hilly country, studded with large single trees. In the midst of this landscape, rich and lovely even in winter, in the very middle of the road, stood two poor cottage children, a year or two younger than the damsel of Oxford; a large basket dangling from the hand of one of them, and a heap of barley-meal—the barley-meal that should have been in the basket—the week's dinner of the pig, scattered in the dirt at their feet. Poor little dears, how they cried! They could not have told their story, had not their story told itself;—they had been carrying the basket between them, and somehow it had slipped. A shilling remedied that disaster, and sent away all parties smiling and content.

Then again, this very afternoon, the squabbles of those ragged urchins at cricket on the common—a disputed point of *out or not out*? The eight-year-old boy who will not leave his wicket: the seven and nine-year-old imps who are trying to force him from his post; the wrangling partisans of all ages, from ten downwards, the two contending *sides*, who are brawling for victory; the grave, ragged umpire, a lad of twelve, with a stick under his arm, who is solemnly listening to the cause; and the younger and less interested spectators, some just breeched, and others still condemned to the ignominious petticoat, who are sitting on the bank, and wondering which party will carry the day!

What can be prettier than this, unless it be the fellow-group of girls—sisters, I presume, to the boys—who are laughing and screaming round the great oak; then darting to and fro, in a game compounded of hide-and-seek and base-ball. Now tossing the ball high, high amidst the branches; now flinging it low along the common, bowling as it were, almost within reach of the cricketers; now pursuing, now retreating, running, jumping, shouting, bawling—almost shrieking with ecstasy; whilst one sunburnt black-eyed gypsy throws forth her laughing face from behind the trunk of the old oak, and then flings a newer and a gayer ball—fortunate purchase of some hoarded sixpence—amongst her admiring playmates. Happy, happy children! that one hour of innocent enjoyment is worth an age!

It was, perhaps, my love of picturesque children that first attracted my attention towards a little maiden of some six or seven years old, whom I used to meet, sometimes going to school, and sometimes returning from it, during a casual residence of a week or two, some fifteen years ago, in our good town of Belford. It was a very complete specimen of childish beauty; what would be called a picture of a child—the very study for a painter; with the round, fair, rosy face, coloured like the apple-blossom; the large, bright, open blue-eyes; the broad white forehead, shaded by brown clustering curls, and the lips scarlet as winter berries. But it was the expression of that blooming countenance which formed its

principal charm; every look was a smile, and a smile which had in it as much of sweetness as of gaiety. She seemed, and she was, the happiest and most affectionate of created beings. Her dress was singularly becoming. A little straw bonnet, of a shape calculated not to conceal, but to display the young pretty face, and a full short frock of gentianella blue, which served, by its brilliant yet contrasted colouring, to enhance the brightness of that brightest complexion. Tripping along to school, with her neat covered basket in her chubby hand, the little lass was perfect.

I could not help looking and admiring, and stopping to look; and the pretty child stopped too, and dropped her little courtesy; and then I spoke, and then she spoke,—for she was too innocent, too unfearing, too modest to be shy; so that Susy and I soon became acquainted; and in a very few days the acquaintanceship was extended to a fine open-countenanced man, and a sweet-looking and intelligent young woman, Susan's father and mother,—one or other of whom used to come almost every evening to meet their darling on her return from school; for she was an only one,—the sole offspring of a marriage of love, which was, I believe, reckoned unfortunate by every body except the parties concerned; they felt and knew that they were happy.

I soon learnt their simple history. William Jervis, the only son of a rich carpenter, had been attached, almost from childhood, to his fair neighbour, Mary Price, the daughter of a haberdasher in a great way of business, who lived in the same street. The carpenter, a plodding, frugal artisan of the old school, who trusted to indefatigable industry and undeviating sobriety, for getting on in life, had an instinctive mistrust of the more dashing and speculative tradesman, and even, in the height of his prosperity, looked with cold and doubtful eyes on his son's engagement. Mr. Price's circumstances, however, seemed, and at the time were, so flourishing—his offers so liberal, and his daughter's character so excellent, that to refuse his consent would have been an unwarrantable stretch of authority. All that our prudent carpenter could do was, to delay the union, in hopes that something might still occur to break it off; and when ten days before the time finally fixed for the marriage, the result of an unsuccessful speculation placed Mr. Price's name in the Gazette, most heartily did he congratulate himself on the foresight which, as he hoped, had saved him from the calamity of a portionless daughter-in-law. He had, however, miscalculated the strength of his son's affection for poor Mary, as well as the firm principle of honour, which regarded their long and everyway sanctioned engagement as a bond little less sacred than wedlock itself; and on Mr. Price's dying, within a very few months, of that death, which, although not included in the bills of mortality, is yet but too truly recognised by the popular phrase, a broken heart, William Jervis, after vainly trying every mode of appeal to his obdurate father, married the orphan girl—in the despe-



rate hope, that the step being once taken, and past all remedy, an only child would find forgiveness for an offence attended by so many extenuating circumstances.

But here, too, William, in his turn, miscalculated the invincible obstinacy of his father's character. He ordered his son from his house and his presence, dismissed him from his employment, forbade his very name to be mentioned in his hearing, and, up to the time at which our story begins, comported himself exactly as if he never had had a child.

William, a dutiful, affectionate son, felt severely the deprivation of his father's affections, and Mary felt for her William; but, so far as regarded their worldly concerns, I am almost afraid to say how little they regretted their change of prospects. Young, healthy, active, wrapt up in each other and in their lovely little girl, they found small difficulty and no hardship in earning—he by his trade, at which he was so good a workman as always to command high wages, and she by needle-work—sufficient to supply their humble wants; and when the kindness of Walter Price, Mary's brother, who had again opened a shop in the town, enabled them to send their little Susy to a school of a better order than their own funds would have permitted, their utmost ambition seemed gratified.

So far was speedily made known to me. I discovered also that Mrs. Jervis possessed, in a remarkable degree, the rare quality called taste—a faculty which does really appear to be almost intuitive in some minds, let metaphysicians laugh as they may; and the ladies of Belford, delighted to find an opportunity of at once exercising their benevolence, and procuring exquisitely fancied caps and bonnets at half the cost which they had been accustomed to pay to the fine yet vulgar milliner who had hitherto ruled despotically over the fashions of the place, did not fail to rescue their new and interesting protege from the drudgery of sewing white seam, and of poring over stitching and button-holes.

For some years all prospered in their little household. Susy grew in stature and in beauty, retaining the same look of intelligence and sweetness which had, in her early childhood, fascinated all beholders. She ran some risk of being spoiled, (only that, luckily, she was of the grateful, unselfish, affectionate nature which seems unspoilable,) by the admiration of Mrs. Jervis's customers, who, whenever she took home their work, would send for the pretty Susan into the parlour, and give her fruit and sweetmeats, or whatever cakes might be likely to please a childish appetite; which, it was observed, she contrived, whenever she could do so without offence, to carry home to her mother, whose health, always delicate, had lately appeared more than usually precarious. Even her stern grandfather, now become a master-builder, and one of the richest tradesmen in the town, had been remarked to look long and wistfully on the lovely little girl, as, holding by her father's hand, she tripped lightly to church, although, on that father himself

he never deigned to cast a glance; so that the more acute denizens of Belford used to prognosticate that, although William was disinherited, Mr. Jervis's property would not go out of the family.

So matters continued awhile. Susan was eleven years old, when a stunning and unexpected blow fell upon them all. Walter Price, her kind uncle, who had hitherto seemed as prudent as he was prosperous, became involved in the stoppage of a great Glasgow house, and was obliged to leave the town; whilst her father, having unfortunately accepted bills drawn by him, under an assurance that they should be provided for long before they became due, was thrown into prison for the amount. There was, indeed, a distant hope that the affairs of the Glasgow house might come round, or, at least, that Walter Price's concerns might be disentangled from theirs; and for this purpose, his presence, as a man full of activity and intelligence, was absolutely necessary in Scotland; but this prospect was precarious and distant. In the mean time, William Jervis lay lingering in prison, his creditor relying avowedly on the chance that a rich father could not, for shame, allow his son to perish there; whilst Mary, sick, helpless, and desolate, was too broken-spirited to venture an application to a quarter, from whence any slight hope that she might otherwise have entertained was entirely banished by the recollection that the penalty had been incurred through a relation of her own.

"Why should I go to him?" said poor Mary to herself, when referred by Mr. Barnard, her husband's creditor, to her wealthy father-in-law,—“why trouble him? He will never pay my brother's debt: he would only turn me from his door, and, perhaps, speak of Walter and William in a way that would break my heart.” And, with her little daughter in her hand, she walked slowly back to a small room that she had hired near the jail, and sat down sadly and heavily to the daily diminishing millinery work, which was now the only resource of the once happy family.

In the afternoon of the same day, as old Mr. Jervis was seated in a little summer-house at the end of his neat garden, gravely smoking his pipe over a tumbler of spirits and water, defiling the delicious odour of his honey-suckles and sweetbriars by the two most atrocious smells on this earth—the fumes of tobacco\* and of gin—his meditations, probably, none of the most agreeable, were interrupted, first by a modest single knock at the front door, (which, the immediate doors being open, he heard distinctly,) then by a gentle parley, and, lastly, by his old housekeeper's advance up the gravel walk, followed by a very young girl, who approached him hastily yet tremblingly, caught his rough hand with her little one, lifted up a sweet face, where smiles seemed

\* Whenever one thinks of Sir Walter Raleigh as the importer of this disgusting and noisome weed, it tends greatly to mitigate the horror which one feels for his unjust execution. Had he been only beheaded as the inventor of smoking, all would have been right.

breaking through her tears, and, in an attitude between standing and kneeling—an attitude of deep reverence—faltered, in a low, broken voice, one low, broken word—"Grandfather!"

"How came this child here?" exclaimed Mr. Jervis, endeavouring to disengage the hand which Susan had now secured within both hers—"how dared you let her in, Norris, when you knew my orders respecting the whole family?"

"How dared I let her in?" returned the housekeeper—"how could I help it? Don't we all know that there is not a single house in the town where little Susan (Heaven bless her dear face!) is not welcome! Don't the very jailers themselves let her into the prison before hours and after hours? And don't the sheriff himself, as strict as he is said to be, sanction it? Speak to your grandfather, Susy, love—don't be dashed."\*

And, with this encouraging exhortation, the kind-hearted housekeeper retired.

Susan continued clasping her grandfather's hand, and leaning her face over it, as if to conceal the tears which poured down her cheeks like rain.

"What do you want with me, child?" at length interrupted Mr. Jervis, in a stern voice. "What brought you here?"

"Oh, grandfather! Poor father's in prison!"

"I did not put him there," observed Mr. Jervis, coldly; "you must go to Mr. Barnard on that affair."

"Mother did go to him this morning," replied Susan, "and he told her that she must apply to you—"

"Well!" exclaimed the grandfather, impatiently.

"But she said she dared not, angry as you were with her—more especially as it is through uncle Walter's misfortune that all this misery has happened. Mother dared not come to you."

"She was right enough there," returned Mr. Jervis. "So she sent you?"

"No, indeed; she knows nothing of my coming. She sent me to carry home a cap to Mrs. Taylor, who lives in the next street, and, as I was passing the door, it came into my head to knock—and then Mrs. Norris brought me here—Oh, grandfather! I hope I have not done wrong! I hope you are not angry!—But if you were to see how sad and pale poor father looks in that dismal prison—and poor mother, how sick and ill she is; how her hand trembles when she tries to work—Oh, grandfather! if you could but see them, you would not wonder at my boldness."

"All this comes of trusting to a speculating knave like Walter Price!" observed Mr. Jervis, rather as a soliloquy than to the child, who, however, heard and replied to the remark.

"He was very kind to me, was uncle Walter! He put me to school, to learn reading, and

writing, and cyphering, and all sorts of needle-work—not a charity-school, because he wished me to be amongst decent children, and not to learn bad ways. And he has written to offer to come to prison himself, if father wishes it—only—I don't understand about business—but even Mr. Barnard says that the best chance of recovering the money is his remaining at liberty; and, indeed, indeed, grandfather, my uncle Walter is not so wicked as you think for—indeed he is not."

"This child is grateful!" was the thought that passed through her grandfather's mind; but he did not give it utterance. He, however, drew her close to him, and seated her in the summer-house at his side. "So you can read and write, and keep accounts, and do all sorts of needle-work, can you, my little maid? And you can run errands, doubtless, and are handy about a house? Should you like to live with me and Norris, and make my shirts, and read the newspaper to me of an evening, and learn to make puddings and pies, and be my own little Susan? Eh!—Should you like this?"

"Oh, grandfather!" exclaimed Susan, enchanted,

"And water the flowers," pursued Mr. Jervis, "and root out the weeds, and gather the beau-pots? Is not this a nice garden, Susy?"

"Oh, beautiful! dear grandfather, beautiful!"

"And you would like to live with me in this pretty house and this beautiful garden—should you, Susy?"

"Oh, yes, dear grandfather!"

"And never wish to leave me?"

"Oh, never! never!"

"Nor to see the dismal jail again—the dismal, dreary jail?"

"Never!—but father is to live here too?" inquired Susan, interrupting herself—"father and mother?"

"No!" replied her grandfather—"neither of them. It was you whom I asked to live here with me. I have nothing to do with them, and you must choose between us."

"They not live here! I to leave my father and my mother—my own dear mother, and she so sick! my own dear father, and he in a jail! Oh, grandfather! you cannot mean it—you cannot be so cruel!"

"There is no cruelty in the matter, Susan. I give you the offer of leaving your parents, and living with me; but I do not compel you to accept it. You are an intelligent little girl, and perfectly capable of choosing for yourself. But I beg you to take notice that, by remaining with them, you will not only share, but increase their poverty; whereas, with me, you will not only enjoy every comfort yourself, but relieve them from the burden of your support."

"It is not a burden," replied Susan, firmly;—"I know that, young and weak, and ignorant as I am now, I am yet of some use to my dear mother—and of some comfort to my dear father; and every day I shall grow older and stronger, and more able to be a help to them both. And to leave them! to live here in

\* Dashed—frightened. I believe this expression, though frequently used there, is not confined to Berkshire. It is one of the pretty provincial phrases by which Richardson has contrived to give a charming rustic grace to the early letters of Pamela.



plenty, whilst they were starving! to be gathering posies, whilst they were in prison! Oh, grandfather! I should die of the very thought. 'Thank you for your offer,' continued she, rising, and dropping her little courtesy—"but my choice is made. Good evening, grandfather!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, Susy," rejoined her grandfather, shaking the ashes from his pipe, taking the last sip of his gin and water, and then proceeding to adjust his hat and wig—"Don't be in such a hurry: you and I shan't part so easily. You're a dear little girl, and since you won't stay with me. I must e'en go with you. The father and mother who brought up such a child, must be worth bringing home. So, with your good leave, Miss Susan, we'll go and fetch them."

And, in the midst of Susy's rapturous thanks, her kisses and tears, out they sallied; and the money was paid, and the debtor released, and established with his overjoyed wife in the best room of Mr. Jervis's pretty habitation, to the unspeakable gratitude of the whole party, and the ecstatic delight of the CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.—*Miss Mitford.*

### THE DINSDALE SPA.

There exists not in the kingdom, at the present day, a more industrious and trustworthy class of individuals than those functionaries whom custom has identified with their profession by the *soubriquet* of "Boots." Those who sit in armchairs, and live quietly at home in their own houses, can form but an imperfect idea of the extent of the responsibility that falls to the share of this part of his majesty's subjects. Since the improvement in roads and the increase of trade have set the commercial world in a state of perpetual locomotion, many and various are the wants of a traveller in the way of assistance and information on arriving at the place of his daily destination: yet no sooner does he plant his foot in an inn, than his objects, be they what they may, are immediately undertaken and accelerated by honest Boots. Whether it be that letters are to be delivered, or valuable parcels, or local matters of any sort to be attended to, application is always made in the first instance to Boots. Boots is the last person seen in the house at night, and the first again on foot in the morning: of him it is required to know everybody and everything; to have not only a strong back, but a civil, good-humoured countenance; to be able to work hard upon little pay; to possess a clear head and a light pair of heels, and, in short, with never-ceasing activity and time at command infinitely divisible, to officiate in every respect, and to the benefit of the travelling world, as the Mercury of the lower heaven. Hardly does the cock crow in a morning before Boots is on the alert—before the time of his repose arrives at night, every inmate in the house will have sunk down in leaden slumbers. Traveller, remember poor Boots. You have given him his fee: yet, peradventure some copper money may still jingle in your pocket; nay, if

it be a sixpence, it will not be ill bestowed on him who has welcomed your arrival, has sped your departure, has strained his sinews in your service, has done his duty, and now stands before you respectfully, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a fustian sleeve. Traveller, probably you are a bachelor; then now is the time to be liberal—remember poor Boots, while no weightier claims upon your purse disturb you—wait not for the hour when, with your travels at an end, and locomotive faculties impeded by joint gravity, a life of peregrination concludes by short stages, like the days of an uxorious blue bottle fly at the close of a summer.

I had remained more than two days at Stockton, when mere chance brought to my notice a card, inviting strangers to repair to the Dinsdale Hotel, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Dinsdale Spa, or Spaw. Never having heard either of the hotel or the spring, I was indebted to Boots accordingly for all necessary intelligence, and was moreover by him speedily consigned to a steam carriage on the Darlington Railroad, which deposited me at "The Fighting Cocks," four miles short of Darlington.

The approach to the hotel is extremely circuitous, for although the distance is not more than a mile from the road, the carriage way is full three miles: meanwhile the traveller, like the sailor kept off his port by contrary winds, makes his way in a spiral line, hardly sensible of progress, although the object all the time is in a conspicuous position.

Perhaps the want of access from the railroad is in some degree the cause of keeping the establishment in the background, the spa, although long resorted to, being very little known without the limits of the county of Durham. Nevertheless, it possesses advantages, as a place of summer resort, not to be equalled, I think, in all England.

In the first place, the house is a spacious, well-built mansion, lately erected by Lord Durham, (some say for his own residence, or that of a part of his family,) embellished with lawn and pleasure grounds, and situated on an eminence, commanding a magnificent view over the broad vale of Cleveland, as a foreground, and in the distance bounded by the Yorkshire mountains. Immediately below, the river Tees, almost equal in beauty to the Thames at Richmond, forms an ample and graceful bend; and on its hither bank plantations afford a retired and shaded walk nearly two miles in extent. The hotel, the lawn, and plantations altogether, bear the appearance of a good, comfortable, gentleman's residence, rather than of an inn. As to the style of things within the house, I was induced, after one experiment, to make a second; on which latter occasion I remained there several days, and was really delighted by the tranquillity of the spot, and the quiet, comfortable habits of the inmates. Upwards of a dozen people met daily at breakfast and dinner at the common table, as well as at tea, in the evening in the drawing room; the remainder of the day everybody managed his or her time as if the house belonged to them. The

fare was most excellent, and the terms even less than might be called reasonable; besides the party at the *table d'hôte*, several people occupied private apartments.

Notwithstanding the highly medicinal quality of the spring, there is not in the neighbourhood, excepting at the Dinsdale Hotel, accommodation for families, otherwise than on an inferior scale. At the village of Middleton One Row, a mile distant, a naked-looking row of ill-placed and ill-contrived lodging houses, resembling in appearance those "now and then knocked up in a hurry" in the neighbourhood of a brickfield, and all perfectly alike, afford each a miserable substitute for a habitation; their site, moreover, is totally unprotected by trees, on a bare common, fronting the south, and exposed from morning till night to the rays of the sun; so that the aforesaid houses are, as regards the comfort of the visitors, like so many small ovens. The name of "Middleton One Row," on first hearing it pronounced, sounds rather extraordinary, and is in fact unintelligible to strangers, it not being very clear how the noun of multitude is to be taken; whether as one Middleton, or one row—or altogether, as the name of a place; yet such is the confusion of terms by which the authorities have been pleased to designate a small village—at least, so say the tailboards of the farmers' carts, and the directing posts in the vicinity.

The spring, discovered about forty or fifty years ago, has been resorted to by the people in the neighbourhood ever since. A new bath house, a handsome brick building, was erected at the same time with the hotel: the previous edifice, such as it was, as my informant expressed himself, "a dog-kennel sort of a place," having been let on lease to an old blacksmith, little encouragement was held out to visitors, till Lord Durham, the lease having fallen into his hands, commenced the present improvements.

Besides conveniences for bathing, an apparatus is afforded for heating the water, its natural temperature being too cold for some stomachs; which latter objection is the less unreasonable, considered together with the quantity swallowed by the patients; some of whom drink four and others six large tumblers full before breakfast: one slim gentleman in particular informed me he took twelve tumblers in the course of one morning. They all say, that, drink as much as ever they will, they never feel full. Whatever may be the sensations of the parties, I can certainly testify to the inordinate quantity that, in their instance, the human haggis will hold: I have seen ladies and gentlemen swill tumbler after tumbler, till I have been in dismay, and have, though needlessly, almost trembled for the consequences. The boiling process, however, certainly deprives the water of its strength, as I ascertained by ascending a small ladder to the caldrons in a loft above: there appeared on the surface of the water an incrustation nearly half an inch in thickness, and so solid that, by placing under it the hooked end of a small cane, I was enabled to remove one piece entire, as

large as a folio sheet, and exactly resembling a cake of plaster ripped from a wall, containing, no doubt, much of the virtuous essence of the water, and being, in point of fact, chiefly carbonate of lime.

The chymical analysis is of course to be obtained in the proper quarter; in the meantime the unlearned may bear testimony, from its nauseous effluvia, to the resemblance it bears to the water of the Harrowgate well. Here, as there, they occasionally spell the word with a *w*—Spaw; which last letter, placed where it is, gives the word, when seen in print, a formidable appearance, sufficient of itself almost to turn the inside topsyturvy: thence it really seems advisable to turn the *w* out—just as *us* ought to be served in other cases, and are treated, particularly among the modern languages. Sulphur, at all events, is contained in the water in considerable proportion; so much that those who drink it find, in a very few days, every article of silver in their pockets turned quite yellow; snuff boxes, thimbles, and what not, all assume the appearance of silver gilt when very much worn. Trinkets of every description thus exhibit an inverse sympathy with the complexions of the owners, as if the goddess of the fountain, having first bidden their white cheeks glow with rosy red, then, inverting her wand, turned all their shillings yellow. Much is indicated as to the efficacy of the water by this very simple fact: for if its potency be sufficient even to discolour the silver in a gentleman or lady's pocket, it is but reasonable to conclude that, in its journey thither, carried, as it were, by wind and tide, through the various channels and pores of the body, it must necessarily, at the same time, work an indisputable change in the system: particularly, the situation of the bath house and spring being close to the river Tees, the inmates of the hotel have thereby the additional advantage of accelerating the natural process, by descending and returning by a steep hill, three or four hundred yards in length, in order to reach it.

There are other sulphur springs in the neighbourhood; one especially discharges itself, about a mile and a half above, into the Tees. The water, that trickles from it in a rivulet, leaves a white incrustation along its channel, in appearance exactly like soapuds. Here is also a basin of the same water, whence, I believe, it rises, nearly circular, about ten feet diameter and six deep: the water is exceedingly clear, and minute white particles adhere to the moss and subaqueous plants at the bottom, bedecking them with a shining spangled covering that creates an imposing effect; precisely that of an artificially ornamented grotto.

The walks through the fields and woods in the neighbourhood of the Dinsdale Spa are as beautiful as can be imagined, containing a splendid distant prospect, with a home picture of rural retirement; but there are few particular points of attraction in the way of rides or drives in the neighbourhood. There is, however, one local curiosity, which, if by chance seen under favourable circumstances, is worth



the pains of a journey from London to obtain a sight of it; I allude to the salmon leap, (or Fish Lock, as it is called,) about two miles up the river. This barrier, when the water is low, is merely an artificial perpendicular fall of seven or eight feet in height, by means of a dike, or stone wall thrown nearly across the river; I say nearly, a space being left on both sides, by which the fish, at particular seasons, enter, and are taken.

A stranger about to visit the salmon leap has one matter of importance to bear in his mind, namely, that he had, in the first instance, better beware of the dog—a dog belonging to the miller, whose mill is close to the lock; a savage animal of a rare breed, just such a description of brute as is by no means agreeable to encounter; that is to say, a brindled bull, half mastiff, jaws underhung, rat tail, and ears as sharp as a fox. He has a trick (if he be still alive) of laying his nose cannily on his paws, as if asleep: meanwhile, on the visitor's approach, the lids of a pair of heavy-looking, vicious eyes, are but barely open; yet, no sooner is the incautious adventurer within his reach, than, with savage ferocity, he jumps up, all-fours, and springs upon him. It happened to be my lot to make his acquaintance as I was turning round a corner unaware, but a moment's glance having developed his good intentions, I shaped my course accordingly another way. On returning to the hotel I found his deeds were notorious, for only a few days before he had charged a Newcastle alderman, and nearly seized him by the leg; nay, he would have succeeded, but that the alderman's steed, like that of Tam O'Shanter, saved the limb of his master, at the expense of a large mouthful of the hair of his own tail, which the dog retained as a trophy.

The river having been previously swollen by a few successive days' rain, I saw the salmon leap in great perfection; which spectacle very far surpassed any idea formed from accounts previously heard, although, as to the height or distance that the fish is able to fling itself out of the water, I had overrated its powers. The river was at the time tumbling violently in a cascade the whole breadth of the fall, and the fish, although unable to surmount the obstacle, were advancing incessantly to the charge: it was said they would have gained the summit, but that the torrent was too heavy, forming so strong an eddy below as to render a sufficiently near approach impracticable. As far as I could see, they usually rose out of the water about six or eight feet from the bottom of the fall, although many sprang from a greater distance without reaching the cascade at all; the greater part leaping into the midst, were beaten down, and engulfed in a moment. It was beautiful to see the courage, determination, and perseverance displayed in this instinctive manoeuvre; during a whole hour I was on the spot, although only three fish ascended the torrent, their attempts were not less daring and incessant; springing, without intermission, at the rate of twenty a minute—for I saw, I am sure, no less than twelve hundred leaps in that hour.

The animal darts at his leap, as a foxhunter charges a brook, exerting himself to the utmost, not only to the very last moment, but even when in the air: then they wriggle their sides like a horseman doing his best; at the same time, if it were not fancy, the eye seemed to flash, and an expression of energy animated for the moment even the countenance of a salmon: many drove themselves headlong straight at the watery barrier; others threw themselves against it sidewise, flapping their bodies heavily against the water; frequently not less than five or six were in the air at the same time.

Although several people had collected on the banks of the river, more fish made the attempt towards that part, in spite of the crowd, than at a greater distance, and although so near that any one of the bystanders might have knocked them down with a long pole, they showed, to all appearance, an utter disregard of danger.

The fish were, for the most part, small—about a couple of feet in length. Of the three which succeeded in the attempt, one, a very large one, made a clear spring to the top, covering perhaps in his leap three yards in height and four in length. For some seconds he struggled hard with the torrent above, remaining, with his back above water, without advancing an inch; till at last, success crowning his endeavours, he dived down almost perpendicularly, with his head against the stream, and immediately disappeared—as if eager to exchange turbulent ambition for scenes of quiet repose.—*Sir Geo. Head.*

THE VIZIER'S ESCAPE.—The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by the tale which Lockman tells of a vizier who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black-beetle, together with a little *ghee*, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope."—When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread who drew up the packthread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duress.

"I feel rather dull to-day," as the razor said, after it had been used to open oysters.

## THE VALENTINE WREATH.

Rosy red the hills appear  
 With the light of morning,  
 Beauteous clouds in ether clear,  
 All the east adorning;  
 White thro' mist the meadows shine,  
 Wake, my Love, my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,  
 Flowers of hoar frost pearly,  
 Crocus-cups of gold and blue,  
 Snow-drops drooping early,  
 With Mezereon sprigs combine:  
 Rise, my Love, my Valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,  
 Pluck the daisy peeping;  
 Thro' the covert of the wood,  
 Hunt the sorrel creeping;  
 With the little Celandine,  
 Crown my Love, my Valentine.

Pansies, on their lowly stems,  
 Scatter'd o'er the fallows;  
 Hazel-buds with crimson gems,  
 Green and glossy salwos,  
 Tufted moss and ivy-twine,  
 Deck my Love, my Valentine.

Few and simple flow'rets these,  
 Yet to me less glorious  
 Garden-beds and orchard-trees!  
 Since this wreath victorious,  
 Binds you now for ever mine,  
 O, my Love my Valentine.

*Montgomery.*

## FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
 Lovely still, but dear no more,  
 Once his soul of truth is gone,  
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,  
 Could scarce have thus deceived;  
 But eyes that acted truth so well  
 Were sure to be believed.

Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
 Lovely still, but dear no more;  
 Once his soul of truth is gone,  
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,  
 True as stars they keep their light;  
 Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil  
 Of blushing always bright.

'Tis only on thy changeful heart  
 The blame of falsehood lies;  
 Love lives in every other part,  
 But there, alas! he dies.

Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!  
 Lovely still, but dear no more;  
 Once his soul of truth is gone,  
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

*Moore.*

## A GEM.

Accept, dear maid, this bauteous rose,  
 To deck thy breast so fair;  
 Observe its hue, nor wonder why  
 It blushes to be there!

## THE THAMES.

Let the Rhine be blue and bright  
 In its path of liquid light,  
 Where the red grapes fling a beam  
 Of glory on the stream;  
 Let the gorgeous beauty there  
 Mingle all that's rich and fair;  
 Yet to me it ne'er could be  
 Like that river, great and free,  
 The Thames! the mighty Thames.

Though it bear no azure wave,  
 Though no pearly foam may lave,  
 Or leaping cascade pour  
 Their rainbows on its shore;  
 Yet I ever chose to dwell  
 Where I heard its gushing swell;  
 And never skimm'd its breast,  
 But I warmly praised and blest  
 The Thames! the mighty Thames.

Can ye find in all the world  
 A braver flag unfurl'd  
 Than that which floats above  
 The stream I sing and love?  
 Oh! what a burning glow  
 Has thrill'd my breast and brow,  
 To see that proud flag come  
 With glory to its home

The Thames! the mighty Thames.

*Eliza Cook.*

## THE BIRD AT SEA.

Bird of the greenwood!  
 Oh! why art thou here?  
 Leaves dance not o'er thee,  
 Flowers bloom not here.

All the sweet waters  
 Far hence are at play—  
 Bird of the greenwood!  
 Away, away!

Where the mast quivers,  
 Thy peace will not be,  
 As 'midst the waving  
 Of wild rose and tree.

How should'st thou battle  
 With storm and with spray!  
 Bird of the greenwood!  
 Away, away!

Or art thou seeking  
 Some brighter land,  
 Where by the south wind  
 Vine leaves are fann'd?

'Midst the wild billows  
 Why then delay?  
 Bird of the greenwood  
 Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering  
 Where storms are dark  
 A hand that hath nursed me  
 Is in the bark;

A heart that hath cherish'd  
 Through winter's long day,  
 So I turn from the greenwood,  
 Away, away."

*Mrs. Hemans*



### MEN WHOM THE WORLD TAKES CHARGE OF.

A popular magazine lately presented a series of articles, descriptive of the adventures of a military personage, who, while in reality destitute of talent, courage and experience, had by the favorable interpretation that was put upon all his actions, obtained rapid advancement, and ended as a general and K. C. B. Whether a real or imaginary being, Sir Frizzle Pumpkin might be cited as a specimen of a certain class of mortals, who appear to attain, without either merit or effort, all the honors for which better men often struggle in vain. We speak of this class as men whom the world takes charge of, because, from the commencement of their career, they seem as very nurslings, who have every thing done and furnished for them, and are the recipients of a great deal of fondling and coddling besides, with no duty on their own but that of submitting to it all. They have only to wait at home, like Beau Tibbs, and, swoop! every thing they want falls into their mouths. There is of course some principle in this, for no such phenomena can be quite accidental; and yet it is difficult to see what the principle is, or where it lies.

Such a character as that above described will be recognised as one of very common occurrence in almost every walk of life. The individual in question for many years enjoyed a high reputation in the Scottish capital as one of the society of legal practitioners named Writers to the Signet. He was a man of large person, and composed demeanor, always well dressed, lived in a handsome house, sat at good men's feasts and gave good men feasts in return—and was supposed, like the Thane of Cawdore, to be a most prosperous gentleman. Not only did this man obtain the confidence of a number of land proprietors, who gave up their affairs to his management, but all the poor people for twenty miles round his summer retirement in the country, brought to him their savings, and were only too happy when they could prevail upon him to become their banker, although a savings-bank giving the same or nearly the same interest was open in the next town. Insurance offices were glad when they could get his name into their lists of ordinary directors. Shipping companies at the neighbouring port rejoiced at placing it among their extraordinaries. At a meeting of creditors he was sure to be put into the chair; and at a public dinner he was appointed vice or croupier, only if some men of title were present, to take the chair. All kinds of people and all kinds of public bodies busied themselves in thrusting undesired, or at least unsought honors upon him, and in puffing along the bark of his fortunes. He was thought to be honest above all the world's honesty, and to possess, underneath a mute and grave deportment, an unexampled amount of talent and wisdom. At length this man became a bankrupt under the most disgraceful circumstances, half ruining hundreds of clients who had trusted their

affairs to him, and depriving multitudes of poor rustics of their little all. It was then ascertained that he could have possessed neither wisdom nor integrity; and many who thought themselves knowing persons wondered what the world had all along seen in him to entitle him to such confidence, as, for their part, they had never heard a single judicious observation fall from his lips, while they had often had occasion to suspect his conscientiousness—said people having only formed this conclusion respecting his character after his insolvency was declared. The fact is, that all who came within the range of that individual since ever he commenced business, has been impressed with a veneration for his large negative torpid person, and felt as if they might derive a kind of security from running under the shelter of his boughs. He became an idol to those around him by virtue of something in his external aspect and demeanor which inspired confidence; and he never betrayed, by any action or saying, his real value. He might have lived comfortable on his honest and substantial look all the days of his natural life, if he had possessed the most ordinary positive qualifications to enable him to manage the large funds entrusted to him. Nothing but the most uncommon stupidity could have stayed the progress of such a fortune.

Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, a well-known literary and scientific character of the last age, but now totally and deservedly forgotten, was an equally remarkable sample of these foster-children of society. He belonged to a respectable profession, possessed a little patrimony, and from the first took up a pretty high position in the world. While not destitute of ability, he possessed no striking gifts of mind; he could write a tolerable paper for a learned society, but never was known to strike out an original train of thought, or discover a new light in science. This man, however, never was guilty of any depreciatory trifling; he never committed any folly; he never proved or published himself the small wit he was. He at this time belonged to a coterie of some influence, occupied a goodly house, and dined and gave dinners in a very tolerable sort of way. The result was, that both honors and profits were showered upon him. First, he was nominated to one onerous and well paid duty—something, however, only tolerable as a beginning. Place number two was a degree better; and it was followed in due course of time by places numbers three and four. Here, one should have imagined, the run would have stopped. But no. There came a final post, transcending all that had preceded it, and consequently making place number five. Some people are said to be born with a silver spoon in their mouth; but it admits of inquiry whether Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, was not ushered into the world with a whole set, tea, dinner and dessert.

Societies, bodies corporate and unincorporate, learned and unlearned, and government to boot, all seemed to be actuated by one common tendency, and that tendency or impulse was to

pour salaries into the pockets of Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire. How long the phenomenon might have lasted, had this most excellent gentleman lived any length of time after entering into the possession of place number five, no one can tell. To the mortification of all who knew him, he died just as place number six began to be prepared for his acceptance. Mankind often grumble when they see an individual pampered in this manner; but mankind never grumbled in seeing place after place given to Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire. It was a positive pleasure to them when the object of their solicitude rose a step to his undeserved honors. There were many younger and less portentous persons, of excellent ability and great industry, who were of course better fitted than he for almost any literary or official duty that could be mentioned, and who would have been glad to give their whole time and pains to any honorable avocation; but all these were usually passed over in favor of a man of whose qualifications no positive proof existed, and who was only supposed to be great. It was sometimes asked, indeed, what has Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, done to entitle him to take so high a place in the literary world?—on what title-page of distinction do we find his name?—what have we to say to posterity, in justification of our having thrust so much honor upon this man? The answer to these queries was usually, “Ay, what has Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, done?—where are his title-pages?—what is posterity to say to it?” No one could pretend to clear the mystery of his elevation; nor could any one have ventured publicly to challenge a reputation in which the public was so much interested. Mankind appeared to be fascinated by this man while he lived. He seemed to possess the gipsy art of glamour, or something equivalent to it, whereby to mystify his fellow-creatures. In fact, the fault did not lie with himself. He was scarcely conscious, we verily believe, of the strange influence he exercised. He was simply a man of gentlemanly station and deportment, possessed of respectable abilities and information, and incapable of doing anything unfavorable to his own reputation. The effect of this moderately positive, but splendidly negative character, in the midst of the follies, eccentricities, and mean circumstances of more highly endowed men, was to give him the eminence he attained. There was nothing in the case that was not perfectly natural, or that may not occur again. It is not until the world has got the monuments of such men erected, that it awakens from their magnetic sleep into which their dullness and decency have thrown it.

A rural friend, with whom we have often conversed respecting these pets of society, has supplied us, in the following terms with an account of another and humbler individual of the species, whose history had come prominently before his notice:—“Robert Fotheringham, the son of a small farmer in Forfashire (so the narrative proceeds), was a harmless, honest, inoffensive creature, but without the smallest

pretensions to any other merit, being alike destitute of talent and activity. It was his father's intention to bring him up to the same business which he himself followed; but, simple as that business is, Robert was found, on trial, unequal to it. It was soon evident that he never would be able to conduct it with even decent skill. In truth, it appeared he had no genius whatever for farming. He had neither the activity, nor the carefulness, nor the perseverance, nor, I may add, the judgment, necessary to afford any chance of success in that profession.

The father was greatly distressed on making this discovery, and did not know what to do with his son, who was now eighteen years of age, and it was full time he should be doing something. The position of matters, in short, as regarded Robert, was an uneasy one, although he felt none of it himself. But he was not lost sight of. His good genius, or rather the good genius of his class, was at hand to assist him. His father's landlord, who was a man of extensive property, called one day on the farmer, and asked him what he intended making of his son—whether he meant to make a farmer of him. The father replied, he rather thought not. “To tell truth,” said the honest man, “I don't know very well what to make of him. He's not just so active or pushing as I would like him.”

“But he writes a good hand,” replied the landlord, “and is not amiss at figures, I believe.” “Oh, yes,” said the honest farmer, “he does, certainly.” “And he's a pleasant, good-tempered, honest lad?” added the landlord. “I like the young man very much, and, to come to a point at once with you, Mr. Fotheringham, I have called on you to say, that I would be glad to engage him as a sort of under-factor, or overseer, to keep the farming accounts, and so forth, and look over my workmen.”

The old man was delighted with the proposal: it came just in the nick of time. Robert himself was neither delighted or otherwise with it, but he accepted it readily enough, and was next day regularly installed in his new appointment. The salary was not a great deal, indeed, but it was a pretty fair thing to begin with. Here, then, was the first instance in the case of Robert, illustrative of that kindness of nature towards creatures of this sort. He had made no exertions to obtain his present situation—he had never sought it—never gone an inch out of his way to obtain it. It was pitched into his hand.

With this employer Robert remained three years, during which time he by no means distinguished himself by activity, intelligence or ability; but his gentle and inoffensive disposition, won him the entire esteem of his master. At the end of that period mentioned, the landlord got into embarrassed circumstances, and was compelled to announce to Robert, and he did it with much regret, that he could no longer employ him. Robert took the intimation very coolly. He expressed neither surprise nor sorrow, nor, indeed, any



feeling whatever on the subject, but returned with great composure to his father's house.

It must not be supposed, however, from the circumstances just mentioned, that Robert's good genius had deserted him. By no means. About three weeks thereafter, while sitting in an easy, calm, contemplative mood by the fireside one day, gazing at the burning embers, and particularly at a certain personage in a huge cocked hat which he discovered between the bars, his father came in with an open letter in his hand, and gave it to him to read. It was from a brother of his former employer who was a wood-merchant in one of the out-ports, and ran thus:—

“Dear Sir—Being in want of a clerk, and having learned from my brother, the last time I saw him, that your son, of whose integrity and good dispositions I had opportunities of judging, is just now out of employment, I beg to say that I will be glad to take him into my counting-house. The salary I would propose to give is eighty pounds per annum. If my offer is accepted, let the young man come to town to-morrow, and call on me. I am,” &c.

Robert, on reading the letter gave a faint smile, but this was all. He did not express, either by sign or word, any stronger feeling of satisfaction in the matter. Next day, however, he went to town, and was planted comfortably at the desk of the wood-merchant. Here Robert remained four years, obtaining each year, regularly, an advance of salary, and giving great satisfaction as far as honesty and good disposition went, and passable as regarded the discharge of his duties.

At the end of the above-mentioned period, another calamity similar to the former befell him. His employer became bankrupt, and a trustee was appointed by his creditors to wind up his affairs. Hereupon Robert, as before, coolly and composedly prepared to return to his father's house, thinking very little about the matter, and never dreaming of looking out for another situation. He had no occasion, as the sequel will show.

On the day previous to that which he had fixed for his departure, the trustee on the bankrupt estate, who had come frequently in contact with Robert after entering on the duties of his office, had been pleased with his quiet and civil manner, asked him what he intended doing. Robert said he intended going, in the meantime, to his father's. “What salary had you here?” inquired the trustee. Robert told him. “Wouldn't you like another situation?” Robert said he would if it could be got, but he knew of none. The trustee replied, he had an opening just now in his own counting-house for a young man, and would be glad to employ him, naming the salary he would give,—some twenty pounds per annum more than he had from the wood-merchant—and added a request, that, if he accepted the offer, he might enter on his new situation on the following day. Robert said he would, and did so accordingly; and thus found himself, without moving from his desk, once more comfortably provided for. There was, apparently, no

necessity, and, therefore, no use, for exertion in the case. It must have cost others a world of trouble, of running about, of calling, entreating, promising, and beseeching, to have secured any situation, however humble. They would have required, besides, to have set a whole clan of friends a-going to have accomplished their object. But nothing of this kind was required from our hero. Situations were popped into his hand without his speaking to a soul on the subject, or giving any one the smallest trouble, and without his making the least exertion himself. He was never put to the trouble even of asking them.

With the trustee Robert remained four years, maintaining precisely the same character with which he had started in life, namely, that of being an easy, honest, good soul. The recommendation could go no farther, for experience had done nothing for him. Neither on the score of penetration nor of judgment was there the smallest improvement. In these respects he was exactly where he had been a dozen years before. At the termination of these four years, his employer died, and the business which he followed, of course, came to a close, when our hero once more prepared to return to his father's house till another situation should cast up, and for this, as usual, he had not long to wait. By a stroke of good fortune, equal, if not superior to any he had experienced, he received a lucrative appointment in a large mercantile establishment. Thus far then, and, as yet, no farther, has our friend's good genius brought him, for he is still in the situation last mentioned. But it is likely to be the last move he will stand in need of, as he has now got a pretty large share in the concern, the profits of which place him in a very agreeable condition. He has a neat well-furnished house, a pretty garden, an excellent wife, and a large family. He is, in short, settled in life, and just as snugly and delightfully situated as a man needs to be. And yet no man has been able to discover to this good hour the why or wherefore of his extraordinary success.”

Reader, the grand secret is, that moderate, quiet, well-balanced characters, are by far the safest. In the affairs of the world there is so much occasion for *confidence*, that the safe dull man is almost surely to be preferred to the highly endowed. Some people look a great deal too clever—if they could fall upon some device equivalent to Swiftfoot in the fairy tale, and impose some drag upon their alarming quickness of intellect, they would come far better on. In the case of our first hero, the world was deceived; but that is nothing to the question. In his, as in the other two cases, we see the disposition of society to put trust in the tamer kinds of genius; and this is all that is to be contended for. In this disposition of society, there is surely to be traced a kind design of providence. If the smart fellows had in every case a preference, what would become of the dull ones? Is it not lucky that for these there is also some ground of appreciation and preferment?—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

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## THE WILL.

No two persons were ever more unlike each other than were old Richard Symmons and his brother James. Richard was the pattern of what we are accustomed to call a "true English heart," and his looks bore out the character well. A ruddy countenance, open as day, with locks almost entirely white, hanging around it like snow around a Christmas rose, and an erect, firmly-knit frame, formed the material case in which was enclosed as kind and generous a spirit as ever existed. Very different from the hale, hearty appearance of his brother, was that of James Symmons, and as different were his mind and character. James was a hunk, a curmudgeon, a miser; so, at least, said the whole village of Springwell, and the village had known him long, and had formed its judgment from deeds as well as looks. Shrivelled, shrunken, squalid in aspect, James might be compared to a bottle of thin beer that time had soured into vinegar, whereas Richard, like more generous liquor, had only been mellowed and improved by age. James's pinching parsimony, it was said, had broken his wife's heart, and had driven his son, his only child, to the door—to wander over the earth, it may be, a homeless outcast.

But these latter matters were partially forgotten at the time we write of, having passed a good many years before. As time had run on, the peculiarities of James Symmons had not become softened, but, on the contrary, increased in strength as he grew older. Though he had amassed considerable property, he lived in the meanest and most wretched way, keeping house, or rather hovel, alone, and denying himself even the necessities of life. Most unlike this was Richard's way of

living. He had been in business, had earned for himself a comfortable competency, and he enjoyed it in comfort. Richard had never been married, but he was not, therefore, without a family; for he had taken to his home and heart a widowed sister, who had been suddenly thrown destitute upon the world by her husband's death. And this sister had a daughter, who became the apple of old Richard's eye. She had come to his care a child, and each succeeding year, as she shot up into comely womanhood, had bound her more firmly to the good man's love. As she tripped up and down his dwelling, his affectionate eye followed her light and graceful motions with delight, and it was his chief pleasure to select for her with his own hands all those little adornments which he thought would become and gratify her. Then would he say, as her pretty rosy lips thanked him with a kiss on such occasions, "Ah, Luce! I am just giving thee a staff to break my own head. Thou look'st so handsome now with that bonnet and those ribbons, that all the young sparks must fall in love with thee. And what would thy poor old uncle Dick do without thee, girl?" At other times he would aver, in the fulness of his heart, to his special crony, the schoolmaster, as they sat with a mug of ale and the backgammon board before them, that his "Luce was fit to be a duchess, and that she had repaid what he had done for her a thousand times over and over; though he had done nothing but his duty, by his poor sister and her child, neither."

But the worthy old man fell ill—became sick almost unto death. Illness was a thing Richard had scarcely known in his lifetime, and this attack reminded him forcibly of what health too often makes



men forget, namely, the necessity of arranging his affairs so that things might go as he wished after his death. His property lay chiefly in houses, and he wished to give his sister a life-tenure of part of that property, and to constitute his niece ultimate heir to all. Without a will, this disposition of the property could not be made, as Richard's brother, who was heir-at-law, would otherwise be entitled to all. Richard had no enmity at his "poor miserable" brother, as he called the parsimonious James, but he knew that the latter had much more wealth of his own than he ever could, or would use. Accordingly, to provide for his dear Lucy and her mother, was Richard's object, and in order to accomplish this, the schoolmaster's talents were put in requisition; for the schoolmaster, as is the case with his class in almost every parish in England, was a will-maker—at least he had acted in that capacity frequently, and the honest man thought himself very perfect in the calling. To attain perfection in it, indeed, after his fashion of going to work, was no very difficult matter. He had *one* form for all cases; and, accordingly, when Richard Symmons communicated his wishes to him, the schoolmaster drew up a will agreeably to this form. According to his friend's wish, the schoolmaster himself was nominated executor—a post which he held in nine out of ten of all the will-cases with which he had to do.

When the schoolmaster came to old Richard's bedroom with the will, to have it signed and witnessed, Lucy sat by her kind uncle's bedside, and, to use the beautiful language of Shakspeare,

—like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"  
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"

Her mother also was in the room, engaged in knitting what she hoped her brother would yet live to wear. Neither she nor Lucy knew of the commission which Richard had given to the schoolmaster; and when it was communicated to them, they were moved to tears, partly of gratitude and partly of affectionate anxiety. "Oh! dear uncle," sobbed Lucy, "you will be spared to us yet!" "A little while, perhaps, Luce darling," said the old man calmly, "but not long—not long now. The blow has been given, and the first high wind will bring down the tree.

But come, let us have this matter settled, and I will be easy in mind." The invalid signed the will, and, under the directions of the schoolmaster, Lucy and her mother put their names to it, along with his own, as *witnesses*.

After the completion of this deed, Richard lived several weeks in the enjoyment of tolerable health. But a second attack, of the same nature as the first, terminated his days. The schoolmaster, as executor, spared Lucy and her mother the painful task of directing the funeral ceremonies. For the first time for many years, James Symmons entered his brother's house, on the occasion of the burial. He had become more squalid and haggard than ever, and though evidently verging rapidly to the grave, still grasped at wealth with as keen a hand as ever. Some thought they observed on his countenance gleams of wild eagerness breaking at times, as if unconsciously, through the show of gravity which he wore, as he followed his brother to the tomb. Certain it is, that his disappointment was obvious to every one present when the will of the deceased was read, though all the village anticipated the destination of the property. The countenance of the miser fell when he heard the deed gone over, his knees shook, and he glared with his dark cunning eyes on the innocent inheritors, as if they had robbed him of his treasure. He had so much self-restraint as not to break out into abuse, but he would partake of nothing with the other friends of the family, and left the house with a drooping head, and with mutterings upon his lips. His character and peculiarities were too well known to his widowed sister and his niece for them to feel surprise at his behaviour.

About a week after the funeral, the schoolmaster, in his capacity of executor, waited on Lucy's mother, and informed her that it would be necessary to prove the will in the Prerogative Court, and proposed that she and Lucy should go with him to a friend of his, an attorney, in order to get the matter completed. Of course this proposal was immediately acceded to. On reaching the attorney's chambers, the special will of Richard Symmons, drawn up and signed as already mentioned, was shown to the legal practitioner. He had not looked at it a few

minutes, when he discovered it to be totally useless and invalid! By the established law of England, every devise, in such a will, *to an attesting witness*, is *void*, and of no avail. Lucy and her mother were placed in this position through the consummate ignorance of the person who had undertaken to be their guide in the matter. When the attorney, with a grave face but kindly tone, intimated this sad error, the heart of the poor widow sank within her, as she looked at her daughter, and as the recollection of the heir-at-law's character came across her mind. And, for the schoolmaster, who was really a worthy, kind-hearted man, his self-accusations were bitter exceedingly. But he tried to re-assure himself and his friends with the hope that the flaw would never be known, and that, if it were known, James Symmons could not be so cruel and unjust as to take away what it undeniably was his deceased brother's wish to give to those who now had it. The attorney shook his head at the latter observation of the schoolmaster, and said, that "secrecy, to say the least of it, was much the stronger hope of the two." To the preservation of silence on the subject, he at once pledged himself, and trusted that the flaw might not be heard of. The schoolmaster then departed with Lucy and her mother, all three, it must be confessed, somewhat depressed in spirits by the unexpected intelligence which had been conveyed to them. Lucy's heart, already sad for the loss of her kind uncle, was now still more saddened by the fear of her mother's having to encounter hardships in her declining years. The mother, again, was grieved at the thought of the effect which the discovery would have upon the prosperity of her daughter's whole life. And self-reproach was busy in the breast of the schoolmaster.

Alas! evil news spreads fast. Whether James Symmons had himself observed the circumstance of the signatures at the reading of the will, and had afterwards discovered the legal consequences, or whether some other person had detected the error, and promulgated it, we are unable to say. But the flaw did come to the knowledge of James Symmons, and the cold-hearted miser, regardless of his brother's undeniable wishes, lost not a moment in taking advantage of it. The widow, within a

few days after her own discovery of the fact, received a letter from an agent employed by her mean and cruel brother, which informed her that Mr. Symmons having learned that the will of the late Richard Symmons was improperly executed, was resolved to claim restitution of his just and legal rights as heir-at-law. The letter concluded with a base hint that the will had been extorted from Richard by improper influence. This was the only colour which the miser could invent for his unnatural proceedings.

On receipt of this communication, the widow again visited the attorney alluded to, and consulted him respecting the probable issue of a legal attempt to oppose the claims of James Symmons. The attorney candidly told her that he believed all men would allow the intentions of the testator to be correctly represented by the will, but that these intentions most certainly had not been made good in such a way as to stand a contest in a court. Lucy's mother returned to her home, with the intention of giving all up to the greedy claimant, as soon as the few moveables which were her own could be taken away, and some arrangement made for providing herself and her child with another home. This resolution once taken, and notified to James Symmons, her mind became more easy, and the cheerful Lucy soon lightened the mother's heart still more, by detailing all her little plans for their mutual sustenance and comfort in future.

A few days passed over, and the widow and her daughter were seated in an humble dwelling in a retired corner of Springwell, and Lucy had taken in needlework. They had removed in the morning from the late Richard's house. But let us leave them, cheerful and resigned, and turn to the miser. This day he has added another half, at least, to his wealth, and still he is in his old wretched hovel. Though the night is one of winter, he has no fire, but he lies in bed with his clothes on, and all the rags in his possession heaped above him to keep him warm. Yet this night all will not do, for he shivers incessantly. Ever and anon, however, the thought of his newly acquired wealth sends something like a glow through him. Lying in bed saves candles; this is also a part of his creed. Has he no remorse for turning a sister and her child to the door? It is



hard to say what are his thoughts, but of late days he has seemed excited, though apparently more with joy than with any other feeling. But, hark! there is a tap at his door. It is unheeded, and, in consequence, is repeated again and again. At last the miser cries, "Who is there?" "It is I—I am seeking shelter—do you not know me?" "You can get no shelter here, whoever you are!" returns James Symmons. "Father, do you not know me? It is I, Charles Symmons—your son!" There was silence for a time within, until the same words were repeated, when the miser growled, "Go away—I do not know you—I do not believe you!" "Father," cried the voice without, "the night is very cold, and I am in want of shelter. You surely know my voice. Open the door, and you will see that I am Charles!" "*Whoever you are, go away,*" cried the inmate in still huskier tones; "you can get nothing here." After a few more words, the colloquy ended, and all was again silent.

On the following morning, a young man, genteelly dressed, and with his handsome countenance deeply browned by sun and air, called at the dwelling of the widow and her daughter. As soon as the latter saw the stranger, a glow of surprise and pleasure rushed over her cheeks, and she sprang forward a step with extended arms—but checked herself. The stranger, however, made the rest of the advance, and caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Cousin Charles!" exclaimed Lucy. "Ay, ay, Luce," cried the young man, as he gave the same salutation to her mother; "you used to say you could know me a mile or two off when we were children, but I think you had some doubt just now." Warm was the welcome which the youth received from his aunt and Lucy, for, when a boy, he had always been a great favourite with them, and was wont to fly from his own unhappy home to theirs for peace. He told them his story; he had been in the West Indies, and had been prosperous. He himself was the first to enter upon the disagreeable subject of his father's conduct, which had been detailed to him by the landlord of the inn, where he had slept. His visit at night to his father was also described to them; "he had gone," he said, "to try if his father would permit

him to be a son to him, but had found his heart as jealous, as cold, and as hard as ever," though the circumstances under which the appeal was made were purposely chosen as the likeliest to have moved his heart. "But fear not, cousin Luce," said he; "thou shalt have all I have, though it is not much after all—but thy mother and thou shall be comfortable. And who knows, but, when he sees me in the light of day, the old man may relent after all."

He did not relent. Things were so ordered that it could not be. When the old woman who had brought him a light every morning for more than ten years, entered his abode on the morning after the occurrence related, the miserable man was dead—cold as ice. An inquest, which sat upon his body, declared him to have died from cold, though it is probable that sickness of some kind or other had a share in the production of the event. However this may be, it excited a mighty sensation among the villagers of Springwell, who, as usual, preferred to give a supernatural rather than a natural solution of the occurrence, and connected it with the legalised outrage of feeling which he had on the preceding day committed.

His death turned the fortune of his kind old brother once more into the right channel, for Charles Symmons was not a moment at ease until he had seen Lucy and her mother reinstated in Richard's comfortable mansion. As to other points—Charles married his sweet cousin Lucy, and the junction of the two properties put them, as the saying is, "above the world." We are happy to have it in our power, also, to record one other fact of importance. The worthy schoolmaster suffered so much in mind from his share in the misfortune that befell Richard Symmons's last testament, that he resolutely declined will-making in future, and advised all parties who made application to him on the subject to betake themselves to men who had fitted themselves by their study of the law to be advisers in such matters. We strongly recommend a similar forbearance to all his brethren who wield parochial ferules, and we also counsel all who wish to leave wills behind them, drawn up in unimpeachable correctness, to remember this true story. It is not always that the mischiefs incident upon such mistakes are thus happily obviated.

## HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

Hospitality to strangers is a virtue which occupies a pleasing prominence in the brighter aspect of human nature. The privations and difficulties which beset our kind in their mortal pilgrimage, multiply, to an indefinite extent, the occasions for the exercise of spontaneous and unpaid benevolence; and hence it is that this social duty has been warmly urged, and eloquently eulogised, by the wise and the good of every age. Unfortunately, circumstances occasionally occur, which have a tendency to chill those hospitable feelings which it is our duty, as well as pleasure, to exercise. Witness the following incident:

Among the few stranger families who, in the summer months of the year 18—resorted to a small Scottish burgh, appeared the family of an English gentleman, whom we shall for the time accommodate with the name, so universal in its application, of Captain Smith. The ostensible object of Captain Smith—Captain D'Arcy Smith—in sojourning in the burgh, was to enjoy the salubrious air and romantic seclusion of its richly picturesque neighbourhood, and also to secure for his family, at an unexpensive rate, the educational advantages which the burgh afforded. He at first occupied a temporary lodging until he had time to look out for a more permanent residence. The Captain's family consisted of his wife and five or six children—two of the boys about the ages of thirteen and fifteen, and two young ladies, just blooming into womanhood. The establishment was conducted upon the most economical footing, and in the eyes of the immediate neighbours seemed in some particulars so palpably defective, as to require explanations about the “baggage to follow in due time from Carlisle,” &c. &c., to maintain appearances. “The Captain, good man,” such was the surmise, “no doubt husbanded the ways and means with all the commendable frugality which the miserable pittance of the retiring pay department called for at the hands of such ill-starred defenders of their country.” His courteous and gentlemanlike manners began imperceptibly to make an impression upon the kindly disposed community. This was favored to some extent by his

gaining the confidence of the medical gentleman of the place, who was called in to attend upon some ailments of the young people. The kindness which this gentleman and his family lavished upon the gallant stranger, proved a channel of admission to the hearts and homes of the neighbouring residents. Mrs. Smith had considerable powers of pleasing; with other southern accomplishments, she had no small skill in housewifery and the culinary art; and some happy efforts of the latter sort, in refurbishing simple materials under the form of “curry,” or the fascinating disguise of “potato pie à l'Anglaise,” cemented in one case an intimacy of no small consequence. Some slight negotiations with the bank gave a color of credibility to the captain's assumed status, and by degrees the shopkeepers opened accounts with him.

The Smiths were now getting every day more and more within the pale of confidence. Few were the suspicious churls who still held out in distrust. There was indeed one old lady who, from the chilling experience of eighty years, had the hardihood to cherish some unamiable doubts. In reference to the primitive mode in which their first arrival in the town was effected (it having been alleged that the family had made their *debut*, on foot, with their luggage in a sort of a porter's carriage drawn by the boys; which report a friendly silence had allowed to drop into oblivion)—in reference to this, the foresaid aged dame gave out, that she had great misgivings about the respectability of parties “who came to the town in a HURLY.” Such a questionable agent of locomotion, sooth to say, might perhaps have justified more general distrust. However, the manifest gentility of the manners of the parties prevailed over all disparaging surmises. All the members of the family contributed their share towards the maintenance of their common credit. For instance, the boys paid a degree of deferential homage to age and worth, on meeting any of the more influential householders, which was most beautiful to behold, and which excited in their own favor an acceptable contrast, no doubt, with the unpolite rusticity of the urchins indigenous to the burgh. The young ladies were also zealously serviceable when there was



any pressing call for the expeditious completing of feminine apparel—upon the occasion of a death, for example, or some such contingency befalling a neighbouring family. In an evening party, which the command of credit enabled them to give, the stranger beauties could regale the company with some winning melodies, which their considerate mamma spoke palliatingly of, as merely “artless wood-notes wild.” “Dear creatures! their musical education was so irregular.” Every thing now moved on in the ordinary tenor of social intercourse. There was not the slightest appearance of the family having anything to conceal. The good Captain on one occasion, in order to satisfy a neighbour who was struck with the unwonted sound of his first name, spelt the letters with the most unreserved particularity—D, apostrophe, A, R, C, Y. As their first place of residence was engaged only till a more commodious habitation could be found, the Captain hired a neat cottage and garden in the immediate neighbourhood of the town; and with a view to induce the landlord to make some desired improvements, such as putting in proper grates and stoves, he took a lease for a few years. Such proceedings bespoke the intention to make the place a permanent residence, and had their due effect in disarming the fears of cautious shopkeepers, who allowed the family’s account to swell in their books. As was most proper, the Smiths being from the southern part of the island, engaged seats in the Episcopal chapel, and soon, by their exemplary observance of all due forms, attracted the pastoral attention of the clergyman, who had every reason to congratulate himself upon such a goodly accession to his fold. The system of credit, however, cannot subsist long upon mere promises and appearances, and the burgesses showed at length a clamorous anxiety to see the color of their money. But this impatience was for some time kept within seemly limits, by the circumstances of Mrs. Smith having every appearance of being on the eve of a certain crisis of maternal interest, which was a matter of common talk in the families immediately adjoining. In contemplation of this event, the interesting lady returned one or two visits sooner, she hinted, than etiquette required.

Such was the state of matters, when one day a more than ordinary stillness pervaded the residence of the Smiths. The neighbours began to wonder, but long forbore to disturb by their curiosity the quietness of the establishment. Reasons unknown might have occasioned such a monastic seclusion for the time being. Doubts, however, began to float about in whispers, which soon rose to loudly expressed murmurs of suspicion. A thorough enquiry was authorised, and lo! upon forcing an entrance, the house was tenantless! To describe the agitation into which the town was thrown, when the escapade got wind, is beyond our power. The eyes of the citizens were in truth opened, and the reactions of popular execrations against the refugees was prompt indeed. When the first storm of maledictions, both loud and deep, had subsided, a Committee of Safety (as the Parisian republicans, in an overwhelming crisis, would designate it) was formed, and plenary powers given to certain individuals to pursue the denounced unfortunates. These commissioners lost no time in giving chase, and found that they had taken the high road in the direction of Carlisle. It was ascertained that the Smiths had taken a post chaise at the first posting quarters, having travelled in the same primitive way in which they had first entered it. The family had pushed on with all speed in the chaise, and succeeded in reaching Carlisle, whither their pursuers traced them. After an ineffectual search through various parts, they at length were descried in a low tavern in the purlieu of the town. The gallant Captain protested against his identity with the hero of the burgh, and vehemently eschewed acknowledging that name, the letters of which he had conned over with such naïveté to his former unsuspecting neighbour. The appearance of the lady also revealed the intelligence, that the adroit disengagement of certain supplemental clothes had quite superseded that touching crisis which, more than any other circumstances, had paralysed the shrewd sagacity of the inhabitants, male and female, of the burgh. The young ladies, on the vist of the burghal plenipotentiaries, struck up a bravura of “wood-notes wild,” with all the genuine pathos of alarmed sensibility. The boys,

of course, squatted into modest retirement, leaving the field to more experienced hands.

The Captain struggled boldly to baffle his pursuers on the score that Scottish warrants were powerless on English soil. But this sheet-anchor of his hope cut away, and at last the crest fallen veteran was secured, and brought back in due course to the scene of his ingenious adventure. He preserved a dogged silence in the course of his journey; and finally he exhibited, in passing through the streets of the burgh, to the justly indignant citizens, a soul-sickening spectacle of hardened depravity. He was placed in confinement, and enquiries instituted as to the fate of the goods—such as was neither edible nor portable—with which he had stored his establishment out of the shops of the burgh. The result of the investigation proved that Captain Smith was no simple son of misfortune, but a deliberate and thorough-paced victimiser. No small portion of the *indigestible* goods alluded to had been packed up, sent to Edinburgh, and resold not long after they were got, in order to provide some little funds for carrying on the deception with a better grace, and also for executing the escapade with full-handed comfort. The Captain remained for some months in prison. By communications with the War Office, he was authenticated as an officer who, for early misdeeds, had been degraded from superior rank, and still retained a curtailed allowance. The creditors made what settlement they could under the circumstances, and the subject of our story was at last liberated, to practise, it is feared, his miserable vocation in some other equally unsuspecting locality. As circumstances left little reason to doubt that the juniors of the family were privy to the whole course of deceit, the mind shrinks from contemplating the probable effect of such training upon the character and fate of these boys and girls.

From this story may be drawn the short and simple lesson, that “even the noble virtue of hospitality ought to take counsel from prudence.”

It's hard work to look at the sun without winking; and it's hard work to look at some girls without feeling inclined to wink.

## SCENES AND STORIES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

## THE VALENTINE.

The anniversary of St. Valentine's Day, disregarded as it now is in refined society, is still a season of pleasing excitement among village lovers in humble life; and to them this almost solitary relic of ancient national customs is scarcely less precious, than when high and low throughout the land met in merry mood to choose their valentines.

It is true that the rhyming ware which formed the subject of the epistolary valentines of the English peasantry, like their Christmas carols and epitaphs, have from ancient times contained little true poetry, and scarcely any variety; nevertheless, the doggerel verses were always acceptable to whomsoever they were sent, and the meaning was by no means difficult to be comprehended.

Some years ago, when the art of penmanship was scarcely known among the peasantry, the parish clerk, if actually possessed of that rare accomplishment, was commonly employed as valentine writer and reader general to the unlettered lovers of the congregation. This, of course, proved an annual source of profit to the sagacious scribe, who never exercised his clerical skill for a smaller consideration than a silver tester, and unfrequently received a handsome gratuity over and above, as a sort of good-luck offering, from some of the most anxious among his gentle clients. Our old parish clerk and sexton (these offices are always united in a country village) was the greatest match-maker in the district, heaven rest his soul! It was, in sooth, his interest to nurse up all love affairs to a matrimonial conclusion, on account of the fees which fell to his share, in his official capacity, for his assistance in the performance of the marriage service.

Nehemiah Dowton was an ancient bachelor, who, for the honour of the church of which he considered himself a dignitary, avoided all occasion of scandal, by dispensing with the services of a housekeeper, and performing all the domestic offices for himself; by which means he contrived to maintain an unsullied reputation, and to preserve inviolate such of the secrets of the parishioners as were confided to his keeping. In short, Nehemiah was a sort of Protestant Father Lawrence, whom any rustic Juliet among the lambs of his flock might visit and employ in the most delicate affairs with perfect safety.

Nehemiah's memory was well stored with the most approved valentine verses and their variations. An original valentine in those days was a thing of rare appearance, and when received, was perhaps scarcely so well understood or relished as the old-established formula which had descended from generation to generation. Great, however, were the cogitations and consultations between Nehemiah and his clients, if it happened that the latter were desirous of the alteration or interpolation of a couplet or quatrain in one of these standard valentines, in order to make it bear upon some peculiar circumstance or personal feeling. When this was the case, Nehemiah, being slow of study



in the art of poetry, generally requested three weeks' or a month's notice to prepare his brief, for which, moreover, he always expected a double fee.

One moonlight evening in January, our rosy dairy-maid Dorcas, after bringing home her flowing pails, and setting out the milk in the red earthenware bowls with which the dairy shelves were neatly ranged, went forth a second time, and made a temporary elopement across the fields and byeways to the residence of old Nehemiah, in order to seek his counsel and assistance in a matter that required the most anxious consideration.

Poor Dorcas had been in very low spirits for the last three months. She had ceased to sing pastoral ditties at milking time, or to move her dairy scrubbing brush with her wonted vivacity; she had eaten no plum pudding on Christmas day, moped during the merry-makings of new year's eve, and refused to have anything to do with drawing king and queen, or any other of the maskings and mummings practised in the servants' hall on old Christmas night, or the feast of the kins. Dorcas was a person of a secretive disposition, and therefore did not choose to relieve her mind by talking of her disquiet; yet it was pretty generally whispered "that she was crossed in love; for her young man, as she called Peter Fenn, farmer Drake's horse-driver (in Suffolk, ploughmen are always styled '*hoss drivers*') had not been to see her for more than twelve Sundays past, so no doubt Peter kept company more with Hannah Brown, Mrs. Drake's cook and dairy-maid, which, as she was his partner, was kind of to be expected, and was more convenient for Peter than walking across so many fields and pigsties after Dorcas."

These insinuations had had the effect of saddening all the festivities of that joyous season, and, indeed, of rendering everything of the kind intolerable to the mortified damsel. It was to no purpose that the other female servants strove to comfort her. Dorcas was sullen and froward with every one in the house. "She did not wish to be pitied," she said, "and begged them to mind their own business, and not trouble themselves about her affairs." Furthermore, Dorcas forbade any one to mention the faithless Peter's name in her hearing again, by which prudent step she escaped the mortification of some malicious condolences, and of listening to many aggravating reports of his attentions to her rival; but though her feminine pride, and the reserve natural to her character, induced Dorcas to carry matters off with so much independence, the pent-up grief pressed heavily at her heart, and, after brooding over the subject for some weeks, she suddenly took the resolution of proceeding to our wise man of the parish, Nehemiah, and craving his assistance in carrying her project into execution. Nehemiah was sitting alone at his old oaken table, with an hour-glass before him, spectacles on nose, reading, for the thousandth time, Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, when he was interrupted by the appearance of this unexpected visitor.

Dorcas looked like anything rather than a love-lorn damsel, when she entered with the bright tints of her plump round cheeks heightened by the frosty air and the haste she had used, her flaxen hair blown into dishevelled ringlets, and her gay blue eyes sparkling through her tears. Our monk-like clerk was startled into something like an unwonted note of admiration at the agreeable vision that thus suddenly broke in upon his solitary studies. "My old eyes are quite dazzled through my spectacles, Mistress Dorcas, by those rosy cheeks of yours, that look brighter than Christmas berries to-night. Oh, lauk! oh, lauk! if I were but a young man for your sake!" cried Nehemiah, holding up his lamp, and scanning his comely visitor from head to foot. Dorcas turned away with a toss of the head. "Well, well, young woman, don't be scornful," said Nehemiah; "civility is always worth a smile in payment, and I dare say now you want me to do something for you that you can't do for yourself." Dorcas placed a sheet of paper, a new pen, and a silver tester, on the old oaken table before Nehemiah, with a deep blush and a heavy sigh.

Nehemiah understood a hint as well as some persons would a succinct direction. He shut his psalter, trimmed his lamp, turned his hour-glass, reached down his ink-horn, arranged the sheet of virgin paper in the proper position on the back of a superannuated leather letter-case, that had once been, like the ink-horn and oaken table, vestry furniture—tried the nib of the pen against his thumb-nail, then dipping it into the ink-horn, motioned to Dorcas to take a seat on the carved church-chest, in which he kept his Sabbath suit of rusty black and the parson's surplice—looked the damsel full in the face, and, pointing significantly to the paper, required her instructions in the following laconic terms:—"Epistle or valentine?" "Valentine," ejaculated Dorcas, in a faltering voice. "Good," said Nehemiah, referring for the day of the month to Moore's old almanac, which reposed beside his psalter. "Let me see—oh, January 21st; St. Agnes to speed; lucky day, Dorcas, for love affairs." "Ah, Master Nehemiah, I wish you may be right," sobbed Dorcas; "but, indeed, I isn't at all comfortable in my own mind; no, nor I hasn't been for a long time—nor ever since Michaelmas, as I may say, when that good-for-nothing hussy, Hannah Brown, let herself into farmer Drake's house, so that she might live partner with my young man, Peter Fenn. He has never fared like the same young man since, and she do boast that he keep company with her instead of me. I should never have thought of Peter for a sweetheart, if he hadn't come a suitoring arter me Sunday arter Sunday, and last year he sent me the prettiest valentine that ever was found, tied to the latch of the neat-house door, with three sugar kisses and a pink peppermint heart in it." "What were the words?" "Oh, Mr. Nehemiah, for you to forget them beautiful words, when you was the very person what read them for me, and writ the answer to go to him on old valentine's day in reply!" "Ah,

I remember something about it now," said Nehemiah; "but, really, Mistress Dorcas, I write so many valentines, that though I have them all in my head, I seem to forget which goes to which. I am getting an old man now, pretty Dorcas, just on my sixty-six; but it wasn't always so, nor I didn't at one time need to wear 'sights,'" pursued the clerk, taking off his spectacles, and wiping the glasses on a corner of his visitor's apron. "What was your valentine last year, young woman, did you say?" "Why, Master Nehemiah, I haven't forgotten it, if you have," replied Dorcas, "for it was a proper pretty one; don't you recollect these lines,—

If you are ready, I am willing,  
All the pretty birds are billing,  
And, like them, we'll both be singing,  
When we set the bells a-ringing.  
Join heart, join hand, and faith with mine,  
And take me for your valentine."

"Ay, that was the one," cried Nehemiah; "sure I ought to recollect it, as you say, when it was all of my own writing; and wasn't there the picture of a hen and a few chickens drawn at the bottom by way of an emblem?" "Certainly," replied Dorcas; "and against the hen was written, 'this here hen is you, Dorcas; when you are my wife,

Like this bird that struts in pride,  
With all these chickens by her side,  
You shall be when you're my bride."

"I know all about it," said Nehemiah; "and I wrote for you in answer,

I am single for your sake,  
Happy couple we should make,  
Oh, how bright the sun did shine  
When I saw my valentine.

And the emblem I limned for you in answer to his was two hearts painted with red ink, and linked together with a yellow wedding-ring to signify as if it were gold; and the poesy was,

These two hearts are yours and mine,  
When I wed my valentine."

"Ah," said Dorcas, with a sigh, "that will never come to pass now, I fear, and I am going to send him a different kind of a valentine this year." "Of course you will," responded Nehemiah; "it wouldn't be no kind of use sending the same thing two years running, and you have plenty of time to choose another, you know; so, now, what shall it be?" "It shall begin, 'The rose is red,'" said Dorcas, with great solemnity. "Good," replied the amanuensis, writing down that most approved truism of valentine poesy. "'The violet's blue,'" pursued he mechanically, repeating the usual continuation of the sentence; but Dorcas hastily interposed with a "Pray, sir, don't say anything about violets this year." "What, then, am I to say after 'the rose is red'?" "Why," replied Dorcas, "it must be 'the leaves are green.'" "Very true, young woman," rejoined Nehemiah, placing the tip of his forefinger against the side of his nose; "I know the one you mean; it runs thus—

The rose is red, the leaves are green,  
The days are past that we have seen."

"That's a sure thing," sighed Dorcas; "well, sir, have you wrote that down?" "All in good time, young woman," said Nehemiah,

who was a slow scribe, and always formed his letters in the most methodical manner, his head gently following the motion of his pen through all its evolutions, with his tongue elongated and protruding beyond his lips, and his chin screwed up all on one side, indicating dots of i's, crosses of t's, and finishing strokes to f's, by significant nods and winks; and whenever he executed a capital letter, he testified his admiration of its appearance by an appropriate grin.

Dorcas sat meantime in a state of great mental excitement, with her mouth open, and her round blue eyes full of tears, watching with intense interest the pen of her amanuensis, and shaking her foot and drumming with her fingers on the table at the same time, as a sort of ventilation to the inward travail of her spirit. "Young woman," cried Nehemiah, "that out (wont) do!—if you go on beating the devil's tattoo on my table, how do you think I can write your valentine? I never can spell right when any body does that." "Lauk, sir," rejoined Dorcas, "I begs your pardon; I didn't know how *nervish* you were. But how far have you got?" "Why, as far as you told me, 'The days are past that we have seen.' I s'pose you would like it to finish,

If your heart's constant, so is mine,  
And so good morrow, valentine."

"Oh, dear, Mister Nehemiah, I wish I only durst say that," cried Dorcas, putting her apron to her eyes; "but how can I, when he hasn't been to see me for twelve Sundays past, and folks do say he keeps company with that impudent hussy, Hannah Brown." "Pooh, pooh, Dorcas, for you shouldn't give ear to all that folks say." "No more I doesn't, any more than I can help," said Dorcas; "and I shouldn't believe anything they do say, if Peter hadn't behaved so very *neglecting* to me ever since she has lived partner with him, and I want you to put a hint of that in the valentine."

Nehemiah took up the sixpence with a significant look, and twirled it on the board, as much as to say, "You have not come down with the proper fee for that sort of business."

Dorcas understood the hint, and, drawing a small red leather purse with a tinsel edge from her bosom, and turning it mouth downwards, she shook its last coin, another sixpence, into her rosy palm, and pushed it towards the greedy scribe. "It's a crooked one," said she, "and I did keep it for luck; howsomever, as I have paid my shoemaker's bill, and bought my winter 'parel with my Christmas wages, and hasn't got a debt in the world, I suppose I'm free to part with it."

The heart of the bachelor ecclesiastic was softened by the pathetic tone in which the simple Dorcas entered into this explanation of the state of her finances, and he actually returned both the lucky sixpence and the one she had previously tendered, and professed his intention of "not only writing the valentine, but furnishing the extra poetry she required, gratis." Those who may think highly of Nehemiah's generosity on this occasion, can form no adequate idea of the extreme pains which it



always cost him to compound a rhyme. Truly, if our parish clerk had been paid a guinea a couplet, it would have been hard-earned money to him. In the present instance, he was only required to produce an answering rhyme to this octo-syllable interrogative, which was *improvised* on the spot by the distressed damsel herself

"How can you slight your only dear?" "Well," quoth the amanuensis, after he copied this moving query from Dorcas's dictation on the slate which he always used in original compositions, to prevent the unnecessary ruin of a sheet of paper, "what comes next?" "Why, lauk, Mr. Nehemiah, sir, that is just what I am posed about," cried Dorcas, "and what I 'spected you to be able to tell me, as you are such a s'prising scholar, and understands almost everything." "Don't you know that it is an awkwardish kind of business to find a rhyme just at a minute's notice, young woman," replied Nehemiah, gravely. "That's a sure thing," responded Dorcas again: "for as true as I'm alive, Mister Nehemiah, I have muddled my brains for the last three weeks, day and night, to try to fish out a rhyme to that there what I just told you, and it is a mercy that I didn't forget that by the way. Howsomever, now I talks of that, I must scamper home as fast as I can, and give our poor wennil (weanling) calves their suppers, or they'll raise such a dismal dolour arter their wittles and drink, that my partners will hear the poor dumb dears blaring, and wonder what I am up to, that I hasn't waited on them afore this time a-night. And so, Mister Nehemiah, when you have made a proper consideration, I hope you'll be able to finish that there valentine what we are writing to Peter." "We, quotha!" cried the scribe, with no less scorn than the organist felt when the organ-blower talked of "our music." "If we had no more to do with it than you have, Peter would go without a valentine, I believe." "Well, Mister Nehemiah, don't fare so ugly-tempered," rejoined our Suffolk Sappho of low degree; "of course it's I what sends the valentine, and you writes it; so it is our valentine, or at least I hope it will, when you've finished it up."

Poor Nehemiah did his utmost endeavour to comply with Dorcas's request, and to finish up her valentine; but the more he tried, the farther off he seemed from the desired conclusion. Rhymes enough there were to "dear," no doubt, but none of them occurred to Nehemiah, save the very inappropriate substantives, beer and steer; and what had they to do with the jealousy and grief of a forsaken maiden, who was desirous of addressing a short pathetic remonstrance in amatory rhymes to her truant lover? So Nehemiah rejected both beer and steer as answering rhymes to "only dear;" and then he thought of clear, and hear, and fear, but could make nothing to the purpose with them. For three successive nights Nehemiah got no sleep for the mental travail he endured in this undertaking; "the Sabbath dawned, no day of rest for him," for, even when he entered upon his ecclesiastical duties,

his thoughts were profanely labouring at the provoking half couplet he was expected to complete, and he committed a series of blunders quite astounding to the vicar and congregation. Thrice did he read the parson's verses instead of his own in the psalms, twice he groaned out "Oh dear" instead of "Amen," and once he ejaculated an audible "Amen" in the middle of the sermon.

Never was a solitary bachelor who had no experience in love affairs of his own, so perplexed about compounding love verses for others. Still it was only half a couplet after all that was required of him, but that half couplet comprised more difficulties in its brief space than Nehemiah could master. "It hadn't no reason in it," he said, and he could not make anything of a seasonable nature to jingle with it, though he kept counting up on his fingers with every word that was anything like a clink to "dear."

Many were the clandestine visits that Dorcas contrived to make to Nehemiah, to hear "if he had finished up *their* valentine," but all were fruitless; a fortnight glided away, and still the unfinished couplet remained on Nehemiah's slate, without an answering rhyme, hanging up behind the door. At last, in the middle of his master's sermon, a thought popped into Nehemiah's noddle, which he considered so felicitous, that, lest it should escape again, and be for ever lost to Dorcas, Peter, and the world, he, with a trembling hand, stole forth his brass pencil case, and privily booked it on the fly leaf of the parish prayer book, though it was even in his own opinion a positive act of sacrilege. But the temptation was too great to be resisted. It was impossible to lose this precious line,

"To court another, as I hear,"

which made so pretty and applicable a conclusion to the first line of the couplet,

"How can you slight your only dear?"

Dorcas, however, was not satisfied with it; she protested "that it had no particular signification. She wanted to give Peter a hint who it was that he slighted her for," she said.

Nehemiah was highly provoked at the dissatisfaction of his fair client, and told her, "if she did not like that ending, she must finish it herself, for it had been more trouble to him than twenty christenings with deaf god-fathers." Dorcas replied, "that it wasn't of no use sending it as it was," and passionately besought him, as it still wanted a week to valentine's day, that he would make a further consideration for the purpose of finishing up the valentine. Nehemiah found it impossible to resist the entreaties of such a buxum nymph as our love-lorn dairy-maid, so he fairly suffered himself to be hag-ridden for nearly another week with "the confounded couplet," as he called it; and it was not till the very eve of St. Valentine, just as Dorcas was lifting the latch of his door to make a last almost hopeless inquiry, "if he had finished up *their* valentine?" that another bright idea popped into his head. "Come in, Dorcas, dear!" he exclaimed, in his ecstasy; "I have thought of it

now." "Well," cried Dorcas, fixing her round blue eyes upon the inspired clerk in eager expectation, "what is it?" "Hand me the slate that I may put it down, and then I'll tell you. No, I won't tell you, but I will read it all together," continued he, as he inscribed the parish-valentine slate with the precious morsel, which he called "a very 'spectable finish up" to the long-halting lyric. "Now, then, for it!" cried he, and, after clearing his throat with "Hi! ha! hum!" he read in a pompous chanting recitative,

"The rose is red, the leaves are green,  
The days are past that we have seen;  
How can you slight your only dear  
For one who lives so near?"

"That will do!" cried Dorcas, snapping her fingers, and by no means missing the two lacking feet in the metre, in her extreme satisfaction at Nehemiah having hit upon something that would fulfil her intention of giving Peter an intimation that she was aware of the proximity of the rival whose wiles had supplanted her. The valentine was duly transcribed on the sheet of paper without any accident of blot or blur, folded up, sealed with the top of Dorcas's thimble, and wrapped in a scrap of brown paper, addressed "to Mister Peter Fenn, hoss-driver, at Mister Drake, farmer. With speed."

This billet was discovered by Peter on the morning of valentine's day, reposing in the corn measure out of which he was accustomed to deal the first feed of oats to his horses. He secured it with much satisfaction, though the contents of course remained a mystery to the unlettered swain. According to his own account, however, "it made him fare very comfortable all the morning, for he took it to plough with him in his waistcoat pocket, but thought it must have burned a hole there, he did so long to know who it came from, and what it was about, but he durstn't loose the horses till noon while they were baiting," and then he lost his own dinner by running off to the clerk's house to get his valentine read.

Nehemiah protested he was quite hoarse with reading valentines that morning, there had been such a power of young people up with their valentines for him to read, and some that did not belong to the parish too, and who brought valentines that were very hard to make any sense of; however, those young people who had a parish clerk that could not read writing were certainly objects of charity, and he did all his possibles to make out all he could for them. At length, his harangue being at an end, he extended his hand for Peter's billet-doux, and gratified his longing ears by making him acquainted with the contents.

Peter was greatly touched by the tender reproach contained in the hopping couplet that had so long baffled Nehemiah's powers of rhyming. "Apray, Mister Nehemiah," said he, "doesn't that come from Dorcas Mayflower?" Nehemiah calmly replied, "I believe it do." "Well, master," rejoined Peter, seating himself on the old church-chest, "I don't think I have used that *gal* well." "That is a sure thing, young man," said Nehemiah, "but you

know your own business best, I s'pose." "I can't say as how I do," replied Peter in a doleful whine; "for I have got into a sort of hobble between Dorcas and another young woman." "Whose fault is that?" asked Nehemiah. "Why, I s'pose Dorcas thinks it be my fault," responded Peter; "but that other *gal* would not let me be at quiet, and was always axing me for my company, and making so much of me when I comed in at meal times, that, somehow or other, I was forced to stay at home with her on Sunday evenings, instead of going to see Dorcas, because she always went into *high-sterricks* if I talked of going after Dorcas. But I tell you what, Mister Nehemiah, I am right sick of her nonsense; for, as true as I'm alive, I do think she henpecks me all the same as if she were my wife." "Sarve you right, young man, I say, if you are *fule* big enough to put up with it." "Why," responded Peter, "I wouldn't, if I could get my neck out of the collar, as the saying is. But what is your advice?" "You hain't paid me for reading that there valentine yet," observed Nehemiah. Peter drew out a yellow canvass bag, capacious enough to have served the squire, and disbursed the expected sixpence.

"Thank you, young man," said the clerk; "and now I'll tell you what I would do, if so be I were situated as you are; I would just have my banns put up with Dorcas next Sunday." "Oh, lauk!" cried Peter, "that wont do, for I'm letten to master till Michaelmas, and he wont approve of my entering another service, and a pretty life I should lead with Hannah in the house with me all the time the banns were being axed; and then I'm not quite certain that Dorcas would consent to that, for she holds her head properly high when we meet now, and I can't say as how I like the thoughts of humbling to her, she is such a proud toad." "No wonder," said Nehemiah, "for half the young fellows in the parish are ready to hang themselves for love of her; and if you don't take care, you will be left in the lurch while you are playing fast and loose, and halting like an ass between two bundles of hay; for Dorcas isn't a girl that is reduced to go a-suitering to a young man, like your partner Hannah. If you were to know all the sixpences and shillings I have taken for writing valentines to her this week, you'd begin to look about you." "For writing valentines to my Dorcas?" whined Peter, in dismay; "why, apray, who did you write them for, Mister Nehemiah?" "That isn't fair to ask," said the scribe, "because I might get into trouble if I told tales out of school."

Peter sat and bit his nails in a profound fit of meditation for several minutes; at last he rose up with a foolish grin, and said, "I'll tell you what Mister Nehemiah, I'll send Dorcas a valentine myself, and you shall write it for me." "Against *owd* valentine's day, I s'pose you mean." "No, but I doesn't; I means this blessed young St. Valentine's day," quoth Peter; "*owd* fellows like you may wait till *owd* St. Valentine's day, but I'm for the young saint, if so be you can make it convenable to



get it down against I take my *hosses* off at six in the evening." "That depends upon circumstances," replied Nehemiah; "and what sort of a one you want to have." "Why," said Peter, "my grandmother had a *bootiful* one sent to her by her first husband when she fancied he slighted her, and I dare say she would lend it to me for you to pattern after." "I dare say I know your grandmother's valentine," said Nehemiah, "if you can tell me how it begins." "I think I can," said Peter.

"The rose is red the violet's blue,  
I swear I never loved but you;  
The turtle never doubts her mate,  
Then why should you, my bonny Kate?"

"That won't do," interrupted Nehemiah; "for Dorcas can't stand in Kate's shoes." "No, but we might change the sense, and I really do think I shall turn a *pote*." "It isn't quite so easy to turn *pote*, as you call it," said Nehemiah; "however I'll get my slate and write down all the poetry you can say." "Then" said Peter, "you must put down

The turtle never doubts the dove,  
Then why doubt me, my only love."

"That isn't out of your own head, Peter?" cried Nehemiah. "Never you mind that, old fellow, but put down what I bid you, for there's more in my head than you think of, 'praps," said Peter; "only I must go and see arter my *hosses* now, for it's time for our second journey, but I'll stop here at half-past six, and tell you the rest; and if you get it fairly written out for me, and two doves, with a wedding ring in their bills, drafted on to the paper, I'll tip you a whole shilling, and show you that I am a cap-able *pote* in spite of all your *cisums*."

Nehemiah, who was by no means disposed to cherish an infant muse in his own parish, treated those indications of Peter's dawning genius with a certain dry sarcastic acerbity, which showed that nature had intended him for a reviewer, not a bard. Peter, however, like most youthful rhymsters, was too much taken up with his own newly discovered powers of jingling, to allow his poetic ardour to be chilled by the discouragement of an elder brother in the art. "Now, Mister Nehemiah," cried he, when he burst into the clerk's cottage as soon as he had finished his appointed tasks in the field and the stable, "what do you think of this for a finish to our valentine?"

'Tis you alone I mean to marry,  
Then why, sweet Dorcas, should we tarry?  
The birds have all chosen their mates for the year,  
But I'm not so happy—I wait for my dear;  
My heart is still constant, and if you'll be mine,  
Say 'yes,' and 'for ever,' my own valentine!"

"Think!" said Nehemiah, "that it's well worth half-a-crown to write down such a lot of out-of-the-way stuff, Peter; and I don't believe your grandmother ever had such a valentine in her life." "Why, she sartainly hadn't any thing about my Dorcas in her valentine, but I kind of patterned arter her's, for all that, in mine, and the rest of it what suit my own case I made while I was at plough." "No wonder all the parish make a mock of your crooked furrows, young man, if you waste your master's time and let your horses work the land in hills and vales while you are muddling your

head after such nonsense; I hope you don't mean to send that to the girl; she won't know what to make of it." "Oh, won't she?" cried Peter; "come, get your slate, and scratch away, or we shan't get it written down o' this side midnight." With a very ill grace Nehemiah complied, and it was only through the prevailing rhetoric of a third sixpence that Peter at length had the satisfaction of seeing his valentine completed, sealed, and indorsed as follows:—"For Miss Dorcas Mayflower, dairy-maid, at the Squire's great white house. In haste."

Dorcas was made happy by the receipt of the welcome missive that very night, and slept with it under her pillow. The following evening, after milking, she paid another stolen visit to the parish clerk, to be enlightened as to the nature of its contents; and as she left Nehemiah's cottage with a joyous heart and bounding step, she encountered the author of the precious rhymes lingering among the ruins of St. Edmund's Abbey. All differences were made up between the lately estranged lovers during their walk home. Peter stood the storm of Hannah's wrath and disappointment with the firmness of a stoic all the time the bans of matrimony between him and Dorcas Mayflower were in progress of publication in our parish church; and in spite of all the *high-sterricks* she could get up on the occasion, the nuptials were duly solemnised between the village valentines at the earliest possible day.

## PERILS OF THE SOLWAY.

The Solway is well known to be a bay which deeply indents the west side of our island, between the county of Cumberland on the one side, and those of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright on the other. This is a remarkable arm of the sea, as its waters, owing to the great shallowness of the channel, recede, at every ebb of the tide, for not much less than forty miles, leaving a waste of sand of about that length, and eight miles at an average in breadth.

Through this far-spreading tract, the channels of various rivers, as the Eden, the Esk, the Kirtle, the Annan, and the Neith, are *continued* from the land part of their courses, forming, with some large pools, the only conspicuous features by which the uniformity of the surface is broken. When the tide is in ebb, and the sands are left dry, it is possible to walk or ride over them without danger; but when there is any water on the surface, however little, the sands are apt to give way beneath the feet, and allow those who may be upon them to sink into a stratum of soft marl or clay which lies beneath, and from which it is scarcely

possible to extricate one's self. In many places the sands are much thinner than in others, and these thin places are continually shifting with the tide; so that it is not easy for any but the most experienced persons to avoid them. When any one is so unfortunate as to get upon a place which allows him to sink into the marl, he usually finds it quite impossible to extricate himself, but sinks deeper and deeper every moment, till, after beating for some time the surface of the water with his extended arms, his head becomes immersed, and he dies by suffocation. Horsemen, finding themselves on a quicksand, have a chance of escaping by putting their steeds to full speed, in which case the sand does not open quickly enough to retard the animal's feet. Having companions also affords a chance of escape in case of danger. The usual plan of rescue for a sinking friend is to *tread him out*—which is thus performed: a layer of straw or brushwood is laid round him, or if nothing better is at hand, a greatcoat or two; upon this some person must tread nimbly, either in a circle or backward and forward, and the ground being thus pressed by the weight, will gradually squeeze up the sinking man till he can get on the artificial stratum, when both must run for their lives.

Owing to the shallowness of the Solway, it is scarcely a fit place for a ferry communication even at high tide; at low tide, on the other hand, the sands are open to travellers, but are known to be dangerous. Yet for fifteen miles from the head of the estuary, it is quite common for travellers to take the latter mode of crossing between Cumberland and Dumfriesshire, especially in clear weather, and when the tide has chanced to recede during daylight. The only alternative is to go round by the bridges on the Eden and Esk, which, in some instances, implies an addition of about twenty and thirty miles to the length of what might otherwise be a short journey. When we consider the general disinclination of roundabout ways, it is not surprising that the sands are so much travelled, even although we have not reckoned up all the perils of the passage. The tide, as might be expected, makes very rapidly in a channel so extremely shallow. Even in clear weather, and in otherwise favourable

circumstances, there is a source of great danger; but when the wind blows strong from the west, the sea comes with more than its usual rapidity, and usually in one lofty wave like a wall. The swiftest horse is then unable to bear off the traveller. A reminiscence, communicated by the late Doctor Currie to the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, may be quoted with reference to this danger. "I once," says he, "in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning in the Firth of Solway. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands of Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three foot abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."

The following anecdote also communicates a striking idea of the dangers of the journey across Solway Sands:—In the month of February 1825, a party, consisting of thirty well-mounted Dumfriesians who had been at the horse fair of Wigton in Cumberland, and wished in the evening to return, resolved to do so by an established route across the sands between the fishing town of Bowness, and a point at Whinnyrigg near Annan, the breadth of the waste being there above two miles. They left Bowness about nine at night, accompanied, as is usual, by a guide; the night was calm, clear and starry. "No thought of danger occurred to them," says a chronicle of the day, "until they had proceeded nearly a mile on their way, and were about to ford the united waters of the Esk and Eden. And here a thick mist obscured the sky, and gradually became so dense and opaque, that they literally knew not which way they were moving, and could scarcely



see a yard before them. On getting through the water, the party halted, and held a hasty council of war; but their opinions were various and jarring in the extreme. While some were for putting to the right about, others were for pushing straight forward; but these words had lost their meaning, as no one could tell how the direct path lay, whether he was bound for England or Scotland. Amidst their bewilderment, many would not believe that they had crossed the Esk, and plunged and replunged into the bed of the river, some going up, others down, and describing over and over again the same narrow circle of ground. In this emergency, Mr. Thomas Johnston, Thorny-waite, and Mr. Hetherington, Lochmaben, kept closely together, and by recollecting that the water runs from east to west, and observing how the foam fell from their horses' feet, they rightly conceived how the shore lay, and moved on in the direction of Annan. But this clue was soon lost, and after wandering about for nearly an hour, they appeared to be just as far from their object as ever. At every little interval they paused to listen to the incessant cries, of distress and encouragement, that reached the ear in all directions—from England, Scotland, the middle of the Firth—from every point, in short, of the compass. But where there was no system whatever in the signals, the stoutest callers only seemed to be mocked by the mournful echoings of their own voices. Amidst this confusion, horns were sounded from the Bowness side, and anon the solemn peals of a church bell added not a little to the interest of a scene which, abstracting from its danger, was truly impressive, if not sublime. The rising tide was gradually narrowing the dry land; and should it come roaring up two feet abreast before they escaped from their present perils, where was the power on earth that could save them? The two individuals named above, after pushing on quite at random, fortunately rejoined nine of their companions. And now the joyful cry was raised that they had found a guide in the person of Mr. Brough, of Whinnyrigg, who, hearing their cries, and knowing their danger, had, even at the risk of his own life, traversed the sands in the hope of being useful. But greatly as they rejoiced at his presence,

the danger was not yet over. In a little time even the generous guide got bewildered, and literally knew not which hand to turn to. Still his advice was that the tide was coming—that they had not a moment to lose—that everything depended on decision and speed. At times he dismounted and groped about until he came to some object or spot of ground which he fancied he knew, and then galloped off at full speed to some other point, and by reckoning the time it required to get thither, and repeating the experiment eight or ten times, he succeeded in rescuing fourteen fellow-creatures from the imminent danger in which they were placed. A friend reports, that when wholly at a loss what to do, he accidentally stumbled over the trunk of a tree which some former flood had left indented in the sand, and that, by accurately examining the position of an object he had frequently seen in daylight, he knew at once the bearings of the coast, and thus facilitated the almost miraculous escape of the party. Be this as it may, his presence was of the greatest possible use; his local knowledge inspired a confidence that was previously wanting; and, as the event proved, every thing depended on the decision and speed he so strictly enjoined. Though, under ordinary circumstances, twenty minutes may suffice to trot across the sands, nearly three hours had been consumed in zig-zagging to and fro; and within a quarter of an hour or less from the time the party touched the beach the tide ascended with a degree of force which must soon have proved fatal to the boldest rider, and the stoutest horse which the treacherous Solway ever ensnared. The fog that occasioned all the danger was one of the densest ever known. We should here mention the meritorious conduct of Mr. Lewis Bell, residing near Dornock, and two other farmers, whose names we have not yet heard. By crossing a few minutes earlier, the individuals had *weathered* the mist, but on hearing repeated cries of distress, they very humanely retraced their steps, and joined the wanderers on the Scottish side, much about the same time as Mr. Brough. But in place of guiding, they required to be guided, and actually shared all the perils of those to whose assistance they had so promptly hastened.

And here we must return to the other half of the travellers, who after the hasty council of war, replunged through the river with the view of returning to the village of Bowness. The guide was amongst them, but what, with the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the shouts of distress that were every where raised, he became, it is said, as deaf as a post, and the most bewildered man of the whole. Different routes were tried and abandoned; and so little was known of their real situation, that some of them followed as closely the course of the stream as if they had been anxious to meet, rather than to flee from the coming tide. But the church bell at last proved a sort of a beacon; and after different persons had ventured with lights to the river's edge, the whole party were attracted to the spot, and conveyed to a comfortable home for the night."

The lively journalist who recorded the circumstance—need we tell his name?—recommended in conclusion that the guides would do well to carry a pocket compass on all occasions, so that they, and those entrusted to them, might at least be under no danger from a want of a knowledge of the direction in which they ought to go. We trust this recommendation has been attended to. A sixpenny compass would be better, for such a duty, than twenty church bells.

*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### STORIES OF STYLES OF LIVING.

A new era now opens on the married life of Frank Fulton and his wife. The first period of economical living WITHIN THEIR MEANS, had been for some time past; so also had the second, during which they had lived up to THEIR MEANS; and we now find them, with a greatly increased family, living in a lesser or greater degree BEYOND THEIR MEANS. The various acts in this drama of real life had been quite progressive. There had been a gradual rise, little by little, from a condition of comparative poverty to one of considerable opulence. There had been no violent movement forward; all had been easy, and apparently the result of ordinary circumstances. Frank's professional engagements had greatly increased; he was now employed as a physician by families of the first consequence, and was enabled to live in a style of elegance which he at one period could not possibly have anticipated. Now was the time, then, when he was reaping the reward of his skill and perseverance, and when, without any difficulty, he might have realised such a competence as the prudent under such

circumstances would by all means have secured. Whether he did so or not we shall immediately learn.

Mrs. Fulton, during the rise in her husband's circumstances, acted as many women do in like situations. She yielded to the pleasing current of prosperity, and considered, that to be a fine lady was incompatible with being an attentive mother. Involving herself in an extensive circle of acquaintances, hardly one of whom cared anything at all about her, she was incessantly occupied in the most frivolous amusements and visitings; and instead of staying at home to bestow a motherly regard on her children, now grown up, and requiring more attention than ever, she was never so happy as when engaged in exchanging smiles and bows and trifling words of course with the class of friends with whom she had become involved. All was sunshine, gladness, and smiles, abroad, while at home, the house was left very much to itself, or went on under the supreme government of servants. Could all this last? We shall see.

In the midst of Frank's heedless career he took a lease of a large and magnificent mansion. It stood next door to that of one of the best friends of the family, Mr. Bradish, and was hence in a particularly fashionable quarter of the city. What a dear delightful idea! How we shall be envied! Such were the feelings of Dr. and Mrs. Fulton, as they prepared for the occupation of their new abode. As it was a thing for a considerable period, it was worth while to strain every nerve to furnish, and lay it out in the best manner. Mrs. Bradish had very kindly dropped a hint, that, when a ball was given by either family, a door might be cut through, and both houses thrown into one. It became, therefore, almost indispensable that one house should be furnished nearly as elegantly as the other. The same cabinet-maker and upholsterer were employed; and when completed, it certainly was not much inferior to Mr. Bradish's.

Jane was not behind Mrs. Bradish in costume or figure. Every morning, at the hour for calls, she was elegantly attired for visitors. Many came from curiosity. Mrs. Hart congratulated her dear friend on seeing her moving in a sphere for which it was evident nature intended her. Mrs. Reed cautioned her against any false shame, that might remind one of former times. Others admired her furniture and arrangements, without any sly allusions. On one of these gala mornings, uncle Joshua was ushered into the room. Jane was fortunately alone, and she went forward and offered two fingers with a cordial air, but whispered to the servant, "if any one else called, while he was there, to say she was engaged." She had scrupulously observed her promise, of never sending word she was not at home. There was a mock kind of deference in his air and manner, that embarrassed Jane.

"So," said he, looking round him, "we have a palace here!" "The house we were in was quite too small, now that our children are growing so large," replied Jane. "They must be



greatly beyond the common size," said uncle Joshua, "if that house could not hold them." "It was a very inconvenient one; and we thought, as it was a monstrous rent, it would be better to take another. Then, after we had bought this, it certainly was best to furnish it comfortably, as it was for life." "Is it paid for?" asked uncle Joshua, drily.

Jane hesitated. This was a point she was not exactly versed in. "Paid for!" she replied; "why, of course—that is—". "Oh, very well," answered the old man; "I am glad to hear it; otherwise, I should doubt if it is taken for life." Jane was silent for a moment. She felt abashed, but at length said, in as soothing a tone as possible, "You do not know, dear uncle, that Frank has been very successful in some speculations lately; he does not now altogether depend on his profession for a living; indeed, he thinks it his duty to live as other people do, and place his wife and children upon an equality with others."

"And what do you call an equality—living as luxuriously, and wasting as much time, as they do?—dwelling in as costly apartments, and forgetting there is any other world than this? When you were left to my care, and your dear mother was gone from us, how often I lamented that I could not supply her place—that I could not better talk to you of another world, to which she had gone; but then, Jane, I comforted myself that I knew something of the duties that belonged to this, and that, if I faithfully instructed you in these, I should be preparing you for another. When I saw you growing up, dutiful and humble, charitable and self-denying, sincere, and a conscientious disciple of truth, then I felt satisfied that all was well. But I begin now to fear that it was a short-sighted kind of instruction—that it had not power enough to enable us to hold fast to what is right. I begin now to see that we must have motives that do not depend on the praise or censure of this world—motives that must have nothing to do with it." And so saying, he hurriedly took his leave and departed.

Jane's feelings, immediately after this interview with her venerable relative, were anything but agreeable. She could impose upon others, but not upon herself. Frank, on returning home, found her more dull than usual, and upon being informed of the cause, remarked, that really uncle Joshua was becoming a very tiresome old man—always croaking about something." This, however, did not pacify Jane's conscience. "I might," thought she, "have sent him home in the carriage, or persuaded him to stay and dine, and he would have recovered from his fatigue. I did, however, as I thought was best, and that is all we can do. We can only do as seems to us right for the present."

How many deceive themselves with this opi-ate! The indolent, the selfish, and the worldly, lay this flattering unction to their consciences, as if doing what seems to us right for the present did not require reflection, judgment, and often all the self-denying as well as energetic qualities of our nature.

That evening, Jane was engaged at a large party. She was still young and handsome, and, surrounded by the gay and frivolous, she danced quadrilles, and cotillions, and returned at one. As they entered the door, on their return, one of the women met them, and told Frank there had been a message from uncle Joshua, requesting him to come immediately to see him, as he was very sick.

Jane was alarmed. "His walk was too much for him, I am afraid," she exclaimed. Frank looked at his watch. "Half-past one! Do you think I had better go?" "Oh, certainly. I will go with you." "Nonsense! With that dress!" Jane was resolute, and Frank ceased to oppose her. They drove through the unfashionable parts of the town, stopped at uncle Joshua's little green door, and knocked softly. A strange woman came to the door.

"How is my uncle?" said Jane. "He is dead," said the woman, in an indifferent tone. They rushed in. It was true. The old man lay motionless—his features retaining the first benign expression of death. With what agony did Jane lean over him, and press with her parched lips his cold forehead!

"My more than uncle—my father!" she exclaimed, while torrents of tears fell from her eyes. Then recollecting the scene of the day before, she felt as if she was his murderer. "Tell me," said she, "how it all happened. Did he live to get home? Tell me the worst, while I have power to hear it. My poor, dear uncle! But yesterday, I could have folded my arms around you, and you would have smiled upon me and loved me; but I was ungrateful and cold-hearted, and I let you go. Oh! that I could buy back those precious moments!—that yesterday would again return!"

Frank strove to soothe her grief. But she constantly recurred to his long walk, which a word of hers might have prevented. They found, upon inquiry, that his death was without warning. He had returned home, and passed the afternoon as usual. In the evening, at about nine, he complained of a pain at his heart, and desired Dr. Fulton might be sent for. Before the message could have reached him, his breath had departed. "You see, Jane," said Frank, "that if I had been at home, it would have been too late."

But what reasoning can stifle self-reproach? Jane would have given worlds to have recalled the last few years of worldly engrossment and alienation towards her uncle. But now it was all too late. He was alike insensible to her indifference or her affection. That sorrow which is excited merely by circumstances, soon passes away. There is a deep and holy grief, that raises and sublimates the character, after its bitterness is gone. It is health and strength to the mind. It were to be wished that Jane's had been of this nature; but it was made up sensation.

When uncle Joshua's will was opened, it was found that the little property he left was secured to Jane's children, with this clause: "At present it does not appear that my beloved

niece wants any part of it. But if, by any change of circumstances—and life is full of change—she should require assistance, she is to receive the annual income of the whole, quarterly, during her life.” He had appointed as executor and guardian of his will, Samuel Watson, a respectable mechanic in his own walk of life.

“After all,” said Frank, with an ironical air, “I don’t see, Jane, but you turn out an heiress.” “My dear uncle,” returned she, in a faltering voice, “has left us all he had. I am unworthy of his kindness.” “For heaven’s sake, Jane, don’t keep for ever harping upon that string. What could you have done more? You say you asked him to come and live with us.” “Yes; but now I feel how much more daily and constant attention would have been to him, than any such displays that I occasionally made. I earnestly hope he did not perceive my neglect.”

There are no lessons of kindness and good will that come so home to the heart, as those which are enforced by sudden death. Who has ever lost a beloved friend, that would not give worlds for one hour of the intercourse for ever gone?—one hour to pour forth the swelling affection of the heart—to make atonement for errors and mistakes—to solicit forgiveness—to become perfect in self-sacrifice and disinterested devotion? This is one of the wise and evident uses of sudden death—that we may so live with our friends, that, come when and how it will, we may not add to the grievous loss, the self-reproach of unkindness or neglected duties.

Jane’s heart was bleeding under a feeling of remorse. It wanted soothing and kindness; but Frank seemed vexed and out of humour. “There could not,” said he, “be anything more consistent with uncle Joshua’s narrow views than his last will and testament. To make such a man as Samuel Watson his executor, and trustee for *my* children!”

“He was his particular friend; and I have often heard my uncle say, he was ‘honesty and uprightness to the back bone,’” replied Jane. “Yes; I know that was a chosen expression of the old gentleman’s. However, thank fortune! I need have no association with him. If he had left the property to my care, who am the natural guardian of my children, I could have made something handsome of it by the time they wanted it; but he has so completely tied it up, that it will never get much beyond the paltry sum it is now.”

Samuel Watson, the guardian and executor, was a man much resembling uncle Joshua, in the honest good sense of his character; but he was a husband and a father. His sympathies had been called forth by these strong ties, and by the faithful affection of an excellent wife. They had lived to bury all their children but one; and that one seemed to exist only as a link between this world and another. He had been, from infancy, an invalid. They had hung over him, with prayers and anguish, through many a year of sickness, spending upon him a watchfulness and anxiety that the

other two children did not seem to demand; for they were strong in health and activity. The blooming and beautiful had been called, in the dawn of life, and the invalid still lingered on. But that health, which had been denied to his material structure, seemed doubly bestowed on his mind. He was no longer the feeble object of his mother’s solicitude. He was her friend—her counsellor. By degrees, he obtained the influence of superior virtue over every one around him, and, from his couch of sickness and pain, afforded a striking proof that there is no situation in life which may not show forth the goodness and power of the Creator. Such were the friends that uncle Joshua meant to secure to Jane and her children.

The morning that Mr. and Mrs. Watson came to pay Mrs. Fulton a visit, they found her in a becoming mourning dress, every curl and every fold in place. But their own feelings of kindness supplied the want of hers, and aroused something like sympathy in her mind. “We must be friends,” said Mr. Watson, as he shook her hand with cordiality, “or we shall not fulfil the last request of our excellent friend. You must fix on an afternoon to pass with us, and bring all your children.” Jane could not refuse, and the day was appointed; and as Mrs. Watson left the room, she said, “don’t make it later than four.”

“Impossible,” said Frank; “go at four! What Goths and Vandals! You will expire before you can get away. I will call and pass half an hour after ten, and I hope this will finish off the intercourse for a year at least. By the bye, Jane, put down the day of the month, and next year we will return the invitation the same day.”

When the afternoon arrived, a new obstacle presented. Elinor, the eldest daughter, who had attained her sixteenth year, and was to *come out* the next winter, had her engagements and pursuits, and learned, with a feeling of disappointment, that a long afternoon was to be spent, in a scene of domestic dullness and *ennui*. The sacrifice, however, was to be made; and, with a naturally amiable disposition, and much energy of character, she determined it should be made cheerfully; with a secret hope, however, that they should not see the sick young man.

The sick young man was the first to receive them—to welcome them, with a gay and cheerful expression, to his father’s house. Mrs. Watson lost, at home, all the constraint of forms, to which she was unused. She was kind, maternal, and affectionate. The table was loaded with prints, and works of fancy and taste. Every thing was refined, and in good keeping; and, to the astonishment of the Fultons, Oliver, in fashionable phrase, was “the life of the party.” Instead of allusions to his feeble health, and a list of his infirmities, which the visitors had anticipated, not a word was hinted on the subject. A new treat was prepared for the evening, his electrical machine, with its curious experiments—his magic lantern, with its grave and gay scenes, its passing characters, so true a picture of human life.



When the carriage came, to convey Elinor to the cotillion party, strange as it may seem, she preferred staying the evening, and the carriage was dismissed.

Dr. Fulton did not come. Business undoubtedly prevented him. The family returned, delighted with their visit, and perfectly convinced, that, though Oliver looked sick and emaciated, and his hands were so white and almost transparent, he could not suffer much. Mrs. Fulton said "suffering was not only marked upon the countenance, but it destroyed the force and resolution of the character." In most cases, she was undoubtedly right; but in the present one she was wrong. Sickness and suffering had nerved, not destroyed, the energy of his character; and he had learned to look upon his frame as a machine, which the mind was to control.

About a year passed on after this introductory visit, and during this period Elinor frequently visited Mrs. Watson's family, but was at no time accompanied either by her father or mother. Both were engaged with society which they considered more exalted and more creditable. Yet both had not exactly the same ideas of spending time and money. Each followed a separate course, in some respects. Frank had wholly ceased his communications to Jane, with regard to his pecuniary affairs. Consequently, this mutual source of interest was gone; and, as she saw no restraints laid on any thing, she presumed, very naturally, that, as long as his business was so flourishing, it was of little consequence what they expended. Sometimes, when her benevolent feelings were interested, and she gave lavishly and injudiciously, Frank accused her of extravagance. Then came retaliation, and hints that she had always heard, that, with increase of means, came a greater tenacity of money. For her own part, she considered it as dross, if it was not circulating.

Extravagance seems to be a slight fault. In youth we are indulgent to it. We say, if there must be wrong, that extreme is better than the opposite; we had rather see it than sordid calculation. But is this all? Does it stop here? A little reflection will convince any one, that, to support extravagance, it must bring a host of allies. There must be injustice—selfishness; and the last auxiliary is fraud. Extravagance is, in truth, living beyond our honest means. It is a word used so lightly, that we almost forget its import.

The time was approaching when a very important event in the family was to take place. This was Elinor's *coming out*, a thing which the fond mother had greatly set her heart upon, and which was to be signalized by a ball of inconceivable grandeur.

"My dear Elinor," said Mrs. Fulton, as they both sat at work one morning, "your father and I have fixed upon the first evening in November for the ball. It is now the second week in October, and we shall not have much more than time to get ready. We must make out a list. Take your pen, and we will begin."

Elinor did as her mother directed. "The right way," said Mrs. Fulton, "is to arrange

the names alphabetically." It was soon found, however, that this was impossible. A string of Ps or Qs, &c., obtruded. Then Mrs. Fulton said, "Streets were the best way to begin with. R Street; then go to C or E Street, and so on." But here numbers were forgotten. And at last, she thought of the directory.

Elinor continued writing the list in silence, with her head bent over the paper. "The next thing will be to fix upon waiters and entertainments. We are to have the use of Mrs. Bradish's two rooms, just as she had ours last winter. But how moping you are, Elinor! I really think, as we are taking all this trouble for you, you might show a little interest in it."

Elinor attempted to answer, but her emotions seemed to be irrepressible; and she laid down her pen, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. "You are not well, dear," said her mother, tenderly. "Yes, I am," said Elinor. "But, mother, do you know how sick Oliver is?" "I know he has been sick for a great many years; I believe, ever since he was born." "But he is much more so now. The doctor says he cannot live long." "It will be a mercy, when he is taken," said Mrs. Fulton. "He is every thing to his mother," said Elinor, in a faltering voice. "Yes; his father and mother will feel it at first, no doubt. Have you put down the Wilkinses on the list?"

"Mother," said Elinor, solemnly, "perhaps Oliver may die the very evening you have fixed on for the ball." "Well, if he should, it would be unlucky. But we cannot help it, you know." "They were such friends of uncle Joshua's!" said Elinor. "They are so out of the world, they will never know it." "But we should, mother." "There is nothing so unwise as to torment ourselves about possibilities. I am sure, things could not happen so unlucky."

Jane was right in one point at least. There is nothing so unwise as to trouble ourselves about possibilities. We may lay a thousand plans, waste time in revolving consequent events, even go on to imaginary conversations, and, after all, the occasion for them never occurs, and our plans are swept away, like chaff before the wind.

Elinor made out the list. The cards were written and sent, and the day before the ball arrived. The young, and those who remember the days of their youth, will not be severe on Elinor, that her thoughts took a brighter hue, as she busied herself in the splendid preparations; or that, when her ball-dress came home, her eye sparkled with pleasure as she gazed on it. Winters of sorrow and time must pass over the young head, before its germs of anticipation, of hope, and of self-complacency can be blighted.

"It is a beautiful dress," said Mrs. Fulton. "I will just run down and see if your father has come. He was to bring your ear-rings." Down Mrs. Fulton ran.

As she approached his room, which was on the basement story, she heard loud voices. She stopped at the door; and, at that moment, her husband said, in a deprecating voice, "I assure you this is only a trifling embarrassment. Wait a few days, and everything will go right."

"I know better," was the ungracious reply, "and I will wait no longer." Jane turned away, with a feeling of apprehension. Something of undefined evil took possession of her mind; and, instead of returning to Elinor, she impatiently waited, at the head of the stairs, till the men were gone. When the door closed upon them, she again sought her husband. He was flushed and agitated.

"What do you want?" said he, roughly, as she entered. "I came to see if you had got Elinor's ear-rings." "Don't torment me about such nonsense," replied he; "you worry my life out."

Jane had caught his retaliating spirit. "Something worries you, it is evident. Who were those men that have just gone?" "That is my affair," said he.

She was silent for a moment, and then affectionately exclaimed, "My dear Frank, how can you say so? Are not your affairs and mine the same? If any thing makes you unhappy, ought I not to know it?" How true it is that a "soft answer turneth away wrath!" He evidently felt the forbearance of his wife, and replied, more gently, "Indeed, Jane, if I had any thing pleasant to tell you, I should be glad to tell it. But the truth is, it is from kindness to you that I do not speak."

"Then, there is something unpleasant to be communicated?" "Yes; but wait till this horrid ball is over, and then I will tell you all. Here," said he, taking a little box from his pocket, "carry these to Elinor, and tell her — No; tell her nothing."

"Indeed, Frank, it is cruel in you to leave me in this state of suspense. Tell me the worst." "We are ruined! Now, Jane, go and finish your preparations for the ball. You would know all, and you have got it."

What a day was this for poor Jane! Earnestly she entreated that the ball might be given up. But Frank said, if anything could increase their misery, it would be making it so public. And, after seas of tears on the part of Jane, it was finally settled that everything should proceed the same.

Amidst the preparations for the evening, Mrs. Fulton's depression was not observed. The only hope that remained to Frank, was, that his affairs might be arranged with some degree of secrecy; and for this, the ball, he conceived, was actually necessary. When the evening arrived, and Elinor came to show herself, all equipped for her first appearance, any mother might have been proud of such a daughter, with her bright happy face, her sunny blue eyes, and a figure set off by her white satin bodice, and splendid necklace and ear-rings—the last present of her father. "Does she not look like a queen, ma'am?" said the chamber-maid, following her, and holding the light high above her head. Mrs. Fulton cast upon her a look of anguish.

The company came. Everybody congratulated Jane on the beauty and elegance of her daughter. Everybody prophesied she would be the belle of the winter. Then came the supper. And, at last, the visitors departed. Elinor

retired to bed, full of happy dreams; and her parents were left alone.

Jane attempted to converse with her husband, but he had done the honours of the whisky punch and champagne, till he had not a clear idea left. And broken slumbers and sad thoughts followed her through the night.

The next morning came, with bitter consciousness of what was before them. Frank had not the consolation of feeling that misfortune had reduced him. He had not lost any large amount, by the sudden changes to which mercantile speculations are subject. He had been extravagant in his amusements; had thrown away a great deal of money in pictures and other works of art, beyond his means: had lavished not a little on horses and an equipage; but, above all, he had allowed his wife to pursue a system of reckless extravagance both in her domestic concerns and expenditure on herself and children. All the money which could be commanded, had been thus expended, and to supply the deficiency of ready money, credit had been got, and bills signed to a ruinous amount.

Thus, then, closes the melancholy scene of the Fultons' fall. To particularise the departure of the family from the splendid mansion in which had been witnessed their reckless extravagance, would both be painful and needless. They at once sunk into a condition of general disrespect, and were only saved from feeling the stings of absolute poverty by the humble provision which good old uncle Joshua had made for them, and which had been at first held in so much contempt.

#### JASON CREEL.

The mists of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country, from far and near. At Aylesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil; not a waggon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane in some closed-up house, with an air of sad disappointment; or the cries of a little nursing were heard, betokening that, in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands; or, mayhap, here and there a solitary, ragged and ill-natured schoolboy was seen, or a not less solitary and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home—the whole village exhibited a picture of desertion and silence which had been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew nearer the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and



horses, and dogs, and all living, moving, and creeping things that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village itself was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar of an inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whisky, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamour of the throng, were sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets there was a greeting of old and long-parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half-intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, led to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There, chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had travelled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault the hymn ascended with the ascending sun; and the jailor, as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood in fixed astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief, and to be final, interview, had passed, however; those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly Parent, and parted; he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home. The convict, worn out by sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was Jason Creel, his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at a country town some miles distant, for the murder of a traveller, who had borne him company from the Lakes, and was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep; but the circumstances were against him; and although the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hung, and had been removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county jail being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the

building, and frequent cries of "Bring out the murderer," were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay; the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who roused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bade him hasten to his execution; they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in wild astonishment, as one new born, and only said, "The dream—the dream!" "What dream, Mr. Jason?" said the sheriff; "you would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this disagreeable business." "I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us, in a grey dress, with a white hat and large whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sang distinctly, 'This is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller.'"

The officers and jailor held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man in grey with the white hat; accompanied with many hints of the resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by supernatural agency. The prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn-book in his hand, and a mien all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people round him, with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety seemed to increase; he looked, and looked again; then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when, lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder! The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, "There is Lewis the murderer of the traveller," and the jailor at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured, and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was set at liberty, and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband; that she had concealed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had successfully concealed; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her—she was set at liberty, and neither she nor her husband was heard of again.—*Old American Paper.*

## SONG.

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,  
 Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;  
 Life's joy for us a moment lingers,  
 And death seems in the word—Farewell.  
 The hour that bids us part and go,  
 Sounds not yet—oh! no, no, no.  
 Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,  
 Flies like a courser near the goal;  
 To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,  
 When thou art parted from my soul?  
 Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow.  
 But not together—no, no, no.

*Campbell.*

## SONG.

Oh, how hard it is to find  
 The one just suited to our mind;  
 And if that one should be  
 False, unkind, or found too late,  
 What can we do but sigh at fate,  
 And sing Woe's me—Woe's me!  
 Love's a boundless burning waste,  
 Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,  
 And still more seldom flee  
 Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings!  
 Yet somehow Love a something brings  
 That's sweet—ev'n when we sigh, Woe's me!

*Campbell.*

## THE OAK.

The tall oak, towering to the skies,  
 The fury of the wind defies,  
 From age to age, in virtue strong,  
 Inured to stand and suffer wrong.  
 O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,  
 It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;  
 The self-same foe undaunted braves,  
 And fights the wind upon the waves.

*Montgomery.*

## SONG OF OLD TIME.

I wear not the purple of earth-born kings,  
 Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;  
 But monarch and courtier, though great they be,  
 Must fall from their glory and bend to me.  
 My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say  
 They will not come under its mighty sway?  
 Ye may learn who I am—there's the passing chime  
 And the dial to herald me—Old King Time.

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,  
 After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;  
 My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,  
 In the deep worn furrows and locks of snow.  
 Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay;  
 But they dream not how closely I track their way.  
 Wait till their first bright sands have run,  
 And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust;  
 I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;  
 I make the shell-proof tower my own,  
 And break the battlement, stone from stone.  
 Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,  
 Build high as you may, and strong as ye can;  
 But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,  
 And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.

*Eliza Cook.*

## O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS.

O'er the far blue mountains,  
 O'er the white sea foam,  
 Come, thou long parted one!  
 Back to thine home!  
 When the bright fire shineth,  
 Sad looks thy place,  
 While the true heart pineth.  
 Missing thy face.  
 Music is sorrowful,  
 Since thou art gone;  
 Sisters are mourning thee,  
 Come to thine own!  
 Hark! the home voices call  
 Back to thy rest;  
 Come to thy father's hall,  
 Thy mother's breast!  
 O'er the far blue mountains,  
 O'er the white sea foam,  
 Come, thou long parted one!  
 Back to thine home! *Mrs. Hemans.*

## ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,  
 It is not doubting what thou art,  
 But 'tis the too, too long endurance  
 Of absence, that afflicts my heart.  
 The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,  
 When each is lonely doom'd to weep,  
 Are fruits on desert isles that perish,  
 Or riches buried in the deep.  
 What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,  
 Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;  
 Th' undoubting heart that breaks with sadness  
 Is but more slowly doom'd to break.  
 Absence! is not the soul torn by it  
 From more than light, or life, or breath;  
 'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet—  
 The pain without the peace of death!

*Campbell.*

## SONG.

Who comes so gracefully  
 Gliding along,  
 While the blue rivulet  
 Sleeps to her song;  
 Song richly vying  
 With the faint sighing  
 Which swans in dying  
 Sweetly prolong?  
 So sung the shepherd boy  
 By the stream's side,  
 Watching that fairy boat  
 Down the flood guide,  
 Like a bird winging,  
 Through the waves bringing  
 That syren singing  
 To the hush'd tide.  
 "Stay," said the shepherd boy,  
 "Fairy boat, stay,  
 Linger, sweet minstrelsy,  
 Linger a day."  
 But vain his pleading,  
 Past him, unheeding,  
 Song and boat, speeding,  
 Glided away.

*Moore.*



## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—The January number of this Periodical contains the Annual Address of the President of the Canadian Institute; articles on the Rocks of Canada; on the ancient town of Louisburg, in Cape Breton; the American Nautical Almanac; the Ancient Miners of Lake Superior; Correspondence; Scientific Intelligence, &c., &c., with a Lithographed plan of Louisburg Harbour.

In the article on Louisburg, the author remarks:

“In the simple article of sand, which invariably abounds upon the sea shore, experience proved had to be conveyed to Louisburg. The character of the mortar which is found among the ruins of the fortifications is sufficient evidence of the difficulty under which the engineers laboured for proper sand as a building material. The simple fact is, that in every instance in which sea-shore sand was used the works speedily mouldered away and fell down, especially after they had been submitted to the action of the frost during winter. Mortar used in building is a silicate of lime; and when a large quantity of the chloride of sodium (always found in the sea-shore sand) is combined with it, the proper combination of silica and lime is impeded, and instead of becoming the hard durable material which characterizes proper mortar, it is friable, and easily disintegrated with the least moisture, depending in all probability on the chloride of calcium formed in the mixture. It is certain that after the engineers employed on the works at Louisburg had discovered their mistake, there existed a vast difficulty in remedying the defect, and of procuring sand free from salt. The whole Island of Cape Breton is surrounded and greatly indented by the sea, while all its inland parts were totally inaccessible for want of roads, so that proper sand could not be procured nearer than Canada or the West Indies.”

We do not see the *vast difficulty* here spoken of. Why, in the name of common sense, did not the builders employ the aid of *fresh water*, and wash the salts away from the sand? The trouble would certainly have been far less than that of importing an article required in such large quantities from either “Canada or the West Indies.”

CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIAN RUBBER.—This singular substance is the inspissated juice of a tree, the *Jatropha elastica*, a native of different provinces of South America, and is prepared thus:—Incisions are made in the lower part of the trunk through the bark, and a milky fluid issues in great abundance: it is conveyed into a vessel prepared to receive it by means of a tube or leaf fixed in the incision, and supported with clay: by exposure to the air, it gradually dries into a soft, reddish, elastic resin. The purest is that which separates spontaneously in close vessels; it is white, or of a light fawn colour. It is, however, imported into Europe in pear-shaped bottles, which are formed by the Indians of South America by spreading the juice over a mould of clay; as soon as one layer is dry, another is added, till the bottle be of the thickness desired; it is then exposed to a thick dense smoke, or fire, which not only dries it thoroughly, but gives it the dark appearance. It is then ornamented with various figures by means of an iron instrument. When dry, the clay mould is crushed, the fragments extracted, and in this manner the spherical bottles are formed. Owing to its great elasticity and indestructibility, it is used for a variety of important purposes, such as tubes for conveying gasses, catheters, &c. &c; among the latest applications is that of a flexible tube for introduction into the stomach, to which an apparatus is attached for the washing out any deleterious matter, such as poisons, &c. In Cayenne, and places where it is abundant, torches are made of it for the purpose of illumination. A solution of it in five times its weight of oil of turpentine, and this solution dissolved in eight times its weight of drying linseed oil, is said to form the varnish for balloons. Would not a solution of it be of service to leather, so as to render it water-proof, without destroying its elasticity?

NEGRO COUNCIL.—Near the centre of Congo there is a little kingdom watered by the river Lao, which runs from north to south. The negro king is a sage prince, and very much beloved by his subjects. He has a numerous court, but it costs the nation nothing; because the arts and luxury are at present unknown there; the result of which is, that a grandee of the country lives nearly in the same manner as an honest labourer. Some idea of the simplicity of manners there may be formed from the way in which the sessions of the King's privy-council are held. In the midst of a vast plain is a large enclosure, formed of palms instead of columns: and in the midst of this verdant hall are placed a dozen of great jars, half full of water; a dozen councillors, quite naked, betake themselves to this spot with a solemn pace: each jump into his jar, and plunges in the water up to the neck. In this way they deliberate, and decide on the most important affairs. When opinions are divided, they put two stones, one red and one white into a thirteenth empty jar; the king draws; and the opinion represented by the stone which issues first has the force of a law.

### THE USE OF COFFEE AND OTHER SIMPLE BEVERAGES.

The introduction of tea and coffee has led to the most wonderful change that ever took place in the diet of modern civilised nations—a change highly important both in a physical and a moral point of view.

Food is taken for two purposes—to nourish and sustain the body, and to refresh, stimulate, or exhilarate the animal spirits. Solids, generally speaking, afford much more nourishment than liquids; but it is worthy of remark, that the refreshing or exhilarating substances, with some trifling exceptions, are all liquids. The body may be supported in vigour upon many different kinds of aliment, and the business of society carried on almost equally well, whether men live on fish, flesh, or fowl, on corn, pulse, or nutritious roots, or a mixture of all these together. Considered as a social being, it is of little consequence what man eats, but it is of great consequence what he drinks. Upon the nature of the refreshing and stimulating beverage consumed depends the state of the animal spirits, and this in its turn has a powerful influence upon the sensations, the mental activity, the feelings, the temper—in a word, upon the social and moral character of the individual. Previous to the introduction of tea and coffee, fermented liquors of some species—wine, ale, beer, or cider—were the drinks universally used by persons of both sexes, for the purpose of exhilaration. Every body has heard of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour breakfasting upon beef-steaks and ale. Now, the stimulating quality of all these liquors arises from the portion of alcohol they contain; and hence the vivacity of spirits which they excite is in fact merely a lower species of intoxication. Three evils necessarily attend the habitual use of such a beverage. First, that even when used in moderation, it generally confuses the brain as much as it quickens its activity; secondly, that a little thoughtlessness or want of control, leads to inebriety; and, thirdly, that when the excitement has subsided, a proportional depression of spirits follows, while the sensibility of the system is impaired, and in course of time worn out, by the constantly recurring action of the alcoholic stimulus. Let us suppose that when these drinks were in universal use as articles of food, and when statesmen, lawyers, and merchants, were no doubt often seen with muddy heads in a forenoon, any one had discovered a species of wine or ale which had the refreshing and exhilarating effects required, without confusing the brain or leading to intoxication, would not such a man have merited a statue from the conservators of the peace in every town and county of the empire? Now, this is exactly what the introduction of tea and coffee has accomplished. These beverages have the admirable advantage of affording stimulus, without producing intoxication, or any of its evil consequences. To the weary or exhausted, they are beyond measure refreshing. They give activity to the intellect, without confusing the head, or being followed by that annoying depression which

impels the drinker of ale or spirits to deeper and more frequent potations, till he ends in sottishness and stupidity. To the studious they are invaluable; and they are perfectly adapted to the use of females, which ale or wine never can be. They render the spirits elastic, the fancy "nimble and forgetive;" and hence they greatly aid the flow of rational and cheerful conversation, and promote courtesy, amenity of manners, serenity of temper, and social habits. The excitement of wine, ale, or spirits, even if it were as pure in its nature, never stops at a proper pitch. The drinker of these liquors has hardly become gay or animated, when a glass or two additional carry him to the stage of boisterous jollity, which is too often followed by beastly inebriety. Then his carousals are succeeded by a woful flatness. He is listless, torpid, unsocial, perhaps crabbed and sulky, till he is again on the road to intoxication. Take half a dozen of men even who are not drunkards, and observe what a difference there is in their conversation, in point of propriety, piquancy, and easy cheerfulness, in the two hours after a coffee breakfast, and the two hours after a dinner at which they have been enjoying wine or spirits merely in moderation. Lovers of tea or coffee are in fact rarely drinkers; and hence the use of these beverages has benefited both manners and morals. Raynal observes, that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises of morality. Upon the whole, we imagine the observant reader will go along with us in thinking, that coffee is a softener of the manners, and a friend to civilization.

Plenty of milk is essential to the preparation of good coffee, and with this accompaniment it affords, in our opinion, a much more nourishing and wholesome beverage than tea, though perhaps not so light or gently exhilarating. The art of preparing coffee is not very well understood in this country, as every one will admit who has tasted the superb and delicious beverage which is served up in the cafes and restaurants of Paris. There are different modes of preparing it, and these need not here be defined, for all are less or more acquainted with them. We need only remark, that the chief point to be attended to is making the beverage strong, and free of sediment. Great care should be taken to use the coffee as soon after it is roasted and ground as possible, for the best properties escape by exposure to the air.

The late Count Rumford, who was a great consumer of coffee, wrote a memoir in praise of its nutritive and medicinal qualities. Many medical men have eulogised its virtues; and if we had time, it would not be difficult, we believe, to collect a cento of testimonies in its favour. Hooper says, "Good Turkey coffee is by far the most salutary of all liquors drunk at meal time. It possesses nervine and astringent qualities, and may be drunk with advantage at all times, except when there is bile in the stomach. If drunk warm within an hour after dinner, it is of singular use to those who have



headache from weakness in the stomach, contracted by sedentary habits, close attention, or accidental drunkenness. It is of service when the digestion is weak, and persons afflicted with the sick headache are much benefited by its use in some instances, though this effect is by no means uniform."

The coffee bean is the produce of a plant which grows to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, generally in a pyramidal form, with whitish-yellow flowers, which are followed by a red berry about the size of a small cherry, inclosing in two distinct cavities two grains, flat on one side and convex on the other, which are known by the familiar name of coffee beans.

Coffee was introduced into France in 1669, when Soliman Aga, who then resided at Paris for a year, first made it known to the French. They soon displayed a partiality for its use, that has been progressively increasing. The Dutch were the first to transport it from Mocha, where they had purchased a few plants, to their own colonies at Batavia, whence they exported it to Amsterdam. From that city the French consul sent a plant to Louis XIV. It was placed in a hothouse, and throve so astonishingly, that the project of transporting it to Martinique suggested itself to the government, as likely to be very advantageous. Three plants were accordingly sent, of which two perished by the way, and the third was preserved solely by the care of Captain Declieux, who, during a long and stormy passage, shared with it his ration of fresh water, and thus preserved its life. This plant was the source of all the coffee plantations afterwards established at Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Domingo.—*Scotsman*.

#### INQUISITOR OUTWITTED.

The late Admiral Pye having been on a visit to Southampton, and the gentleman under whose roof he resided having observed an unusual intimacy between him and his secretary, inquired into the degree of their relationship, as he wished to pay him suitable attention. The admiral said that their intimacy arose from a circumstance, which, by his permission, he would relate. The admiral said, when he was a captain, and cruising in the Mediterranean, he received a letter from shore, stating that the unhappy writer was by birth an Englishman; that, having been on a voyage to Spain, he was enticed while there to become a Papist, and in process of time was made a member of the inquisition; that there he witnessed the abominable wickedness and barbarities of the inquisitors. His heart recoiled at having embraced a religion so horribly cruel, and so repugnant to the nature of God: that he was stung with remorse to think if his parents knew what and where he was, their hearts would break with grief; that he was resolved to escape, if he (the captain) would send a boat on shore at such a time and place, but begged secrecy, since, if his intentions were discovered, he would be immediately assassinated. The captain returned for answer, that he could not with propriety send a boat,

but if he could devise any means of coming on board, he would receive him as a British subject, and protect him. He did so, but being missed, there was soon raised a hue and cry, and he was followed to the ship. A holy inquisitor demanded him, but he was refused. Another, in the name of his holiness the Pope, claimed him; but the captain did not know him, or any other master, but his own sovereign King George. At length a third holy brother approached. The young man recognised him at a distance, and in terror ran to the captain, entreating him not to be deceived, for he was the most false, wicked, and cruel monster in all the inquisition. He was introduced, the young man being present, and to obtain his object, began with bitter accusations against him; then he attempted to flatter the captain, and, lastly, offered him a sum of money to resign him. The captain said his offer was very handsome, and if what he affirmed were true, the person in question was unworthy of the English name, or of his protection. The holy brother was elated. He thought his errand was done. While drawing his purse-strings, the captain inquired what punishment would be inflicted on him. He replied, that, as his offences were great, it was likely his punishment would be exemplary. The captain asked if he thought he would be burnt in a dry pan. He replied, that must be determined by the holy inquisition, but it was not improbable. The captain then ordered the great copper to be heated, but no water to be put in. All this while the young man stood trembling, uncertain whether he was to fall a victim to avarice or superstition. The cook soon announced that the orders were executed. "Then I command you to take this fellow," pointing to the inquisitor, "and fry him alive in the copper." This unexpected command thunderstruck the holy father. Alarmed for himself, he rose to be gone. The cook began to bundle him away. "Oh, good captain, good captain, spare, spare me, my good captain." "Have him away said the captain. "Oh, no, my good captain." "Have him away; I'll teach him to attempt to bribe a British commander to sacrifice the life of an Englishman to gratify a herd of bloody men." Down the inquisitor fell upon his knees, and offered the captain all his money, promising never to return if he would let him go. When the captain had sufficiently alarmed him, he dismissed him, warning him never to come again on such an errand. The young man, thus happily delivered, fell upon his knees before the captain, and wished a thousand blessings upon his brave and noble deliverer. "This," said the admiral to the gentleman, "is the circumstance that began our acquaintance. I then took him to be my servant: he served me from affection; mutual attachment ensued; and it has inviolably subsisted and increased to this day.—*Buck's Anecdotes*.

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## ODD LONDON CHARACTERS OF FORMER TIMES.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Foote—the unscrupulous Mathews of the last century, and one of the most singular men ever produced in England—was born in 1721, at Truro in Cornwall. He could boast of being at least a gentleman by birth, for his father was a land-proprietor and magistrate of ancient descent, while his mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., who at one time represented the county of Hereford in parliament. His wit was developed in his very childhood; and his power of mimicry is said to have been suddenly brought into play, when a boy of twelve, in consequence of a discussion arising at his father's table respecting a rustic who had fallen under the observation of the parochial authorities. He on this occasion gave so lively an image of the demeanour and language which three of the justices were likely to assume when the culprit should be brought before them, that his father, one of the individuals taken off, rewarded him for the amusement he had given the company, and thus unintentionally encouraged a propensity which was afterwards to lead the youth into a mode of life which no father could have helped regretting. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, which had been founded by one of his near relations, and of which the superior, Dr. Gower, was unfortunately an apt subject for his humour. Observing that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near to the ground in an open space where cows were sometimes turned for the night, he hung a wisp of straw to the end of it; the unavoidable consequence was, that some one of the animals was sure to seize the straw in the course of the night, and thus

cause the bell to toll. A solemn consultation was held, and the provost undertook with the sexton to sit up in the chapel all night, for the purpose of catching the delinquent. They took their dreary station: at the midnight hour the bell tolled as before; out rushed the two watchmen, one of whom, seizing the cow in the dark, thought he had caught a gentleman commoner; while the doctor, grasping the animal by a different part of its body, exclaimed that he was convinced the postman was the rogue, for he felt his horn. Lights were speedily brought, and disclosed the nature of the jest, which served Oxford in laughter for a week.

Foote was an idle student, for which he was sometimes punished by having severe tasks imposed on him, as if one who would not study the ordinary proper time could be expected to give his mind to an uninteresting pursuit for an extraordinary time. When summoned before the provost, in order to be reprimanded for his junketings, the wag would come with a vast folio dictionary under his arm; the doctor would begin, using, as was his custom, a great number of quaint learned words, on hearing which Foote would gravely beg pardon for interrupting him—look up the word in the dictionary—and then as gravely request him to go on. There could be no reasonable hope of such a youth as a student; yet he was sent to the Temple, with a view to his going to the bar. He is said to have here made no proficiency except in fashionable vices and dissipation. In 1741, he married a young lady of good family in Worcestershire, and immediately after went with his spouse to spend a month with his father in Cornwall.

Foote, having shortly after outrun his fortune, was induced by a bookseller, on



a promise of ten pounds, to write a pamphlet in defence of his uncle Goodere, who was at that time in prison, previous to his trial for the inhuman murder of his brother, and for which he was afterwards executed. Perhaps some of the amiable prejudice called family pride aided in making him take up his pen in behalf of one who seems to have been as ruthless a monster as ever breathed. It must also be recollected that he was now only twenty. Whatever was the morality of the transaction—and indeed it is almost absurd to discuss such a point, considering the general nature of the man—it is related that when he went to receive the wages of his task, he was reduced so low as to be obliged to wear his boots to conceal that he wanted stockings. Having got the money, he bought a pair of stockings at a shop as he passed along. Immediately after, meeting a couple of boon companions, he was easily persuaded to go to dine with them at a tavern. While the wine was afterwards circulating, one of his friends exclaimed, "Why, hey, Foote, how is this? You seem to have no stockings on!" "No," replied the wit, with great presence of mind, "I never wear any at this time of the year, till I am going to dress for the evening; and you see (pulling out his recent purchase) I am always provided with a pair for the occasion." His mother succeeded by the death of her brother, Sir John D. Goodere, to five thousand per annum, but does not seem to have remained free from pecuniary embarrassments more than her son. The celebrated correspondence between her and Foote, given in the jest-books, is quite authentic, but rather too laconically expressed. An authentic copy is subjoined:—

"Dear Sam—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother,

E. FOOTE."

"Dear Mother—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,

SAM. FOOTE.

P. S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the meantime, let us hope for better days."

It is not impossible that Mrs. Foote's imprisonment took place before her accession of fortune was realized, and when she was a widow, for her husband died

soon after Sam's marriage. This lady lived to eighty-four, and is said to have been much like her son, both in body and mind—witty, social, and fond of a pretty strong joke. From the character of her brothers, it seems not unlikely that, with the humour she gave her son, she also communicated a certain degree of insanity, the source of the many eccentricities which he displayed through life.

The necessities arising from pure prodigality drove Foote to the stage in 1744. He appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, as Othello, Macklin supporting him in Iago; but the performance was a failure.

But when I played Othello, thousands swore  
They never saw such tragedy before—

says a rival wit in a retributory burlesque of the mimic. He tried comedy, and made a hit in the character of "Fondlewife." His salary proving unequal to his expenditure, he again became embarrassed, but relieved himself by an expedient, of which we will not attempt to estimate the morality. A lady of great fortune, anxious to be married, consulted the wit as to what she should do. He, recollecting his boon companion Sir Francis Delaval, who was as embarrassed as himself, recommended the lady to go to the conjuror in the Old Bailey, whom he represented as a man of uncommon skill and penetration. He employed another friend to personate the wise man, who depicted Sir Francis at full length, and described the time when, the place where, and the dress in which she would see him. The lady was so struck with the coincidence of all the circumstances, as to marry the broken-down prodigal in a few days. An ample reward signaled the ingenuity of the adviser, and enabled him once more to face the world.

It was in spring 1747 that Foote commenced, in the Haymarket Theatre, his career as the sole entertainer of an audience, and thus was the originator of that kind of amusement which Dibdin, Mathews, and others, afterwards practised with success. The piece, written by himself, and styled the "Diversions of the Morning," consisted chiefly of a series of imitations of well-known living persons. It met with immense applause, and soon raised the jealousy of the two great theatres of the metropolis, through whose intervention his career was stopped by the

Westminster justices. In this dilemma he took it upon him to invite the public one evening TO TEA: multitudes came; and while all were wondering what he would do, he appeared before them, and mentioned that, "as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, while tea was getting ready, proceed, if they had no objection, with his instructions." This, it may easily be conceived, was nothing else than a plan for taking off the players who were persecuting him, at the same time that he evaded the consequences of their rancour. His invitations to tea brought splendid audiences, and much money, but were interrupted by his receipt of a large legacy, which kept him for five years in the condition of an idle voluptuary. In 1753, he once more became connected with the stage, for which he produced a comedy in two acts, entitled "Taste," which experienced great success, and was followed by a similar production entitled "The Author." He had here caricatured, under the name of Cadwallader, a Welsh gentleman of his acquaintance, who was noted for pride of pedigree. Honest Mr. Aprice, for that was his real name, was present at the play several times, without suspecting that, in Cadwallader, he saw another self; but at length, when he found every body calling him by that name, he began to perceive the joke, which enraged him so much that he applied to the Lord Chamberlain for an interdict against the play, which was granted. It is rather odd that the wit himself was characterized by the same foible, and not less blind to it than Mr. Aprice. Some of his friends, knowing this, resolved to make it the subject of a jest at his expense. As they were laughing at persons piquing themselves on their descent, one of them slyly observed that, however people might ridicule family pretensions, he believed there never was a man well descended who was not proud of it. Foote, snapping the bait, replied, "No doubt, no doubt; for instance, now, though I trust I may be considered as far from a vain man, yet, being descended from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall, I am not a little proud of it, as, indeed, you shall see I may be;" and accordingly ordered a servant to bring the genealogical tree of the family, which he began to elucidate with

all the absurdity that he so felicitously ridiculed in Cadwallader.

The spirit of these and other early compositions of Foote was to seize some point of fashionable folly, and expose it in a few scenes of broad humour, with the addition of the mimetic representation, by the author himself, of some noted real character. There was little of plot or contrivance in the pieces, but strong caricature painting, and ludicrous incidents, which rendered them extremely diverting. He took a somewhat higher aim when, in 1760, he burlesqued methodism in "The Minor," a play which excited some angry controversy, but proved attractive to the public. His "Mayor of Garratt," produced in 1763, was the nearest approach he made to legitimate comedy: its merits have kept it in vogue as one of the stock pieces of the British stage down almost to the present time.

In 1757, Foote paid a visit to Dublin, along with Tate Wilkinson, and the united mimicry of the two attracted large audiences. On this occasion Wilkinson mimicked even his companion, who, with the usual thin-skinnedness of the professed jester, did not relish the joke, and said it was the only attempt of his friend which did not succeed. At the end of this year, we find Foote engaged in a totally new speculation in the Irish capital. He set up as a fortuneteller, in a room hung with black cloth, and lighted by a single lantern, the light of which was scrupulously kept from his face: he succeeded so far, it is said, as to realize on some occasions £30 a-day, at half-a-crown from each dupe. In 1759, when out at elbows in London, he paid his first visit to Scotland, borrowing a hundred pounds from Garrick to defray the expenses of his journey. He was well received in Edinburgh society, and by the public in general. Yet the Scots did not escape his sarcasm. One day, an old lady who was asked for a toast, gave "Charles the Third," meaning, of course, the Pretender. "Of Spain, madam?" inquired Foote. "No, sir," cried the lady, pettishly, "of England." "Never mind her," said one of the company; "she is one of our old folks who have not got rid of their political prejudices." "Oh, dear sir, make no apology," cried



Foote ; " I was prepared for all this, as, from your living so far north, I suppose none of you have yet heard of the Revolution." He afterwards paid several visits to Scotland, where, during 1771, he was manager of the Edinburgh theatre for a season, clearing a thousand pounds by the venture. He found that the Scotch, with all their gravity, have some little drollery amongst them. Robert Cullen, son of the eminent physician, and a noted mimic, and the Laird of Logan, not less distinguished as a wit, became his intimate friends. Another of the native humourists encountered him in a somewhat extraordinary way. This was Mr. McCulloch of Ardwell, in the stewatry of Kirkcudbright, whose sayings are to this day quoted in his native province. In travelling from his country residence to Edinburgh with his own carriage, Mr. McCulloch spent, as usual, a night in the inn at Moffat, and next day proceeded to ascend the terrible hill of Erickstane, which connects two great districts of Scotland, and forms decidedly the most difficult and dangerous piece of road in the whole country. A deep snow had fallen during the night, and Mr. McCulloch, after proceeding three or four miles, was compelled to turn back. When he regained his inn, he found a smart carriage, with a gentleman in the inside, standing at the door, while the horses were getting changed : this he ascertained to be the equipage of Mr. Foote, the celebrated comedian. The Laird of Ardwell immediately went up to the panel and wrote upon it in chalk, the words—

Let not a single Foote profane  
The sacred snows of Erickstane.

Foote, surprised to see a punch little man writing on his carriage, came out to read the inscription, which amused him so much that he immediately went and introduced himself to the writer. Further explanation then took place, which readily convinced him of the impossibility of proceeding farther that day ; and the consequence was, that the two gentlemen resolved to make themselves as happy as possible where they were. The snow lay long ; the terrors of Erickstane relented not for a fortnight ; but the viands and liquors of the inn were good, and the conversation of the two storm-delayed gentlemen was like knife sharpening knife.

In short, they spent the fortnight together in the utmost good fellowship, and were friends ever after.

One other trait of the Scottish wit which came under Foote's attention may be noticed. At the close of an unsuccessful piece of law business, when the agent of the opposite party called to get payment of the expenses, observing that that person was prepared for a journey, the comedian inquired where he was going. " To London," was the answer. " And how do you mean to travel ?" asked the manager. " On *foot*," replied the wily agent, significantly depositing the cash in his pocket at the same moment.

As Foote was always ready to seize on any passing folly, either of the public or of individuals, as a means of attracting audiences, it is not surprising that the hoax of the Cock Lane Ghost, which took place in 1762, furnished him with a theme. Samuel Johnson being one of those who inclined to believe in the statements of the deceiving party, Foote resolved to bring that august character upon the stage. Johnson, dining one day at the house of Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, was informed of the design entertained by Foote, and knowing very well the kind of remonstrance to which alone the mimic was accessible, he asked his host if he knew the common price of an oak stick. Being answered, sixpence, he said, " Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity, for I am determined the fellow shall not take me off with impunity." Foote soon received information of this avowal of the Herculean lexicographer, and was further told that it was Johnson's intention " to plant himself in the front of the stage-box on the first night of the proposed play, and, if any buffoon attempted to mimic him, to spring forward on the stage, knock him down in the face of the audience, and then appeal to their common feelings and protection." It is almost unnecessary to add, that Johnson's character was omitted. Johnson was not an admirer of Foote. He, very absurdly we think, termed his mimicry not a power, but a vice ; and alleged that he was not good at it, being unable, he said, to take off any one unless he had some strong peculiarity. He allowed, however, that he had wit,

fertility of ideas, a considerable extent of information, and was "for obstreperous broadfaced mirth without an equal." "The first time," said Dr. J., "that I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out." He also told the following anecdote, still more strongly illustrative of the power of the wit:—"Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers among his numerous acquaintances. Fitzherbert was one who took his small beer, but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at the table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories that when he went down stairs, he told them, 'This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer.'"<sup>\*</sup>

When in Dublin in 1763, Foote produced his play of "The Orators," in which he burlesqued Sheridan the elocutionist, and George Faulkner, an eminent printer in the Irish capital. This last gentleman, who, from egotism and every kind of coxcombrty, is said to have been a rich subject for Foote's genius, prosecuted him for libel, and gained large damages. Here also some hot Hibernian spirit so far resented being made a subject of ridicule by the wit, as to kick

him openly on the street. Dr. Johnson's remark on this last circumstance was bitterness steeped in bitterness—"Why, Foote must be rising in the world; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him." By his various talents, Foote was now in the enjoyment of a large income; but his invincible extravagance kept him always poor. He had a maxim, that to live in a state of constant effort to restrain expense is the nearest thing to absolute poverty. He had a town and country house, and a carriage, and entertained great numbers of all kinds of people in the most superb style. On one occasion, after the successful run of one of his plays, he expended twelve hundred pounds on a service of plate—remarking, when the act was spoken of by a friend with surprise, that, as he could not keep his gold, he was resolved to try if he could keep silver. On another occasion, when at Bristol, on his way to Dublin, falling into play, in which he was at all times a great dupe, he lost seventeen hundred pounds, being all that he had to commence operations with in Ireland, and was obliged to borrow a hundred to carry him on his way. In 1766, when riding home from a gentleman's house where he had been entertained in Hants, he was thrown, and had one of his legs broken in two places. He bore the amputation of the limb, not only with fortitude, but with jocularity. While the accident did not materially mar his efficiency as an actor, it procured him a positive advance in fortune. The Duke of York, brother to George III., having been present when it happened, was so much interested in consequence in behalf of the unfortunate mimic, that he obtained for him a royal patent, which enabled him to keep the Haymarket Theatre open for the four summer months as long as he lived.

With Garrick our hero was occasionally on such good terms as to borrow money from him. At other times, professional rivalry made them bitter enemies. In the year 1769, Mr. Garrick made a great hit by bringing out the celebrated Stratford Jubilee on the stage, himself appearing as one of the most important persons in the procession. Foote, pining with envy, resolved to burlesque an affair certainly very open to ridicule,

<sup>\*</sup>Boswell.



and in a mock procession to introduce Garrick with all his masquerading paraphernalia, while some droll was to address him in the following lines of the jubilee laureate—

A nation's taste depends on you,  
Perhaps a nation's virtues too—

whereupon the puffed-up manager was to clap his arms like the wings of a cock, and cry out

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Garrick heard of the scheme, and for some time was like to go distracted with vexation, anticipating the utter ruin of his fame. Foote, meanwhile, borrowed from him five hundred pounds, which Garrick was probably glad to give, in the hope that his kindness would soften the satirist. Soon after, Foote pettishly gave back the money, on hearing it reported that he was under obligations to Garrick. The situation of the latter gentleman was now so miserable, that some friends interfered to obtain assurance from Foote that he would spare Garrick. If it be strange to contemplate a man of such secure reputation as Garrick writhing under the fear of ridicule, it is infinitely more curious to learn that Foote, who was so impartial, as Johnson called it, as to burlesque and tell lies of every body, never took up a newspaper without dreading to meet with some squib upon himself.\* After the two managers had been reconciled, Garrick paid Foote a visit, and expressed some gratification at finding a bust of himself above the bureau of his brother actor. "But," said Garrick, "how can you trust me so near your gold and bank notes?" "Oh, because you have got no hands," replied the irrepressible Foote.

In 1775, Foot being understood to have written a play called "The Trip to Calais," in which he had ridiculed the Duchess of Kingston as Lady Kitty Crocodile, that eccentric lady commenced a fierce altercation with him, which it would now be vain to describe at length. Its consequence was the withdrawal of the character from the play. When the piece was subsequently presented, a Dr. Jackson, who conducted a newspaper, and was secretary to the duchess, took deadly offence at being ridiculed in it, and commenced a course of vindictive proceedings against the author. A servant of

Foote was tempted to make a charge against him of so degrading a nature, that the poor mimic, although honourably cleared, sank under the pain of mind which it had occasioned him. He scarcely afterwards could muster strength to appear on the stage, and it soon became necessary that he should seek health in a milder climate. Having sold his interest in the theatre to Mr. Colman for an annuity of fifteen hundred a-year, he prepared to leave London. About an hour before stepping into his chaise to proceed to Dover, he walked through his house, and took a careful survey of his pictures, which were numerous and excellent. On coming before the portrait of a deceased intimate and fellow-actor, he gazed on it for ten minutes, and then turned away, saying, "Poor Weston!" Immediately he added, in a tone of self-reproach, "Poor Weston! It will very soon, I fear, be Poor Foote!" He was right. After an ineffectual visit to Paris, he returned to London, and expired on the 21st of October 1777. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

It would be absurd to weigh such a man as Foote in ordinary balances. Such persons are mere sports of nature, which she sends apparently for no other purpose than to promote the salutary act of laughter among the species. Yet, while Foote wanted all moral dignity, he is allowed to have been upon the whole a humane and generous man. That impartiality, also, in the distribution of his ridicule, of which Johnson spoke, might be considered as in some degree a redeeming clause in his character. And it really seems to have often served to obviate the offence which would have otherwise been taken against him. Cumberland tells in his *Memoirs*, that, having four persons one day at dinner, and one having gone behind a screen, Foote, conceiving that he had left the house, began to play off his jokes against him; whereupon the subject of his ridicule cried out, "I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now, with your leave, I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine." With such a man it was vain to fall into a passion. He was a being to be laughed at or with—serious censure would have been thrown away upon him,

\*Davies's *Memoirs of Garrick*.

and playful sarcasm would have only vexed him, without teaching him from his own to pity another's pains. If it be thought proper to condemn poor Foote upon the score of principle, we frankly own that ours is not the pen which can frame the verdict.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

## RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

### GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

The great vein of silver ore called Biscaina, lying in the porphyric rock of this chain, was one of the earliest and most productive of those opened by the Spaniards. It was worked by them with great advantage nearly two hundred years, but circumstances at the beginning of the last century gave rise to its temporary abandonment. It was, however, re-opened, and other shafts commenced towards the close of the same century by the Count of Regla, who in the excavation of an adit, or subterranean canal, to carry off the waters from the mines, is said to have realized eleven millions of dollars; such being the richness of ore with which he accidentally came into contact. Subsequently, difficulties have constrained his descendants to cede his right, as before mentioned; and the Real del Monte Company, after the complete repair of the old works, and the construction of new—the cost and labor of which has been enormous—has at length so far attained its object, that at present the actual proceeds of the mines exceed the expenditure, which here and at Regla is estimated at thirty thousand dollars monthly. The energy and skill of our countrymen in the construction of new shafts, and the substitution of steam for animal power—the great roads constructed to Regla and to Vera Cruz, whence all their heavy machinery has been transported on its arrival from England; and the order and wisdom evident in all the operations, are not unworthy of the British name.

At the same time, there is something about mining speculations in any country, and more than all in a country like New Spain, where justice and reason have so little sway, which would make me advise any friend of mine to take a slower but surer way of making his fortune.

In consequence of the number of artificers and miners transported hither, an English colony has sprung up in Real del Monte, and it was moving for me to see the flaxen hair and blue eyes, and hear the prattle of many English children, gambolling in close vicinity to the swarthy offspring of the mixed races of the country.

From the eminence to the south of Real del Monte, an excellent bird's eye view is attained of the general disposition of the works.

The great vein runs through this elevated mountain mass, nearly in a direction of east and west underlying south, with a variation of 24 degrees. All the works are to the south of the town. And are seen disposed up the slope of the main ridge.

The lowest shaft is the Dolores, 330 varas\* deep, then follows San Cyetano, 347 varas; Santa Teresa, 335; Terrero, 379; Guadaloupe, 210. Santa Agatha and San Franciscocoe are the highest shafts in the series. The great adit, to the level of which the water is brought up by steam engines from the bottom of the mines, lies 242 varas below the mouth of the Terrero shaft. It is throughout 2½ varas high, and 1½ wide, and runs for two miles and a half, with a very gentle fall, to its opening in the vale of Moran below. Hitherto, steam power has only been applied to the purposes here stated, the ore and rubbish being raised to the surface by horse power applied to a windless.

But now, if you choose, you may accompany us to the mouth of the Dolores shaft, when, having garbed in miners' dresses, with heads well defended with a kind of a felt helmet, we began our descent by ladders, accompanied by two of the English captains or overseers, and went down, down, down into the bowels of the earth. We passed the mouth of the adit; and reaching the bottom of the mine, in our progress from one shaft to another, visited every part of the "workings." To gain and examine some of these required a certain degree of strength and resolution, from the defective and dangerous means of descent and exit. They were various in appearance, sometimes a

\* Vara, or Mexican yard, is two feet nine inches English.



shapeless excavation, and at other times wrought into the form of a gallery, according as the rock has been rich or poor in the ore, which is found in a quartz matrix, embodied in the porphyry rock, of which the whole chain consists.

The system of mining struck me as peculiar. The common miners are, for the most part, of the Indian race. A few of them band together to work in company, and take their equal shares of the proceeds. They are paid four rials a day by the company, and take as their further perquisite, one-eighth of the ore extracted.

On issuing from the mouth of the mine, the confederates themselves divide the lumps of ore, rich and poor, into eight heaps in the presence of one of the overseers, and that overseer determines which of the eight shall be given up to them. There are subterraneous offices where the tools and candles are kept, and regularly served out and reclaimed by an officer charged with that particular duty. Blasting and other operations are carried on as in other mines.

There are upon an average about three hundred Indians constantly thus engaged in the different parts of the mine; and the scenes presented in those gloomy caves, where they work by the red light of their tapers, with scarcely any covering, are far beyond my describing.

The ascent of the great shaft of the Terreors, from the depth of nearly a thousand feet below the surface, by means of a series of perpendicular ladders, thirty-two in number, was one of the most fatiguing exploits which I ever undertook. We were, nevertheless, highly gratified by our adventure. It may yet be mentioned that the ore is transported to Regla, where it goes through the necessary processes for being converted into bullion, after which it is carried to the city of Mexico, and coined into dollars at the government mint. In this form it is exported.

The lust for gold which possessed the souls of the conquerors, condemned the aborigines of these central portions of America to a system of oppression and tyranny in times past, which is almost inconceivable. As there was no personal danger to which the quest after the precious metals might expose the

Spaniard that he would not dare; so there was no depth of cruelty to which he would not descend to further his debasing passion. Of this the traditions of the Indians preserve many striking illustrations.

I give you one anecdote—whether told before or not, I do not know—which was related to me, with others of the kind in the mining district, where such tales abound.

In an Indian village, farther to the north, say the Indians, there lived in the old Spanish times a padre: a man of simple and retired habits, who labored to convert and maintain the inhabitants in the Catholic faith.

He was beloved by the simple tribe among whom he was domesticated, and they did not fail to prove their good will by frequent presents of such trifles as they found agreeable to him. They say that he was a great writer; and occasionally received from the Indians of his parish a small quantity of finely colored dust, which he made use of to dry his sermons and letters. Knowing how much the padre loved writing, they seldom returned from the mountains without bringing him some. It happened that once upon a time he had occasion to write to a friend of his living in the capital, who was a jeweller, and did not fail to use his sand box. In returning an answer his knowing friend, to his great surprise, bantered him with his great riches, seeing that he dried the very ink on his paper with gold dust! This opened the simple padre's eyes. He sent for his Indian friends, and without divulging his newly acquired knowledge, begged them to get him more of the fine bright sand. They, nothing doubting, did so. The demon of avarice began to whisper in the old man's ear, and warm the blood of his heart. He begged for more, and received it—and then more—till they had furnished him with several pounds. All entreaty that they would show him the locality where this bright dust was gathered, was resisted with calmness and steadiness for a long time. Alternate cajolling and menace was employed with equally as bad success. At length, wearied out, they told him that, as they loved him, and saw he was disturbed in mind, they would yield to his desire and show him the spot,

on the condition that he would submit to be led to and from the place blindfold. To this he greedily consented, and was in course of time taken upon their shoulders and carried, whither he knew not, by many devious ways, up and down mountain and barranca, for many hours, into the recesses of the cordillera, and there, in a cave through which a stream issued from the breast of the mountain, they set him down and unbound him. They there showed him quantities of the gold dust intermingled with large lumps of virgin ore, while their spokesman addressed him thus:—"Father, we have brought you here at your urgent request, because you so much desired it, and because we loved you; take now what you want to carry away with you—let it be as much as you can carry, for here you must never hope to come again: you will never persuade us more!" The padre seemingly acquiesced, and after disposing as much of the precious metal about his person as he could contrive to carry, he submitted to be blindfolded, and was again taken in the arms of the Indians to be transported home. The tradition goes on to relate how the good curé, upon whom the cursed lust of gold had now seized, thought to outwit his conductors by untying his rosary, and occasionally dropping a bead on the earth. If he flattered himself that any hope existed of his being thus able to thread the blind maze through which he passed, and find the locality, one may imagine his chagrin, when once more arrived and set down at his own door, the first sight that met his uncovered eyes was the contented face of one of his Indian guides, and an outstretched hand, containing in its hollow the greater part of the grains of his rosary; while the guileless tongue of the finder expressed his simple joy at having been enabled to restore such a sacred treasure to the discomfited padre.

Entreaties and threats were now employed in vain. Gentle as the Indians were, they were not to be bent. Government was apprised of the circumstances, and commissioners were sent down to investigate the affair. The principal inhabitants were seized, and menace being powerless, torture, that last argument of the tyrant was resorted to—all in vain, not a word could be wrung from them!

Many were put to death; still their brethren remained mute; and the village became deserted under the systematic prosecution of the oppressors. The most careful researches, repeatedly made from time to time by adventurers in search of the rich deposit, have all resulted in disappointment; and to this day all that is known is, that somewhere in the recesses of those mountains lies the gold mine of La Navidad.

#### STATE OF SOCIETY.

We had not been many days in the city of Mexico, when we made the discovery, that notwithstanding the excellent letters of introduction with which we had been furnished in Europe and the United States—as far as the *natives* of the country were concerned, we should have to be the contrivers of our own amusements.

It is true, our calls were returned and our cards acknowledged. We exchanged compliments; bartered bows, polite speeches, and grateful acknowledgments, for the boiling-hot rapturous expressions of ecstasy of our Mexican acquaintances, at the unlooked-for happiness of seeing us in this world. We smiled in delight, in the very extremity of gratitude, at the devotion with which the palaces, the horses, the very lives of our noble male friends, were seemingly placed at our command without any reserve.

It appeared as if every other duty or pleasure was to be relenquished for the felicity of cultivating our friendship. We received a thousand compliments, which the gayest of our European admirers never had the wit to conceive, or the effrontery to utter. On one or two occasions, we had the ecstasy of presenting a comely black-eyed dama or signorita with a balmy *cigarita*; and of receiving it again from her delicate hand, after it had been consecrated by a preliminary whiff.

And how then?—why, after our first interview some of the most impassioned of our acquaintances were never heard of. Others evidently kept out of our way. Two or three who had travelled in Europe were again met with in society, at the houses of European residents, where of course they behaved with the proper reserve, staid decorum, and cool nonchalance of civilized and well bred men:



and the greatest attention which we met with during our stay, from any individual—with the exception of one single family connected by marriage with Europeans was an occasional impromptu invitation to come and sit for an hour in an evening, "quite in a family way." This was laughable; and more so, as we found it was the general experience among foreigners of all grades.

There was those among the diplomatic corps, whose object it has been from the commencement of their residence in this city to cultivate a friendly and social spirit with the families of natives of so-called education, attached to whatever party they might be; but a series of the most ludicrous vexations and disappointments showed them the total impossibility—the chimerical nature of the scheme; and we found the society at these houses literally reduced to the superior class of Europeans, and half a dozen of Mexicans, whose visits to Europe had rendered them a little more susceptible of the advantages of a different state of society, from that afforded by their own country.

The European merchants were equally unfortunate, and found in the constant display of jealousy, and in the low intrigues of their rivals among the natives, no opening for a more liberal state of feeling and conversation. Consequently, they are kept aloof from each other.

Then came the lower orders of foreign speculators. All found themselves the subject of jealous hatred in Mexico. "*How does monsieur like Mexico?*" said a garrulous French barber to me, the very morning of my arrival. "*Fine streets, fine houses fine churches, fine clothes!—but the people—they are all, all, all, from the president to the leper, what we in France call canaille, monsieur.*" "*Ma foi, qu'ils sont bete ces Mexicans,*" said the Belgian host of a mason at Tacubaya: "*all, from the highest to the lowest, are as ignorant as that bottle!*"—and he pointed to an empty one. "*You ask a question, 'Quien sabe!' is all you can get for an answer. You show them something they never saw before, 'Santa Maria, que bonito!' is their only exclamation.*"

But the most eloquent was a little German saddler, who wound up a long High-

Dutch tirade against the miserable inhabitants of the country, their mode of living, their ignorance, dishonesty, and the hard lot which compelled him to cast his life away among such wretches, by saying, "*There's not von man here so honest as my tog Spitz—Carampa!*"

But in our case, besides this known feeling of jealousy of the Mexican towards the foreigner, something was to be laid to the charge of the season of Lent, during which it seemed that there was neither bullfights nor tertulia.

In addition the veteran Galli, the faded Pelligrini, in short the whole *corps d'opera Italienne* was out of humour. And they might well be. They had been invited to charm the eyes and ears of the Mexicans for the season, under certain conditions. The government had bound itself to ensure them a certain amount of remuneration; that is, whatever sum their professional receipts might fall short of it, it had pledged itself to make good. Now, as it happened, the people were in poor spirits, and had neither time nor ears for them. Their receipts fell far short of their hopes, and in utter distress they applied to the liberal government. Government responded to their application in rather a cavalier manner; for, instead of hard dollars, it sent a file of passports regularly made out, from the prima donna to the scene shifter and candle suffer, and the advice to take their departure forthwith. This was poor satisfaction; but singers are proverbially unfortunate in Mexico. There was, for example, Garcia, who, travelling, was set upon by a banditti and pillaged, even to his snuff-box, diamond ring, and pantaloon: after which, the robbers insisted that he should sing for them. He did so—and was hissed most obstreperously by his lawless auditory! It is said that he bore the pillaging with becoming temper, but the hissing he never forgot or forgave.

Thus situated, we made the best of our position, and determined to enjoy ourselves in our own way: riding out every morning, frequently dining and spending the afternoon at the house of one or other of our European acquaintances, and passing the evening at the paséo, or on the elevated azotea of one of the fine palaces, which, now half warehouse

and half dwelling house, are many of them in the occupation of foreigners. The scale of the interior arrangement of these princely structures corresponds with the stately exterior. They contain suites of elevated apartments, now despoiled of their rich furniture, and melancholy from their vast extent and want of inhabitants; but evincing in their fresh gay gilding, carved works, panelling, and painted ceilings, both the past glories of which they have been the scene, and the extreme purity of the atmosphere which circulates within their lofty walls. The views from the more elevated, over the flat roofs and the numerous domes of the city, and the complete panorama of mountains, were of a beauty which is indescribable.

There are certain thoroughfares and places of resort, in Mexico, which seem to pour one incessant stream of human beings, from sunrise to sunset. Such are the main streets leading to the causeways; the vicinity of Parian and Plaza Mayor, where the bulk of the business of the capital is concentrated; the various markets; and the quarters where the canals from the lakes terminate.

Numberless light canoes laden with fruits, flowers, vegetables, maize, and straw, meat, wild ducks, and game of various descriptions, approach the centre of the city by the latter channels; frequently accompanied by the Indian speculators, and their families, young and old. Thence the cargoes are transported on the back, through the press of rival mules, trooping in from the *calzadas*; and are deposited in the spacious market near the university.

The spectacle afforded by this crowded area was a never failing source of interest—whether our observation was directed to the habits of the Indian, the varied picturesque costumes, the nature of the commodities exposed for sale, or the peculiarities of individual character.

The Mexican and Ottomian Indian possesses very distinct features from his North American brethren. He has a shorter face, and thicker lips, and the cheek bone is much more protuberant.

During the early hours, good humor evidently pervaded the press; and the public spirit seemed to harmonise with the freshness of the flowers—of which,

as in the days of Cortez, there is here always an inexhaustible profusion; with the bright colors of the fresh-culled fruits and vegetables; and the orderly arrangement of the various piles of calico, hides, earthenware, baskets, ropes and matting. The toil of their journey, and that of subsequent arrangements being over, the Indian and his family might be seen seated at their morning meal of *tortillas* and *chile*, in peace; and in satisfied expectation of the approach of a customer.

I never failed to remark, however, an exception to this tranquility in the person and demeanor of an old grotesque alguazil, who appeared to have the duty of maintaining order—or rather, of stirring up disorder, in that part of the market which lay opposite to the university. He usually lost his temper at sunrise; and, as far as I could discover, never found it till after sunset—swearing most grievously the live-long day; thumping the cruppers of the mules, and the heads and shoulders of the Indians; overturning hampers, kicking over the baskets, knocking down the piles of merchandise, in dogged determination to see all go according to rule and square. He seemed perfectly careless of consequences: and he met the oburgation and vociferous upbraidings of the dark-eyed and dark-haired female whose arrangements he had invaded, with the same recklessness with which he braved the sullen scowl of hatred from her swarthy mate.

The heat of noon brought comparative silence. Multitudes had departed; and those who maintained their stand were dozing: but a little later, the old alguazil, with uplifted staff and voice, might be seen at his unwelcome labor: goading bipeds and quadrupeds; twitching the hair of the one, and the tails of the other; and dispensing execrations upon both. Unfortunately, I must allow, at this hour there was reason for his interference; as the numberless *pulquerias* in the vicinity of the market, to which many of the males had retired in the morning, while their wives carried on the business, now poured forth their inebriated occupants; and many a family group which had entered the city in harmony, was seen retiring to their canoe amid violence and lamentations.

The shops in Mexico do not make any



great figure; they are in general open, and of small dimensions. Certain quarters are devoted to distinct lines of business. Thus the jewellers have their streets; the sellers of *mangas* theirs; and so forth. Coachmaking is among the most important of the mechanical trades of the capital; and, perhaps the most lucrative after that of gold and silver smiths; but no trade can be very bad, if we consider the price asked for almost every article. Saddlery, confectionary, millinery and tailoring flourish. The vender of medicines seems to have a stirring business. The Parian, which I have before named, forms a depository of a great proportion to the home manufactured goods; and the hire of the stalls brings in a large revenue to government. This alone can be pleaded in defence of maintenance, to the destruction of the beauty of the Plaza Mayor. It is also the principal resort of the *evangelistas*, writers of letters, memorials, and billets-doux, for the unlearned of the city. Many foreign artisans have of late years settled in Mexico, but are always regarded with jealous dislike by the natives.

The works in wax are celebrated; and there is an artist, Hidalgo by name, whose models of national character and costumes are of rare beauty and fidelity. There is evidently much native talent of an imitative kind; but the disadvantages under which the country labors are sufficient to crush and extinguish it.

Owing to the causes before alluded to, I am totally unable to give you the smallest insight into the manner in which the best classes of the natives employ themselves during the early part of the day. Soon after sunrise, the churches held their proportions of worshippers of all ranks. The hour of prayer over and gone, while we suppose that the males repaired to their ordinary occupations, private or official, the higher classes of females disappeared altogether. Among the crowds in the great thoroughfares, at the market, under the great arcades, or on the promenades—it was a rare occurrence to descry the *mantilla* of a lady of condition.

Now and then, it is true, a solitary maiden, followed by her watchful duenna, might cross your path, saluting your nostrils by a gentle whiff from the lighted

cigarita, which like the glance of her black eye, was but half shrouded by the ample *mantilla*; but this was not a usual apparition.

It was evident that they neither went out shopping nor visiting, nor gillivanting, but staid within doors—which, on the charitable supposition that they were properly employed, was well enough; but hereof deponent saith not.

It was far otherwise in the evening. Then all, young and old, came out of their hiding places, and the Alameda and *paséos* before sunset, and the *portales* after dark, swarmed with *damas* and *signoritas* of the city.

The number of carriages which repair to the evening promenade is very great; and there is certainly considerable taste and luxury displayed among them.

They are in general capacious vehicles, with bodies well and substantially built, if not exactly after the present European taste; generally decorated and painted in the old sumptuous style in vogue two centuries ago; but the huge scaffolding on which they are pendant defies description. This, from one extremity to another, cannot frequently be less than fourteen or sixteen feet—I like to keep within bounds. I should esteem it impossible to overturn them by any lawful means. They are drawn by two or four steeds, or mules, heavily caparisoned; and when once in motion, may be seen soberly trotting around the Alameda, or even the *paséo* for a brief space; when they draw in solemn stateliness side by side, in one of the open spaces, to allow the occupants a full opportunity to see and to be seen. The gentlemen on horseback, meanwhile, course up and down, with much the same object in view; halting and chatting with their acquaintances, or rapidly exchanging, or passing, that friendly little gesture with the fingers, which passes current among the familiars of this country. I will not deny that you see some fine horses, and some striking costumes; and further, some handsome faces; and that there is a kind of excitement produced by the bustle of evening promenades, particularly when they take place on the *Paséo de las Vigas*: but whether it was that I love not crowds, and am given to seek more quiet pleasure, and to prefer scenes of

less glare and dust; or was apt to be too strongly reminded by them of the vanity of the world; or, lastly, that I was conscious that *Pinto* was one of the shabiest steeds in the city to look at, in spite of the daily care of Don Floresco, and that my cutting a dash was out of the question—I soon grew tired of attending the promenade, and used to gird on my weapon and slink off in another direction. Several times a week, about sunset, the band of the artillery regiment quartered in the city played for half an hour in the vicinity of the barracks; and many of the loungers, both mounted and on foot, were accustomed to repair thither: and to do them justice, I have heard far worse military bands in Europe. It was whispered that the music was by far the best feature of the regiment, and I think, with every probability of truth. Like all other portions of the Mexican army which come in our way, the officers were gaudily dressed in very bad taste, and the men looked more like footpads than soldiers.

And now the scene of this fashionable promenade changes to the portales, where some hundreds of dames and gallants form into two dense lines, from which, when once entangled, you cannot extricate yourself; and continue defiling up and down with monotonous regularity and at a funeral pace, for half an hour or more; while the dirty steps at the doorway of the shops opening under the arcades, upon which the beggars and the lepers have been reclining during the day, are now, to your astonishment, covered with luxuriously dressed females, chatting and smoking with their beaux. This is perfect Mexican—just as an acquaintance described to me his morning visit to a noble lady to whom the preceding evening he had been presented at the opera, where she shone in lace and diamonds—when he found her in the most complete dishabille; all her French finery thrown aside; without stockings, and eating *tortillas* and *Chile*, out of the common earthenware plate of the country. I must do the Mexican gallants the credit to say that some time ago a proposal was started to provide chairs. The offer was indignantly refused by the belles; and there they squat to this very day, according to the custom of their mothers and grandmothers.

At this hour the *mantilla* was almost universally laid aside. The females of this country cannot be said to be distinguished for personal beauty. They are short in person, and seldom the possessors of elegant form or features. Their eyes are generally fine, and the majesty of their gait, which is remarkable, is characteristic of the admixture of the Spanish and Indian blood. In their style of dress, they have now adopted the French fashion; always preserving the *mantilla*, however, as before mentioned, in the earlier part of the day.—*Latrobe*.

#### MICHAELMAS WEEK IN THE COUNTRY.

The mention of Michaelmas rarely conveys to the mind of the thorough-paced citizen of the metropolis any other ideas than the savory ones connected with the anticipations or reminiscences of roast goose, duly seasoned with sage and onions, and served up with the appropriate garniture of apple-sauce and rich gravy; in the appearance of which viands at his board, he humbly conceives the orthodox observance of the feast of St. Michael and all angels consists. Wofully, however, would that man be disappointed, who should unwittingly visit those lands of geese, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lincolnshire, at that awful period, in the expectation of feasting to perfection on the orthodox Michaelmas fare. Alack, my masters, that day is, in these counties, for reasons good, a more meagre fast than a Romish Ash-Wednesday; and those who venture to anticipate festivities thereon, will reckon without their host.

It is an anniversary of fusses, fidgets, and all disquiets to which the domestic *regime* can be exposed—a day on which servants are changed, removals are effected, scot and lot paid, and rent demanded, and often extorted from the moneyless, by the confiscation of household goods. It is a day on which the quiet, peace-loving, and sensitive-eared members of a family suffer annual purgatory for their sins, and the active, bustling, sharp-tongued vixens of the household, whether their station be in parlour or kitchen, hold their yearly saturnalia, and the conscious lares and penates frown ominously on all intruders. Intruders! do I say? Those who know anything of country customs would as soon leap into the crater of a volcano, by way of a visit of inquiry, as venture their persons into a strange house in or about the Michaelmas week, which is in these eastern counties, and has been from time immemorial, a week devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and whitewashing; and those who ignorantly thrust themselves into the focus of such doings, will not fail to pay a pretty severe penalty for their folly.

My worthy metropolitan cousin once amused me with a ludicrously pathetic account of the inconveniences he experienced from having inadvertently selected Michaelmas week, old style,



as the season for paying a visit to some friends in Norfolk, who had often complimented him with pressing invitations to come and see them without ceremony, and stay as long as possible. But I cannot do better than relate this brief passage of his autobiography in his own words: "It happened last summer that I was attacked with a serious fit of the *maladie du Londres*, as a friend of mine from the healthful south of France terms those distressing nervous complaints which invade alike the dissipated and studious residents of the crowded metropolis. I lost my appetite, my spirits failed me; I could neither sleep nor study; I became querulous and impatient, rebuked my housekeeper without just cause, execrated the dustmen and their bells; gave orders that I should be denied to all the world, and then upbraided my friends for not coming to see me; yawned in my clients' faces when they came for opinions, and advised them not to go to law about such nonsense, to their infinite indignation. Finally, I consulted my physician, and quarrelled with him for candidly assuring me 'that a prescription would only aggravate my symptoms, since country air and exercise was all I wanted.' Just at that moment a friend of mine, who had recently experienced the same bodily languor and *vis inertiae* under which I was labouring, called upon me on his return from a month's visit in the country, in so complete a renovation of health and spirits, that I resolved not to lose another day in following the same line of conduct which had produced so beneficial an effect on his constitution. Accordingly, I ordered a few changes of linen to be put into my portmanteau, hastily threw myself into a post-chaise, and commenced my journey to Greenwood vale in Norfolk, the residence of Sylvester Chapman, Esq., to whom I had long pledged my word that my first visit, if ever I did turn my steps eastward, should be made.

"I did not consider the formality of announcing my intention by letter by any means necessary; assuring myself, in the simplicity of my heart, that I should afford my good friends a pleasing surprise by popping upon them unexpectedly; and in the very improbable possibility of my visit proving inconvenient to Mrs. Chapman, I provided in my own mind to remove after the repose of a night and day to the house of his brother, who resided in a country town about twenty miles distant from Greenwood Vale. I had, moreover, two other friends with whom I proposed spending a little time; but they dwelt in a more remote part of the country, and at any rate my first visit was, as I before observed, promised to my friend Sylvester, and to his house I therefore proceeded.

"My spirits improved during the journey, in the course of which I feasted my imagination with the most refreshing pictures of rural pleasures and domestic peace; and, above all, with anticipating the delicious quiet I should enjoy during a month's residence in the country. How my heart leaped within me when the bustling, noisy, restless metropolis was left far in the distance, and my delighted eyes reposed on

'Verdant lawns and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray:'

quiet villas with their pleasant gardens, and waving woods, rich with the mellow tints of a gracious autumn. The heavens were so intensely blue, too, and the air so clear and reviving, that I mentally exclaimed, 'It is less than absolute insanity for a man to voluntarily forego scenes like this, to be pent up within narrow dusty lines of brick prison-houses, in a gloomy city, where every breath is laden with life-destroying vapours, and even light is a stinted thing, not to be enjoyed even by the wealthy who have paid the assessment for its passage into their magnificent mansions without grudge or hesitation; impure reservoirs, in any form but that of the pure element for which the fevered invalid pines in vain?'

It was about noon on the second day of my journey, that I arrived within the precincts of Greenwood Vale; delicious name! and how well deserving of it appeared the pastoral village where each white cottage had its neatly kept, productive garden, blooming with monthly roses, and gay with all the showy flowers of the autumnal season, and where the tired labourer might repose himself at noon under the shade of his own fruit-trees, whose loaded branches promised a mine of wealth to the happy <sup>1</sup>ustrious peasant.

Groups of smiling rosy children, not like the meagre squalid broods reared in the abject misery of London cellars and garrets, but such as Rubens and Teniers might have delighted to paint, were to be seen in every lane gathering blackberries and elderberries, or bearing home their rich purple treasures in loaded baskets.

"Happy, happy season!" ejaculated I, my eyes filling with an involuntary gush of tears, the overflowings of a heart overpowered with those sweet feelings which proceed from the contemplation of the felicity of others, and a scene which to my fond fancy appeared to realize all that poets have sung of the delights of the golden age, and the pure unsophisticated pleasures of the country.

As I sprang from the postchaise at the gate of my friend's pretty shrub-bordered lawn, where every thing appeared arranged by the hand of taste, and kept by that of neatness, I could scarcely forbear from exclaiming aloud, "Here let me live and die; for I have found the haven of rest for which I have vainly searched in the haunts of luxury or the shades of pride."

I was still under the intoxication of this romantic feeling when I discharged the postilion, and taking my light circular *valisae* in my hand, approached the entrance of the mansion. "By the bye," thought I, as I drew near the open door, "I have just arrived in time to make one in a rural *fete*, for which I perceive active preparations are making. The apple-gathering feast, I suppose; though, methinks, it is getting rather the coldest for a collation out of doors; and yet it must be so, or what else can be the meaning of this medley of chairs and tables on the lawn?"

In truth, a confused variety of parlour furniture was arranged, without much regard to

the picturesque, on the lawn before the windows, and I could account for the phenomenon on no other supposition. A few minutes, however, sufficed to convince me of my error, for while I stood knocking long and lustily at the entrance door, my ears were greeted by the ominous music of the scrubbing-brush, playing all its variety of tunes in every apartment of the house, from the cellar to the attic. I started back impulsively at the sound, for I have always entertained an unconquerable aversion to newly-washed floors; and who knows, thought I, but the very chamber in which I am doomed to sleep this night may be undergoing such formidable ablutions?

I looked around for the vehicle in which I had arrived with a sort of vague undefined intention of effecting a precipitate retreat, but it was gone, and already out of sight; and I had no alternative left but to obtain admittance if I could.

My application to the knocker was for a long time ineffectual, but at length a vigorous rat-tat-tat occasioned a sudden cessation in the operations of one of the scrubbing-brushes, and the next moment a dirty slipshod girl, in a wet apron, with a cap all awry, displaying a host of slovenly curl-papers, peered over the window, and starting back with a look of unfeigned horror at my appearance, screamed out to some one above—

"Oh, lauk-a daisy, Marm, here be a right-on gentleman, lumping at the door like mad."

"A gentleman, Molly?" responded a shrill voice; "who is he? and whence did he come?"

"Marm, I don't know who he be, but he must be somebody grand, for he comed in a real *po-shay*, and have got his trunk in his hand, and that's all I can tell about'n, for I never see'd his face before," replied Molly, in rather a mysterious tone.

"Came in a post-chaise, and got a trunk with him you say?" rejoined the mistress; "there must be some mistake, for I am sure no person of sense would choose such a time for a visit."

"Shall I call master to speak to un?" demanded the sagacious Molly.

"Yes—no—he'll be asking him to dinner if you do; for you, know, Molly, your master has no consideration about proper times and seasons," said the mistress in a sort of confidential manner, to her handmaid, who resumed as follows:—

"Well, marm, then I 'spose I had best go to the door myself, and ax his name and business; though, to be sure, I isn't fit to be seen."

"No! nor you never are, Molly," responded her lady, in a very *aigre* tone. "However, I shall get rid of you, and that other lazy worthless baggage Sally, to-morrow; that's one good thing."

"I'm sure you can't be gladder to get rid of we, than we shall be to go," rejoined the damsel, with answering scorn. "For my part," added she, "I never valued your place, marm; and if so be that I hadn't been letten from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, I'd never have staid with you a year, that I promise you."

"Hold your saucy tongue, you insolent hussy, and remember all the things you have broken since last Michaelmas," exclaimed the wrathful mistress; "but you shall pay for them all, mark that—or I'll stop them all out of your wages."

"Sure, and if you do," sobbed Molly, "I'll hand you up before the justice sitting; for I arn't going to pay for all the things that were broken by the cats, and dogs, and chickens, and pigs."

"Who left the things in the way of the cats, and dogs, and chickens, and pigs?" demanded her mistress, angrily; both parties having apparently become, in the heat of their mutual recriminations, forgetful of the necessity of answering the door.

For my part, I had heard enough to extinguish the last particle of my cherished *beau idéal* of country quiet and country delights. I stood for a moment as one astonished, and then was about to make a hasty retreat from the saturnalia of St. Michael and all Angels, before my devoted person should be identified as the unwelcome gentleman who was knocking at the door on such a day; but I was unluckily recognised before I could carry this prudent design into effect; I was recognised by no less a personage than my friend Chapman himself, who had been for some moments reconnoitring me from behind the door of his own stable, which commanded a sidelong view of the front entrance of the mansion, which it seems no guest could approach unseen. As soon as I caught his eye, he advanced from his observatory, and greeted me with a great appearance of pleasure and surprise; but, nevertheless, I could not avoid perceiving that my presence caused him some little disquiet, and methought he had a certain crest-fallen, careful look, very different from his usual frank, hearty manner; and I observed, withal, that he bestowed extra pains in scraping and rubbing his shoes, before he ventured to impress a single step on the freshly washed stones of the vestibule. I, of course, as a matter of common prudence, imitated his example; not, indeed, solely in compliance with the request indicated by his beseeching looks, but because I am a person of the neatest habits, and make a point of conscience neither to occasion unnecessary trouble in my own feminine establishment, nor to defile other people's houses at any time or season.

"My dear friend," said I, as we stood looking like two fools on the wet boards of the empty parlour, into which he had led the way with a melancholy air, "I fear I have chosen a most inconvenient time for my visit."

"My dear sir," responded the unfortunate spouse of the most cleanly of all housewives, with a deep sigh, "I regret, on your own account, that you should of all weeks in the year have stumbled on the Michaelmas-week for that purpose, as Mrs. Chapman will not be able, I fear, to pay you that attention which you deserve, for it unluckily happens that she is changing both her servants at this time, and she always makes a point of having her house cleaned from the cellar to the attics before the



new servants come, lest, she says, they should take example by the sluttish habits of their predecessors; and, like all notable women, instead of going coolly to work, and getting the extra business performed by degrees, she is for having it all done at once, and has turned the furniture out of every room in the house, so that I have not, literally speaking, a single place to ask you to sit down in."

"I should be happy," said I, "as I am somewhat of an invalid, to retire to a chamber, and endeavour to recruit myself with an hour's repose or so after the fatigue of a journey which my desire of being with you as early as possible induced me to perform with unusual expedition."

Mr. Chapman shook his head with a melancholy look. "The thing is, I regret to say, impossible," responded he, "Mrs. Chapman has unluckily taken down every bed in the house, and the floors of all the chambers have either been or are in process of being scrubbed, and it would be more than either of our heads were worth were we to attempt to set a foot on the newly-cleaned stairs before night."

"Cannot we go to the kitchen fire, then?" demanded I, after a continuous fit of sneezing which afforded me sufficient intimation that I had already experienced the inimical effects of standing on wet boards in a room whereof every door and window was set open for the purpose of occasioning counter currents of air to absorb the damp.

"My dear friend," replied Mr. Chapman, "I should have had great pleasure in conducting you thither, had it not been," he added, in a dolorous tone, "that Mrs. Chapman, as if to complete my miseries, has made an appointment with a chimney-sweeper this morning, who is at this moment in the chimney. The floor is covered with soot, and all the chairs and tables are turned into the yard. There is not a fire in the house, and when we shall have dinner I know not, and dare not inquire; for it is as much as a man's life is worth to mention such a thing to the mistress of a house in the Michaelmas-week.

"I trust," pursued he, looking on the ground in some confusion, "it is unnecessary for me to assure you how extremely happy I am to see you in Norfolk, and I hope, after these family *muddles* have somewhat subsided, that I shall be able to have the things a little comfortable for you; but at present, my dear friend, the only place into which I can safely introduce you is the stable, where I have been standing the whole morning, and esteemed myself fortunate in possessing such a place of refuge from the housequakes and tornadoes within. In fact, I want to return thither just now; and if you will accompany me, I shall take it very kindly of you, for I was engaged in looking over my saddles, bridles, gig and cart harness, and gardening and farming implements, to ascertain whether anything were missing, before I settle finally with my men-servants, who leave me on Michaelmas-day, and was in the very height of the business when I had the pleasing surprise of perceiving you at my door."

"And is it for this that I have exchanged my snug chambers in Chancery-Lane, my warm fire, my luxurious easy-chair and footstool, and all the other comforts and conveniences with which I was surrounded?" thought I, as I followed the hasty steps of Mr. Chapman to his equestrian city of refuge, who most unseasonably, as I thought, hummed the popular air of "Home, sweet Home," as we turned our backs upon the house.

A stable in good truth was never a place much to my taste. I take no delight in the society of either horses or grooms, and consider the savour of both to be anything rather than agreeable. I have heard of grooms reading "Lord Byron," and horses lodged almost as luxuriously as the fairy stud of Fortunatus, in stables with French windows and Venetian blinds; but my friend Chapman's establishment was of a very different order from anything of this kind. His groom, who had been a parish-apprentice, was guiltless of knowing a letter in the book; and his stable, in its present state of litter and confusion, strewn from end to end with all the miscellaneous articles of which he recently spoke, had a decidedly *Augean* appearance.

I was hungry, weary, and malcontent; but I had voluntarily exposed myself to the inconveniences I suffered, and, therefore, had no excuse for venting my mortification in words expressive of my dissatisfaction, but, with a rueful air, seated myself on a dirty three-legged stool, which my friend produced for my accommodation from under the manger, and submitted, with as good a grace as my internal vexation would permit me to assume, to the doom which my malign fates had prepared for me of listening quiescently for three hours to the wrangling between my friend Chapman and his serving men, on the wrongs and robberies he had sustained at their hands, in the articles of bridles, stirrups, cart-whips, and other whips, duthpens, collars, plough-lines, pitch-forks, rakes, hoes, scuppts, spades, and a variety of other implements, whose names I have forgotten.

In the course of this scene I discovered that Mr. Chapman was quite as tenacious respecting his out-door property, as his worthy spouse had been with regard to the devastations committed by her damsels in her glass and crockery-ware. Which was the most violent, unreasonable, and exacting of the twain, I am at a loss to say; neither were his men a whit more respectful than her handmaid Molly had been. Reproaches, taunts, and threats, were mutually bandied, till I, weary of the clamour, and apprehensive of increasing my cold, rose from my stool (which in good sooth had been to me a stool of repentance in the most literal sense of the word), and, with a suppressed yawn, made a bold attempt to effect my escape from a scene at once so noisy and uninteresting.—My, purpose was, however, detected by my friend, who poured forth a volume of apologies on the score of his having been too much engaged to pay me proper attention. "But business, you see, my dear sir," added he

"business must not be neglected, and Michaelmas is such a time!" He then entreated five minutes further indulgence, which five minutes appeared to me perfectly interminable, and lasted till the dirty slipshod damsel before alluded to brought us a summons to dinner. "I was then presented in due form to the mistress of the house, who, almost as much in dishabille as her maid, received me in a very ungracious demeanour, and made a series of the most embarrassing apologies for every circumstance of my reception and entertainment. I will not enter into the *minutiae* of the cold ill-served meal which she designated dinner, and which was laid out in a wet room, with no other furniture than a table and three chairs. Scarcely was it concluded, before Mrs. Chapman rose from her seat and begged me to excuse her, "as she was so much engaged with her domestic affairs that she had not a moment to spare for company, nor should she have for a week to come."

This declaration afforded me too good an opening for effecting an honourable retreat to be neglected, and after apologising for the unseasonableness of a visit which I resolved should never be repeated, I rang the bell for the purpose of remanding, if possible, the vehicle in which I arrived to the door, but not even for that purpose could I obtain the attendance of a servant, and at length, after some unmeaning compliments, Mr. Chapman consented to accompany me to the little inn, the only one that the village could boast, where he concluded my post-lad would be found, refreshing himself and his cattle.

Taking my portmanteau in my hand, I set forth with my friend on this peregrination, and used unwearied expedition, in hopes of reaching the inn in time to avail myself of the opportunity of departing in the post-chaise; but notwithstanding all my exertions, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, I arrived too late. The postillion had finished his refection, and was gone. No other conveyance could be procured nearer than a town eight miles distant, to which Mr. Chapman could not send a servant that evening, so that I was fairly left in the lurch.

My distaste to my late quarters was so great, that I would fain have spent the rest of the day and the night at the inn; but alas, the inhospitable influence of St. Michael extended even to that place of entertainment for man and beast. The beds were taken down, a general uproar of cleaning and whitewashing was going on. The landlady was about to change her servants the next day; she had half a dozen cross children running in every one's way, and was in the very act of pommelling a sturdy rebel of nine years old, who was kicking, screaming, and protesting against the castigation when we arrived.

"You cannot stay here," observed my friend Sylvester, with a look of sincere regret. I assented with a melancholy nod, and we retraced our steps.

My return, portmanteau in hand, did not sweeten the acerbity of the lady of the house. I spent an afternoon, such as may be conceived

by those who have been unfortunate enough to pay a visit as unseasonable as this. When the hour of repose arrived, I was ushered into a wet, comfortless, carpetless, curtainless chamber, destitute of all conveniences. I dreaded retiring to the bed; all doubt respecting whether the sheets had been aired being banished by a complete certainty that they had not. I had, however, only the alternative of sitting with my feet on the wet boards, or going to bed between the damp sheets; for some minutes I stood dubious, but bodily fatigue at length prevailed over caution and reluctance. I resigned myself to the chance of all evils that might result from sleeping so circumstanced, and threw myself on the bed without undressing, and slept, truth to tell, more soundly than I had done for the last six months.

I awoke with a bad cold, attended with toothache and sore throat. The morning was very rainy. We had a shabby starvation sort of breakfast. No fire; but an abundance of sour looks from Mrs. Chapman, who began to suspect that I meant to trespass on her hospitality during the Michaelmas term of misery. From this fear she was happily relieved by the arrival of a post-chaise, which I had privately hired a special messenger to order from the nearest place where such a conveyance was to be procured. No enfranchised prisoner ever bounded into the open air at a gaol delivery with greater glee than I experienced in crossing, for the last time, the threshold of Chapman's domicile, and leaping into the superannuated rattle-trap vehicle that was to carry me to some more genial place of abode. I was regardless of jolting, broken windows, jaded cattle, pouring rain, and every other inconvenience, so delighted was I in the enjoyment of my own dear freedom once more.

Three hours' ride brought me to the town of ———, in the suburbs of which dwelt Mr. James Chapman, the younger brother of my friend Sylvester, an eminent coal and corn merchant, in comfortable circumstances, a married man, with a family of eight children. But here my condition was no way improved, for the family were busy moving. In an agony of vexation, though inclined to laugh at my miseries, I bade the driver take the London road with all speed, and scarcely appeared to draw a free breath till I found myself once more quietly seated in my own peaceful chambers in Chancery-Lane, which I had so rashly abandoned; and I take every opportunity of cautioning the inexperienced never to make such unseasonable geese of themselves as to venture a visit in any part of the eastern counties on or about Michaelmas-week, old style.—

*Miss Agnes Strickland.*

## A STEAMBOAT ROMANCE.

The signal-bell at the end of the Chain Pier of New Haven was tolling its final peal, announcing the arrival of the hour for the departure of the good steamboat "The Morning Star" for Stirling, when a young lady hurried forward just in time to be received into the



number of the vessel's passengers. The ding-dong ceased, the pure white vapour issuing from the chimney of the steamer was exchanged for a stream of sooty smoke, and in a few moments the prow of the *Morning Star* was briskly pushing its way through the waves of the Firth. The morning being a beautiful one of June, crowds of passengers filled the deck, presenting a most promiscuous assemblage, and one that afforded much curious food for a contemplative eye and mind. Here sat a merry group, gay and smiling, laughing ever and anon "the heart's laugh." There stood a sorrowing widow, her eye fixed upon the bright waves, but all unobservant of their beauty; for her thoughts were wandering at the moment through the long vista of departed years, and conjuring up hours of bliss—fled for ever! Hard by sat a grey-haired countryman, stroking with affectionate hand the shaggy coat of his faithful dog, beloved the more at that instant because affording a memorial of herds and flocks far, far away. By the countryman's side sat his daughter, bending with looks of unutterable love over the rosy face of the infant that slumbered on her knees. This pair looked as if returning from a visit—perhaps their first—to the capital; and, judging from the pleased yet arch smile which played upon the old man's countenance, we might imagine him musing upon the looks of wonder which would attend his fireside descriptions of all the grand things he had seen.

To describe, however, all the individuals and groups assembled on the deck of the *Morning Star* on the sunny day of June, would be tiresome, and, moreover, unnecessary, since it is with two personages only that we have at present to do. One of these was a young man, dressed ambitiously and elaborately, and who made himself conspicuous by walking up and down the deck, humming a little French air, which seemed to please him remarkably. At times he would stop and examine his boots, pointing his toes, and turning the foot outwards and inwards, as if the contour of the whole appeared to his eye a fine exemplification of those "lines of beauty" spoken of by artists. At other moments, the points of his fingers, and the buttons of his surtout, became the objects of equally satisfactory examination. By way of varying these processes, he would occasionally switch his fishing-rod in the air, or raise his pendant eye-glass, and examine, with a smile of patronising condescension, the faces of all on board. Such was one of the two individuals already alluded to. The other was a young lady—the same whose entrance into the steamboat had taken place immediately before the final tinkle of the Chain Pier bell. Mary Grene (for such was her name) had just reached the interesting age of seventeen. She was now returning home, after having spent a winter in Edinburgh, whither she had gone for the purpose of receiving her educational finish, or "getting finished," as the more common phrase is. Unfortunately for herself, Mary, who was naturally warm-hearted, sensitive, and generous, had been left

an orphan in infancy, and had fallen under the care of a maiden aunt, a person who had long survived the sentimental period of life, yet who had accustomed herself to depend for daily food and excitement upon the pages of romance. This lady most injudiciously permitted her niece to resort from childhood to the same quarter for mental occupation. Naturally fond of reading, Mary devoured all the marvels of fiction that came before her; and hence it was, that, as she grew up to womanhood, her little brain became a most extraordinary labyrinth, where ideas of "crossed affections," "ill-fated love," and "broken hearts," were mixed and mingled in most admirable disorder. The winter which Mary had spent in Edinburgh had given her a taste of somewhat better training, but the period was too short to eradicate the ideas which had been planted in her mind for years. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that one of the principal causes of regret to Mary Grene at this very time, while she was on her way homewards in the *Morning Star*, was, that all her days had hitherto passed away without her ever having been once in love, or having met with a single adventure.

Mary Grene had not been long on board the steamboat, until the gentleman with the fishing-rod, surtout, and boots, became the object of her especial observation. She at once traced a resemblance between him and the hero of the last novel she had read—a tale, by the bye, which had particularly delighted her, from the circumstance of its ending with the deaths of no less than four unhappy couples, who were immediately followed to the grave, according to rule, by their sorrowing parents; thus creating a mortality of some twenty-four persons in all, not to mention a few grandfathers and grandmothers, who were extinguished on the same lamentable occasion. The leading character of this tale of woe was just such a person, Mary was sure, as the gentleman with the fishing-rod. Perhaps this disciple of Walton had seen the young lady's glance of interest, for, ere the vessel had gone far, he came near her, and, opening a volume of engravings, offered them for her inspection. How could she refuse a piece of civility accompanied by a bow so graceful, so respectful, and so insinuating? The plates were looked at. Remarks on the scenery they depicted were unavoidable. Then followed some converse on the weather, on the scenery of the Forth; and in less than an hour, Mary and the stranger were discoursing with the animation and intimacy of old friends. He of the fishing-rod spoke, with the taste of an amateur, of the effects of light and shade, and the harmony of colours; he related many anecdotes of adventure, and told how often he used to wander alone in the lonely Highland glens, where no living being was within miles of him, though he often longed (he confessed) for the company of some one to sweeten solitude—for the society, in short, (and here he looked tenderly upon Mary) of a "kindred spirit." The pair talked of music, and on this subject the stranger delivered himself in terms of rapture, dilating on the beauty of foreign music, and

speaking of "amor mio" and "di tanti palpiti" in a way that proved to Mary his complete familiarity with the arcana of this elegant art. When the young lady gave her preference to the Scottish music, the stranger only looked an interesting negation. "He is good-tempered, as well as intelligent and accomplished. And then so elegant in appearance he is! So pale—so interestingly pale! Such dark locks! And eyes so expressive!" Such were Mary's thoughts of this casual companion of the steamboat.

The subject of novels served the pair to talk about till Stirling Castle came in view, and found Mary more impressed than ever, for she had discovered her new acquaintance to be as well-read as herself in works of fiction. When the vessel neared the castle, the stranger's looks became overcast with sadness. Nor was the cause left in doubt or mystery. He would fix his eyes on the young lady, repeat emphatically some line upon "separations" and "farewells," openly express the hope that they would meet again, and repeatedly declare the passing day to have been the happiest of his life. All this was new, as it was pleasing, to the girl of seventeen. Her timidity kept her silent; but the stranger read her feelings in her looks. He told her again and again how severe a pang it gave him to part from her. The unsophisticated and romantic Mary dropped a tear—and this was all her reply. At length the vessel reached the shore, and Mary saw happy faces smiling and nodding to her from the old phaeton which waited her arrival. They were the family of her elder sister, who now inhabited with her husband the house in which Mary had been born. The stranger turned to her and bade her adieu, and in a few moments Mary had landed and found herself whirling along the road towards the home of her infancy, which she had not visited for some years, and then only for a short time along with the aunt formerly mentioned. It was with some difficulty that Mary could rouse herself from thoughts of her late adventure so far as to reply with attention to the numerous questions which were put to her by her present companions. The sight of her ancient home, which they came in sight of after a drive of considerable length, was effectual for a time in withdrawing Mary from all thoughts of the stranger of the fishing-rod. She could not look on the ivy clustering around the window of the room—the nursery where a deceased mother had hung over her cradle—without feelings of fond regret and veneration being awakened in her bosom, to the exclusion of all others for the moment. Even an incident which occurred before the phaeton reached the door of the old house could not banish these natural remembrances. A gentleman on horseback passed the carriage, so like, so very like the stranger, that Mary was almost sure it was he. But the phaeton next moment turned up the avenue, and Mary was speedily in the arms of her sister.

It was late in the same evening when Mary retired to rest. Before she laid her head on the pillow, the whole details of the steamboat

adventure were poured into the ear of her intimate friend Miss Stanley, a young lady of congenial disposition, and who had come on a visit to the house for the very purpose of meeting Mary. Miss Stanley listened with breathless attention, and then the friends entered with their whole heart and soul into the question, "Who can he be?" Various professions were suggested as suitable to the character he had displayed. He might be a poet or an artist, either professionally or as an amateur. Whatever he might be, Mary was sure that he was a gentleman, because he had related so many anecdotes connected with people of rank and fortune. "I know of no one," said Miss Stanley, "at all suiting his description in this neighbourhood, excepting Lord Castlefynne, the eldest son of the Earl of Moredun. This young nobleman came over the other day from the continent, and I haven't had a chance of seeing him yet, but they say he is handsome and accomplished. By the bye, I heard a servant say that he rode past the house to-day just about the time of your arrival. What a pity that you did not see him!" "I did see him," cried Mary; "it must be Lord Castlefynne!" She then told Miss Stanley that a person, at least extremely like the stranger of the boat, had passed the carriage just when it arrived. The friends were brought to conviction by this circumstance. The interesting gentleman with the fishing-rod must have been Lord Castlefynne, and he must have procured a horse for the very purpose of following the carriage and discovering Mary's residence. Mary went to bed, and dreamt all night of castles, coronets, and fishing-rods.

On descending at rather a late hour next morning to the breakfast-room, the two friends found a basket of fruit on the table, which had been sent to Miss Mary Grene at an early hour, without note or name. "It must be from him," whispered Miss Stanley; "you know the distance from Moredun Park is a mere trifle." The idea was delightful; and as Mary indulged the ambitious thoughts which followed in its train, she almost wondered how her sister could look so happy with a husband who had neither wealth nor title. On the evening of the same day, Mary and Miss Stanley took a ramble to a neighbouring hill, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. From its summit Moredun Park was visible, glowing in beauty beneath the western sun. Being, as we have said, equally romantic as her friend, Miss Stanley's converse only served to nourish in Mary's breast the hope of being one day mistress of this beautiful region—Countess of Moredun. On returning home, the young ladies heard a proposal made that they should go on the following Sunday to a church at some distance. As it was the church attended by the Moredun family, Mary consented to the proposal with an eagerness which she could with difficulty conceal. Sunday came, and, arrayed in her most elegant attire, our heroine set out for church with her friends. The morning was delightfully tranquil, and invited naturally to the thoughts which are congenial



to the day of rest; but Mary's thoughts were all turned upon one point—the anticipation of seeing the unknown one. The party entered the church. Mary looked timidly at all the principal pews. He of the fishing-rod was not to be seen. The service was about to begin, and at the same moment the sunbeams burst through the old windows with golden splendour, shedding a sidelong light upon the time-worn pulpit and its crown-like canopy. The rays played among the white locks of the venerable clergyman, as he rose and read the psalm. When he had finished, the precentor rose, and in doing so brought his head also fully into the line of the sun's radiance. As his voice sounded the first note, Mary Greme raised her startled head, and saw—in the precentor's box—the unknown! At first, she doubted. "No! it cannot be he!" she thought; "it must be merely a resemblance!" But she looked and looked again, and conviction of the identity of the man before her with the hero of her late dreams fell crushingly upon her mind and heart. It was too much for the poor girl to bear. The dream was too abruptly broken! Her breast heaved, and a dazzling sensation passed over her eyes. All seemed moving; the pulpit receded from her view; and in a few moments after the discovery, she fainted!

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in the cottage of an old dame, who lived near the church. Mary's sister and Miss Stanley were with her, and pressed her to explain to them the cause of her swoon. Mary attributed it to a little sickness merely from some trivial cause, for not even to her dear confidante could she reveal the mortifying discovery which she had made. Shame for her folly and weakness pressed heavily on the mind of the poor girl. To divert attention from her own situation, she listened to the talk of the old woman, who showed the garrulousness of age in sufficient force. Mary encouraged her in the desire she evinced to tell all about herself. She had been the wife of a sailor, who had perished in the deep sea, and left her alone in the world—but for Johnny. "Is Johnny your son?" asked Miss Stanley. "Deed an' he is, mem," replied the old woman; "he's just my son. But he does na care for me—that is, he does na care for me as he might do." "Is he not your own child?" exclaimed Miss Stanley, with surprise; "not care for his aged parent!" "I'm no braw enough for him, mem," returned the dame; "he's no a bad-hearted callant, but he wad fain be a gentleman, and I hae nae buik gear; sae Johnny thinks na muckle o' his auld mither. It maun be nae great thing to be a gentleman, if to be sae, ane maun lichtly her that bore him. Oh! had he but the true heart o' his father—his brave, honest father!" As she said this, the poor woman put her apron to her eyes, and in a minute or two afterwards a lady came from church, and entered the cottage. She was an old friend of Mary and of the family, and now expressed her regret at observing Mary's swoon, which had caused herself to leave the church before service was concluded. "I have not had time to call for you

yet, my dear Mary," continued the lady, "but the moment I heard of your arrival, I sent a basket of fruit as a token that I had not forgot you. I was sure, my love, you would at once know from whom it came. Why, Mary, my dear, you are still very pale!" "Oh no! better, better! thank you," murmured Mary; but in reality her emotion was renewed by this speech, which, she knew, would reveal to Miss Stanley the folly of their mutual conjectures, in one point at least.

What with Mary's indisposition, and the old woman's talkativeness, more than an hour had passed away since the party had entered the cottage. When our heroine felt herself able to go away, the congregation were seen leaving the church. The old woman went with her visitors to the door of the phaeton, which was waiting for them. Mary turned to bid the dame a grateful adieu, when, behold! the object of her last week's idolatry appeared in the act of crossing the street towards them. A suspicion on the instant passed through Mary's mind. Almost involuntarily she kept her eye upon him. He approached the poor old woman; and one look, one word, was sufficient to assure Mary of the relationship between the parties—to convince her, in short, that the interesting, stranger—her perfect gentleman—her exalted hero—her insinuating attendant of the steamboat—was no other than the widow's "Johnny" and the precentor!

As in these utilitarian days a story is naught without a moral, we are happy to have it in our power to say that these incidents formed a memorable lesson to the party chiefly concerned, and we may therefore hope that others may extract from them the like benefit. They taught poor Mary to long less eagerly for romantic adventures, to form acquaintances and attachments with more caution, and to seek always for better grounds of judging than appearances. In fact, the young lady (for she is still a very young lady) is now in a fair way of becoming a good, common-place sort of a body; and a certain worthy gentleman, of the most quiet and domestic habits, is firmly of opinion that she will make an excellent wife. He means shortly, we believe, to put his opinions to the proof; and from what we have observed, we are strongly impressed with the belief that Mary will grant him the opportunity of witnessing the practical operation of the conjugal virtues he conceives her to possess.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

TO DESTROY SLUGS.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine* states, that after in vain trying salt, lime, and dabbling holes for preserving young cauliflowers and cabbages from slugs, he succeeded by spreading some well cut chaff round the plants under hard glasses, and some round the outsides of the glasses. The slugs in their attempt to reach the plant, find themselves immediately enveloped in the chaff, which prevents their moving, so that when he raised the glasses to give the plants air, he found hundreds of disabled slugs round the outside of the glasses, which he took away and destroyed.

## COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Mine through sunshine, storm and snows:  
Seasons may roll  
But the true soul  
Burns the same where'er it goes.  
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;  
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.  
Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Come wherever the wild wind blows;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul  
Burns the same where'er it goes.  
Was not the sea  
Made for the free,  
Land for courts and chains alone?  
Here we are slaves,  
But, on the waves,  
Love and liberty's all our own.  
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—  
Then come o'er the sea,  
Maiden, with me,  
Mine through sunshine, storm and snows;  
Seasons may roll,  
But the true soul,  
Burns the same where'er it goes. *Moore.*

## SERENADE.

Love, art thou waking or sleeping?—  
Shadows with morning should flee:—  
Love, art thou smiling or weeping?—  
Open thy lattice to me!—  
Sun-light each sorrow beguiling,  
Youth should be fearless and free:—  
Oh! when all nature is smiling,  
Wilt thou not smile upon me?  
Think on our last blissful meeting,—  
Sunshine dissolving in tears;  
Oh! when love's pulses are beating,  
Moments are precious as years!  
Think on the hope that, soft-wiling,  
Lured me, unbidden, to thee:—  
Oh! when all nature is smiling,  
Wilt thou not smile upon me?  
Roses, thy temples once wreathing,  
Now on my bosom lie dead;—  
In their pale beauty still breathing  
Fragrance of hours that have fled!  
Thus, through my heart sweetly thrilling,  
Memory whispers to me:—  
“Oh, when all nature is smiling,  
Ella will smile upon thee!” *J. Bird*

## TO ———.

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow  
I had many an exquisite minute;  
But the scorn that I feel for you now  
Hath even more luxury in it.  
Thus, whether we're on or we're off,  
Some witchery seems to await you;  
To love you was pleasant enough,  
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.

*Moore.*

## SONG.

When on a lonely summer's eve,  
I wander by the wild lake shore,  
I dream of hours once spent with thee;  
And muse of joys that are no more:  
At such a time, in such a scene,  
Thou oft dost think of me, I ween.  
Upon the golden sparkling sands  
Thy precious name I love to trace,  
Though each bright wave that silent flows,  
The treasured characters efface:  
Yet still I write, and smile to see  
The word I love so tenderly.  
I paint thee to my fancy's eye,  
Wandering along thy distant shore,  
Now pausing to inscribe the name  
Of her thou never wilt see more:  
The *South-sea* listens to thy sigh,  
Ontario hears my mournful cry. *J. H.*

## MY NATIVE HOME.

I'm back again,—I'm back again  
My foot is on the shore;  
I tread the bright and grassy plain  
Of my native home once more.  
My early love! my early love!  
Oh, will she love me now?  
With a darken'd tinge upon my cheek,  
And scar upon my brow.  
Yes, that she will,—yes, that she will!  
The flame her youth confess'd  
Will never lack its warmth, within  
Her pure and constant breast.  
I'm back again,—I'm back again!  
My foot is on the shore;  
I tread the bright and grassy plain  
Of my native home once more.  
My early friend! my early friend!  
Oh, will he stretch his hand,  
To welcome back the wanderer  
To his long forsaken land?  
Yes, that he will,—yes, that he will!  
The vow in boyhood spoken—  
The vow so fond, so true as ours,  
Can ne'er be lightly broken.  
Hail, native clime! hail, native clime!  
Land of the brave and free!  
Though long estranged, the exile ranged,  
His heart comes back to thee.  
I'm back again,—I'm back again!  
My foot is on the shore;  
I tread the bright and grassy plain  
Of my native home once more. *Eliza Cook.*

## THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

The garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers  
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours;  
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays  
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.  
The roses were gathered by that garden gate,  
Where our meetings, tho' early, seemed always too late;  
Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's moon,  
Our partings, tho' late, appeared always too soon.  
The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade,  
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,  
And mourned, as the time went, that love had no power  
To bind in his chain even one happy hour. *Moore.*



## THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

HIS CHARACTER, INTENTIONS, AND NECESSITIES.

*(From the London Economist.)*

Now that Louis Napoleon is fairly seated on the throne to which he has aspired through so many years of disappointment, exile, imprisonment, and intrigue, it becomes a matter of the deepest interest and the most vital moment to English statesmen and English citizens thoroughly to understand the character, wishes, and intentions of the man who thus wields without control the enormous military power of their nearest neighbour; to penetrate, as far as possible, the designs which he may entertain; the ulterior career which he proposes to himself; and those necessities of his position that may drive him to courses which of his free will he never would have adopted. These are difficult problems for solution; on this subject, as on most others, accurate knowledge is not easy of attainment in France; "Truth," as Barrow says, "cannot be discerned amid the smoke of wrathful expressions;" and the passions of those nearest to the scene of action, and, therefore, most favourably placed for observation, are still so violent and angry that their statements and opinions are rather misleading than informing. Nevertheless, having had opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of most parties in France respecting the new Emperor, and having, it is fair to state, conversed with five of his enemies for one of his friends, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers what in our judgment is the real state of the case.

In the first place, it is quite certain, and is now beginning to be admitted even by his bitterest enemies, that Louis Napoleon is not the foolish imbecile it was so long the fashion to consider him. Those who aided in recalling him to France and elevating him to the Presidency under the impression that one so silly and *borne* would be rendered a pliant tool in their hands soon found that they reckoned without their host. His mind, it is true, is neither capacious, powerful, nor well stored; but his moral qualities are of a most rare and serviceable kind. His talents are ordinary, but his perseverance, tenacity, power of dissimulation, and inflexibility of will, are extraordinary. He is a memorable and most instructive example that great achievements are within the reach of a very moderate intellect, when that intellect is concentrated upon a single object and linked with unbending and undaunted resolution. Moreover, his mental endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally shrewd, secret, and impenetrable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England. He has devoted his mind to that one subject. He is, too, a deep thinker. He ponders much, which few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened, by silent meditation, whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and

speaks well; and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social condition of France, till on these subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable crotchets which a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous, and unexpected. The minutest details of the *coup d'état* were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and Thiers down to Faucher, who have endeavoured to lead, drive, or govern him, have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he rose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech, he observed to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who sat next him—"Now, I am going to astonish you not a little." When he announced his intention of visiting Abd-el-Kader at Amboise, General St. Arnaud expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the President quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to his captive his approaching freedom that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new Emperor must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon if we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation only. The most prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular, *romanesque* imagination; which often overrules all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spurs him on to actions and attempts which seem insane if they fail, and the acme of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the *coup d'état* of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his "star." He is even a blinder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the Dynasty of the Buonapartists and the old glories of the Empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile, and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the

pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failure in no degree discouraged him or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He "bided his time:" the time came: he struck and won. After such success—after having risen in four years from being an impoverished exile to being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—after having discomfited, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France,—we may well believe that his faith in his "destiny" is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further pinnacle of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him after a past so eventful, marvellous, and demoralizing.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition, he dissimulates or postpones; he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and inscrutable, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favourable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will. This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this delineation we add that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him and who have lived intimately with him;—that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and means;—and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy; we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as certain and reliable regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of this country especially—to study closely and to watch unresistingly. Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation—what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve?

One other feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day the nature of the government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and *justesse d'esprit* on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that if he

treads in his footsteps he may aspire to emulate his glory. (We do not, however, extend this remark to Napoleon's warlike conduct and achievements.) This is a sentiment eminently misleading and full of danger. The talents of the two men are so wholly different, the internal condition and to a great extent the character and feelings of the nation have been so changed by 35 years of peace and free institutions, that maxims and modes of proceedings sound and expedient then may be utterly inapplicable now. The dazzling fame and the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon I. may be the *ignis fatuus* which will lure astray Napoleon III. to discomfiture and ruin.

ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.—Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Bonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue, for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you! I suppose that you know I have been created King of Westphalia?" yes, sire, permit us to be among the first to—"Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that might pass were I surrounded by my court; but at present, away with form, and let us be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best restaurateurs in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C., shall be my secretary; as for you P., who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the King of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on regular footing, could only find but two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries by clubbing their wordly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning where could resources be found? It was at last deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honor to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the King of Westphalia," and "I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent," cried the restaurateur, who now



set his customers down as sharpers; "and that noodle yonder, is no doubt the King of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome; "I am the King of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but you shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise; since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill," at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the Emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect. The prefect flew with it to the minister of the interior. The minister to the Emperor, who was at St Cloud. The result of the whole was, that on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordonnance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to his government *forthwith*, and prohibited from conferring any appointments till his arrival in his capital.—*Translated from a recent French publication.*

**A PRACTICAL JOKE PUNISHED.**—An old coal-dealer who had made a great deal of money by retailing coals, and living in a very penurious way, conceiving that he had at last sufficient to enable him to leave off business, and live like a gentleman, built himself a neat villa in the country, to which he retired. But such is the force of habit, that (to the great annoyance of his family, who wished him to "sink the shop") he was always unhappy unless in the cellar measuring his coals. Among others who often had expostulated with him on the impropriety of so doing, was a favorite nephew, to whom he had given a good education, and supported in the first style. One morning, walking in his garden with his nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I want a motto, or something of that kind, to put up in front of my house; but I don't like your Grove House—Prospect Palace—this Villa, and t'other Lodge. Come you are a scholar, give me one, and let it be in Latin." "Well," replied the nephew, "what think you of—Thus is industry rewarded?" "The very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll only put it into Latin." The nephew then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip of paper, *Otium sine dignitate* (Ease without dignity), which he gave his uncle, who read it thus:—*Hotium sinne dignitate*. "Ay, Henry," said the old man, "that'll do famously!" The next day he sent for a painter, who happened to know as little of the dead languages as himself, and the words were painted in large characters on a conspicuous part of the house. On the Sunday following, he happened to have a large party; and after dinner, as the company was strolling about the garden to view his improvements, some read the words, but said nothing, (not wishing, probably, to show their ignorance),—some said they were prodigiously

fine—"so novel"—"so appropriate;" and to those who did not exactly happen to observe them, he was kind enough to point them out, and to explain the meaning, saying, "Thus is industry rewarded," and that he was not ashamed of having gained a competency in trade." However among the company there happened to be a charter-house boy, who told the old gentleman that there must be some mistake, for they were the last words he should like to put upon a house of his. This brought about an explanation; and the poor coal-dealer was so struck with the malice and ingratitude of his nephew, that he instantly destroyed a codicil to his will, in which he had left him £500, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight!—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

**MAHOGANY** is of universal use for furniture, from the common tables of a village inn to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. But the general adoption of this wood renders a nice selection necessary for those articles which are costly and fashionable. The extensive manufacture of piano-fortes has much increased the demand for mahogany. This musical instrument, as made in England, is superior to that of any other part of Europe; and English piano-fortes are largely exported. The beauty of the case forms a point of great importance to the manufacturer. This circumstance adds nothing, of course, to the intrinsic value of the instrument; but it is of consequence to the maker, in giving an adventitious quality to the article in which he deals. Spanish mahogany is decidedly the most beautiful; but occasionally, yet not very often, the Honduras wood is of singular brilliancy; and it is then eagerly sought for, to be employed in the most expensive cabinet-work. A short time ago, Messrs. Broadwood, who have long been distinguished as makers of piano-fortes, gave the enormous sum of 3,000*l.* for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood, of which we have seen a specimen, was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish; and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and, from the wavy form of the fibres, offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. A new species of mahogany has been lately introduced in cabinet-work, which is commonly called Gambia. As its name imports, it comes from Africa. It is of a beautiful colour, but does not retain it so long as the Spanish and Honduras woods.

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## LIFE ASSURANCE.

Although there are about sixty Life Assurance Companies and Societies in the kingdom, all of which are constantly making strenuous efforts to attract public attention to the peculiar advantages which they have to offer, it is a fact not less true than surprising, that the number of individuals who have availed themselves of life assurance in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is not much above eighty thousand. Allowing twenty-five millions to be the population of the empire, and five persons to be the number of each family, it would thus appear that not more than one head of a family out of sixty-two has adopted this means of providing for the helpless beings whom he may leave behind him. If there were other means in abundance of providing for widows and fatherless children, we might be little surprised at this calculation; but when we consider that the case is quite the reverse—that few fathers have property wherewith to provide for a surviving family, that the number connected with the institutions which allow pensions to widows is necessarily small—when we consider, in short, that the great majority of men who have wives and children have nothing but an income depending on their own life and exertions between their families and want—we cannot but conclude that the expedient of life assurance is either unknown to a large portion of society, or knowingly neglected by them. In either case, a short paper explaining the subject, and enforcing its claims on the attention of husbands and fathers, may be expected to prove in some degree useful.

Life assurance was not practised in this country till the reign of Queen Anne, when "The Amicable Society" was established in London. At that period no inquiries had been made to ascertain the probable duration of life after any specified age: there was a general notion that life was uncertain at all ages; and, accordingly, for the first fifty years of life assurance the charges for insuring a certain sum were the same from all persons under forty-five! In time, however, it became known that a person at, we shall say, thirty, has a chance of living a longer time than a person at forty, and so on; and the consequence was, that, in 1762, "The Equitable Society" of London was established, on the principle of making charges in proportion to the various

ages of the parties. Since then, calculations as to the probable duration of life after any certain age have been made with more nicety, so that life assurances are now, and have long been, transacted on principles of exact justice to individuals, with respect to their ages.

Down to a comparatively recent period, life assurance was chiefly conducted on the ordinary principles of a mercantile speculation. A company, possessing a large capital, assured sums payable on the deaths of parties, at certain rates, calculating on a profit from their transactions. The sole advantage of this plan lay in the guarantee afforded by the capital of the company. It has been found that, by the plan of mutual assurance, all desirable security is afforded, while the profits are divisible among the only parties who have any right to them, the assurers. Mutual Assurance Societies are therefore rapidly supplanting Assurance Companies, most of which will probably in a few years cease to exist. In the present paper, we propose to confine our attention to the plan of mutual assurance.

Mutual assurance proceeds on the following simple principles. While it is an indubitable fact that nothing is more precarious than the life of an individual, seeing that a thousand dangers constantly beset him, it is an equally certain fact that, if we take so large a number as ten thousand persons, or even a smaller number, it is possible to say with almost unerring certainty how many of these will die during the next ensuing year, how many in the next, and so on, until, at about the age of 100, not one person remains. Thus Dr. Price, of Northampton, took 11,650 individuals, whose births and deaths were recorded in the proper books at that town, and found that in the first year 3000 died, in the second 1367, in the third 502, in the fourth 335, in the fifth 197, and so on, till the last man died at 96. Dr. Price consequently assumed that, of any 11,650 individuals who existed in the like circumstances, 3000 would die in the first year, 1367 in the second, and so on. It will be observed that the whole number who die in the first five years is 5401, leaving 6249 then alive: consequently, any one of the 11,650 children, at the moment of birth had a chance of living five years, equal to the proportion which 6249 bears to 5401, or somewhat more than a half. No man could say, at the moment, that any one of these ba-



bies would continue alive for three seconds; but yet it was possible to say with some degree of probability that, in the proper circumstances, 6249 of the whole number would live to the commencement of the sixth year. When we go on to an age at which life assurance is more likely to be effected—say 52—we find that, of 100,000 persons who complete this portion of existence, 3044 will die before the end of the ensuing twelvemonth, so that each man's chance of dying in that space of time is in the proportion of 3044 to 100,000, or about 3 to 100. Now, supposing that these 100,000 persons were each desirous of insuring the payment of £100 to his heirs in the event of his dying during this year, it is evident that if they deposit a sum equal to 3044 times £100, that is £304,400, or about £3 0s. 10½d. each, they will form a fund sufficient for this purpose, leaving nothing over. We have only to suppose a set of persons of different ages depositing each the sum appropriate to his age, and continuing to do so as long as he lives, and we then have the idea of a Mutual Assurance Society in all except this—that, generally, instead of paying an increasing sum each year, proportioned to the increased risk, it is common to strike a medium in the probable future payments, and pay that from the beginning. Thus, in point of fact, the sum usually required for the assurance of £100 at death, from individuals aged fifty-two, is nearly five pounds.

While Mutual Assurance Societies are founded upon this basis, they take, from circumstances, another character in addition to that which they hold out to the public. It may readily be conceived that the calculations of the probable duration of lives are liable to be modified by certain contingencies. From climate, and modes of living, there is more health and better expectation of life in some countries than in others. Even in the same country, from improvements of various kinds, the ratio of deaths to the amount of the living inhabitants may be experiencing diminution, so that a man of thirty has the chance of living several years longer than his grandfather had at the same age. In this country, the annual mortality is considerably less in proportion than it was sixty years ago. Consequently, the calculations of Dr. Price, forming what are called the Northampton Tables, and which are above adverted to, although they were formed amongst a comparatively healthy rural population, are no longer strictly true. They calculate the chance of life at each particular age too low, and dictate the taking of a too high premium for assurance: in other words, a man at 52 has not in reality a chance of death in the next year equal to the proportion of 3044 to 100,000, but something less, and he should therefore pay less than £3 0s. 10½d. to assure £100 for a year. Nevertheless, the most of Mutual Assurance Societies, such as the Equitable of London, and the Scottish Widows' Fund and Scottish Equitable in Edinburgh, proceed upon the Northampton calculation—but for a reason which must be generally ap-

proved of. By this plan a considerable surplus takes place, which, at certain intervals, is reckoned, divided, and added to the standing policies, or sums assured, in their respective proportions. It must be evident that this plan, while it adds to the security of the society, will be perfectly just to all parties, if the divisions of the surplus do not take place at such wide intervals as to leave many policies of short currency unbenefited. The society last mentioned appears to us to make this justice most certain, as it divides the surplus triennially, being the shortest interval in practice. Now, what is the general result of this adherence to a large calculation of mortality, but that Mutual Assurance Societies become also, as it were, banks for savings? The money deposited there is not, strictly speaking, parted with. It is put into a stock, where it is sure of being invested to the best advantage—presuming the managers to be honourable and expert men. If the individual die before his proper time, a much larger sum is drawn out by his representatives. If, on the contrary, he live beyond the average, and make payments beyond the amount of the sum originally assured, still, in the long-run, when he dies, his heirs get not alone that sum, but something more, in proportion to the excess of his payments and the profits made by the investment of the society's funds, lessened only by his contingent for the expenses of the society. In many cases, where a policy was of moderately long standing, it has been found that the sum originally assured has been doubled, or more than doubled, while the premium, or annual sum paid for assurance, had of course sustained no increase.

Such being the equitable and beneficial principles upon which Mutual Assurance Societies are established, it is clear that they present, to men in the enjoyment of income, but possessing little property, a most suitable and favourable means of providing in a greater or less measure for the endeared and helpless relatives who may survive them. That only about 80,000 persons in the United Kingdom should have taken advantage of life assurance, being but one in sixty-two of the supposed number of heads of families, surely affords a striking view of—shall we call it the improvidence of mankind, or shall we not rather designate it as their culpable selfishness? For what is the predicament of that man who, for the gratification of his affections, surrounds himself with a wife and children, and peaceably lives in the enjoyment of these precious blessings, with the knowledge that, ere three moments at any time shall have passed, the cessation of his existence may throw wife and children together into a state of destitution? When the case is fully reflected upon, it must certainly appear as one of extremely gross selfishness, notwithstanding that the world has not been accustomed to regard it in that light. If, indeed, it were utterly impossible to provide for a widow and orphans, no fault could fairly be found. And, no doubt, the little blame bestowed by the world on this account is owing to the fact, that, till a recent period, no means of providing for

these relatives existed. They were in those days invariably left to the mercy of the public. But that this occasioned many evils, we may be abundantly satisfied, from the earnestness with which the founders of Christianity press the duty of succouring the widow and fatherless—one of them representing religion as almost entirely consisting in that benevolent action alone. Assuredly, if there had not been much misery from this cause, there would have been no need for so much urgency on the subject. But if we only consider for a moment how mainly every one is engaged in providing for himself, we must be satisfied of the extreme precariousness of any provision which is expected to come from parties not responsible. It is therefore the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own; we would say that it is not more his duty to provide for their daily bread during his life than it is to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. Indeed, between these two duties there is no essential distinction, for life assurance makes the one as much a matter of current expenditure as the other. One part of his income can now be devoted by a head of a family to the necessities of the present; another may be stored up, by means of life assurance, to provide against the future. And thus he may be said to do the whole of his duty towards his family, instead of, as is generally the case, only doing the half of it.

It may be felt by many, that, admitting this duty in full, income is nevertheless insufficient to enable them to spare even the small sum necessary as an annual premium for life assurance. The necessities of the present are in their case so great, that they do not see how they can afford it. We believe there can be no obstacle which is apt to appear more real than this, where an income is at all limited; and yet it is easy to shew that no obstacle could be more ideal. It will readily be acknowledged by every body who has an income at all, that there must be some who have smaller incomes. Say, for instance, that any man has £400 per annum: he cannot doubt that there are some who have only £350. Now, if these persons live on £350, why may not he do so too, sparing the odd £50 as a deposit for life assurance? In like manner, he who has £200 may live as men do who have only £175, and devote the remaining £25 to have a sum assured upon his life. And so on. It may require an effort to accomplish this; but is not the object worthy of an effort? And can any man be held as honest, or any way good, who will not make such an effort, rather than be always liable to the risk of leaving in beggary the beings whom he most cherishes on earth, and for whose support he alone is responsible? It may perhaps be thought that we feel strongly on this subject; we own that we do: but if the generality of men saw the case in its true light, they would feel as strongly as we do. They are only comparatively indifferent, because there has as yet been but a brief experience of a system for redeeming widows and orphans

from poverty. When life assurance is as universally understood and practised as it ought to be, he who has not made such a provision, or something equivalent, for the possibility of death, will, we verily trust, be looked on as a not less detestable monster than he who will not work for his children's bread; and his memory after death will be held in not less contempt.—*Chambers' Journal*, 1839.

### THE MARRYING MAN.

Mr. Burridge was a marrying man, but this important fact was unknown both to the world and to himself. Having lived to the age of fifty in straitened circumstances, he had formed a thousand economical bachelor views and habits, and had contracted a horror of all extravagancies; among which he had long reckoned a wife as the most ruinous.

He would as soon have thought of keeping hunters on his two hundred a year, as of keeping a wife upon it. His circumstances suddenly changed; but the views and habits of a bachelor of fifty must change very gradually, if they change at all.

We have not thought him fit company for our reader until he had been for a year or two in possession of a handsome fortune, left him by a distant relative, who had never seen him: but wealth is a passport everywhere; and therefore we venture to introduce him now, after the first awkward sense of his increased importance has worn off.

He always thought it a very strange thing that a fortune should have been left him by a person who had never seen him. It would have been still more strange if it had been left him by one who had, for in truth he was not prepossessing.

Mr. Burridge was immensely tall, high-shouldered, and raw-boned. His head had once been covered with red hair; now it boasted a sandy wig. He had a slight tendency to a squint, and a hump; but this he never for a moment suspected, (he was of a very unsuspicious temper) priding himself particularly on his eyes and his figure, and frequently regretting that approaching age, which he chose to call "short-sightedness," obliged him to wear spectacles.

Certainly his eyes were bright—a bright green—but green is not a disagreeable colour, else nature would not be so lavish with it; and sometimes a ray of kindness would kindle, or a tear of feeling glisten in Burridge's green eyes, lending them a charm beyond that of the brightest blue or most sparkling black, if they only shone with pride and self-complacency. Well,—such as he was, he had one ardent admirer who thought his person all perfection—that one was himself.

It was a very original idea; and if such a one does sometimes strike great minds, we have generally remarked that those minds belong to the ugliest people.

Mr. Burridge was of a good family, and he had several valuable connexions. He had a



cousin in the ministry; one nephew an eminent banker; and one a reviewer; yet until this sudden change in his fortune he had lived in great seclusion.

He thought it a curious coincidence that, a short time after this accession, and just when he no longer needed it, his cousin, the minister, should present him with a very handsome sinecure. Some spiteful people thought that the minister, being a married man with a large family, and having no idea that Mr. Burridge was a marrying man likely to have another, presented him with the sinecure in the hopes that he would live solely upon it, and in gratitude bequeath his fortune, rather increased than diminished, to him and his. People have such absurd ideas!

However, neither sinecure nor inheritance made any difference in Burridge's style of living. In his poverty he had made very few acquaintances; therefore, the change in his circumstances was little known, considering how rapid, in general, is the diffusion of such useful knowledge, and the few who did know it were very anxious to keep it to themselves; thinking, perhaps, that every new discoverer of Burridge's wealth would become an additional claimant for his favour, and a manœuvrer for a place in his will; where they agreed, in the old adage, "the fewer the better cheer."

However, if Burridge did not think much about marriage, he thought still less about death; as to his will, the idea of making one had never once crossed his mind; while now and then, when he had taken an extra glass of wine, or when he had found no buttons on his shirts and flannel waistcoats, he had begun to calculate what that expensive, and, as he had hitherto thought, useless luxury, a wife, might cost him; at such moments the image of Jessica Thornton, a very pretty girl, the protegee niece of Sir William Vernon, one of Burridge's few intimates, seemed to hover about the corners of his dingy London sitting-room, whose darkness was rendered visible by the light of one mould candle, its fellow having been snuffed out with unconscious, because habitual, economy.

Now, though Mr. Burridge certainly admired women in general, and Jessica Thornton in particular, he was only just slowly becoming aware that he was a marrying man, and, lo! ere long, the truth burst upon him, that he was a very great catch: but we anticipate the world did not suspect the truth, because he remained in his obscure lodgings, employed an old Scotch tailor, called Macbotcher, who lived in York street, Strand, was very gruff and uncouth, and kept only one servant, a country lad, who had acted at once as butler, valet, nurse, and drudge. This boy, Tim, was the son of respectable parents: but from reading the Penny Magazine, and the Sunday Intelligencer, was grown literary and ambitious. He had a great idea that all men were equal: but then he knew that every thing must have a beginning; and he thought and said, "that there was no place like "Lunnon" to make the fortune of a man of genius."

Burridge, who having been in ill health, had been ordered by his physician to be well rubbed with horse-hair gloves every morning, happened one day in the country to see Tim rubbing down a colt. The zeal and energy of the lad struck him. He offered to take him into his service, and give him his board, livery, and five pounds a year. Tim, though the son of a small farmer, was dazzled by the thought of "Lunnon," teased his parents into consenting, and transferred his wonderful rubbing powers from the colt to Burridge.

We have said that Burridge's unostentatious and humble mode of life, his somewhat shabby dress, uncouth manners, and penurious habits, prevented the world from detecting in him the marrying man. The world is often so deceived: a bland, smiling, gallant favourite of the ladies, with a well-appointed town and country house, an equipage, a lady's horse, and a grand piano, is often a mere decoy—an *ignis fatuus*, leading beauty into the slough of Despond; he is too comfortable to feel the want of a wife; he knows he is all-important only as long as he is single, and holds out false hopes only to beguile the fair. The reputed marrying man, whether young, middle-aged, or old, is often, in his own cold, selfish heart, the confirmed bachelor. Sometimes the wealth is as unreal as the man, and the "excellent catch" is a mere fortune-hunter in disguise—but that is another case, and not exactly in point. All we wish to enforce is, that the genuine marrying man is often a surly, bearish, contradictory, parsimonious old fellow—ungallant, and apparently caring little for women,—living in no style,—therefore the better able to afford a wife.

And such persons, (alas, for these unhappy times!) often, when their circumstances are clearly ascertained, are joyfully accepted, not merely by interested parents, but interesting daughters. Mr. Burridge was in his sitting-room, taking an economical bachelor's privilege of completing his toilet by his only fire—which fire, being habitually kept low, and only fed with cheap and therefore inferior coals, was little more than a small mass of black powder, with a wreath of green smoke struggling to rise—like timid Genius, in its first battle with Fate. The sun, which for a December sun was a very bright one, had helped at once to put out the fire, and to reconcile Mr. Burridge to its extinction.

"Never mind the fire, Tim," he said, as Tim knelt down to blow it, and piled the shovel and tongs perpendicularly, as he said, to make it "draw," a common and often useless contrivance. "Never mind it; the sun warms the room sufficiently, and coals are very dear this winter. Besides, when I'm going out, I always like the fire to be going out too!"

"But, sur, you aint a-going out, surely, with that 'ere cold?"

"Why, yes, Tim, now you've rubbed me so thoroughly, I feel much better."

"These 'ere patent 'ossair renowators is a fust-rate invention, sur," said Tim, looking at

the instruments of friction with awe, and trying them on his own hand.

"Put them away, Tim," said Burridge, "you'll wear them out!"

"Why, no, sir, I beant so rough as all that, neither; all men is hequals—and——"

"Hold your tongue—here, just arrange my hair."

Burridge could not bear to call it a wig, even to Tim; he was a man who liked to fancy himself a hero, even to his *valet de chambre*; and where is the hero would own to wearing a wig?

"There: how do you think I look now?"

"Beautiful, sur! I've rubbed you as smooth as glass—you don't look like the same!"

"Well, Tim, here, remove these books and papers—I can't settle to anything to-day: I think I shall go and call on the Vernons."

"Well, sur, if you'll folly my advice, you will."

"Did you ever see Miss Jessica Thornton, Tim?"

"Yes, sur, she gave me a shilling once."

"Very extravagant that," answered Burridge, shaking his head.

"She gave it me, sur, when I took that 'ere note from you, a hasking for the hophodillock, when you had the rheumatis, and she asked all about it, and told me how to use it; and then she said, 'Good bye, Tim,' and she gave me a shilling."

"A! 'twas then she gave it him," muttered Burridge: "that makes a difference. Tim, should you like to have a mistress?"

"No, sur," said Tim, reddening with anger, "I values wartue and repitation as father done afore me; but I shouldn't object to a wife, if I could afford one."

"You mistake me," said Burridge, gravely, "I mean, should you like me to have a wife?—as I am your master, my wife would be your mistress."

Oh! what, a grand lady, sur! in course she would—I shouldn't object, sur, if she wor sootable."

"But don't you think, Tim, I'm too old to marry?"

"No, sur, but I thinks you're too old to be single."

"Bravo! Tim, a capital answer. I begin to think so too. Well, I'm going out. First, I shall go into the city, to buy some of those eight-pence-halfpenny gloves I've seen advertised:—the idea of paying half-a-crown for light kid gloves, that one can't wear a dozen times without the expense of having them cleaned, when one can get them for eight-pence-halfpenny, by just looking about one! And then I shall call on the Vernons. Now, Tim, be careful, and don't waste anything. Mr. Medler, over the way, tells me he sometimes sees a blazing fire in this room when I'm out, and that you seem to be sauntering about, looking out of the window, and doing nothing."

"It's nothing but his wiciousness, sur. I never has a good fire, but when I'm expecting you, and afeard you'll be cold. I'm above burning the coals up for myself; it's a wile invention; and I never looks out a window but

to see whether you're a coming, sur, and then—sure enough, I sees him; he does nothing but spy and tell tales. He's no gentleman, I'm sure."

"Yes, Tim, he is: so speak respectfully of him."

"Well, sur, and if he is, all men are hequals, according to nature and immutable justis, both he as wurks and he as sits at home hidle, a running of him down; and he 'ave wounded a hequal in a tender pint!"

"Keep such folly to yourself, Tim: I am going to the Vernons. That gruel was excellent—you can finish it—there is plenty left, with a piece of bread; it will do for your dinner; and mind you have my broth and boiled mutton, with the turnips well mashed, ready by five. There, do I look well in front, with this coat, Tim?"

"You looks most becoming, sur."

"And how do I look behind?"

"Better still, sur," said Tim, following to open the door; then returning, he stirred up the fire, and extravagantly put on two bundles of wood. "Better still," he muttered to himself, "at least to my taste: I'm glad enough to see your back for a time, master. Nice, indeed!" he said, tasting the wretched lukewarm remains of the gruel: "master and I is of werry different opinions on that pint. Yet he aint a bad master nuther; and I, being a good servant, deserves good fare!" So saying, Tim threw the gruel under the grate; retired to a sort of larder, returned with a gridiron and a large piece of the mutton originally destined for his master's dinner; he broiled it; then taking a key out of the pocket of the coat Burridge had just taken off, he opened a cellaret, and mixed himself a splendid tumbler of brandy and water; drew down the blinds, put his feet on the fender, warmed himself before the now excellent fire, and said, rubbing his hands with delight, "That's what I calls comfort!—I only wishes Mrs. Flounce were here, on the other side, with just such another glass. How my arm do ache with rubbing master down! Come, it would be too bad to work like a 'oss, and then dine on water-gruel, and that with all the good out of the grits—master took care of that! Ah! these are the best renovators after all—they beats the 'patent 'oss air' ones all to nothing!"—*Theodore Hook.*

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TO MAKE KITCHEN VEGETABLES TENDER.—When peas, French beans, &c. do not boil easily, it has usually been imputed to the coolness of the season, or to the rains. This popular notion is erroneous. The difficulty of boiling them soft arises from an excess of gypsum imbibed during their growth. To correct this, throw a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda into the pot along with the vegetables.

ANTIGONUS.—Being in his tent, heard two soldiers who were standing outside speak very disrespectfully of him. After he had listened some time, he opened the tent and said to them, "If you wish to speak thus of me, you might at least go a little aside."—*Sulzer.*



## A FAMILY PARTY.

Gentle reader ! we promised thee at the outset of our journey pleasant companions by the way, and as an earnest of that promise, we have introduced Benjamin Bosky and Uncle Tim. We would not bespeak the courtesy for others that are soon to follow. In passing happily through life, half the battle depends upon the persons with whom we may be associated. And shall we carry spleen to the closet?—grope for that daily plague in our books, when it elbows and stares us in the face at every turn? To chronicle the "Painful Peregrinations" of Uncle Timothy through this live-long day, would exhibit him, like "Patience," not sitting "on a monument, smiling at grief," but lolling on Mr. Bosky's britschka, laughing (in his sleeve!) at the strange peculiarities of the Muffs, and listening with mild endurance to the unaccountable antipathies of Mrs. Flumgarten. Now the Fubsys might be called, *par excellence* a prudent family.

And prudence is a nymph we much admire,  
She loves to aid the hypocrite and liar,  
Helping poor rascals through the mire,  
Whom filth and infamy beguine:

She's one of guilt's most useful drudges,  
Her good advice she never grudges,  
Gives parsons meekness, gravity to judges;  
But frowns upon the man of rhyme!

Good store of prudence had the Fubsy family. Their honest scruples always prevented them from burning their fingers. They were much too wise to walk into a well. They kept on the windy side of the law. They were vastly prone to measure other people's morality by the family bushel, and had exceedingly grand notions touching their self-importance; (little minds, like little men, cannot afford to stoop!) which those who have seen a cock on a dughill, or a crow in a gutter, may have some idea of.

Nothing pleased Mrs. Flumgarten. Mr. Bosky's equipage she politely brought into depreciating comparison with the staring yellow and blue, brass-mounted, and screw-wigged turn-out of her acquaintances the *Kickwishes*, the mushroom aristocracy of retired "Putty and Lead!" And when Mr. Muff, who was no herald, hearing something about Mr. Bosky's *arms* being painted on the panels, innocently enquired whether his *legs* were not painted too?—at which Uncle Timothy involuntarily smiled—the scarlet-liverid pride of the Fubsys rushed into her cheeks, and she bridled up, wondering what there was in Mr. Muff's question to be laughed at. Knowing the susceptibility of Mrs. Flumgarten's nervous system, Uncle Timothy desired John Tompkins to drive moderately slow. This was "Scratching away at snail's pace! a cat's gallop!" "A little faster, John," said Uncle Timothy, mildly. This was racing along like "Sabbath-day, pleasure-taking, public-house people in a tax-cart!" Not an exhibition, prospect, person, or thing were to her mind. The dinner, which might have satisfied Apicius, she dismissed with "faint praise," sighing a supplementary

complaint, by way of errata, that there "*was no pickles!*"—and the carving—until the well-bred Mrs. Flumgarten snatched the knife and fork out of Uncle Timothy's hands—was "awful! horrid!" Then she never tastes such sherry as she does at her cousins' the *Shufflebothams*; and as for their black amber (Hambro?) grapes, oh! they were fit for your perfect gentlefolks!—An inquiry from mine host, whether Uncle Timothy preferred a light or full wine, drew forth this jocular answer, "I like a full wine, and a full bottle, Master Boniface."—"So do I," added the unguarded Mr. Muff. This was "tremendous!" The two ladies looked at each other, and having decided on a joint scowl, it fell with annihilating blackness on the master-mason, and Mrs. Muff trod upon his toes under the table, a conjugal hint that Mr. Muff had taken enough! Mrs. Flumgarten had a momentary tiff with Mrs. Muff upon some trifling family jealousy, which brought into contest their diminutive dignities; but as the fond sisters had the good fortune to be Fubsys, and as the Fubsys enjoyed the exclusive privilege of abusing one another with impunity, the sarcastic compliments and ironical sneers they so lovingly exchanged passed for nothing after the first fire. The absence of Mr. Flumgarten, a scholar and a gentleman, who had backed out of this party of pleasure, (?) left his lady at a sad loss for one favorite subject in which she revelled, because it annoyed him; consequently there was no vulgar impertinent hits at "your clever people!" This hiatus led to some melancholy details of what she had suffered in her matrimonial pilgrimage.

"Suffered!" muttered the middle-aged gentleman, indignantly. "Yes, Madam Zantippa, you have suffered! But what? Why, your green-eyed illiterate prejudices to mar all that makes the domestic hearth intellectual and happy! Yes, you have reduced it to a cheerless desert, where you reign the restless fury of contradiction and discord!"

Master Guy Muff, the eldest born of Brutus, a youth who exhibited a capacious development of the eating and drinking organs, with a winning smile that would have made his fortune through a horse-collar, emerged from his post of honor behind the puffed sleeves and rustling skirts of "ma's," and aunt's silk gowns.

"Don't be frightened, Guy," said Mrs. Flumgarten, soothingly; "it's only Mr. Timwig." "I ain't a-going to, aunt," snuffed the self-complaisant Master Guy.

"I *hope*, young gentleman," said Uncle Timothy, (for looking at the lump of living lumber, he did not venture to *suppose*), "that you learn your lessons, and are perfect in your exercises."

"What,—hoop, skipping-rope, and pris'ner's base?"

"Can you parse?"

"Oh, yes? I pass my time in dumps and marloes."

"Speak your Christmas-piece, to Mr. Timtiffin, do, dear Guy!" said "ma," coaxingly.

Master Guy made the effort, Mr. Brutus Muff acting as prompter.  
MASTER GUY (taking in each hand a dessert-plate).

"Look here upon this pic-tur, and on this,  
The counter—counter—"

"Sink the *shop*!" whispered Uncle Timothy.  
MR. MUFF. "Fit presen-ti-ment—"  
"You put the boy out, Mr. Muff, as you always do!" snarled Mrs. Muff.  
MASTER MUFF.—

"—Of two brothers,  
See what grace was seated on that brow;  
Hy—Hy—"

"Isn't it something about *curls* and *front*!" said Mr. Muff.

"Mrs. Muff took this as an affront to her own particular jazey, which was bushily redolent of both; she darted a fierce from a *la Fussy* at the interrogator, that awed him to silence,

MASTER MUFF.—

A eye like *Ma's* to threaten and command—"

The subdued master-mason felt the full force of this line, to which his son Guy's appropriate pronunciation and personal stare gave a *new reading*. Here the juvenile spouter broke down, upon which Mrs. Flumgarten took his voice under her patronage, and having prevailed on him to try a song, the "young idea" began an excruciating wheeze, as if a pair of bellows had been invited to sing, the following *morceau*.  
"More so," said Mrs. Muff, encouragingly,  
"because pa said it was almost good enough to be sung a Sunday after *Tabernacle*."

There was a little bird,  
His cage hung in the hall;  
On Monday morning, May the third.  
He couldn't sing at all.

And for this reason, mark,  
Good people, great and small,  
Because the pussey, for a lark,  
Had eat him, bones and all.

"Ah!" cried Aunt F. approvingly, "that is a song! None of your frothy comic stuff that some folks (!!) is so fond of.

She now entertained Uncle Timothy with an account, full of bombast and brag, of some grand wedding that had recently been celebrated in the Fussy family,—*Candlerigs* having condescended to adulterate the patrician of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields with the plebian puddle of the City Gardens, the sometimes suburban retreat of the Fussys, where they farmed a magnificent chateau, which, like the great Westphalian Baron de Thunder-tan-trounck's, had a door and a window. Uncle Timothy, to change the subject, called on Mr. Brutus Muff for a song.

"I never heard Mr. Muff sing, Mr. Timwig," chimed the sisters simultaneously.

"Indeed! Then, ladies, it will be the greater novelty. Come, my good sir; but the first glass of wine with you."

"Oh, Mr. *Timwidly*, you will make Mr. Muff quite top-heavy! It must be only *half* a glass," said Mrs. Muff authoritatively.

"The *top* half, if you please, madam," said the middle-aged gentleman; and he poured out a "regal purple stream" till it kissed without flowing over the brim. Mr. Muff brought the bumper to a level with his lips, and, as if half ashamed of what he was doing, put *both halves* out of sight!

"Is the man mad?" cried the amazed Mrs. Muff.

"Has he lost his senses?" ejaculated the bewildered Mrs. Flumgarten.

"He has found them, rather," whispered the satirical-nosed gentleman.

The bland looks and persuasive tones of Uncle Timothy, to say nothing of the last bumper, had wrought wonders on the master-mason. He looked Silenus-like and rosy, and glanced his little peering eye across the table—Mrs. Muff having a *voice* too in the affair—for an assenting nod from the fierce black velvet turban of his better and bigger half. But Mrs. Muff made no signs, and he paused irresolute; when another kind word from the middle-aged gentleman encouraged him at all hazards, to begin with,

Doctor Pott lived up one pair,  
And reach'd his room by a comical stair!

Like all M.D.'s,  
He pocketed fees  
As quick as he could,  
As doctors should!

And rented a knocker near Bloomsbury Square.

Tib his rib was not very young,

Very short, very tall,  
Very fair vithal;  
But she had a tongue  
Very pat, very glib  
For a snow-white fib,  
And very vell hung!

"You shan't sing another line, *that* you shan't, Brutus!" vociferated Mrs. Muff. But the Cockney Roman, undaunted and vocal, went on singing,

Says Doctor Peter Pott, "As I know what's what,  
My ante-nervous patent pill on Tib my rib I'll try;  
If Mrs. P. vill swallow, iv dissolution follow,  
And she should kick the bucket, I'm sure I shan't cry!"

"Where *could* he have learned such a rubbishing song? A man, too, after pa's own heart!" sighed Mrs. Muff.

MR. MUFF.—

And vel the doctor knew that a leer *pas les deux yeux*  
Mrs. Pott vithstand could not, when shot from Peter's eye;

So presently plump at her he opes his organic battery,  
And said the pill it vouldn't kill, no, not a fly!

"Have you *no* compassion for my poor nerves?" remonstrated Mrs. Muff pathetically.

"None vatsumdever," replied the stoical Brutus. "Vat compassion have you ever had for *mine*?"

"Besides," said he "I sveal, d'ye see,  
By the goods and chattels of Doctor P.  
By my vig and my cane,  
Brass knocker and bell,  
And the cab in vich I cut sich a svell,  
That single pill (a pill, by the by,  
Is a dose l) if Mrs. Potts vill try,  
Of gout and phthisic she'll newer complain.  
And never want to take physic again."

Down it slid,

And she never did!

(The Doctor vith laughing was like to burst!)  
For this very good reason—it finished her first.



"I'll send," cried Mrs. Flumgarten, furiously, "for one of the L division."

"You may send to Old Nick for one of the L division!" shouted the valiant Mr. Muff, aspiring with particular emphasis the letter L.

"Here I lays, Teddy O'Blaise, (Singing)  
And my body quite at its *aise* is;  
With the top of my nose and the tops of my toes  
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies!"

And now, my invaluable spouse, as I can't conveniently sing you any more moral lessons, I'll *tipple* you two or three!" And Mr. Muff, with admirable coolness and precision, filled himself a bumper. "First and foremost, from this day henceforrerd, I'm determined to be my own lord and master.

"Imprimis and secondly, I don't choose to be the hen-pecked, collywoffing, under-the-fear-of-his-wife-and-a-broomstick Jerry Sneak and Pollycoddle, that the Whitechapel pin-maker was! You shan't, like his loving Lizzy, currycombe my precious vig, and smuggle my last vill!"

"*Et tu Brute!*" said Uncle Timothy, in a half whisper.

"He is a brute!" sobbed Mrs. Flumgarten, "to speak so of dear pa!"

"Don't *purwoke* me, Mrs. Flumgarten, into fending and proving, or I shall let the cat out the bag, and the kittens into the bargain! By the Lord, Harry, I'll *peach*, Mrs. Muff.

Mrs. Flumgarten's unruly member was about to pour upon the master-mason a flood of Fubsyean eloquence, when *Prudence*, the family guardian angel, took her by the tongue's tip, as St. Dunstan took a certain ebony gentleman by the nose. She telegraphed Mrs. Muff, and Mrs. Muff telegraphed the intelligent Guy. Just as Brutus was fetching breath for another ebullition, with his hand on the decanter for another bumper, he found himself half throttled in the Cornish hug of his affectionate and blubbering first-born! When a chimney caught fire, it was a custom in Merrie England to drop down it a live *'goose*, in the quality of extinguisher! And no goose ever performed its office better than the living Guy. He opened the flood-gates of his gooseberry eyes, and *played upon pa* so effectually, that Mr. Muff's ire or fire was speedily put out; and when, to prevent a coroner's inquest, the obedient child was motioned by the ladies to relax his filial embrace, the mollified master-mason began to sigh and sob too. The politic sisters now proposed to cut short their day's *pleasure*!—Uncle Timothy, to whom it was some consolation, that while he had been sitting upon thorns, his *tormentors* too, were a little nettled, seeing bluff John Tompkins in the stable yard grooming *con amore* one of Mr. Bosky's pet bloods, called out,

"John! I'm afraid we were too many this morning for that shying left-wheeler. Now, if he should take to kicking—"

"*Kicking!* Mr. Timwiddy!" screamed Mrs. Flumgarten.

"*Kicking!* Mr. Timwig!" echoed Mrs. Muff.

Herodotus (who practised what he preached) said, "When telling a lie will be profitable, let it be told!"—"He may lie," said Plato, "who knows *how* to do it in a suitable time," So thought John Tompkins! who hoping to frighten his unwelcome customers into an omnibus, and drive home Uncle Timothy in capital style, so aggravated the possible kickings, plungings, takings fright, and runnings away of that terrible left-wheeler, that the accommodating middle-aged gentleman was easily persuaded by the ladies to lighten the weight and diminish the danger, by returning to town by some other conveyance. And it was highly entertaining to mark the glum looks of John when he doggedly put the horses to, and how he mischievously let the whipcord into the sensitive flanks of the "shying left-wheeler," that honored every draft on his fetlocks, and confirmed the terrifying anticipations and complications of the veracious John Tompkins!

"Song sweetens toil, however rude the sound,"—and John sweetened *his* by humming the following, in which he encoored himself several times, as he drove Mrs. Flumgarten and family to town.

Dash along! splash along! hi, gee ho!  
Four-and twenty periwigs all of a row!  
Save me from a tough yarn twice over told—  
Save me from a Jerry Sneak, and save me from a scold.  
A horse is not a mare, and a cow is not a calf;  
A woman that talks all day long has too much tongue  
by half.  
To the music of the fiddle I like to figure in;  
But off I cut a caper from the music of the chin!  
When Madam's in her tantrums, and Madam 'gins to  
cry;  
If you want to give her change, hold an ingun to her  
eye;  
But if she shakes her pretty fist, and longs to come to  
blows,  
You may slip through her fingers, if you only sope your  
nose!  
Dash along! splash along! hi, gee ho!  
No horse so fast can gallop as a woman's tongue can go.  
"Needs must," I have heard my granny say, "when the  
devil drives."  
I wish he drove instead of me this brace of scolding  
wives!

George Daniel.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON AND FRANCE.

Among the evils to be traced to the suppression of public discussion in such a country as France, none are more likely to be attended with mischievous consequences than this—that schemes of the most questionable character are thrust into public notice with the connivance of the Government, whilst they are protected from that criticism and investigation which can alone test their value and establish their character. And here we are not speaking of political objects or institutions, but of undertakings connected with the laws of credit and the interests of trade. The rudiments of social life are

subjected to the same coercion which hangs over the political existence of the French; and it is as unsafe or impossible to maintain before the French public a proposition of political economy adverse to the schemes of Louis Napoleon, as it would be to attack his title to the Imperial Crown. We have therefore read without astonishment, though with extreme regret, the observations recently published by the *Journal des Débats* in favour of one of the wildest financial schemes of the time, for we are convinced that nothing short of a necessity, of which happily we have no idea, could have wrung from our contemporary opinions so entirely at variance with every principle of financial prudence and economical science.

We have already cursorily adverted to the plan here alluded to, and it is so characteristic of the policy of the French Government, and so pregnant with disaster and disappointment, that we shall now lay the subject more fully before our readers. They are already aware that Louis Napoleon has adopted several measures in the course of the last year to facilitate what he terms the circulation of capital and to reduce the rate of interest. He has compelled the bank of France to reduce the rate of discount to three per cent., and, instead of confining its operations to commercial bills, to advance money at the same rate on public securities, and even on railway shares. He has also introduced the system of land banks, which is now in operation on a large scale, and is intended to facilitate advances on mortgage, and consequently to reduce the current rate of mortgages throughout the country. But these innovations are far less obnoxious to criticism than his last financial achievement, which is the creation of a huge Joint Stock Bank, whose statutes appear to us to include every defect which experience and reason have hitherto shown to be most fatal to such institutions. The capital of this bank is to be 60 millions of francs, or £2,400,000 sterling, divided into 120,000 shares at £20 a-piece. Of these shares one-third are already issued, representing a value of £800,000, and the means taken to introduce them to the Bourse were so skilful that within the week they have been sold at 120 per cent. premium.

Of the remaining 80,000 shares, one-third is to belong to the authors and directors of the institution, and the rest will be assigned to the other shareholders. Probably this condition will account for some of the eminent names which we see attached to the scheme; for, although the bankers of Paris may be willing to take advantage of the present mania for such speculations, there is certainly not one of them who can be ignorant of the penalty of such speculations, especially in France.

The professed object of this Joint Stock Bank with limited liability is to facilitate all transactions in moveable property; to advance money on shares of all kinds; to hold shares itself in all sorts of companies; to treat for loans and the execution of public works; and to lend the whole nominal value on the security of public stocks and shares, while it performs the functions of a bank of deposit. To enable it to render these multifarious services, it will be empowered to issue its own notes to an amount equal to its subscriptions and acquisitions (the term seems ambiguous), and these obligations may extend to five times the realised capital with the present issue of shares, or to ten times the realised capital when the whole amount has been paid up. These obligations will all be made payable at not less than 45 days, and they will generally extend to much longer periods; they will not therefore be, strictly speaking, convertible.

We are not asserting more than the experience of the most enterprising as well as of the most cautious modern nations abundantly justifies, when we declare that there is no example of a bank thus constituted withstanding the recoil of its own operations. Such experiments have been largely tried in the United States, and tried to some extent in this country and in Scotland, but never and nowhere, we believe, without disastrous results; though, indeed, no bank we ever heard of has professed at the very outset such an utter disregard of all those principles on which banking can be safely conducted. What would be the condition of such an establishment with five or even ten times the amount of its realised capital in outstanding liabilities, and all the rest in the most fluctuating forms of property, on which advances have been



made to their full value, if some political convulsion, or even some natural calamity smote this house of cards? Suppose war, suppose the sudden demise of a sovereign, suppose a famine, or any of the thousand chances from which mankind are never long free, and what preservation would such a bank offer against the worst? It would rise and fall with the tide, and a low ebb would cast it dry upon the beach.

The object of the founders of this company can hardly have been to create a permanent institution on such conditions, but this bubble may take advantage of the excited credulity of the nation to distribute into a thousand channels the present copious supply of money, aided by California and Australia; to throw a momentary glare over the operatic splendours of the new Empire; and to confirm the delusion that this new era is to be one of unbounded wealth, luxury and gain. That is no doubt its object, and, if its operations were confined to the next few months, in that object it would probably succeed. But the fallacy on which such undertakings rest is not the less certain or the less certain to be at last detected. To toss about money with unheard-of profusion is not to enrich a nation, but the reverse; and the circulation of credit, which these men mistake for the production of wealth, is in reality no more than the expedient of a spendthrift. It requires no elaborate argument, clothed with the authority of Turgot, to prove that the augmentation of capital is a fundamental cause of public prosperity; but there is this condition attached to the proposition—that this augmentation must be real. Louis Napoleon and his financial instruments go upon the notion that the same effects may be produced, though this augmentation of capital should be merely imaginary—that is, an augmentation of the paper that is to represent it. That is the principle of his letters of mortgage to encourage advances on land, and of his Joint Stock Bank, adapting itself to all the fluctuations of the Bourse. If Law had lived in our day, Louis Napoleon would have made him his Finance Minister, and thought that he had discovered the philosopher's stone; but it is a bitter reflection on mankind that the experiments of Law can be repeated more than a century after their

failure, by men who have his prodigality and assurance without his originality or his genius.

One of the secondary objects to which a bank of this nature may be applied, when it is more or less connected with or dependent on an absolute Government, is to throw its weight in favour of some undertakings and in opposition to others, and so to make the action of the State felt in all the transactions of the money-market. Here a loan may be wrested from a great contractor, there a railway may be depressed by the refusal to advance money on its shares, and above all, the public funds may be constantly stimulated by the application of an artificial demand. By these tricks all the ordinary tests of credit, of wealth, and of security are perplexed and confounded, and the interference of the Government is felt even in the value and convertibility of private property, whilst abundant means are found of providing for a large class of dependants by the frequent turns of these gambling speculations. The Government of France aims at holding in its grasp the whole mechanism of exchange and the fluctuations of the market; and it avails itself of the avidity and credulity of the present generation to attach them by all their passions to its own existence; but a Government which deals after this fashion with the laws of credit and of wealth incurs the heaviest responsibility which questions of property can impose; and it will one day bear the brunt of all the immoderate speculations which it now seeks to encourage.

### CROSSING THE DESERT.

The road through the desert is most wonderful in its features: a finer cannot be imagined. It is wide, hard, firm, winding, for at least two-thirds of the way from Kosseir to Thebes, between ranges of rocky hills, rising often perpendicularly on either side, as if they had been scraped by art; here, again, rather broken and overhanging, as if they were the lofty banks of a mighty river, and you traversing its dry and naked bed. Now you are quite landlocked; now again you open on small valleys, and see upon heights beyond small square towers. It was late in the evening when we came to our

ground, a sort of dry bay and burning sand, with rock and cliff rising in jagged points all around—a spot where the waters of ocean might sleep in stillness, or, with the soft voice of their gentlest ripple, lull the storm-worn mariner. The dew of the night before had been heavy; we therefore pitched our tent, and decided on starting, in future, at a very early hour in the morning, so as to accomplish our march before noon. It was dark when we moved off, and even cold. Your camel is impatient to rise ere you are well seated on him; gives a shake, too, to warm his blood, and half dislodges you; marches rather faster than by day, and gives occasionally a hard quick stamp with his broad callous foot. Our moon was far in her wane. She rose, however, about an hour after we started, all red, above the dark hills on our left; yet higher rose, and paler grew, till at last she hung a silvery crescent in the deep blue sky. I claim for the traveller a love of that bright planet far beyond what the fixed and settled resident can ever know: the meditation of the lover, the open lattice, the villagers' castanets, are all in sweet character with the moon, or on her increase, or full-orbed; but the traveller (*especially in the East*), he loves her in the wane; so does the soldier at his still picquet of the night; and the sailor, on his silent watch, when she comes and breaks in upon the darkness of the night to soothe and bless him.

Who passes the desert and says all is barren, all lifeless? In the grey morning you may see the common pigeon, and the partridge, and the pigeon of the rock, alight before your feet, and come upon the beaten camel-paths for foot. They are tame, for they have not learned to fear or to distrust the men who pass these solitudes. The camel-driver would not lift a stone to them, and the sportsman could hardly find it in his heart to kill these gentle tenants of the desert. The deer might tempt him: I saw but one; far, very far, he caught the distant camel-tramp, and paused, and threw back his head to listen, then away to the road instead of from it; but far ahead he crossed it, and then away up a long slope he fleetly stole, and off to some solitary well which springs, perhaps, where no human being has ever trod. Here and

there you may meet with something of green—a tree alone, or two: nay, in one vale you may see some eight or ten—these are the acacias, small-leaved and thorny, yet kind, in that “they forsake not these forsaken places.” You have affections in the desert, too: your patient and docile camel is sometimes vainly urged if his fellow or his driver be behind: he will stop and turn, and give that deep, hoarse, gurgling sound, by which he expresses uneasiness and displeasure. It is something to have rode, though but for a few days, the camel of the desert. We always associate the horse with the Arab warrior, and the horse alone: also the crooked scimeter. Now, these belong to the Syrian and the Persian, the Mameluke and the Turk, as well. The camel is peculiar to the Arab alone. It was on the camel that Mahomet performed his flight to Medina. It was on a white she camel that he made his entry into that city. Seventy camels were arrayed by his side in the vale of Beder. And it was on his own red camel that the Caliph Omar, with his wooden dish and leathern water-bottle, and his bag of dates, came to receive the keys of the holy city of Jerusalem, and the submission and homage of the patriarch Sophronius. “Moreover, it is on a winged white camel, in a golden saddle, that the Moslem who is faithful to the end believes that he shall ride hereafter.”—*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt, &c.*

#### THE MOCKING-BIRD.

The plumage of the Mocking-Bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant about it, and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the Wood Thrush, to the savage scream of the Bald Eagle. In the measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and



sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, “He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, expired to the last elevated strain.” While exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates; or dive, with precipitation into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the Sparrow Hawk.

The Mocking-Bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by

his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the Canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virgin Nightingale, or Redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the Brown Thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of the cocks; and the warblings of the Bluebird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screamings of the swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the Robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the Whip-poor-will; while the notes of the Killdeer, Blue Jay, Martin, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the live-long night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

#### AN AWKWARD POSITION.

In youth, with all its gaiety and excitement, “time passes o’er us with a noiseless lapse;” and his course is swift and trackless as that of a bird. Spring was now gone, and it was summer. The halls of the College were once more deserted, and I, too, made preparation for departure.

The first of May is the day fixed by immemorial usage in the University for the distribution of the prizes: a day looked forward to with “hopes, and fears that kindle hope,” by many youthful and ardent spirits. The great hall of the college on that day certainly presents a very pleasing and animated spectacle. The academical distinctions are bestowed with much of ceremonial pomp, in presence of a vast concourse of spectators, and it is not uninteresting to mark the flush of bashful triumph on the cheek of the victor,—the sparkling of his downcast eye, as the hall is rent with loud applause,

when he advances to receive the badge of honour assigned him by the voice of his fellow-students. It is altogether a sight to stir the spirit in the youthful bosom, and stimulate into healthy action faculties which, but for such excitement, might have continued in unbroken slumber. Of such distinctions, irregular as my habits of study had been, I was a partaker. In some of my classes I stood first,—in all I carried off some mark of successful application; and, in now looking back on the year which I spent in the College of Glasgow, I cannot but refer to it the acquisition of that love of literature which has never died within me, and in which I have found a relief and a resource, under circumstances when its place could not have been otherwise supplied.

Of my family I have of late said little, yet they were but seldom absent from my thoughts, and with the different members of it I kept up a constant intercourse by letter. My father seldom wrote to me, and when he did, his letters betrayed little of that affectionate feeling which might be expected to breathe in the confidential intercourse of a parent, and an only son. His letters were indeed neither harsh nor unkind, but they were cold and stately, and in character those of a monitor rigid in the performance of a duty, more than of a father, whose hopes were garnered up in the object he addressed. From my mother I heard more frequently, but writing was an exertion to which she was frequently unequal, and my principal correspondent was Jane. In the letters of that dear sister, nothing that interested me was too insignificant to find a place. She gathered information from the grooms and the keeper of my stud and kennel, which she faithfully imbibed (bating a few technical mistakes) in her epistles. She told me of Hecuba, my favourite old mare, and enlarged on the colour and beauty of her foal, which little Lucy fed daily in the paddock. She spoke, too, of Don and Ponto,—of Ariel, my little spaniel, petted and caressed by all for the sake of her absent master. The accounts which I received from Jane of my mother's health, though unfavourable, did not excite in me any alarm. Nor did either Jane or my father appear to feel such: She had, I was told, become more feeble, but a trip to Brighton was meditated, and the sea-breezes would restore her strength. She suffered from a severe cough; but this the warmth of the approaching summer would remove. Her spirits, too, were good, and her letters betrayed no symptom of the languor of disease. It is not the character of youth to anticipate evil. Death is then regarded as a distant though inevitable event, to whose dreaded approach we shut our eyes and stop our ears, till his chariot-wheels are at hand, and he already thunders at the gate.

In this situation did matters stand, when, at the conclusion of the college session, I wrote to my father to learn his wishes as to my motions. My friend Conyers was about to visit one of his guardians in Yorkshire, an old fox-hunting squire, where he was to remain till a cornetcy of dragoons had been obtained for him. We

proposed a tour by the lakes, and he pressed me to accompany him on his visit, before returning to my own family. I mentioned this scheme to my father, and requested his consent. He gave it, but desired that I would take advantage of my being in Yorkshire to offer a visit to our relation the Earl of Amersham, with whom, from the seclusion in which my father had spent the latter years of his life, little intercourse during my remembrance, had been maintained. To the advantages which might arise from keeping up this connexion he was not insensible. The Earl was ministerial in his politics, and had a borough or two at command; and therefore he was, at least, a person worth courting, by a young man just about to enter the world with fewer friends and smaller fortune than was desirable. My mother wrote accordingly to the Countess, with whom she had at one period of her life been intimate, informing her that she could not hear of my being in Yorkshire without feeling anxious that I should become personally known to the relations for whom both she and my father entertained so perfect a regard.

Preliminaries being at length settled for our departure, Conyers and myself set forth on our excursion with light and joyous hearts. My parting with my uncle was to me an affecting one. Before I rose to say farewell, at our last interview, we had been conversing for about an hour. I had laid before him with perfect openness and sincerity my hopes and prospects, for I then regarded him only as a warm and faithful friend. He could scarcely be expected to approve of my partiality for a military life, but he had knowledge enough of character to perceive that my inclinations were not to be controlled on the matter, and he did not seriously attempt it.

"Weel, Cyril," said he, "since ye will be a sodger, and are fool enough to gang to be shot at for two or three shillings a day, when ye might stay at hame and do far better, it's needless for me to try and reason you out o' what I see ye've set your heart on. But gang where ye like, ye'll hae the prayers o' an auld man for the blessings o' Providence on your head. May God's mercy be a fence and a buckler to you in the day of battle, and his grace ever guide you and protect you in the perilous course of life on which you are about to enter."

Here the old man was silent, the expression of his face was stern and unmoved as ever, but my own heart sympathetically told me of all that was working in his. Tears gushed from my eyes as I rose to bid him adieu. I endeavoured,—but I could not speak. He grasped my hand in his, with a strong and yet somewhat tremulous pressure. For a minute there was silence, but the old man became gradually calmer, and thus spoke:—"Farewell, Cyril, farewell; it's like that on this side o' the grave we may never meet again. Yet I may live to hear o' your well-doing, and that will be to me the best and maist joyfu' tidings I can hear in this world. Gang,—but mind while I live, gin ye want a friend to help you in time o' need,



ye hae yin in your auld uncle that will no forsake you in your trouble. Gang,—and an auld man's blessing be on your head, and his prayers shall follow for your happiness and prosperity, wherever it may please God that your lot may be cast." As he spoke, he laid his hand solemnly on my head; then embracing me he turned suddenly from me. I rushed, much moved, from the apartment, and in a moment found myself—in the arms of Girzy. Before I succeeded in extricating myself from this unpleasant predicament I had undergone the penalty of several kind kisses, while I felt her arms clasp my neck with such a gripe, as that with which a vulture seizes a lamb. "Just promise to come back again," said the worthy creature, with red eyes and in a choking voice—"just promise to come back and see us again, and I'll let you gang."

"Yes, yes," I answered, anxious to escape, and quite overcome by this unexpected prolongation of the scene—"yes, and may God bless you;" and by a sudden effort I released myself from her grasp, and effected my escape.

No cure for mental depression is so efficacious as travelling. My heart was heavy when, seated in the Carlisle mail *vis-a-vis* to my friend Conyers, we whirled rapidly through the Gallowgate, and bade a long, probably an eternal farewell to Glasgow. With reverted eyes I gazed upon the lofty towers of the cathedral, till, by the increasing distance, they could no longer be distinctly traced in the dense canopy of smoke which overhung the city. My attention, however, was soon engrossed by the new objects which were constantly presenting themselves as we advanced, and long before we reached Hamilton, "my bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne," and my spirits were light and buoyant as the air I breathed.

Never did I pass a more delightful week than that which we spent in the neighbourhood of the lakes, in exploring their transcendent scenery. Amid such objects, and at such an age, was it possible for beings with hearts young and unoppressed by the cares of the world to be otherwise than happy? We required no artificial stimulus,—no extraneous excitement, to goad on our fancy to enjoyment. "The common air, the earth, the skies," were in themselves all sufficient. They gave us *then* what millions, did I possess them, could not purchase *now*. In youth happiness is cheap, but the enjoyments of a jaded spirit must be dearly bought, and when bought are vapid.

On quitting the lakes, a day's journey brought us to the house of Squire Parkyns, who received both his ward and myself with a hearty welcome. He was a gentleman of a good estate, and a justice of the quorum, a warm-hearted and well-meaning man, and marked by that devotion to field-sports "which is the badge of all his tribe;" but I should imagine one of the most unfit persons in the world to be intrusted with the guardianship of a young man. His wife, Conyers told me, had been dead many years, and he had lost an only son, whose skull had been fractured by a fall from his horse, when out hunting. The old

man's spirits had long succumbed under this latter blow, but they had again recovered, and, notwithstanding he had three daughters married in the neighbourhood, he preferred keeping what is called "bachelor's hall," to again submitting his establishment to female management and control. To a jovial old spirit like this the society of Conyers and myself was not unpleasing. We admired and praised his stud, listened to his sporting anecdotes, and in all disputes about hunting or shooting deferentially chose him as our umpire. In three days we drank him into a fit of the gout, and in three more I received a letter from Lord Amersham, expressing in courtly phrase his thanks for the proposed visit, and the delight which both he and Lady Amersham would feel in receiving at Staunton Court the son of his old and valued friend.

After receiving this communication, I spent a week in the society of Conyers and the old Squire, before I could bring myself to think of taking my departure. Even then I was induced more than once to uncord and unpack my trunks when all prepared for a start, and to add another day to the duration of my sojourn. With regard to Conyers, our characters amalgamated wonderfully, and a strong mutual regard had grown up between us. Of all the men I have ever known, Conyers, I think, possessed in the greatest degree the power of conciliating attachment. He was indeed a fine and generous creature, and the gaiety of his spirit, the openness of his disposition, and his entire recklessness of self, were enough to disarm the censure of the most rigid moralist on his failings.

At length we parted, but there was no tinge of melancholy in our adieu—we embraced, vowed friendship, and bade farewell, with all the warmth and sincerity, yet with all the light-heartedness, of youth. We were about to enter on the same profession, to encounter the same dangers, to mingle in the same world. We were to meet frequently, and were destined to pass many happy days in each other's society—we were but to enjoy the pleasures, to pluck the rose of life; and as for its thorns,—we thought not—knew not of them.

And so we parted. The Gazette shortly after informed me that Charles was appointed to a cornetcy of dragoons in a regiment then stationed in Ireland. Soon after joining, he wrote me in ecstasies of his new profession, entreating me to procure, if possible, a commission, then vacant in the regiment. But it was yet dubious whether my father would consent to my becoming a soldier. In any case it was very certain that my preference for a particular regiment would be treated by him as a mere boyish whim, and disregarded as such. Under present circumstances, therefore, I felt and knew the obstacles to the accomplishment of my wishes to be insurmountable. Years of separation elapsed. Our correspondence, regular at first, became gradually less frequent, as the pleasures and business of the world thickened around us and more deeply engrossed our thoughts; and long before we again met it had been altogether discontinued.

On parting from my friend and the old Squire, I had thirty miles to travel before reaching Staunton Court, the seat of my noble relatives. Hitherto I had mixed but little in society, and that little only in the character of a boy. The dignity of a grown man—a gentleman—which I had known only by anticipation, I was now for the first time to enjoy; and it was not without a sense of novel dignity, that I felt myself about to take part in a scene, which, even to my own imagination, seemed worthy of the actor. Still it was with some palpitations of the heart,—some more than wonted misgivings of my own power of pleasing, that I beheld the gates of the lodge thrown open at my approach, and thought, as the carriage wound along the stately and serpentine approach that the wished-for moment was at hand.

The park was extensive, and stocked with the finest timber. Large herds of deer were cropping the pastures, or reclining in the shades. Every thing around gave indication of magnificent antiquity,—of a residence which in my imagination well befitted one whose ancestors had bled in the Crusades—a descendant of those noble barons who gained, at their sword's point, the great and enduring charter of their country's freedom. The hand of wealth indeed was everywhere visible, but with none of that tinsel ornament and gewgaw profusion which marks the splendour of a *nouveau riche*.

An approach of three miles brought us at length in sight of the house. It was a large and massive pile of building, of a quadrangular form, and showing, in its style of architecture, that picturesque peculiarity by which the works of Inigo Jones, our English Palladio, are generally distinguished. The house had originally been surrounded by a moat, but that was now dry, and planted with flowers and shrubs of singular beauty and luxuriance. Across this was thrown a bridge of light and graceful construction, terminated by an arch, over which the arms of the family, surmounted by an earl's coronet, were cut in high relief, and supported on either flank by a ferocious dragon, displaying all the exuberance of tail and tusk with which heralds usually rejoice to adorn their fabulous creations. Beneath, the motto, "*A gladio et per gladium*," was emblazoned in golden characters, and harmonized well with my own ideas of the chivalrous dignity of baronial tenure.

On descending from the carriage, I entered a circular hall of spacious dimensions, the roof of which ascended to the full height of the building, and was lighted by a cupola in the centre. The walls were wainscotted and hung with pictures, and on a pedestal in the centre stood a statue of Charles the Second, who, in the days of his adversity, had found both welcome and safety within the walls of Staunton. I was ushered across the magnificent apartment through a troop of liveried menials, and, after ascending a short marble staircase, adorned and perfumed by a double row of exotics, entered the library, which I found untenanted. The groom of the chambers then informed me

that neither Lord nor Lady Amersham were at home, and requested to know whether I chose any refreshment after my journey. To this I answered in the negative; and the attendant, making a polite bow, quitted the apartment. Thus left alone, and perhaps a little daunted by the pomp and ceremony by which the scene around me was invested, I seated myself in an easy chair, and once more gave the reins to my fancy.

I pictured to myself the owner of this splendid demesne. "Undoubtedly," I said, "he is a person of lofty carriage and finished elegance of manner; proud, for how can he be otherwise?—but his is a generous pride, ever veiled in courtesy to his equals, and kindness to his inferiors. Raised by his wealth and station above the petty cares and anxieties by which meaner men are agitated, he is liberal, nay, magnificent in his ideas, with a hand open as day to melting charity. He is a hero,—for the blood of the noblest chivalry of England flows in his veins. He is a patriot,—for he cannot forget the country to which he owes so much. He is loyal,—for his station marks him out as an hereditary bulwark of the throne."

In this manner did my imagination run on, adding new colours to the picture it had drawn, till the owner of the mansion seemed to stand before me, invested with every possible grace and excellence.

"And I am now," thought I, "to appear in the presence of this noble and transcendent personage. With what an air of deference and respect must I address him, and what impression can I, a raw, ignorant, and untutored boy, expect to make on one, whose taste and talents must, at a glance, lay bare to him the whole extent of my deficiencies? I shall at least do my best," resolved I, and, rising from my chair, advanced towards a pier-glass, in front of which I began to practise such bows and deferential modes of address, as appeared to me best suited to so formidable an introduction. In order to derive all possible benefit from this preparatory rehearsal, I judged it right to suit the word to the action, addressing myself first in the character of Lord Amersham, and then framing a fitting answer in my own.

"Mr. Thornton," said I, as his lordship's mouthpiece, assuming, at the same time, an air of graceful dignity, mingled with much kindness and condescension, "I am delighted to have the honour of welcoming you for the first time to Staunton Court. Believe me, I sincerely rejoice in this opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance which circumstances have long, too long, delayed. Lady Amersham, let me present to you our relation, Mr. Cyril Thornton. Lady Melicent, I beg to introduce your cousin."

"My lord," replied I, in my own character, making, as I spoke, a profound obeisance, "do me the honour, I pray your lordship, to accept my very sincere thanks for your kindness and condescension. To Lady Amersham and my fair cousin I—"

Here I was interrupted by a half-suppressed titter in the apartment—a sound at that time



more dreadful to my ear than would have been that of the explosion of a mine beneath my feet, or the hissing of a boa constrictor beneath the drawing-room table. I stood for an instant as if transfixed, my head bent forward in the act of addressing my noble host, and my right hand extended to receive the friendly pressure of his palm. At length, assuming the courage of despair, I determined to know the worst at once. I raised my head, and, looking round, beheld two young ladies, who had evidently been witnesses of my absurd exhibition. Fancy a youth of acute, nay, almost morbid sensibility placed in such a situation, and it is possible, barely possible, if you are a person of strong imagination, that you may form some inadequate idea of the spiritual torture I then suffered. If anything in this world can afford a good spology for suicide, it is undoubtedly such a detection as that of which I was the subject. Luckily, neither pistol, razor, nor penknife presented themselves, nay, not a bodkin, or I verily believe that instant had terminated my mortal career. From the top of my head to the sole of my foot I had a pulse throbbing like a sledgehammer in every inch. My eyes stared wildly round, in the hopeless effort to find some avenue of escape. I would have given my inheritance for a snug birth in the coal-cellar, or have paid down a handsome difference to have changed situations with Daniel in the lions' den. I would have caught at a cell in the Inquisition, or the dungeon of Baron Trenck, and have thought the penalty a light one, compared with the agonizing horror of such a detection. Never did Ghost Gorgon, or Chimæra appear so terrific to human eyes as did the vision of these two elegant and blooming girls at that moment to mine.

They stood near the fireplace, shawled and bonneted, as if just returned from a walk. One of them was curiously reconnoitring me through an eyeglass, and the other, with her handkerchief to her mouth, was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh, in which she was not wholly successful. What could I do? To prolong the ridicule of my situation, by continuing to stand before the mirror, was impossible; to advance or retire equally dreadful. Which evil I at length preferred, whether I rushed on Scylla or Charybdis, my mind was in too great a state of confusion to enable me now to recollect.

"What a very odd person!" observed one of my fair tormentors, in a half whisper.

"Yes, a delightful original," replied her companion; and, making a strong effort to resume her gravity, she advanced, and thus addressed me: "Since chance has thrown us together, there is, I think, no reason to wait for a formal introduction. Some expressions of your soliloquy which we accidentally overheard sufficiently betrayed that you are Mr. Cyril Thornton, who has been, I know, an expected guest for some days. Mr. Thornton, let me introduce you to Miss Pynsent—Miss Pynsent, Mr. Thornton."

In reply to this address, delivered with the most perfect self-possession, and an air of grace

and high breeding, the union of which was remarkable in one evidently so young, I stammered out some inquiries for Lord and Lady Amersham, bowed, and, I supposed, looked like a blockhead. I am very sure I felt like one. The ice, however, was now broken; and though, in a case like the present, it cannot exactly be said that "*ce ne que le premier pas qui coule*," it is certainly true that the *premier pas* is, out of sight, the most painful and difficult, and each succeeding one becomes comparatively easy. The young lady was lively and animated, and did not suffer the conversation to languish; and I might have hoped that my folly had been either overlooked or forgotten, had I not observed that a look of laughing intelligence was occasionally interchanged between the fair companions.

"Come, Julia," at length said the Lady Melicent, "our mal-apropos intrusion has already too long interrupted the rhetorical studies of Mr. Thornton,"—at the same time rising to depart,—"*we must get rid of these odious walking habiliments. Mamma and Lady Pynsent are gone to call at Feversham Park,*" continued she, addressing me, and looking at her watch. "*It is now half-past four o'clock, and we do not dine till seven, so you still have two hours to practice oratory; but should you tire of that and choose a turn in the park, you will probably meet papa at the farm, to which any one will direct you. Au revoir; pray do not forget to introduce in your speech something peculiarly elegant about your fair cousin.*" So saying, she linked her arm in that of her sister grace, and with the lightness of sylphs they glided out of the apartment.

She spoke with a wicked archness of look, and there was a laughing devil in her eye, by no means soothing to my irritated sensibilities; and when left alone, I for some time paced the apartment with long and irregular strides, reflecting, in no enviable mood, on the ridiculous figure I must have cut before those very persons in whose eyes I was most anxious to make a favourable impression. It may be imagined, I had no inclination to resume the exercise in which I had been so unseasonably interrupted. I determined, therefore, on a stroll in the park, and to effect my introduction to Lord Amersham, in case I should encounter him in my walk.

The air and exercise tended to calm my spirits, and somewhat to restore the self-composure of which my unfortunate debut in the library had so totally deprived me. There is something in the very aspect of nature—in its simplest sounds and commonest features—soothing and delightful. They seem as if intended to act as an oblivious antidote to those mental perturbations which are generated by the cares and anxieties of artificial life. For such wounds nature has provided a simple medicament, which the united experience of mankind proves to be efficacious. The citizen retires to his box at Hackney or on Champion-hill, and the lawyer "*babbles of green fields*," at his villa in Kent or Hertfordshire. They are conscious of the effect, though perhaps ignorant

of the cause. They feel that the thousand tight-drawn ligaments which bind them to the world are for the moment loosened,—the shackles fall from their limbs, and they draw from the bosom of nature that simple nourishment, which strengthens and braces them again to undergo the repetition of their daily toils.

Of this restorative power I felt in my ramble the full medicinal efficacy. The park was fine and extensive. The venerable oaks cast their shadows broader as the sun sunk in the horizon, on the green sward beneath them and around. The birds were carolling their vespers, and the deer that stood on a neighbouring eminence tossing high their branchy foreheads, showed like creatures embedded in the purple glory of the sky.

Occupied with the scene around me, I had forgotten my purpose of seeking Lord Amersham, till warned of the necessity of returning to the house, by the sound of the first dinner-bell. I had turned for that purpose, and was leisurely retracing my steps to the mansion, when I observed a person of rather outre appearance approaching hastily in a diagonal direction, evidently with the wish to overtake me. I accordingly waited for his approach, and as he advanced, had time to take a pretty accurate observation of his person.

He was dressed in a jacket of bottle-green, garnished with buttons of mother-of-pearl, of dimensions unusually large. His nether integuments were of dark plush, and over his legs, which were exceedingly clumsy and unshapely, he wore gaiters, the under part of which was of cloth, and the upper of dingy-coloured leather. His beaver was of a brab colour, distinguished by an unusual latitude of brim, and bearing evident marks of long exposure to the vicissitudes which mark our climate. In his hand he carried a long pole, terminating at its lower extremity in a weeding-hook. His figure was round and squab, of ungainly proportions, and marked, when in motion, by a singular jerking of the body and limbs, producing altogether rather a ludicrous effect. His face and head were large. The former slightly pitted by the small-pox, and displaying features coarse and apparently unsuited to each other, constituting just such a countenance as one might be supposed to form, were he to select a feature from each of his ugly acquaintances, and huddle them altogether into one visage. Judging from the *tout ensemble*, he might be park-keeper or farmer; one probably well to do in the world, and in his obesity furnishing at once a practical illustration and comment on the "scope and tendency of Bacon."

Curious to know what such a person could want with me, and taking compassion on the exertions which his pursuit evidently cost him, I stopped my walk, which at first I had only slackened, till he came up. For some seconds he was unable to speak, and stood panting for breath to enable him to commence his address.

"Mr. Cyril Thornton, I presume?" said this grotesque personage. I bowed in acquiescence, and without pausing, he proceeded.

"Beg ten thousand pardons, that you should have been left so long alone—Delighted to see you at Staunton.—Saw your carriage pass, and guessed it was you, but was so busy with Sam Brown (my farm bailiff) that I could not escape one moment to welcome you. We farmers, Mr. Thornton, as you will probably know by-and-by, are literally *adscripti glebæ*; we must follow the plough, and trust to the good-nature of our friends to forgive omissions. You must come to-morrow, and see my farm; I'll show you stock worth the seeing. But let us move on now, for the dinner-bell has rung, and we have no time to stand chattering."

This voluble address was so rapidly enunciated, that I found it impossible to hitch in anything in reply; and as we proceeded towards the house, the Earl, for he it was, still continued to talk.

"Hope you left your family quite well?—Your mother is a charming woman,—first saw her at a ball at Bath, two, three, four, five-and-twenty years ago,—turned the heads of all the young men of those days. Your father, too, a most worthy and excellent person, and my particular friend. But oh! I forget, you're not from Thornhill; I think I heard you were at school at—at—Manchester?"

"At the College at Glasgow, my Lord," interrupted I, rather piqued at the mistake, and unwilling to be mistaken for a Manchester schoolboy.

"Oh, ah, Glasgow was it?—my memory is so bad, and I am apt to make a sad jumble when talking of those—as Mr. Pitt called them, 'great emporiums of commerce,'—Leeds, Sheffield, Glasgow, Manchester. I knew you were at one or another of them, though not exactly certain which. Glasgow, eh? Then you're from Scotland, and must tell me all about the Scotch farming,—the succession of crops, and all that,—Scotch black-faced sheep too, capital mutton, but devils for leaping fences,—not so good on the huggins as Leicestershire, and coarse in the fleece. Notwithstanding all you've seen in Scotland, flatter myself you'll like our farming in Yorkshire. To-morrow morning you must come to the farm and see my new patent thrashing-machine—nine-horse power, and managed by a boy."

We now reached the house, and the necessity of speedy preparations for dinner occasioned an abrupt termination to be put to the conversation. I retired, accordingly, for this purpose, and when engaged in the operations of the toilet, could scarce refrain from smiling, when I remembered how ludicrously all my anticipations of the person, manners, and character of Lord Amersham had been at variance with the fact.—*Hamilton.*

WHEN DEMETRIUS conquered the city of Magara, and every thing had been plundered by his soldiers, he ordered the philosopher Stilpon to be called before him, and asked him whether he had not lost his property in this confusion. "No," replied Stilpon, "as all I possess is in my head."



## FLIRTATION EXTRAORDINARY.

There is a fashion in everything—more especially in everything feminine, as we luckless wearers of caps and petticoats are, of all other writers, bound to allow: the very faults of the ladies (if ladies can have faults), as well as the terms by which those faults are distinguished, change with the changing time. The severe but honest puritan of the Commonwealth was succeeded by the less rigid, but probably less sincere prude, who, from the Restoration to George the Third's day, seems, if we may believe those truest painters of manners—the satirists and the comic poets—to have divided the realm of beauty with the fantastic coquette—*L'Allegro* reigning over one half of the female world, *Il Penseroso* over the other.

With the decline of the artificial comedy, these two grand divisions amongst women, which had given such life to the acted drama, and had added humour to the prose of Addison and point to the verse of Pope, gradually died away. The Suspicious Husband of Dr. Hoadly, one of the wittiest and most graceful of those graceful and witty pictures of manners, which have now wholly disappeared from the comic scene, is, I think, nearly the last in which the characters are so distinguished.—The wide-reaching appellations of prude and coquette,\* the recognizable title, the definite classification, the outward profession were gone, whatever might be the case with the internal propensities; and the sex, somewhat weary, it may be, of finding itself called by two names, neither of them very desirable, the one being very disagreeable and the other a little naughty, branched off into innumerable sects, with all manner of divisions and sub-divisions, and has contrived to exhibit during the last sixty or seventy years as great a variety of humours, good or bad, and to deserve and obtain as many epithets (most of them sufficiently ill-omened), as its various and capricious fellow-biped called man.

Amongst these epithets were two which I well remember to have heard applied some thirty years ago to more than one fair lady in the good town of Belford, but which have now passed away as completely as their disparaging predecessors, coquette and prude. The “words of fear” in question were “satirical” and “sentimental.” With the first of these sad nicknames we have nothing to do. Child as I was, it seemed to me at the time, and I think so more strongly on recollection, that in two or three instances the imputation was wholly undeserved; that a girlish gaiety of heart on the one hand, and a womanly fineness of observation on the other, gave rise to an accusation which mixes a little, and a very little, cleverness with a great deal of ill-nature. But with the fair satirist, be the appellation true or false, we have no concern; our business is with one lady of the class sentimental, and with one, and

one only, of those adventures to which ladies of that class are, to say the least, peculiarly liable.

Miss Selina Savage (her detractors said that she was christened Sarah, founding upon certain testimony, of I know not what value, of aunts and godmothers; but I abide by her own signature, as now lying before me in a fine slender Italian hand, at the bottom of a note somewhat yellow by time, but still stamped in a French device of *penses* and *soucis*, and still faintly smelling of attar of roses; the object of the said note being to borrow “Mr. Pratt's exquisite poem of Sympathy.”)—Miss Selina Savage (I hold by the autograph) was a young lady of uncertain age; there being on this point also a small variation of ten or a dozen years between her own assertions and those of her calumniators; but of a most sentimental aspect (in this respect all were agreed); tall, fair, pale, and slender, she being so little encumbered with flesh and blood, and so little tinted with the diversity of colouring thereunto belonging,—so completely blonde in hair, eyes, and complexion, that a very tolerable portrait of her might be cut out in white paper, provided the paper were thin enough, or drawn in chalks, white and black, upon a pale brown ground. Nothing could be too shadowy or too vapoury; the Castle Spectre, flourishing in all the glory of gauze drapery on the stage of Drury-Lane—the ghosts of Ossian made out of the mists of the hills—were but types of Miss Selina Savage. Her voice was like her aspect, sighing, crying, dying; and her conversation as lachrymose as her voice; she sang sentimental songs, played sentimental airs, wrote sentimental letters, and read sentimental books; has given away her parrot for laughing, and turned off her foot-boy for whistling a country-dance.

The abode of this amiable damsel was a small neat dwelling, somewhat inconveniently situated, at the back of the Holy Brook, between the Abbey Mills on the one side and a great timber wharf on the other, with the stream running between the carriage-road and the house, and nothing to unite them but a narrow foot-bridge, which must needs be crossed in all weathers. It had, however, certain recommendations which more than atoned for these defects in the eyes of its romantic mistress; three middle-sized cypress-trees at one end of the court; in the front of her mansion two well-grown weeping-willows; an address to “Holy Brook Cottage,” absolutely invaluable to such a correspondent, and standing in most advantageous contrast with the streets, terraces, crescents, and places of which Belford was for the most part composed; and a very fair chance of excellent material for the body of her letters by the abundant casualties and Humane Society cases afforded by the footbridge—no less than one old woman, three small children, and two drunken men having been ducked in the stream in the course of one winter. Drowning would have been too much of a good thing; but of that, from the shallowness of the water, there was happily no chance.

\* Perhaps flirt may be held to be no bad substitute: Yes! flirt and coquette may pass for synonymous. But under what class of women of this world shall we find the prude? The very species seems extinct.

Miss Savage, with two quiet, orderly, light-footed, and soft-spoken maidens, had been for some years the solitary tenant of the pretty cottage by the Holy-Brook. She had lost her father during her early childhood; and the death of her mother, a neat, quiet old lady, whose interminable carpet-work is amongst the earliest of my recollections—I could draw the pattern now—and the absence of her brother, a married man with a large family and a prosperous business, who resided constantly in London, left the fair Selina the entire mistress of her fortune, her actions, and her residence. That she remained in Belford, although exclaiming against the place and its society—its gossiping morning visits and its evening card parties, as well as the general want of refinement amongst its inhabitants, might be imputed, partly, perhaps, to habit, and an aversion to the trouble of moving, and partly to a violent friendship between herself and another damsel of the same class, a good deal younger and a great deal sillier, who lived two streets off, and whom she saw every day, and wrote to every hour.

Martha, or, as her friend chose to call her, Matilda Marshall, was the fourth or fifth daughter of a spirit-merchant in the town. Frequent meetings at the circulating library introduced the fair ladies to each other, and a congeniality of taste brought about first an acquaintance and then an intimacy, which difference of station (for Miss Savage was of the highest circle in this provincial society, and poor Martha was in no circle at all), only seemed to cement the more firmly.

The Marshalls, flattered by Selina's notice of their daughter, and not sorry that that notice had fallen on the least useful and cheerful of the family—the one that amongst all their young people they could the most easily spare, put her time and her actions entirely into her own power, or rather into that of her patroness. Mr. Marshall, a calculating man of business, finding flirtation after flirtation go off without the conclusion matrimonial, and knowing the fortune to be considerable, began to look on Matilda as the probable heiress; and except from her youngest brother William, a clever but unlucky schoolboy, who delighted in plaguing his sister and laughing at sentimental friendships, this intimacy, from which all but one member was sedulously excluded, was cherished and promoted by the whole family.

Very necessary was Miss Matilda at the Holy Brook Cottage. She filled there the important parts of listener, adviser, and confidant; and filled them with an honest and simple-hearted sincerity which the most skilful flatterer that ever lived would have failed to imitate. She read the same books, sang the same songs, talked in the same tone, walked with the same air, and wore the same fashions; which upon her, she being naturally short and stout, and dark-eyed and rosy, had, as her brother William told her, about the same effect that armour similar to Don Quixote's would have produced upon Sancho Panza.

One of her chief services in the character

of confidant was of course to listen to the several love passages of which, since she was of the age of Juliet, her friend's history might be said to have consisted. How she had remained so long unmarried might have moved some wonder, since she seemed always immersed in the passion which leads to such a conclusion: but then her love was something like the stream which flowed before her own door—a shallow brooklet, easy to slip into, and easy to slip out of. From two or three imprudent engagements her brother had extricated her; and from one, the most dangerous of all, she had been saved by her betrothed having been claimed the week before the nuptials by another wife. At the moment of which we write, however, the fair Selina seemed once more in a fair way to change her name.

That she was fond of literature of a certain class we have already intimated; and next after Sterne and Rosseau, the classics of their order, and their horde of vile imitators, whether sentimental novelists, or sentimental essayists, or sentimental dramatists, she delighted in the horde of nameless versifiers whom Gifford demolished; in other words, after reading bad prose her next favourite reading was bad verse; and as this sort of verse is quite as easy to write as to read—I should think of the two rather easier—she soon became no inconsiderable perpetrator of sonnets without rhyme, and songs without reason; and elegies, by an ingenious combination, equally deficient in both.

After writing this sort of verse, the next step is to put it in print; and in those days, (we speak of about thirty years ago) when there was no Mrs. Hemans to send grace and beauty, and purity of thought and feeling into every corner of the kingdom—no Mary Howitt to add the strength and originality of a manly mind to the charms of a womanly fancy. In those days the Poet's corner of a country newspaper was the refuge of every poetaster in the country. So intolerably bad were the acrostics, the rebuses, the epigrams, and the epitaphs which adorned those asylums for fugitive pieces, that a selection of the worst of them would really be worth printing amongst the Curiosities of Literature. A less vain person than Miss Selina Savage might have thought she did the H——shire Courant honour in sending them an elegy on the death of a favourite bull-finch, with the signature "Eugenia."

It was printed forthwith, read with ecstatic admiration by the authoress and her friend, and with great amusement by William Marshall, who, now the spruce clerk of a spruce attorney, continued to divert him himself with worming out of his simple sister all the secrets of herself and her friend, and was then unfair enough to persecute the poor girl with the most unmerciful ridicule. The elegy was printed, and in a fair way of being forgotten by all but the writer, when in the next number of the Courant appeared a complimentary sonnet, addressed to the authoress of the elegy, and signed "Orlando."



Imagine the delight of the fair Eugenia! She was not in the least astonished—a bad and inexperienced writer never is taken by surprise by any quantity of praise; but she was charmed and interested as much as woman could be.—She answered his sonnet by another, which, by the by, contained, contrary to Boileau's well-known recipe, and the practice of all nations, a quatrain too many. He replied to her rejoinder; compliments flew thicker and faster; and the poetical correspondence between Orlando and Eugenia became so tender, that the Editor of the H—shire Courant thought it only right to hint to the gentleman that the post-office would be a more convenient medium for his future communications.

As this intimation was accompanied by the address of the lady, it was taken in very good part; and before the publication of the next number of the provincial weekly journal, Miss Savage received the accustomed tribute of verse from Orlando, enveloped in a prose epistle, dated from a small town about thirty miles off, and signed "Henry Turner."

An answer had been earnestly requested, and an answer the lady sent; and by return of post she received a reply, to which she replied with equal alertness; then came a love-letter in full form, and then a petition for an interview; and to the first the lady answered anything but No! and to the latter she assented.

The time fixed for this important visit, it being now the merry month of May, was three o'clock in the day. He had requested to find her alone; and accordingly by one P. M., she had dismissed her faithful confidante, promising to write to her the moment Mr. Turner was gone—had given orders to admit no one but a young gentleman who sent in his visiting ticket, (such being the plan proposed by the inamorato,) and began to set herself and her apartment in order for his reception; she herself in an elegant dishabille, between sentimental and pastoral, and her room in a confusion equally elegant, of music, books, and flowers; Zimmerman and Lavater on the table; and one of those dramas—those *tragedies bourgeoises*, or *comedies larmoyantes*, which it seems incredible that Beaumarchais, he that wrote the two matchless plays of Figaro,\* could have written—in her hand.

It was hardly two o'clock, full an hour before his time, when a double knock was heard at the door; Mr. Turner's card was sent in, and a well-dressed and well-looking young man ushered into the presence of the fair poetess. There is no describing such an interview. My readers must imagine the compliments and the blushes, the fine speeches *de part et d'autre*, the long words and the fine words, the sighings and the languishments. The lady was satisfied; the gentleman had no reason to complain; and

after a short visit he left her, promising to return in the evening to take his coffee with herself and her friend.

She had just sat down to express to that friend in her accustomed high-flown language the contentment of her heart, when another knock was followed by a second visiting ticket. "Mr. Turner again! Oh! I suppose he has remembered something of consequence. Show him in."

And in came a *second* and a different Mr. Turner!!

The consternation of the lady was inexpressible! That of the gentleman, when the reason of her astonishment was explained to him, was equally vehement and flattering. He burst into eloquent threats against the impostor who had assumed his name, the wretch who had dared to trifle with such a passion, and such a lady-love; and being equally well-looking and fine-spoken, full of rapturous vows and ardent protestations, and praise, addressed equally to the woman and authoress, conveyed to the enchanted Selina the complete idea of her lover-poet.

He took leave of her at the end of half an hour, to ascertain, if possible, the delinquent who had usurped his name and his assignation, purposing to return in the evening to meet her friend; and again she was sitting down to her writing-table, to exclaim over this extraordinary adventure, and to dilate on the charms of the true Orlando, when three o'clock struck, and a third knock at the door heralded a third visiting ticket, and a *third* Mr. Turner!!!

A shy, awkward, simple youth, was this—"the real Simon Pure!"—bowing and bashful, and with a stutter that would have rendered his words unintelligible even if time had been allowed him to bring them forth. But no time was allowed him. Provoked past her patience, believing herself the laughing-stock of the town, our sentimental fair one forgot her refinement, her delicacy, her fine speaking, and her affectation; and calling her maids and her footboy to aid, drove out her unfortunate suitor with such a storm of vituperation—such a torrent of plain, honest, homely scolding—that the luckless Orlando took to his heels, and missing his footing on the narrow bridge, tumbled head foremost into the Holy Brook, and emerged dripping like a river god, to the infinite amusement of the two impostors, and of William Marshall, the contriver of the jest, who lay *perdu* in the mill, and told the story, as a great secret, to so many persons, that before the next day it was known half over the place, and was the eventual cause of depriving the good town of Belford of one of the most inoffensive and most sentimental of its inhabitants. The fair Selina decamped in a week.

—Miss Mitford.

\* I speak, of course, of the admirably brilliant French comedies, and not of the operas, whether English or Italian, which, retaining the situations, and hardly the situations, have completely sacrificed the wit, the character, and the pleasantries of the delightful originals, and have almost as much tended to injure Beaumarchais's reputation as his own dullest dramas.

ITINERANT OPERAS.—The first performance of the *opera seria* at Rome, in 1606, consisted of scenes in recitative and airs, exhibited in a *cart* during the carnival.

## THE BELLS OF OSTEND.

No, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,  
 Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!  
 The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,  
 And rung as it passed through each murmuring shroud.  
 My forehead was wet with the foam of the spray,  
 My heart sigh'd in secret for those far away;  
 When slowly the morning advanced from the East,  
 The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased:  
 The peal, from a land I ne'er saw, seemed to say,  
 "Let the stranger forget every sorrow to-day."

Yet the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain—  
 I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again,  
 I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,  
 And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave.  
 I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,  
 Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.  
 But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled to the air,  
 Seemed tidings of pleasure, though mournful to bear;  
 And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,  
 Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

W. L. Bowles.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!  
 That guard our native seas,  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze!  
 Your glorious standard launch again,  
 To match another foe!  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave!—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And ocean was their grave!  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
 Her home is on the deep,  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below,—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return:  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

Campbell.

## O, YE HOURS.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!  
 Floating lightly by,  
 Are ye come with birds and flowers,  
 Odours and blue sky?  
 Yes, we come, again we come!  
 Through the wood-paths free;  
 Bringing many a wanderer home,  
 With the bird and bee.  
 O ye hours, ye sunny hours!  
 Are ye wafting song?  
 Doth wild music stream in showers  
 All the groves among?  
 Yes the nightingale is there,  
 While the starlight reigns,  
 Making young leaves and sweet air  
 Tremble with her strains.  
 O ye hours, ye sunny hours!  
 In your silent flow,  
 Ye are mighty, mighty powers!  
 Bring ye bliss or woe?  
 Ask not this—oh seek not this!  
 Yield your hearts awhile  
 To the soft wind's balmy kiss,  
 And the heaven's bright smile.  
 Throw not shades of anxious thought  
 O'er the glowing flowers!  
 We are come with sunshine fraught,  
 Question not the hours!

Mrs. Hemans.

## ROW GENTLY HERE.

Row gently here,  
 My gondolier,  
 So softly wake the tide,  
 That not an ear,  
 On earth may hear,  
 But hers to whom we glide.  
 Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well  
 As starry eyes to see,  
 Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell  
 Of wandering youths like me!  
 Now rest thee here  
 My gondolier—  
 Hush, hush, for up I go,  
 To climb yon light  
 Balcony's height,  
 While thou keep'st watch below.  
 Oh, did we take for Heaven above  
 But half such pains as we  
 Take, day and night, for woman's love,  
 What angel's we should be!

Moore.

## SONG.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,  
 Is fair—but oh, how fair,  
 If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love  
 One leaf to mingle there!  
 If every rose with gold were tied,  
 Did gems for dewdrops fall,  
 One faded leaf where love had sigh'd  
 Were sweetly worth them all.  
 The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,  
 Our emblem well may be;  
 Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love  
 Must keep its tears for me.

Moore.



## VISIT TO LEADHILLS.

Crossing the Clyde at Elvanfoot, in the upper part of Lanarkshire, we proceeded by a not very steep ascent to the village of Leadhills—the highest inhabited district in Scotland, if not in Europe—and which is beautifully situated in a shallow basin, scooped out, as it were, from the tops of a number of mountains. The extensive lead mines in the immediate neighbourhood are the great attraction, and we forthwith proceeded to make inquiries preparatory to visiting them. We found that it was necessary to ask permission to descend, from the manager of the Scots Mines Company, but that it was not necessary in visiting the works belonging to the Snar Head Company. Wishing to incur as few such obligations as possible, and especially upon hearing that a Swiss gentleman had some time ago been refused permission, we at once determined to avail ourselves of the liberality of the latter company, and accordingly engaged two experienced miners to accompany us.

Upon arriving at the entrance to one of the mines, which was about a mile distant from the village, we doffed part of our travelling dress, and equipped ourselves in miners' habiliments, including most comfortable-looking Kilmarnock cowls. Having now lighted our candles, and stuck them in a lump of clay, which answered the purpose of a candlestick exceedingly well, we proceeded to thread our way through a long passage, dark, cold and comfortless; the roof, in most places, will not admit of standing upright, while the ground, everywhere slippery, is often covered with standing water, so that considerable care is required in order to keep the happy medium between sinking up to the ancles in clay water, and knocking the cranium against the Leadhills whinstone, which will be found harder than the heads of most visitors, even when defended by a Kilmarnock nightcap. We next reached the head of the shaft—and here commenced the descent. A perpendicular gulf yawned below us, and it was sometime before we could make anything else; at length, by the assistance of our flickering light, we discovered some beams of wood crossing the shafts, and several feet farther down the top steps of a ladder. The great difficulty is to reach these, which is done by stepping on the cross beams which are placed at least two feet below one another; grasping the ladder firmly in one hand, and holding our light in the other, we slowly *felt* our way down; it is impossible to see where you are going, and the great art is never to move one foot until you have found a secure place for the other; the shaft is just wide enough to allow falling back, if so inclined; were the person at the top of the ladder to slip, he would most undoubtedly bring all the rest down with him, and anything more terrific can scarcely be imagined. However, we managed to reach the bottom without any such dire disaster; in fact the miners assured us that the darkness was our security, and that if we had attempted such a descent in daylight, giddiness would in all likelihood have prevented its accomplishment.

After traversing more passages, we arrived at the vein of ore, to procure which so much labor must have been expended. The appearance of the mine here is anything but grand and striking; in a narrow passage, about five feet in height, the wall and roof of which are formed of clay and whinstone, runs a vein of lead ore, mixed with a kind of white spar; there are no lofty roofs and mighty pillars to excite wonder and awe, no walls sparkling with the richness revealed to the eye, but there is something well worthy of wonder and admiration, and that is the skill, the industry, the perseverance of man. By what slow and tedious steps must the art of mining have attained its present excellence, and to what perfection may it yet arrive! By what reasoning could we ever have supposed that in the depths of the earth substances existed of the mightiest utility to the human race! discovered at first, perhaps, by accident, conjecture followed, experience throwing out new hints at every step, until gradually, but surely, the metals, their uses, the best methods of obtaining and preparing them, have become so familiar that we are apt to forget to be grateful for the benefits they bring. The veins vary much in thickness and richness—sometimes the ore is so pure that the light of the candle is reflected on every side. After procuring some specimens, we proceeded to the bottom of the shaft sunk at the top of the hill, from which we saw a bit of the sky, or rather a glimmering of daylight; the means of ascent here are very simple—a thick rope is attached at one end to a windless stationed at the top of the shaft, and at the other a noose is made, in which the miner inserts his left leg, and is then drawn up, holding by the tightened rope; buckets are only used for conveying away the ore, rubbish, &c. We found large quantities of a mossy substance, something like sponge, growing even twenty fathoms below the surface, and were told that instances have been known of the beams which were used for supporting the roof, actually putting forth tender sprouts and leaves, at an equal distance from the cheering light of day!

The mines of Leadhills belong, as before-mentioned, to two companies: those worked by the Scots Mines Company are the property of the Earl of Hopetoun, and are twelve in number; only two are worked by the Snar Head Company, and they are the property of Mr. Hamilton of Giffchersleugh. The veins of ore are usually discovered at the surface, and the general procedure is to sink a perpendicular shaft in such a manner as to make it run alongside of the vein without touching it; when the shaft has reached a certain depth, a lever is cut through the side of the hill, which allows the water to run off, and then a cross passage is formed, which renders the working of the vein easier. In cutting the passages or levels, blasting is much employed, and the roof and walls are supported at first by wooden beams; working the vein seems to be a comparatively easy process, compared to getting at it, and perhaps this was not sufficiently taken

into account by the miners, when they complained of the low rate of wages; they seem to have enough of real distress, however, but we refrain from entering on this subject at present. The lead ore, when raised from the mine, is pounded, and then subjected to a stream of water, which carries off the impurities; in this state it bears some resemblance to the small coal used by blacksmiths, but is, of course, much heavier, and not so dark in colour.

The next operation is smelting, and this is the final one performed at Leadhills; the purified ore is placed upon a furnace, which is shaped something like a writing-desk, but with a much greater level space at the top; both peat and coal are used; and after the fuel has been mixed with the ore, a blast worked by a water-wheel is employed to fan the flame; the melted lead runs down a small cut made in the inclined plane of the furnace, and is received by a trough placed at the bottom, from which it is again ladled into an iron mould, and there left to cool; when the requisite temperature is attained, the lead is taken out of the mould, and then weighs about one hundred and twelve pounds. A smelter and his assistant can turn out about twenty of these bars in a day, which will amount altogether in weight to one ton. Six hundred tons of lead, on an average, are annually produced from the mines, the greater part of which is sent to Leith, where it is either used or exported. Accidents from foul air seldom occur in these mines; in fact, any that happen are generally occasioned by the falling in of those roofs which are not properly supported; sometimes, too, even the miners lose their hold, and fall from the ladders which they are descending. There is a great deal of uncertainty in the miner's occupation: often he may realise a considerable sum, and again he may be entirely a loser. The hours of work do not exceed, in general, six a-day, and this is found quite long enough to remain under ground, for although the air cannot be called foul, it is neither dry nor wholesome.

The population of the village is upwards of 1200; of these 300 are working miners, smelters, washers and labourers; the remainder consist of women, children and those whom age has rendered incapable of labour.

The miners have always been remarkable for intelligence; this is chiefly owing to an excellent library, which was instituted in 1741—numbers about 1700 volumes. The cold air of the mountains has not extinguished the fire of genius. Allan Ramsay was a native of Leadhills, and continued to take a great interest in the prosperity of his mountain birthplace, in proof of which it may be mentioned that he presented the miners' library with a goodly number of useful volumes. The villagers possess nearly a hundred cows, which are chiefly fed on hay; this is the principal crop here, and no less than 25,000 stones are grown annually; all the ground producing this has been brought into cultivation by the miners, aided by the liberality of the Earl of Hopetoun. Potatoes are grown to some extent, and, strange to say, no taint has ever appeared here; in

consequence of this the crop is in great demand for seed, and has been sent for this purpose as far as Glasgow and Kelso. We can, in conclusion cordially recommend a visit to Leadhills; its attractions, first and last, are numerous; the drive, of itself, would amply repay all trouble; and, moreover, travellers may safely reckon on a landlord's hearty welcome from Mr. Hunter, at one of the best inns we ever had the good fortune to enter.

*Dumfries and Galloway Courier.*

#### TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS.\*

Mahomet II., soon after he mounted the Turkish throne, resolved to achieve some glorious action, that he might surpass the fame of his predecessors; and nothing appeared so compatible with his ambition as the gaining of Constantinople, and the total subversion of the Greek empire, which at that period was in a very precarious condition. The sultan therefore made vast preparations, which the Greek emperor, Constantine VIII., perceiving, he solicited the aid of several Christian princes, especially of Pope Nicholas V. and the king of Naples; but they all, in a most unaccountable manner, excused themselves. Being thus disappointed, the emperor laid an embargo on all vessels within his ports, so that he added about three thousand veterans of different nations to the garrison of his imperial city, which before consisted of only six thousand Greeks.

In the spring of 1453, Mahomet set forward, with an army of three hundred thousand men, for Constantinople, which city, on the ninth day of April, was closely invested by land. The Turkish galleys would have done the same by sea, had not the emperor been extremely vigilant, for he caused the haven to be strongly chained from Constantinople to Pera, having within the chain his whole strength of shipping. The Turks, on the land side, erected towers, cast up trenches, and raised batteries; from these works they carried on their attacks with great fury, and made several breaches, which however the besieged repaired with much industry, at the same time repulsing their enemies with artillery. This unexpected bravery greatly enraged Mahomet, who loudly exclaimed, "It is neither the Grecians' skill nor courage, but the Franks, that defend the city." Affairs stood thus, when a renegade Christian informed the sultan how he might bring part of his fleet over land to the very haven of Constantinople. Mahomet, who began to despair of taking the city, determined to put the project of the renegade into execution; and he therefore committed the charge of it to a famous bassa, who, with wonderful labour, brought seventy vessels out of the Bosphorus, up a steep hill, the space of eight miles, to the haven of the city. The Turks, being thus miraculously possessed of the haven, assaulted the city also on that side; but their whole fleet was shamefully

\* From the time of Alcibiades to the reign of Mahomet II., Constantinople has undergone twenty-four sieges.



routed, and ten thousand of their men were killed. Yet this loss, instead of depressing their spirits, increased their courage, and on the twenty-ninth of May, early in the morning, they approached the walls with greater violence than ever; but so undaunted was the resolution of the Christians, that they repulsed their assailants with prodigious slaughter for a considerable time.

Constantine, however, who had undertaken the charge of one of the city gates, unhappily received a wound in the arm; and, being obliged to retire from the scene of action, his soldiers were discouraged, forsook their stations, and fled after him, notwithstanding his earnest prayers to the contrary. In their flight they crowded so thickly together that, while endeavouring to enter a passage, above eight hundred of them were pressed to death. The ill-fated emperor likewise perished. It is needless to describe what quickly ensued—the infidels became masters of the fine city of Constantinople, whose inhabitants were all (except those who were reserved for lust) put to the sword, and the plunder, pursuant to a promise made previously by the sultan, was given up to the Turkish soldiers for three days together.—*Mirror*.

SEA AIR.—The atmosphere, in the vicinity of the sea, usually contains a portion of the muriates over which it has been wafted. It is a curious fact, but well ascertained, that the air best adapted to vegetables is pernicious to animal life, and *vice versa*. Now, upon the seacoast, accordingly, animals thrive and vegetables decline.—*Hurwood's Southern Coast*.

QUID PRO QUO.—A canon of the cathedral of Seville, who was very affected in his dress, and particular in his shoes, could not in the whole city find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes which did not please his taste, the canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows on the head, that the poor shoemaker fell dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year*.

The young shoemaker, having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then

at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge, and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and after asking the young man what profession he was, "*I forbid you,*" said he, "*to make shoes for a year to come.*"

#### THE ICHNEUMON FLY

There are several species of ichneumon which make thinnings among the caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly. The process of one species is this:—while the caterpillar is feeding, the ichneumon fly hovers over it, and, with its piercer, perforates the fatty part of the caterpillar's back in many places, and in each deposits an egg, by means of the two parts of the sheath uniting together, and thus forming a tube, down which the egg is conveyed into the perforation made by the piercer of the fly. The caterpillar, unconscious of what will ensue, keeps feeding on, until it changes into a chrysalis; while in that torpid state, the eggs of the ichneumon are hatched, and the interior of the body of the caterpillar serves as food for the caterpillars of the ichneumon fly. When these have fed their accustomed time, and are about to change into a pupa state, they, by an instinct given them, attack the vital part of the caterpillar (a most wonderful economy in nature, that this process should be delayed until they have no more occasion for food.) They then spin themselves minute cases within the body of the caterpillar; and instead of a butterfly coming forth (which if a female, would have probably laid six hundred eggs, thus producing as many caterpillars, whose food would be the cabbage,) a race of these little ichneumon flies issues forth, ready to perform the task assigned them, of keeping within due limits those fell destroyers of our vegetables.—*Gill's Repository*.

FACILITIES OF BRUTES.—The dog is the only animal that dreams; and he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks; the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels *ennui*; the dog, the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hound in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words.—*Medical Gazette*.

TRUE CONSOLATION.—A citizen of Geneva having lost his wife, he, according to the custom of the country, attended the funeral to the cemetery, which is out of the city. Somebody meeting him on his return from this painful ceremony, assumed a sorrowful countenance, and in the tenderest manner possible, asked him how he did. "Oh," replied the widower, "I am very well at present; this little walk has set me up; there is nothing like country air."

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## THE YOUNG MARKET-WOMAN.

Belford is so populous a place, and the country round so thickly inhabited, that the Saturday's market is almost as well attended as an ordinary fair. So early as three or four o'clock in the morning, the heavy waggons (one with a capital set of bells) begin to pass our house, and increase in number—to say nothing of the admixture of other vehicles, from the humble donkey-cart to the smart gig, and hosts of horsemen and footpeople—until nine or ten, when there is some pause in the affluence of market folks till about one, when the lightened wains, laden, not with corn, but with rosy-cheeked country lasses, begin to show signs of travelling homeward, and continue passing at no distant intervals until twilight. There is more traffic on our road in one single Saturday than on all the other days of the week put together. And if we feel the stirring moment of "market-day" so strongly in the country,\* it may be imagined how much it must enliven the town.

Saturday at noon is indeed the very time to see Belford, which in general has the fault, not uncommon in provincial towns, of wanting bustle. The old market-place, always picturesque from its shape (an unequal triangle), its size, the diversified outline and irregular architecture of the houses, and the beautiful Gothic church by which it is terminated, is then all alive with the busy hum of traffic, the agricultural wealth and the agricultural population of the district.

\* My dog Dash, who regularly attends his master to the Bench, where he is the only dog admitted, and a great pet, knows Saturday as well as I do; follows my father as closely as his shadow from the moment that he comes down stairs; and would probably break through the door or jump through a closed window, rather than suffer the phaeton to set off without him.

From the poor farmer with his load of corn, up to the rich mealman and the great proprietor, all the "landed interest" is there, mixed with the jobbers and chapmen of every description, cattle-dealers, millers' brewers, maltsters, justices going to the Bench, constables and overseers following to be sworn, carriers, carters, errand-boys, tradesmen, shopmen, apprentices, gentlemen's servants, and gentlemen in their own persons, mixed with all the riff-raff of the town, and all the sturdy beggars of the country, and all the noisy urchins of both.

Noise indeed is the prime characteristic of the Belford market-day—noise of every sort, from the heavy rumbling of so many loaded waggons over the paved market-place, to the crash of the crockery-ware in the narrow passage of Princes' Street, as the stall is knocked down by the impetus of a cart full of turnips, or the squall of the passengers of the southern caravan, upset by the irresistible momentum of the Hadley mill team.

But the noisiest, and perhaps the prettiest places, were the Piazza at the end of St. Nicholas' church, appropriated by long usage to female venders of fruit and vegetables, where certain old women, as well known to the *habitués*, of the market as the church-tower, were wont to *flyte* at each other, and at their customers, with the genius of vituperation for which ladies of their profession have long been celebrated; and a detached spot called the Butter-market, at the back of the Market-place proper, where the more respectable basket women, the daughters and wives of farmers, and the better order of the female peasantry, used to bring eggs, butter and poultry for sale on Wednesdays and Saturdays.



A pretty and a diversified place was the Butter-market; for besides the commodities, dead and alive, brought by honest countrywomen, a few stalls were set out with straw hats, and caps and ribbons, and other feminine gear, to tempt them in return; and here and there an urchin of the more careful sort would bring *his* basket of tame rabbits, or wood-pigeons, or young ferrets, or squeaking guinea-pigs, or a nest of downy owls or gaping jackdaws, or cage of linnets and thrushes, to tempt the townfolk. Nay, in the season, some thoughtful little maid of eight or ten would bring nosegays of early primroses or sweet violets, or wall-flowers, or stocks, to add a few pence to the family store.

A pleasant sight was the Butter-market, with its comely country wives, its modest lasses and neat children—pleasant and cheerful, in spite of the din of so many women, buyers and sellers, all talking together, and the noise of the turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens and guinea-pigs;—but the pleasantest sight there was a young damsel famous for eggs and poultry, and modest beauty, known by the name of “pretty Bessy,”—but not a regular attendant of the market, her goods being in such request that she seldom had occasion to come so far, the families round, ourselves among the rest, dealing constantly with her.

We are persons of great regularity in our small affairs of every class, from the petty dealings of housekeeping to the large commerce of acquaintanceship. The friends who have once planted us by their fireside, and made us feel as if at home there, can no more get rid of our occasional presence, than they could root out that other tenacious vegetable, the Jerusalem artichoke; even if they were to pull us up by the stalk and toss us over the wall (an experiment by they way, which, to do them justice, they have never tried,) I do verily believe that in course of a few months we should spring up again in the very same place: and our tradespeople, trifling as is the advantage to be derived from our custom, may yet reckon on it with equal certainty. They are, as it happens, civil, honest and respectable, the first people in their line in the good town of Belford: but, were they otherwise, the circumstances would

hardly affect our invincible constancy. The world is divided between the two great empires of habit and novelty; the young following pretty generally in the train of the new-fangled sovereign, whilst we of an elder generation adhere with similar fidelity to the *ancien régime*. I, especially, am the very bond-slave of habit—love old friends, old faces, old books, old scenery, old flowers, old associations of every sort and kind—nay, although a woman, and one not averse to that degree of decoration which belongs to the suitable and the becoming, I even love old fashion and old clothes, and can so little comprehend why we should tire of a thing because we have had it long, that, a favorite pelisse having become shabby, I this very day procured with some difficulty silk of the exact color and shade, and, having ordered it to be made in direct conformity with the old pattern, shall have the satisfaction next Sunday of donning a new dress, which my neighbours, the shoemaker’s wife and baker’s daughters, who have in their heads an absolute inventory of my apparel, will infallibly mistake for the old one.

After this striking instance, the courteous reader will have no difficulty in comprehending that the same “auld-lang-syne” feeling which leads me to think no violets so fragrant as those which grow on a certain sunny bank in Kibes Lane, and no cherries so sweet as those from the great mayduke, on the south wall of our old garden, should also induce me to prefer before all oranges those which come from Mrs. Hollin’s shop, at the corner of the churchyard—a shop which we have frequented ever since I knew what an orange was; and, for the same reason, to rank before all the biscuits which ever were invented a certain most seducing, thin, and crisp composition, as light as foam and as tasteless as spring-water, the handiwork of Mrs. Purdy, in the Market-place, in the good town of Belford; as well as to place above all other poultry that which cackles in the basket of “pretty Bessy.” The oranges and biscuits are good in themselves, and so are the ducks and chickens; but some of their superiority is undoubtedly to be ascribed to the partiality generated by habit.

Another of the persons with whom we

had in our small way dealt longest, and whom we liked best, was old Matthew, the matseller. As surely as February came, would Matthew present his bent person and withered though still ruddy face at our door, with the three rush mats which he knew that our cottage required; and as surely did he receive fifteen shillings of lawful money of Great Britain, in return for his commodity, notwithstanding an occasional remonstrance from some flippant housemaid or domineering cook, who would endeavour to send him off with an assurance that his price was double that usually given, and no mat ever made with rushes was or could be worth five shillings. "His honor always deals with me," was Matthew's mild response, and an appeal to the parlour never failed to settle matters to his entire satisfaction. In point of fact, Matthew's mats were honestly worth the money; and we enjoyed in this case the triple satisfaction of making a fair bargain, dealing with an old acquaintance, and relieving in the best way—that of employment—the wants of age and of poverty: for although Matthew's apparel was accurately clean and tidy, and his thin wrinkled cheeks as hale and ruddy as a summer apple, yet the countless patches on his various garments, and the spare, trembling figure, bent almost double and crippled with rheumatism, told a too legible story of infirmity and penury. Except on his annual visit with his merchandize, we never saw the good old matmaker; nor did I even know where he resided, until the want of an additional mat for my greenhouse, towards the end of last April, induced me to make inquiry concerning his habitation.

I had no difficulty in obtaining a direction to his dwelling; and found that, for a poor old matmaker, Matthew was a person of more consideration and note in our little world than I could have expected, being, in a word, one of the honestest, soberest, and most industrious men in the neighbourhood.

He lived, I found, in Barkham Dingle, a deep woodland dell, communicating with a large tract of unenclosed moors and commons in the next parish, convenient doubtless to Matthew, as affording the rushes of which his mats were constructed, as well as heath for brooms, of

which he was said to have lately established a manufacture, and which were almost equally celebrated for durability and excellence with the articles he had made for so many years. In Barkham Dingle lived old Matthew, with a granddaughter, who was, I found also renowned for industry and good-humor; and, on one fine afternoon in the end of April, I set forth in my little pony-phæton, driven by the model of all youthful serving-men, our boy John, to make my purchase.

Our road lay through a labyrinth of cross-country lanes, intermingled with tiny patches of village greens, where every here and there a score or two of sheep, the small flock of some petty farmer, were nestled with their young lambs among the golden gorse and the feathery broom, and which started up bleating at the sound of our wheels and at the sight of Dash (far too well-bred a dog to dream of molesting them), as if our peaceful procession had really been something to be frightened at. Rooks were wheeling above our heads, wood-pigeons flying across the fields; the shrill cry of the plover, mixed with the sweet song of the nightingale and the monotonous call of the cuckoo; whilst every hedge echoed with the thousand notes of the black-bird, the linnet, the thrush, and "all the finches of the grove." Geese, and duck, with their train of callow younglings, were dabbling in every pool; little bands of straggling children were wandering through the lanes; everything, in short, gave tokens of the loveliest of the season, the fresh and joyous spring. Vegetation was, however, usually backward. The blossom of the sloe, called by the country people "the blackthorn winter," still lingered in the hedges, mingling its snowy garlands with the deep, rich brown of the budding oak and the tender green of the elm; the primroses of March still mingled with the cowslips, pansies, orchises and wild hyacinths of April; and the flower of the turnip was only just beginning to diffuse its honeyed odours (equal in fragrance to the balmy tassels of the lime) in the most sheltered nooks or the sunniest exposures. The "blessed sun" himself seemed rather bright than warm; the season was, in short, full three weeks backward than it should have been



according to the almanac. Still it was spring, beautiful spring! and as we drew near to the old beech-wood called Barkham Dingle, we felt in its perfection all the charms of the scene and the hour.

Although the country immediately round was unenclosed, as had been fully proved by the last half mile of undulating common, interspersed by old shaggy trees and patches, (islets, as it were) of tangled underwood, as well as by a few rough ponies and small cows belonging to the country people; yet the lanes leading to it had been intersected by frequent gates, from the last of which a pretty, little, rosy, smiling girl, to whom I had tossed a penny for opening it, had sprung across the common like a fawn, to be ready with her services at that leading into the Dingle, down which a rude cart-track, seldom used unless for the conveyance of faggots or brushwood, led by a picturesque but by no means easy descent.

Leaving chaise, and steed, and driver, to wait our return at the gate, Dash and I pursued our way by a winding yet still precipitous path to the bottom of the dell. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scene. On every side, steep shelving banks, clothed with magnificent oaks and beeches, the growth of centuries, descended gradually, like some vast amphitheatre, to a clear, deep piece of water, lying like a mirror in the midst of the dark woods, and letting light and sunshine into the picture. The leaves of the beech were just bursting into a tender green from their shining sheaths, and the oaks bore still the rich brown, which of their unnumbered tints is perhaps the loveliest; but every here and there a scattered horse-chestnut, or plane, or sycamore, had assumed its summer verdure: the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," was breaking from the bud, the holly glittering in its unvarying glossiness, the hawthorn and the briar-rose in full leaf, and the ivy and woodbine twisting their bright wreaths over the rugged trunks of the gigantic forest-trees; so that green formed even now the prevailing color of the wood. The ground, indeed, was enamelled with flowers like a parterre. Primroses, cowslips, pansies, orchises, ground-ivy, and wild hyacinths, were blended in gorgeous profusion with the

bright wood-vetch, the light wood-anemone, and the delicate wood-sorrel,\* which sprang from the mossy roots of the beeches, unrivalled in grace and beauty, more elegant even than the lily of the valley that grew by its side. Nothing could exceed the delightfulness of that winding wood-walk.

I soon came in sight of the place of my destination, a low-browed, thatched cottage, perched like a wild-duck's nest at the very edge of the pool, and surrounded by a little garden redeemed from the forest—a small *clearing*, where cultivated flowers, the beds of berry-bushes, and pear and cherry trees, in full blossom, contrasted strangely yet pleasantly with the wild scenery around.

The cottage was very small, yet it had the air of snugness and comfort which one loves to associate with the dwellings of the industrious peasantry. A goodly faggot-pile, a donkey-shed, and a pigsty, evidently inhabited, confirmed this impression; and geese and ducks swimming in the water, and chickens straying about the door, added to the cheerfulness of the picture.

As I approached, I recognized an old acquaintance in a young girl, who, with a straw basket in her hand, was engaged in feeding the cocks and hens—no less than pretty Bessy the young market-woman, of whom I have before spoken, celebrated for rearing the earliest ducks and the fattest and whitest chickens ever seen in these parts. Any Wednesday or Saturday morning, during the spring or summer months, might Bessy be seen on the road to Belford, tripping along by the side of her little cart, hardly larger than a wheelbarrow, drawn by a sedate and venerable donkey, and laden with coops full of cackling or babbling inmates, together with baskets of fresh eggs—for Bessy's commodities were as much prized at the breakfast as at the dinner table. She meant, I have said, to keep the market; but, somehow or other, she seldom reached it; the quality of her merchandize being held in such estimation by the families around, that her coops and baskets were generally emptied before they gained their place of destination.

\* There is a pink variety of this beautiful wild flower but the pencilled white is the most elegant.

Perhaps the popularity of the vender had something to do with the rapid sale of her poultry-ware. Never did any one more completely realize the *beau idéal* of a young, happy, innocent country girl, than Matthew's grand-daughter.—Fresh and fair, her rosy cheeks mantling with blushes, and her cherry lips breaking into smiles, she was the very milk-maid of Isaac Walton; and there was an old-fashioned-simplicity, a complete absence of all finery, in her attire, together with a modest sweetness in her round young voice, a rustic grace in her little courtsey, and, above all total unconsciousness of her charms, which not only heightened the effect, but deepened and strengthened the impression. No one that ever had seen them could forget Bessy's innocent smiles.

At present, however, the poor girl was evidently in no smiling mood; and, as I was threading with care and labor the labyrinths of an oak newly felled and partly barked, which lay across the path, to the great improvement of its picturesqueness (there are few objects that so much enhance the beauty of the woodland scenery) and the equal augmentation of its difficulty, I could not help observing how agitated and pre-occupied the little damsel seemed. Her cheeks had lost their color, her steps were faltering, and the trembling hand with which she was distributing the corn from her basket could hardly perform its task. Her head was turned anxiously towards the door, as if something important were going forward within the house; and it was not until I was actually by her side, and called her by name, that she perceived me.

The afternoon, though bright and pleasant for the season, was one of those in which the sun sometimes amuses himself by playing at bopeep. They sky had become overcast shortly after I had entered the Dingle, and, by the time I had surmounted the last tall jetting bough of the bare oak, some of the branches of which I was fain to scramble over and some to creep through, and had fairly reached the cottage door, a sudden shower was whistling through the trees with such violence as to render Dash and myself very glad to accept Bessy's embarrassed invitation and get shelter from the pelting of the storm.

My entrance occasioned an immediate and somewhat awkward pause in a discussion that had been carried on, apparently with considerable warmth, between my old host Matthew, who with a half-finished mat in his hand, was sitting in a low wicker chair on one side of the hearth, and a visitor, also of my acquaintance, who was standing against the window; and, with natural feelings of repugnance to such an intrusion, I had hardly taken the seat offered me by Bessy and given my commission to her grandfather, before I proposed to go away, saying that I saw they were busy, that the rain was nothing, that I had a carriage waiting, that I particularly wished to get home, and so forth—all the civil falsehoods, in short, with which finding oneself *madame de trop*, one attempts to escape from an uncomfortable situation.

My excuses were, however, altogether useless. Bessy would not hear of my departure; Farmer White, my fellow visitor, assured me that the rain was coming down harder than ever; and the old mat maker declared that, so far from my being in the way, all the world was welcome to hear what he had to say, and he had just been wishing for some discreet body to judge of the farmer's behaviour. And, the farmer professing himself willing that I should be made acquainted with the matter, perfectly ready to abide by my opinion—provided it coincided with his own—I resumed my seat opposite to Matthew, whilst poor Bessy, blushing and ashamed, placed herself on a low stool in the corner of the little room, and began making friends with Dash.

"The long and the short of the matter is, ma'am," quoth old Matthew, "that Jem White—I dare say you know Jem; he's a good lad and 'dustrious—and my Bessy there—and she's a good girl and a 'dustrious too, tho' I say it that should not say it—have been keeping company, like, for these two years past; and now, just as I thought they were going to marry and settle down in the world, down comes his father, the farmer, and wants to marry him to another wench and be false-hearted to my girl."

"I never knew that he courted her, ma'am, till last night," interrupted the farmer.



"And who does he want Jem to marry?" pursued the old man, warming as he went on. "Who but Farmer Brookes's fine daughter 'Gusta as they call her—who's just come back from Belford boarding-school, and goes about the country in her silks and satins, with her veils and her fine work bags—who but she! as if she was a lady born, like madame there! Now, my Bessy——"

"I have not a word to say against Bessy," interrupted the farmer; "she's a good girl, and a pretty girl, and an industrious girl. I have not a word to say against Bessy. But the fact is, that I have had an offer of the Holm Farm for Jem, and therefore——"

"And a fine farmer's wife 'Gusta Brookes will make!" quoth the matmaker, interrupting Master White in his turn. "A pretty farmer's wife! She that can do nothing on earth but jabber French, and read story-books, and then thump on the music! Now there's my girl can milk, and churn, and bake, and brew, and cook, and wash, and make and mend, and rear poultry—there are not such ducks and chickens as Bessy's for ten miles round. Ask madam—she always deals with Bessy, and so does all the gentlefolks between here and Belford."

"I am not saying a word against Bessy," replied Farmer White; "she's a good girl, and a pretty girl, as I said before; and I am very sorry for the whole affair. But the Holm Farm is a largish concern, and will take a good sum of money to stock it—more money than I can command; and Augusta Brookes, besides what her father can do for her at his death, has four hundred pounds of her own left her by her grandmother, which, with what I can spare, will be about enough for the purpose; and that made me think of the match, though the matter is still quite unsettled. You know, Master Matthew, one can't expect that Bessy, good girl as she is, should have any money——"

"Oh, that's it!" exclaimed the old man of the mats. "You don't object to the wench then, nor to her old grandfather, if 'twas not for the money?"

"Not in the least," replied the farmer; "she's a good girl, and a pretty girl. I like her full as well as Augusta Brookes, and I am afraid that Jem likes her much

better. And, as for yourself, Master Matthew, why I've known you these fifty years and never heard man, woman, or child speak a misword of you in my life. I respect you, man! And I am heartily sorry to vex you, and that little girl yonder. Don't cry so Bessy; pray don't cry!" And the good-natured farmer well nigh cried for company.

"No, don't cry, Bessy, because there's no need," rejoined her grandfather. "I thought mayhap it was out of pride that Farmer White would not suffer Jem to marry my little girl. But, since it is only the money," continued the old man, fumbling amidst a vast variety of well-patched garments, until from the pocket of some under-jacket he produced a greasy brown leather book—"since 'tis only Miss 'Gusta's money that's wanted to stock the Holm, why that's but reasonable; and we'll see whether your four hundred won't go as far as hers. Look at them dirty bits of paper, farmer—they're of the right sort, an't they?" cried Matthew, with a chuckle. "I called 'em in, because I thought they'd be wanted for her portion, like; and when the old matmaker dies, there'll be a hundred or two more into the bargain. Take the money, man, can't ye? and don't look so 'stounded. It's honestly come by, I promise you—all 'dustury and 'conomy, like. Her father, he was 'dustrious, and he left her a bit; and her mother, she was 'dustrious too, and she left her a bit; and I, thof I should not say it, have been 'dustrious all my life; and she, poor thing, is more 'dustrious than any of us. Ay, that's right. Give her a hearty kiss, man; and call in Jem—I'll warrant he's not far off—and we'll fix the wedding-day over a jug of home-brewed. And madam there," pursued the happy old man, as with most sincere congratulations and good wishes I rose to depart, "madam, there, who looks so pleased and speaks so kindly, may be sure of her mat. I'm a 'dustrious man, thof I say it that I should not say it; and Bessy's a 'dustrious girl; and, in my mind, there's nothing beats 'dustury in high or in low."

And, with this axiom from the old matmaker, Dash and I took our leave of four as happy people—for by this time Jem had joined the party—as could well be found under the sun.—*Miss Mitford.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

LORD ABINGER.

I now come to the Judges in the Court of Exchequer. They are five in number. Lord Abinger is Lord Chief Baron of this Court. Few men have been more permanently and constantly before the public than his lordship, either when at the bar, or since his elevation to the bench. When practising in the courts of law as plain Mr. Scarlett, he was one of the best known and most extensively employed of his contemporary counsel. Perhaps he was the most successful lawyer of his time, as regarded the number of cases he gained. Though not possessing a tithe of the talent of Mr. Brougham, he was much more fortunate in gaining cases for his clients than ever his friend and rival was. Various circumstances may be mentioned as accounting for this. His knowledge of law was much more accurate and extensive than that of Brougham, or any of his more popular contemporaries at the bar. This was of infinite service to his own reputation and to the interests of his clients. While his own positions, when he had the right of the case, were laid down in such a manner as to render it impossible for the opposing counsel to overthrow them; he was always ready to detect any legal defect in the view of the matter taken by the adverse party. In this respect he showed great tact. Whenever he discovered any error in point of law in the grounds on which the opposite side based their case, he did not give a merely passing exposure of such error, but dwelt upon it at such length and with such earnestness, that even the court itself was sometimes led to magnify its importance.

Another very striking feature in the character of Mr. Scarlett, as an advocate, was that of his singling out, with consummate judgment, the leading facts in favour of his client, and then placing them with singular clearness before the court. Matters of minor importance, though in themselves favourable to his client, he either passed over altogether, or else contented himself with a cursory glance at them. He had the wisdom first to ascertain what was most likely to serve his client, and then to make the best of it, by placing it so clearly before the eyes of the court, that both judge and jury—I mean in those cases where there was a jury—were forced to look at it, whether they would or no. But this was not all: he not only made them look strictly and with attention to the principal facts in his client's favour, but he would allow them to look at nothing else, except, indeed, what made against the other side. He would not suffer them to give even a passing glance to any other object. He took care to have a monopoly of their mental vision, and of their attention to himself. No man, perhaps, that ever practised at the English bar, displayed the same ingenuity and skill as Mr. Scarlett, in concentrating into a focus the most material facts in favour of his own client, or in arraying before the judges and jury the leading circumstances adverse to the opposite side. Mr. Scarlett was, too, always

remarkably clear in his statements and reasonings. There was no possibility of mistaking him. He never wandered from his subject. If he had not, in point of fact, any just grounds on which to rest his case, he occasionally assumed the existence of such grounds, and dwelt upon them with as much confidence and complacency as if they had an actual existence. If, again, the opposite side had the law or the facts of the case in their favour, he affected to laugh at the very idea of the antagonist counsel fancying they could ever make the jury suppose for a moment it was so. In this way, he often bamboozled, to use a homely but significant term, both judge and jury, without either, for one instant, suspecting anything of the kind. Mr. Scarlett always avoided, except when he could not help it, matters involving professional technicalities; but when obliged to deal with them, he displayed a remarkable aptitude for so popularizing them as to make them intelligible to the plainest and most unsophisticated mind. He stripped them, as if by some magical process, of that repulsiveness which they possess in the eyes of unprofessional men. I am satisfied there never was a man at the English bar who contributed so much as Mr. Scarlett to make jurymen lawyers. A short speech of his, when the nature of the case required that he should adopt the course to which I refer, has often done more to enlighten the minds of the jury and the audience on the principles of the common law of the land than a score of lectures on the subject by any other man would have done. So singularly great was Mr. Scarlett's talent for simplifying abstruse points, and popularizing technicalities, that I am sure he could have made himself perfectly intelligible to a jury of bricklayers' hodmen. The jury never tired of Mr. Scarlett's speeches, though, as will be afterwards seen, there was nothing in them either of rhetoric or oratory, as these terms are usually understood.

But one attribute in Mr. Scarlett's pleadings at the bar, which contributed more to his success than anything else, was the singular judgment he displayed in singling out, in all *nisi prius* cases, the jurymen whom he thought the most intelligent, and the most likely to influence the others when deliberating on the verdict they should return. In such cases the penetration of Mr. Scarlett amounted to a species of intuition. He scarcely ever erred in the selection he made. To the party so singled out in his own mind, the learned gentleman addressed himself almost as exclusively as if there had been no such person as a judge in court, nor any other jurymen in the box. He fixed his eye on him as steadily as if he had been speaking to some friend whom he had invited to dine with him. The jurymen naturally felt proud at his being thus distinguished from the eleven in the jury-box with him, and was consequently in so much the better condition to receive the impressions which the advocate wished to produce on his mind. Whenever Mr. Scarlett saw—and Lavater himself might have envied his practical knowledge of



physiognomy—that he had succeeded in seducing over one intelligent and influential jurymen to his side, he immediately set to work in the same way with the person whom he supposed the next best for his purpose. If the case of his client was a bad one, and the evidence adverse to his interests, he would, after he had seen by the assenting expression of the second jurymen's countenance that he also was proselytised to the view of the case which he wished the jury to take, fix on a third and repeat the process with him. Whether he contented himself with thus making sure of one, and trusting to that one's influencing the others, assisted by the impression his speech had made; or whether he singled out two or three, and addressed himself particularly to them, depended on the peculiar circumstances of the respective cases. In Mr. Scarlett's manner, when so addressing a jury, there was something remarkably winning. He looked the very incarnation of contentedness and good-nature. A perpetual cheerfulness, amounting to a partial smile, irradiated his sleek countenance. His laughing and seductive eyes did infinitely more, in many instances, for his client, than all the legal knowledge he brought to bear on the question before the court. The very moment he rose to address the jury, he looked at them quite as much in the "How do you do style," as if he had been on terms of particular intimacy with each and all of them all his life. And from the commencement to the close of his address, he spoke with as much familiarity to them as if he and they had formed some "free and easy" club. His manner was altogether colloquial. His speeches never betrayed the least mark of effort. His style was simple in the extreme. So little attention did he pay to the rounding of his periods, that his sentences were often completely out of point. It would have been in vain to look for eloquence from him. He never, according to the general meaning of the term, uttered anything of the kind. But, as before stated, his exceeding blandness of manner more than counterbalanced all his other defects as a public speaker. Even the judges themselves were frequently thrown off their guard, and their views and decisions imperceptibly influenced by the extraordinary fascination of his mode of addressing the court. His usual practice was to fold up the sides of his gown in his hands, and then placing his arms on his breast, smile in their faces from the beginning to the end of his address, talking all the while to them as if he were engaged in a mere matter of friendly conversation. It was consequently impossible for them to be on any other than the best terms with the advocate, and hence his clients often reaped the benefits of the conciliatory and seductive character of his speeches.

The triumphs which woman achieves by her smiles are proverbial. History and works of fiction severally abound with records of the trophies which the softer sex have won, by what a lawyer would call their skill in the art of smiling. With women, proficiency in this art verges on a species of absolute omnipotence.

Woman's smile has often achieved triumphs where all the intellectual and physical power in the world would have utterly failed.—For a man to gain a series of distinguished moral victories by his smiles is another matter. It is one of remarkable rarity. Its occurrence in the case of a lawyer is still more extraordinary. Milton speaks of some orator of antiquity—I forget his name—who, by the charms of his eloquence, could wield the fierce democracy at his will. We have seen, in our own day, repeated proofs of what may be done in this way. In the case even of lawyers, there are instances of great effects being produced by powerful oratory. Generally speaking, however, the weapon with which they fight, and by means of which they gain their conquests, is the tongue, associated with true eloquence; though the mere gift of the gab, as the common expression has it, often proves the most effective armoury in courts of law conflicts. That is a gift which sometimes proves more than a match for the highest order of intellect and the loftiest eloquence. Hence the most distinguished men, either as orators or philosophers, belonging to the profession, are not always the most successful pleaders. They are often defeated by men who are as innocent of brains as their own wigs, but who chance to have what is called an abundance of tongue. Mr. Scarlett's splendid triumphs at the bar were not won by his eloquence—for of that, as before stated, he had none—nor by any superior command of words. It was his face that did all: there was no resisting its seductive aspect. To the cause of many an opposing party has Mr. Scarlett's smile proved fatal. I have often thought that his making a speech in the usual way was a mere waste of time, and an unnecessary exertion of his lungs. It would, I am convinced, have been in many cases quite enough, if he had simply told the jury that everything which was said on the other side was pure nonsense; that it had no relevancy to the case before the court; that the law and justice of the case were in favour of his client; and that he was sure they would not hesitate a moment in returning a verdict to that effect. The resistless logic of his face would have done all the rest; his fascinating smile would have filched the desired verdict from the jury. I have often wondered that the judges, if "the law allowed it," knowing as they must have done the many triumphs which Mr. Scarlett daily achieved over law and justice, by the mere "power of his face," did not order the jury either to be blindfolded, or to sit with their backs to him, so as that they might be placed beyond the seductive influence of his smiles, and consequently be able to decide according to the real merits of the case before the court.

What must have struck every one as very singular in the physiognomical annals, if I may invent an expression, of Mr. Scarlett, as a barrister, was the fact, that in his most bitter denunciations of an opposing party, he still presented the same smiling countenance. He was in appearance like the boys in the fable,

who, in their diversion, killed the frogs in the pond without seeming to be aware of what they were about. His face and manner were most playful at the very time he was pounding some opposing party to powder. You would have fancied, to see his soft and smiling countenance, that he was incapable of anything harsh, and that he was quite unconscious of anything but the greatest tenderness to the unhappy wight who was writhing under the excruciating tortures to which he was subjecting him. Mr. Scarlett, on such occasions, has often reminded me of the cat which kills the poor mouse by the lingering process of a protracted playfulness.

I believe that on no occasion did Mr. Scarlett ever give such scope to his powers of inflicting torture, as on one in which poor old Cobbett fell into his clutches. This was twenty-nine or thirty-eight years ago. Cobbett had, for seven or eight months before, been heaping, in almost every successive "Register," his own unrivalled abuse on Mr. Scarlett. What the character of that abuse was may be at once understood when I mention, that in vituperating Mr. Scarlett, Cobbett even surpassed himself. This abuse of Mr. Scarlett was always poured out in the shape of a letter addressed to Mr. S. himself; and in order that he and the reader might be prepared for what was to follow, the letters invariably began with, "Base Lawyer Scarlett," instead of with the usual term, "Sir." Mr. Scarlett smarted most sensibly under the castigations which Cobbett thus administered to him, week after week; and therefore very naturally took the opportunity of retaliating when poor Cobbett was brought into a court of law. The ground of action against Cobbett was an alleged libel on a then attorney, whose name I forbear to mention because he is still living. Against old Cobbett were arrayed Messrs. Brougham, Denman, and Scarlett—a formidable trio certainly, for a poor unprofessional man like Cobbett to have pitted against him. Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman were severe enough in denouncing the alleged libel and its author; but still Cobbett did not fancy he saw in them any effort to gratify individual vindictiveness. With Mr. Scarlett, he thought the case was different. He supposed that with him it was altogether a personal affair, and that what he exclusively aimed at was the gratification of private revenge. Cobbett, however, determined that before he quitted the court he would return the blows which had been so liberally dealt out to him by Mr. Scarlett. The latter concluded his speech in words to the following effect:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is impossible for me to estimate the amount of injury which this malignant and systematic libeller (pointing to Cobbett) has inflicted on my client; and no damages, however great, can afford him compensation for the injury thus done him. Gentlemen, my client is at present an attorney, but had the intention of preparing himself for the bar; and being a young man of great talents, there was no distinction in the profession to which he might not have reasonably expected to attain. Nay,

gentlemen, I will say, that even the Woolsack itself was an elevation to which he would have been justified in aspiring. But, gentlemen, the virulent calumnies which this notorious trader in libels has heaped upon him have blasted all his fair prospects, and well-nigh broken his heart. It is, therefore, for you, gentlemen, to mark your abhorrence of the atrocious conduct of this person, by giving a corresponding amount of damages." Cobbett rose immediately on Mr. Scarlett's resuming his seat, and putting both hands beneath the ample tails of his coat, and eyeing the jury with a bland and humourous expression of countenance, said—"Gentlemen, you are men of the world, and must laugh in your own minds at all the flummery you have just heard. You know, gentlemen, such stuff about injury to character, and blasting one's prospects, and destroying one's peace, is to be heard in this court every hour in the day. The lawyer,"—pronouncing the word in a way which gives it a very emphatic and a very unpleasant meaning,—"*The lawyer who has been vilifying me for the last hour and a half would do the same, gentlemen, in either of your cases if hired for the purpose. You know, gentlemen, that like the girls who walk the street, these persons (pointing to Messrs. Brougham, Denman, and Scarlett) will prostitute themselves to any dirty work for which they may be engaged. They are always, gentlemen, at the service of the highest bidder. The great crime, it seems, gentlemen, which I have committed, is that of having crushed a lawyer in the egg.*" Here Mr. Cobbett turned about his ponderous body, pointed to Mr. Scarlett, and looked at him at the same time with an expression of unutterable scorn. The allusion was at once felt, both by the court and jury, in all its force, as applicable to the castigations Cobbett had so often given Mr. Scarlett, and it told with amazing effect. I doubt if Mr. Scarlett ever smarted so severely, either before or since, in the whole course of his professional career. Brougham and Denman looked at each other, as if struck with the singular felicity of the hit. Cobbett proceeded for a couple of hours, raking up and pouring out afresh, on the head of Mr. Scarlett, all the abuse which he had heaped on him in his "Registers;" so that the learned gentleman, to use a legal phrase, "took nothing by his motion."

It will be inferred from what I have already said, that Mr. Scarlett was never an attractive speaker. He had scarcely any action at all. His voice was clear, but monotonous. He was always cool and collected. No one ever saw him make any great physical exertion for his client. Sometimes there was an indistinctness in his enunciation, and he occasionally, though not often, stammered a little.

His personal appearance was very prepossessing. He long enjoyed the reputation of being "the handsomest barrister." The ladies who chanced to visit the courts where he practised, used to envy his fine complexion and regular features. He was a great favourite with the fair sex, and they, in return, on the true



principle of reciprocity, were great favourites with him.

The distinction which Mr. Scarlett acquired at the bar naturally inspired him with the ambition of obtaining a seat in parliament. In 1816, he became a candidate for the representation of the borough of Lewes, but was defeated. He was soon after returned by the nomination borough of Peterborough, or rather by its proprietor, the Earl of Fitzwilliam. His principles at this time were decidedly Whigish. His parliamentary efforts did not at all realize the expectations of his friends. He did not acquire much influence or reputation at St. Stephen's. He never spoke much at any time in his capacity of legislator; latterly he scarcely ever opened his mouth at all. In 1826, he was appointed Attorney General by Mr. Canning, in the room of Sir Charles Wetherell, who had resigned. On that occasion, Mr. Scarlett was knighted. On the breaking up of the Goderich administration, in the following year, Sir James Scarlett resigned his attorney-generalship. So far there was an appearance of consistency in identifying himself with the fortunes of his party. He was succeeded by Sir Charles Wetherell, the very party whom he himself had succeeded. Sir Charles, however, did not retain the office long. His attachment to his principles, of which I shall have to speak more particularly when I come to give a sketch of him, induced him to oppose with all his might the measure of Catholic Emancipation, introduced into parliament in 1829 by the Wellington government. Having made his memorable speech in the House of Commons against the measure, his high sense of honour led him to throw up his office, and singularly enough, Sir James Scarlett was again appointed his successor. Sir James had by this time given indications which no one could mistake, of having commenced the progress of raving; and the attorney-generalship under a Tory government completed the process thus begun. His very first act was to institute criminal prosecutions against the then "Morning Journal" and other papers, for libels on the government. A melancholy commentary this on all the fine speeches which, as a Whig, he had been in the habit of delivering, both in and out of parliament, in favour of the liberty of the press.

He was raised to the bench in December, 1834, by the Peel administration. In addition to the Chief Baronship of the Court of Exchequer, he had the honour of a peerage, under the title of "Baron Abinger," conferred on him. His decisions are marked by an absence of that reference to parallel cases which the bar expects at the hands of the bench. Whether this arises from any deficiency in his knowledge of law, we will not pretend to say. There is one attribute, however, which every one must have observed in the judicial character of Lord Abinger: he betrays too much of the advocate in all his summings-up of the evidence. Of course he is quite unconscious of this himself; but that does not make it less apparent to others. Instead of leaving the points at

issue to be decided by the jury, he almost invariably, by his mode of charging them, intimates to them, in terms which cannot be misunderstood, what his own opinion is of the decision to which they ought to come. In other words, there can be no doubt as to the conclusion to which he himself would come were he in the jury-box.

Lord Abinger's personal appearance is very much in his favour. There is nothing in that appearance which more forcibly strikes the spectator who chanceth to enter the Court of Exchequer than his singularly fresh complexion. It is clear and delicate in no ordinary degree, and the effect is not impaired, so far as I could ever observe, by a solitary wrinkle. Lord Abinger's countenance is redolent of health; it could scarcely be more so were he only just emerging from his teens. His features are small and regular; and they are extremely pleasant. His countenance habitually wears the same good-natured smile on the bench which it did when he practised at the bar. No one ever saw it darkened by a frown. I, at any rate, never did. His lordship frequently cracks jokes with the counsel: I have known him make some tolerably good ones. Possibly I may give some specimens of these on a future occasion. He is rather above the middle height. In the article of breadth, if that term may be applied with propriety to one's person, Lord Abinger stands alone among his brethren of the bench. None of them can be compared with him in the quality of corpulence. Even off the seat of justice, there are but few persons—always, of course, excepting the proverbially-fat city functionaries called Aldermen,—who can boast of the same Falstaffian proportions. Whether it be owing to his surpassing corpulence, or to a habit which he has insensibly contracted, I cannot tell; but the fact is, that he scarcely ever sits in the usual perpendicular position when on the bench, but always either leans back on his comfortable well-cushioned seat, or leans forward on a sort of desk which is placed before him.—*Grant.*

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

The stage has supplied mankind with this remarkable proverbial expression. There, the brilliant appearance of the house, under favour of a flood of artificial light—the natural and borrowed beauty of the human figure—striking scenery, dresses and decorations—and, above all, the mimicry of gaiety in the countenances and conduct of the actors—certainly contrast in a very uncommon manner with the appearance of things behind the scenes—the dismal unornamented walls and passages, the paltry dressing-rooms, the backs of scenes and curtains, and the distressing circumstances of most of the odd-looking beings who are seen wandering

about. But in this respect, at least in some measure, all the world is a stage. Man does not anywhere make an effort to keep up appearances and conceal realities, that is to say, he does not anywhere breathe or act, but ground is afforded for a surmise as to what may be the appearances of things *behind the scenes*. The mode of life of every human being, and the mode of practice of every great human institution, has its before and behind the scenes. Nothing into which the human mind enters, seems to be exempt from this law.

The simplest life, it has always been allowed, is that of the cottager. There are roses and honeysuckles in front of the cottage. There is light labour, health, and content, as all people not cottagers pretend to think. When the lord of the manor or any of his womankind or visitors enter, there is an immense display of smiles, and all seems sweet and fair. But even here there is a *behind the scenes*. John and Mary might be heard, when seated by themselves beside the evening fire, complaining of their heavy rent, of insufficiencies in that honeysuckled dwelling of theirs, of disproportion of meat to labour, and even of the necessity of putting on those signals of blithe welcome and humble service which in the forenoon had charmed the party now luxuriating in the dining-room or dawdling in the drawing-room up at the hall. If there was a poet in the party, he will have been raving all the morning—that is to say, as late as seven P.M.—about the rosy cheeks and primitive innocence of the cottage children, whom he saw tumbling like cherubs in the sun, or standing up, finger in mouth and with a deeper red on the cheek, gazing at the gentlemen and ladies. But a peep behind the scenes about the fashionable dinner hour, would probably show primeval innocence under a pretty smart infliction of the taws, the father having just returned home, and been informed of various peccadilloes committed by them in the course of the day. The poet will also, if a disappointed youth, as all poets are now bound to be, have been descanting on the connubial happiness of a simple cottage pair, honest manly worth on the one hand, and matronly bloom, and earnest affection, and zealous faith and household thrift, on the other ;

altogether unwitting that, in a cottage, life has its sour and its sweets as well as elsewhere, and that, not impossibly, the honest couple complain and recriminate, and pout and scold, till bed-time smotherers all beneath a most unromantic heap of blankets.

We have often in early life enjoyed what the pretty picture-books call a visit to the farm. To one much pent in cities, the rural position, the

—messes

Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses, the fine mixture of business with recreation, and the opportunities of indulging in healthy and cheerful sports, all of which are involved in the farmer's life, give to that life an appearance the most attractive imaginable. Then there are associations about the farmer's ingle, its ancient repute for hospitality, and its notableness for droll story-telling. The honest faces of the good family beam out so heartily in an effort to make you feel quite at your ease, that you never once think you can be anything like a burden to them, even should you do as they wish, and make the proposed three days three weeks. During your stay, to whatever length it may extend, you allow yourself to expatiate over the fields, enjoying all that you see without a thought or a care, and bringing home at least three tremendous appetites per diem, not to speak of an unreckonable amount of little regalements and refreshments of all kinds in foreign and domestic produce. The people, in fact, seem so comfortable and happy themselves, that you cannot but allow yourself to be quite comfortable and happy too. And yet here also there is a *behind the scenes*. That awful thing rent—from *rend* surely it is derived—possibly haunts the nightly pillow of the worthy pair. Even the children have perhaps some faint notions of certain mischiefs to be apprehended from this quarter, and are secretly unhappy before their time. The goodman has occasional vexatious mental calculations of crops and expenses, or looks gloomily towards coming markets. The goodwife has her struggles, deeply concealed, but not the less deeply felt, between her anxiety to maintain creditable neighbour-like appearances, and her fears of embarrassment and ruin. Here also the visits of the lord of the soil and his



friends call forth a great show of smiles; for the lord, like the sun, lights up everything he approaches—but he also, when he passes away, leaves darkness behind. Honest Subsoil of course believes entirely as the lord believes, and thinks as the lord thinks. Nay, he does not pretend to have any opinions at all. He has never studied the question. He leaves all these things to those who have time and opportunity to study them, and rather feels obliged when he is told the best way of bestowing his suffrages. But, behind the scenes, the real state of his mind is found to be somewhat different. He has opinions, which considerations not to be gain-said oblige him to conceal. He is guilty of dissimulation, and feels the punishment even while he commits the sin.

If we return to the city, and enter its places of business, equally do we find all fair on the outside. A certain warehouse, laid out in the most tasteful manner, appears filled with a valuable stock, arguing large capital on the part of the proprietor. Gentlemen and ladies are seen going constantly out and in, giving reason to believe that the custom of the place is of no small amount. If we enter, we see a range of smart shopmen, headed by the master himself, all braced to the great duty of endeavouring to dispose of just as many goods as possible, and all wearing a certain grave suavity, which seems so fixed and settled upon their countenances, that we can scarcely imagine them ever looking otherwise. One would suppose that all is right here—an honest man thriving by successful industry, and nothing to do but to order fresh goods to replace those which go away. One would suppose that those faces, so filled with an awful sense of the importance of business, never have occasion to express any other feeling. Yet, if we could follow this trader behind the scenes, how different would things appear! There he is, knitting the brow of care over accounts long overdue, and which he yet cannot press for fear of offending those tyrant friends who are at once his support and a source of embarrassment. He turns to another book, and behold him gloomily reckoning up a series of engagements, which he fears, too justly, he will scarcely be able to absolve in proper time. By way of

contrast to the infinite obsequiousness with which he treats his patrons to their faces, hear him in confidential discourse with a friend, ridiculing in bitterness of heart the caprices which he is hourly obliged to humour, the unreasonable demands to which he is compelled to bow, and the immense amount of trouble which he must needs submit to, in many cases, with scarcely the shadow of a hope that it will be rewarded by the purchase of a penny-worth. As to the affluence which his large and handsome stock would seem to betoken, it would only be necessary to peep behind the scenes at one of the neighbouring banking-houses, and hear a few words of the debate held by the directors over one of his bills. Such, doubtless, cannot be true of all tradesmen, for some must really be prosperous, and upon the whole as happy in the performance of their duties as most of the denizens of this lower sphere. But we believe it to be the truth in a vast majority of cases, and always the more likely to be so the higher we go in the scale of business. The public see but front shops: an appeal to *back* shops would go nigh to reverse all ordinary impressions.

The banking-house has been alluded to. This always appears to persons of moderate resources, and little knowledge of the world, as one of the most impressive of all places. Here is one of the very citadels of Plutus. No care or annoy can come in here; for money, the want of which is the chief or sole cause of all annoy, is here at all times abundant. There is a studied plainness and modesty about the place—all seems hard wood and wall, with only a few pens and ink glasses, here and there, and a few insinuated shoulders of piles of notes, to feather and soften the scene; but this only makes the imagination the more wanton in surmising hidden glories. Great chests of gold, coined and uncoined, are believed to repose, a mere army of reserve, in some dark undusted chamber. The privy council of Cræsus could not be a more dignified body than the Directors in their high divan. How childish is all this! Even a bank has its seamy side. The clerks, notwithstanding the cash that flows through their hands, are no more than ordinary human clerks after all—poor fellows, perhaps, struggling to maintain

themselves and some of their relations on small salaries, and so much accustomed to fear their superiors, that to meet a director on the street, even on Sunday, when all are supposed to be free from their task-masters, makes them shrink to the wall or the kirb-stone. Severe labour for moderate pay, and a constant sighing for promotion that seems receding as they go, are the fate of both the inferior and the superior officers. The proprietors or directors themselves have their own fears and anxieties, as they meet daily for deliberation. Dishonoured bills, falling stocks, shaking credit, vary the round of their woes. When mankind rejoice over the news of some self-emancipated nation, they little reflect on the heart-wreck it brings to some little knot of *once* monied men, assembled behind the scenes of some certain banking-house. Yes, yes, even in a banking-house, all is not gold that glitters.

When we look to domestic life in cities, we find the law hold quite as good as in places of business. Let us suppose a handsome drawing-room, where some dozen well-bred and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen have assembled to wait for the commencement of a luxurious entertainment. All is soft, polite, and agreeable. Discord and irritation of all kinds have been banished beyond the very horizon of the imagination. Yet no one can doubt that a very different state of things might have been observed behind the scenes an hour ago—might be observed at this moment—and might also be witnessed an hour or two hence. The toilette of the lady is a subject too awful to be approached. We also overlook the chafings of the gentleman about many little things, and all his terrors for the merits of his wine. But suppose that the lower parts of the establishment could be laid open to view, servants stewing and roasting both meat and themselves, huryskurry, fretting, scolding, all terror for the honour of the house and the table—what a contrast to the sweet and serene assemblage in front of the drawing-room fireplace! We wish to observe a proper delicacy towards the mistress of the household; but it is just barely possible, that, demure and gentle as she now sits, interchanging terms of most silken civility with her guests, she was three minutes

ago in the thick of the culinary pandemonium, giving directions, adjusting confusions, and administering rebukes, which now seem five hundred miles and five hundred years out of her way. Or suppose, while the feast is at its height, and the company at they joysomest, landlord hospitable, wines excellent, guests delighted—in short, that the luxurious state of things, which a friend of ours says may generally be recognised by a disposition to talk of distress of the country; suppose, just at this time, that we could catch a glimpse through the floor and wall of some pair of fatigued domestics or their assistants, taking the first rest they have got for the day, in some ill-lighted back-kitchen, and making their ungenteel but not altogether unjust remarks on the tastes and habits of their betters. In the contrast of this unhandsome den, its occupants, and their talk, with the agreeable scene up stairs, there would be something to amuse. The gentlemen would have famous laughing at the yawning and sarcastic dowdies. But would it be altogether a triumph on one side? We suspect, after all, that the dining-room scene would look scarcely so consistent with the modesty of nature as the scullery one. The plain unsophisticated aspect of things in the lower regions, and the justice of even what was invidious in the conversation there going on, could not fail to act as something like a rebuke to the so highly wrought and complacent indulgence and luxury of the simpering circle. Better on these occasions, perhaps, that there should be no peep *behind the scenes*.

Each person, sensible of his own troubles, is apt, from the fair and smiling appearance of everything in his neighbour's house, to imagine that he alone is wretched and dissatisfied. He sees his neighbour's wife polite and smooth; he hears of his grown children being cantoned out in good situations; he finds him frank and hospitable, and supposes him to be quite at ease on the subject of income and expenditure; whereas, if he were vouchsafed a little insight into what goes on behind the scenes, he would be surprised to know that matrimonial life has there its storms and its calms as elsewhere, that youth is youth there as in his own establishment, and that, beneath the fair



show of hospitality, there lurks many a bitter reflection on present difficulties, and the prospect of perhaps a gloomier future. Often we see a man so signalised by the favours of fortune, so affluent, so blessed with health, so well circumstanced in his family relations, that we say, here, sure, is an enviable man; here is something like a proof of the reality of that scouted thing luck; here we have at least one happy man to show that this world is not the certain scene of care and woe which preachers and poets have combined to represent it. And yet, how often before such men get to the end of their career, do circumstances occur to assure the world, that, after all, they were the victims of some one or other of the endless catalogue of human miseries, and that, while all, like the ivy, was glossy and bright above, the heart was "worn and grey beneath."

In all public affairs, where pomp, show, and ceremonial, are employed, we discover the same principle even more conspicuously. The army in battalion, with its fine dresses, glittering armour, and stormy music, has its *behind the scenes*, in unconfessed apprehensions of defeat, and of general and particular evils. The gorgeous civic procession, deduced from old time, and the wonder of all the children within sight or hearing, has its *behind the scenes*, in a general conviction of the actors that they are acting parts only worthy of the children who are to be the beholders. The court itself has its *behind the scenes*; nothing more so. In short, from the topmost thing in this world to the humblest, in all affairs of men, whether as individuals or as bodies, there is invariably a *behind the scenes*.

#### CROSS PURPOSES.

There are some people upon whom advice is thrown away, and who, holding themselves to be wiser than their councillors, rush "*in medias res*"

— "Angels fear to tread."

Mr. Brag, who did not want for that sort of intellectual quality called cunning, was nevertheless, as has been already made tolerably evident, favoured by nature with an overbalancing share of conceit, and when he had ascertained the tone of the widow's feelings towards him, and satisfied himself that his case was reduced to something very like "ask and have," he resolved upon taking the step against which his friend Lord Tom had so strenuously advised

him, and which, as a matter of assurance, was rendered "trebly hazardous" by his having previously adopted it with regard to her sister.

The Irish gentleman's definition of a bottle of soda water we will not stop to repeat, but it would have applied with tolerable accuracy to the character of our hero. Although he had extracted from Mrs. Dallington what he believed to be quite sufficient to justify his best hopes, he felt in the solitude of his "little place in Surrey" a consciousness of inability to conduct the storm personally, or carry her heart by a *coup de main*—unless, indeed, a letter might be so considered—and therefore, spite of the advice of his experienced Mentor, he proceeded to address the fair widow in an epistle, a repetition of which it is not necessary to inflict upon the reader, but which contained a distinct declaration and a formal proposal.

Mr. Brag had now shot his bolt, and nothing remained but to see its effect. It must be admitted that even *he* was in some sort nervous and fidgety; but that happy self-satisfaction, which when he was not required to make an effort, never forsook him, kept his spirits on the "credit side of the account." The letter, however, was gone—past recall—and therefore the next wisest thing to not sending it in the first instance was, to live upon the hopes of its success.

Upon the popular "wheel within wheel" system, the widow had acted so as to induce the declaration which it contained, satisfied that by "playing" her baronet upon the occasion, she might "land" him—but certainly not prepared to find that Blanche was placed in a similar position. As things turned out, the effect it produced was striking.

Blanche had just returned from her two day's visit to the country. The moment she entered the house she hastened to her sister's boudoir, where she found her in the very act of reading, with evident marks of amazement and exultation, the avowal of Mr. Brag's affections.

"My dear Blanche," exclaimed Mrs. Dallington, "you are arrived at the very moment to congratulate me on a conquest. I have received a proposal!"

"What!" said Blanche, "from Sir Charles?"

"No," replied her sister, in a tone which certainly conveyed the idea that she wished she had:—"I think you will guess without much difficulty, knowing the man."

"The Fates are propitious," said Blanche; "I too have been so fortunate as to merit the decided approbation of a lover, who declares the happiness of his life, and the value of his existence, depend upon my answer."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallington:—"why, my worshipper uses the very same expression. Yes—here it is:—'The happiness of my life, and the value of my existence, depend upon your answer.'"

"That is curious," said Blanche; "may I ask who the tender swain is?"

"Guess," said Mrs. Dallington.

"I cannot," replied her sister.

"What! not our exquisite little friend Brag!" said Mrs. Dallington. "I was always sure how

our acquaintance would end: I wonder it did not strike *you*."

"Why," said Blanche, "the reason my suspicions did not lead that way is rather a good one—he has made me a proposal."

"When did you receive it?" said the widow. "Yesterday," replied Blanche, "it was forwarded to me from town."

"I suppose it is a circular," said the widow. "No, no," said Blanche, "mine is the original, yours is the copy."

"What *can* the man mean?" said Mrs. Dallington. "Does he really suppose himself so fascinating, that, like the rattlesnake, he has nothing to do but look at us to induce us to drop into his mouth? Now if he had confined his attentions to *me*?"

"Ah!" interrupted Miss Englefield, "that is exactly the case; if he had confined his attentions to *me*, the affair would have been different: as it is!"

"No, no," said the widow, "don't misunderstand me, my dear Blanche. I do assure you I am neither envious nor jealous. You should be welcome to all his attentions and all his affections—only please to observe that I intended him to take the step he has taken, and availed myself of your absence to lead him on to a declaration."

"For what earthly purpose?" said Blanche.

"Man," said the widow, "is an imitative animal, and everybody knows the force of example."

"But do you want anybody for whom you have a regard to imitate Mr. Brag?" asked Blanche.

"In the one particular of which we are now speaking," replied the widow, "I do. It seems to me, Blanche, that the lives we are both leading are full of worry and vexation; yours, because you will not encourage your avowed lover; mine, because the man whose claim upon my affections I admit, will not avow himself. It strikes me that this most marvellous display of assurance on the part of our little friend may serve us both incalculably, by bringing both our gentlemen to a proper sense of their duty; to excite poor dear Sir Charles into a determination, and to soothe Rushton into a reasonable state of mind."

"I confess," said Blanche, "I do not exactly understand the course of proceeding by which this desirable end is to be attained."

"Let us both accept the little man," said the widow. "The natural awkwardness of his position must produce a disclosure of his schemes; and what appears to me infinitely better fun, his vanity and conceit. That which must happen, is, however, only a secondary object with me; the discovery of the affair will show our capricious lovers that there are men who, instead of hesitating to propose to one woman, are prepared to make offers to two; and moreover, my dear Blanche, the very notion that we are exposed to such temptations will urge our strange friends to some decided step. You must accept Mr. Brag."

"Me!" exclaimed Blanche: "I accept him—an antidote to everything like affection of any kind!"

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Dallington, "I am sure he is very genteel; he curls his hair, wears rings and chains, smokes cigars, rides races, and lives with Lord Tom Towzle. What would you have? accept him you must."

"Never!" cried Blanche, "You must, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Dallington, "and so will I: yes, both of us—he is too charming to be monopolized by one. You must write to him."

"A billet-doux?" enquired Blanche.

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Dallington. "Let us both be desperately in love with Lord Tom's tiger: you will see how odiously jealous Rushton will be in a day, and Sir Charles. Oh! never mind; write—write—write, and I will dictate."

"Write what, my dear sister?" asked Miss Englefield.

"A civil acceptance of his offer," said Mrs. Dallington, "couched in terms becoming the gratitude of a young lady of small pretensions."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear sister," said Blanche, "but really!"

"Really," interrupted Mrs. Dallington, "you must allow *me* to be the best judge of what is best suited to my juniors; so sit you down and write, and I will dictate."

"But what will the world say?" asked Blanche.

"What world, my dear?" said Mrs. Dallington—"Mr. Brag's world—or the world at large? What the one chooses to say will signify nothing to us; and what we may choose to do will signify as little to the other. Trust in *me*; be assured that I will not mislead you, whatever may be my intentions with respect to your scarecrow of a lover."

"My lover!" cried Blanche, colouring crimson at the imputation—"your lover too!"

"Both," said the widow. "Now sit down; rely upon it, it is a kindness sometimes to be cruel: so write."

Blanche, almost unresistingly, seated herself at the very identical table at which Jack had found Mrs. Dallington established the day before; and mechanically arranging the writing materials, looked at her sister with an expression of unconsciousness of what she was to say, and of enquiry as to the words she was to set down.

"Are you ready to begin?" said the widow.

"Yes," said Blanche—"to obey your instructions most dutifully."

"Now, then," said Mrs. Dallington, "write: 'I scarcely know how to reply to your flattering letter.'"

"I am sure I shall do it all wrong," said Blanche, writing.

"I have struggled for some time—"

"Some time," repeated Blanche—"struggled with what?"

"Go on," said Mrs. Dallington: "for some time with my feelings, but the manner in which Mr. Rushton, whom you have often seen here, conducts himself towards me is—"

"What would you have me say, sister?" said Blanche, hesitating. "You know, if nobody else does, that I love him, and!"



"Never mind that," said the widow, "go on: 'conducts himself towards me is such, that I can endure his treatment no longer."

"My dear sister," said Blanche, "you are laughing at me, you wish me to expose myself."

"Why do you think so, my dear?" said Mrs. Dallington. "You have told me a hundred times that he torments you to death."

"Yes," said Blanche, "but what I say to you, and what I write to this man"—

"Well," said the widow, "then put—'vexes me,' instead of 'tormenting me.'"

"That is better," said Blanche, continuing to write.

"That any man upon earth would be preferable in my eyes," said Mrs. Dallington.

"No," said Blanche, tossing up her head with unusual animation, and throwing down the pen, "that I never will write!"

"What innocence!" said Mrs. Dallington. "My dear sister, we are only setting a simple-trap, and"—

"It does not signify," said Blanche, "I"—

"No, it does not signify, so write," said the widow. "There now—go on—it will be my turn next. Tell him you shall expect him to call—this evening. I will write him an equally tender answer, and make a similar appointment. What can it signify what one says to such a man under such circumstances?"

"But, my dear creature," said Blanche, "what an opinion he must form of us if he thinks we are both in love with him!"

"It is quite clear that he *does* think so now," said Mrs. Dallington; "so this will not make it one bit the worse. Here—make room—let me write mine; all you have to do is to watch the results of our invitation, and be as cold as ice to Rushton when you next see him. Rely upon it, my dear innocent, we shall have fun, and, if I mistake not, husbands, out of this scheme, which, moderate as my pretensions are, I must say I think admirable, inasmuch as it mystifies three men at once—and all—all for their own eventual good."

"I believe you take a pleasure in tormenting," said Blanche, who was busy sealing her note, while her sister was rapidly writing her's in that elegant and unintelligible hand which is the universal medium of lady-like correspondence, when, to their surprise and confusion, the door of the boudoir was thrown open, and Sir Charles Lydiard and Mr. Rushton were announced.

"Hide your letter!" said Blanche.

"Me!" said Mrs. Dallington, loud enough to be heard by Sir Charles; "trust to my fidelity."

"By Jove!" whispered Rushton to Lydiard, "they are writing—writing notes and hiding them!"

"So I perceive," said Sir Charles, coldly.

"Well, ladies," said Rushton, advancing towards Blanche, "we have found you busy."

Blanche bowed diffidently, and finished sealing her note.

"What is the matter with you, Sir Charles?" said Mrs. Dallington, "you look out of sorts and out of spirits."

"No madam," said Lydiard, "I am neither; only I did not know whether I might venture to break in upon your literary avocations."

"Quite right, Sir Charles," said Mrs. Dallington. "People who make up their minds are not to pry into the business of their neighbours, are most likely not to be disturbed in their serenity."

"Miss Englefield," said Rushton, "appears to be of a similar opinion. I confess I am not of a temper to bear with such things. I hate three-cornered notes, if they are not addressed to myself."

"You are equally right with Sir Charles," said the widow. "I am writing a billet-doux, but I have just finished."

"Upon my word," said Lydiard, "it must be a most interesting affair. I think I never saw you more animated than you seem to be while despatching this note: all I am afraid of is, that I have been the cause of its abrupt termination."

During this dialogue, Rushton endeavoured to draw Blanche into a conversation with regard to the note she was writing, but she avoided answering his questions; and supported in the course she had adopted by her sister's conduct towards Sir Charles, so completely damped the ardent spirits of her mercurial lover, that he crossed to the other side of the room, and threw himself upon the sofa.

Mrs. Dallington having sealed her note, rang the bell, and directed the servant to send it immediately.

"Now," said Sir Charles, "I have found it out—you are merely trying me; the note, after all, is destined for me."

"As you doubt me, Sir Charles," said Mrs. Dallington, "I shall leave you to discover the truth."

"I am certain," said the baronet, with much more animation than he usually exhibited, "it can be to no one else. I shall return to my hotel to receive it."

"Do," said the widow, "and justify me from your suspicions." Saying which, the lady, with an air of being particularly piqued, left the room by one door, while Sir Charles, convinced that she had taken some decided step with regard to himself, retired by the other, leaving the other pair of lovers *tete-a-tete*.

The moment her sister left the room, Blanche rose to follow her.

"Stay, Blanche," said Rushton, one moment."

"No, Mr. Rushton," said Miss Englefield, "I am too angry with you to stay."

"Surely," said Rushton, "you cannot be angry with my jealousy—a jealousy that springs only from excess of affection."

"No man," said Blanche, "can possess real affection for any one of whose sincerity he has a constant doubt. I have forgiven these mad fits twenty times, always hoping and expecting that time would show you your error; but no, our very last quarrel occurred ten minutes after our last reconciliation."

"Recollect, Blanche," said Rushton, "the events of that day—the day before you left town; there you were—the sought and admired

of the party—speaking kindly and looking kindly to everybody except me, of whom, as I felt, you took no notice.”

“Well, sir,” said Blanche, “and if I were cold, and even cross, you need not have been so greatly surprised, if you had recollected how you called me to account for sitting next Mr. Brag the last time he was here, and entering into a common conversation with him about some of his feats and enterprises.”

“By Heavens!” exclaimed Rushton, “how I hate that fellow—his easy assurance, his self-conceit; but the fault is all your’s and your sister’s. That very night, there he was whispering his infernal nonsense in your ear, to your evident amusement and satisfaction, while I, distressed and disturbed by your conduct, was losing my money at *ecarte* with Lady Begbrook, and you sat laughing at my folly and agitation.”

“I did laugh,” said Blanche, “but I did not laugh alone.”

“No, no, that’s true,” said Rushton. “I dare say there are minds and tempers that can bear these irritations—I confess mine cannot. Possibly I expect too much; probably I am romantic; but, I do say, and will say, that however charming I may wish my wife to be, I do not exactly desire that she should be anxious to make herself universally agreeable, nor equally delightful, to everybody.”

“Really, Mr. Rushton,” said Blanche, “these fancies of yours are unjustifiable and unbearable. I confess that it would cost me serious pain to terminate our acquaintance, in which I have, when you are rational, great happiness; but such conduct surely deserves to lose my esteem. I can neither smile nor sigh, walk nor sit down, talk nor be silent, go out nor come in, but you attribute some motive to my actions. They bring me a letter—of course it is from a rival; I dance with somebody—you are either angry or in despair. I am civil to Mr. Brag, my sister’s visitor, and the next moment I see you wholly unconscious of what you are doing, crushing my fan to atoms in revenge. Oh! Mr. Rushton, Mr. Rushton, such conduct in a lover is but the anticipation of tyranny in a husband.”

“Tyranny, Blanche!” said Rushton, suddenly softened into subjection—“What an idea!”

“I am afraid,” said Blanche, “that our hearts are not formed to be united; we had better agree upon one point—to part.”

“There it is!” exclaimed Rushton; “the truth is out. You have now declared yourself; you hate me—you cast me off. I knew there was some new attachment formed. Yes, yes—we will part, Miss Englefield. There is a woman in the world, thank Heaven! who has a better opinion of me than you have; from her gentle heart my wounded spirit may find relief.”

“Oh!” said Blanche, “I am quite aware of that lady’s name. Go, sir—leave me; let this be our last interview.”

Blanche spoke these words with so much firmness, that she began to be afraid Rushton would take her at her word; nor did Rushton’s answer much relieve her apprehensions.

“So be it!” said he. I will conquer this feeling—I will love where my love can be returned. But, madam, I insist upon one thing, tell me, who is the man who has supplanted me in your affections.”

“Why,” said Blanche, smiling—“should I do that?”

“Why?” exclaimed Rushton, “because he shall at least set his life upon the hazard.—Name him to me, I desire; tell me where he is to be found, and if —”

“Mr. Rushton,” said Blanche, “I wish you a good morning. Whenever you are reasonable, and can conduct yourself temperately, I will explain my conduct to you. In your present state of excitement, I must leave you.”

Saying which, the fair creature quitted the room, leaving the infuriated victim of love and jealousy in an agony of despair—*Theodore Hook.*

#### A FRAGMENT.

“Come here, Aurelia,” said Lady Vernon, as a little while after Burridge’s departure the beauty, not feeling inclined for any other occupation, repaired to her dressing-room to gaze at her own reflection in her toilet-glass—the only reflection, by-the-by, she very much delighted in—“Come here! By the merest chance I have been lent to a very important secret. That artful Jessica! that treacherous Lucy! but we can counter-plot, and, I fancy, to some purpose.”

“What is it, mamma?” asked Aurelia, as she twirled back her ringlets, “what is it?”

“I hope you won’t be so supine about it, when I tell you what it is. Jessica and Lucy are plotting together to get Delamere away for the former. What do you think of that?”

“That there is not much danger of their succeeding,” said Aurelia, smiling in the glass.

“Ah! I am not at all sure of that. Consummate art is often more than a match for the most transcendent beauty; and the best matches have often been made by plain but cunning women.”

“Well, Lord Stare thinks nothing of her; he had never noticed her till I pointed her out.”

“But Lord Stare, my dear, is not half so good a match as Delamere; nor would his conquest be half so great a triumph: besides that, he is not a man of high honour; he may mean nothing; and if he does not, his attentions will be very injurious to you.”

“I am sure he looks in earnest; I never saw more meaning in any one’s eyes.”

“The more earnest a man looks, the less so he often feels; and the more meaning he puts into his eyes, the less he often evinces in his words. Has he said anything decisive?”

“No, not exactly; but I can see that he is in love with me. When I said, some people thought Jessica pretty, he asked, who thought of the stars when the sun was shining? and he said something too about an eternal chain wreathed with roses.”

“Ah! but, my dear, *tout cela n’engage a rien!* Which do you prefer, Lord Stare, or Delamere?”



"I scarcely know," pouted the beauty; "it is something you know, mamma, to be a lord. That little sickly child may live; and then Delamere will never have a title. To be sure Delamere is the most clever: but, then, he does not seem to admire what I say and do half so much as Lord Stare does. Delamere never compliments me, except on my beauty: but Lord Stare says I have a great deal of genius and wit. If Lord Stare is a gambler, and gay, and all that, Delamere is a poet and a painter, which I think much more disagreeable; for he would always be at home, and perhaps think me stupid because I don't write and draw. Delamere is the handsomest certainly, and the most elegant: but then Lord Stare has a very peculiar style of dress, and a very languishing look. I wish I knew two things."

"What are they, my love?"

"What Lord Stare has a year; and whether the little Mandeville will die?"

"Well, I believe Lord Stare *is* very poor, and that the little earl will *not* live: but be this as it may, I should think you would not like to see Jessica wheedle away Delamere. If you do not accept him, I should like you to have the triumph of refusing him."

"Yes, so should I: but what has Jessica done?"

"Listen. I was in the conservatory, unknown to Jessy and Lucy, hid by the orange trees, and I heard Lucy say, she hoped Delamere would find out that it was Jessica wrote the review of his book in the——Review."

"Jessica wrote it! la! why it's in print, and looks just like any other article!"

"Well! what of that? all the articles are written by some one, and then printed."

"Oh! are they? Oh! yes, of course they must be: but how clever! La! why I dare say she could write a book."

"I dare say she could; and so could you."

"La! I shouldn't know what to put in it."

"Well, keep that opinion to yourself. Every one sees you are beautiful—the great object is to make them think you clever. Now I am sure that artful Jessica, who *entre nous* has a great deal of talent, has done this to win Delamere's heart. All men are vain, and she knows he would be doubly pleased, both at the public praise of his poem, and the deep and hidden interest she had betrayed. However, it has been done anonymously: and at present, from what I overheard, Delamere is to have no idea of the author. In the meantime, by a clever counterplot, let us make him think you wrote it. He'll fancy you've as much genius and heart as you have beauty; and, if I mistake not, he'll propose."

"Oh! mamma, he will never think I could write that!"

"Why not you as well as Jessy? Look in the glass—have you not a finer forehead, a brighter eye? Why, child, a phrenologist would decide you were much the greater genius of the two."

"But, mamma, it would be so unfair."

"Is it fair in Jessica to be trying to wheedle away your admirer?"

"No, indeed—a mean spiteful creature! I declare she deserves it: but I'm afraid if we were married he would find it out."

"How so?"

"Why, if I could write so cleverly he would expect to hear me talk very cleverly too. If I were to say or do anything silly, he would soon see I was no genius."

"Never fear, my dear; the more silly things you say and do, the more you'll be like all the other geniuses I ever saw. Most geniuses, child, put all their cleverness in their books, and show very little in their conduct or their conversation."

"Well, but how could it be managed?"

"Oh, very delicately; and, lest it ever should come out, you must appear quite innocent of the deception, which may pass for a mistake of mine. See, here is the review—you must copy out the article."

"Copy out the article?" faltered Aurelia, who had by no means the pen of a ready writer, but to whom the writing even a letter was a dreadful bore, as she always found it necessary to make several copies, which generally gave her a bad headache. "Write it out mamma? Oh, I should make so many blots and mistakes, and it would take me a month!"

"You cannot make any mistake in spelling, (your weakest point) child, for you have only to copy what is before you: and, as for blots, alterations, faults, and erasures, the more you make the more will it be like the manuscript of a person of genius."

"Well, if I do it, what then?"

"Why then I shall contrive, somehow, without absolutely *showing* it to him, that Delamere shall see it. He, seeing the manuscript in your hand-writing, will of course fancy the article to be yours. Thus put on a wrong scent, he will make some allusion which, I well know, will bring a thousand blushes to your conscious face. Surprised at the depth of feeling, deep interest, delicate concealment, and real genius displayed, the conquest your beauty has commenced, this manoeuvre will complete. You will catch Delamere in a snare of another's weaving. He will propose; and if you are a sensible girl you will accept him; for Lord Stare is not to be compared to him in any respect, and is reputed to be a male jilt, even if he were!"

"If I had not to write it out!" said Aurelia. "How shall I ever get through it? How clever of Jessica! La! and here are colons, and semicolons, and notes of admiration, just like the other articles—how could she tell where to put them?"

"Well, you will only have to copy them."

"Writing so much will make my eyes red."

"Well, then, only write a page or two, that will do, as it will pass for a part of the rough copy."

"Oh, how tiresome!" sighed the beautiful Aurelia: "I declare it is not worth while."

"Not worth while! when thousands are writing their eyes out for a precarious subsistence, and I only want you to write a few pages to secure a husband who may be an earl, with a princely fortune."

At this moment Flounce came in to announce that Captain Delamere was in the library.

"He's just come from Brighton, my lady, in his new phaeton; and, I must say, he appears quite salubrious from the sea-breezes; and he have brought with him the most perfect seraphim of a child, Miss, quite a model of infancy, to say nothing of his being a heart."

"Oh, mamma! do you go down to receive him; don't let him be alone with them: it does not matter about your changing your dress: but, you see I must have my hair arranged."

"Well, be quick, Aurelia! any delay will be attributed to your toilet; and young persons of a certain rank should always be fit to be seen."

"La, Miss," said Flounce, as she adjusted her hair, "Captain Delamere do look a perfect Hebe; and so very pelite, he always bows, and says, How are you, Mrs. Flounce? and so I natural curtsies and says—"

"Oh, never mind telling me what you said. Did he ask for me?"

"I can't say he did, Miss," said Flounce, offended at being forbidden to repeat her own sayings, and giving a sharp and unnecessary tug to the long black tress she was plaiting, "I can't say he did, Miss: but then he was in a petikeler hurry to pay his devours to Miss Jessica, who jist at that moment come in from the square with Miss Lucy."

"And how did you happen to be there?" said Aurelia, crossly.

"Why Miss," said Flounce, who considered herself the master spirit of the two, and often treated Aurelia *de haut en bas*, "having made my 'eadach, by trimming up a new 'at for my lady, I was taking a mouthful of hair at the 'all-door; and feeling a little henwee, I was listening to Tim's account of that strange de-nooment between 'im and Mr. Burridge. I must say mem, I think Tim showed a very hindependent spirit; and really, Miss, Tim, if his 'air was curled and powdered, hasn't not by no means a unbecoming face, and is remarkable well grown, if he had any advantage of twollette; and he vows, Miss, he's twenty if he's a day; so that he ain't such a mere boy, after hall. I do wish, Miss, my lady would send off James, who don't at all attend to horders, and has demeaned 'imself to pay his devours to the 'ousemaid, and would take Tim, who 'as quite a horiginal genius and a very pretty taste."

"There! how do I look?" said Aurelia, who, entirely engrossed by her toilet, had not paid the slightest attention to Flounce's communications.

"Why, Miss, I must say I've seen you look more becoming," said Flounce; avenging herself for the neglect she had met with; but the glass was again consulted, and believed in preference to Flounce; and in all the pride and flush of conscious beauty Aurelia hastened to meet Delamere.—*Theodore Hook.*

## THE TABLE-CLOTH PHENOMENON OF THE CAPE.

One of the most remarkable natural appearances of which we ever read occurs during the summer season in the vicinity of Cape Town, at the Cape of Good Hope. It is a dense mantle of vapour, which rests upon Table Mountain, and rushes over its precipitous sides like a cataract of foam, and which the inhabitants designate by the name of the Table-Cloth. We shall draw up a brief account of this phenomenon from the description of Mr. Webster, surgeon of the Chanticleer, who witnessed it. In summer the prevailing wind is the south-east, and it bears in some degree an analogy to the trade-winds and sea-breezes of the tropics. When sufficiently strong to surmount the Table Mountain, the first indication of the fact is a little mist, which seems to float like a thin fleecy cloud on a part of it, about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. By noon the mountain becomes fringed with dew; and half an hour later, the mist is so dense as to produce a general obscuration. In another half hour the little cleft between what is called the Devil's Berg (mountain) and the Table Mountain, pours over the cloudy vapour; and at two o'clock the first named elevation is capped by the cloud. The Table-Cloth is now said to be completely spread; the south-east wind, having so to speak, overflowed the towering barrier which arrested its course, now rushes down the mountain into Table Bay with resistless fury, producing loud and terrific noises as it forces its way onwards, and accompanied by a curious exhibition, an account of which we shall give in Mr. Webster's own words:—"While the Table Mountain remains covered with the dense cloud, fragments of the vapour are torn from it by the force of the wind, and are hurried about the sides of the mountain, assuming a variety of fantastic shapes, and playing about the precipice according to the direction of the different currents of wind. This phenomenon lasts till about five in the afternoon, when a little clearing, which takes place on the western edge of the mountain, announces that the Table-Cloth is about to be folded up. By six or seven, the clearance has considerably advanced; and by eight or nine, every vestige of it is gone, and nothing is seen about the mountain but an ethereal sky and the twinkling stars."

Such is the singular phenomenon of the Table-Cloth during the prevalence of a south-east wind. When it continues to blow during the night, the mantle of vapour disappears in the same manner. In this case, a little white cloud is seen suspended like a canopy over Table Mountain early in the morning. By ten o'clock the vapour begins to curl and play about the mountain, and exactly the same phenomenon takes place as before. When the wind is only of a short duration, and in a hot, clear day, the first indication of the approaching gale is the vapour resting in scattered parcels on the mountain. These augment as the wind increases, but it is not till the whole elevation is covered, that it forces its way with

Diogenes observing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.



such violence down the precipice. In the evening about nine, the Table-Cloth is gone, and with it the wind, when a calm and beautiful night succeeds. A true solution of the whole appearance, with the circumstances attending it, does not seem yet to have been given. Probably, Sir John Harschel, during his residence in this quarter of the globe, may have made such observations as will throw light upon it. In the meanwhile we present the following statement of facts as ascertained by Mr. Webster:—"At the base of the mountain, on the south-east side, there is little or no wind; on the summit of the mountain, during the strongest period of the south-east wind, there is only air, accompanied by a raw cold mist and drizzling rain. Lower down in the cleft a brisker current of fresh air is felt; lower still, near the limits of the mist, the strength of the wind is greater; and below this again, where there is a clear blue sky overhead, the wind rushes down with great impetuosity, occasioning a loud howling noise. All this time a violent gale is passing over the heated plain of Cape Town. During the whole period of the south-east wind the sky is a beautiful Italian blue; not a vestige of a cloud is to be seen, excepting those resting on the mountains. The line of demarcation between the vapour rolling over the sides of the mountain and the clear atmosphere is as distant as if a huge table-cloth were throw over its top, and hung down its sides."

The prevalent theory explanatory of the Table Cloth is, that the south-east wind passing over the ocean is loaded with moisture, and that the coldness of the Table Mountain condenses it. But this hypothesis is totally destroyed by the fact, that the south-east wind is generally of a dry evaporative nature, as was fully proved by experiments with the hygrometer and thermometer. Mr. Webster observes, "For my own part, I cannot account for it; nor can I accede to any explanation which I have seen of it. It is a superb phenomenon, and on a more extended scale here, perhaps, than anywhere else. I cannot help thinking that the impetus of the south-east wind partly proceeds from this rarification by heat, thus enlarging its volume, and setting its particles in motion." The mantle of vapour, we are told, deposits an immense quantity of moisture on Table Mountain. The question then is, whence comes this vapour? We are informed that it is neither brought by the wind nor deposited from the atmosphere. There is then no other place that it can come from but the surface of the ground. It is well known that very remarkable variations of the density of the atmosphere are produced by currents of air or winds. In the absence, therefore, of any other explanation of the phenomenon, we hazard the opinion, that when the south-east wind begins to blow, a rarification of the atmosphere takes place, arising first from the peculiar arrangement or relative position of the mountains, and, secondly, for the direction in which the wind blows upon them. That rarification of air from similar causes

does occur, is a well-established fact, and we see no reason why it should *not* take place in the present instance—nay, there is every reason for thinking that it does so. The immediate consequence of this decrease in the pressure of the air is the ascent of the moisture from the ground, or from any collected body of water whatsoever. Mr. Webster makes no mention of the barometer having been used; now, in our apprehension of the matter, this instrument was essentially necessary; and until its indications are known during the continuance of the phenomenon, every theory explanatory of it must be regarded as "NOT PROVEN."—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

**WATER.**—The hardness of river and shallow well water depends upon their containing calcareous salts with carbonate and sulphate of lime, one grain of the latter contained in 2,000 grains of soft water being sufficient to convert it into the hardest water that is commonly met with. Hard water is also subject to become putrid, on account of the vegetable or animal matter which it contains, and generally turbid from the suspension of earthy impurity; and when drunk, it is flat, from the absence of air.

**HOW TO FLOAT ON WATER.**—Mr. Wm. Nicholson has published some very good directions for this object, the chief of which are, "That when a person falls into the water who has not learned to swim, he should carefully avoid raising his hands above the water, and then by moving them under water, in any manner he chooses, his head will rise high enough to enable him to breathe freely; if he moves his legs, as in the action of walking up stairs, more of his body will rise above the water, which will allow him to use less exertion with his hands." To which may be added, that throwing back the head and shoulders so as to thrust out the chest to its greatest extent, and keeping it in that position, the volume of air contained in the lungs will be so much increased as to add very considerably to the buoyancy of the upper part of the body; this alone would enable some people to float without using any motion of their limbs.

**MAGNANIMITY IN SAVAGE LIFE.**—Several runaway negroes being condemned to be hanged, one was offered his life on condition of being the executioner. He refused it—he would sooner die. The master fixed on another of his slaves to perform the office. "Stay," said this last, "till I prepare myself." He instantly returned to his hut, and cut off his hand with an axe; returning instantly to his master, "Now," said he, "compel me, if you can, to hang my comrades."

When the Caribbee Indians see their enemies cast away on shoals, they plunge into the water to save them from the waves, and take every care to recover them. While they expect to be put to death, the Indian chief thus addresses them:—"To day you are our friends; to-morrow, our enemies: we will kill you then, if we can; but to-day depart in peace."

## THE FREED BIRD.

Return, return, my bird!

I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,

'Tis lovely as a violet bank

In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free, I return no more!

The weary time of the cage is o'er!

Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,

The sky is around me, the bright blue sky!

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,

With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer—

I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—

I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas, my bird!

Why seek'st thou to be free?

Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,

When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee?

Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?

Oh! had thou known its deep meaning well!

It had tales of a burning heart to tell!

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang,

Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;

And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,

Sigh'd, for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus my bird?

Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright

I have seen the glance of sudden joy

In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,

With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!

With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—

Woo me not back—I return no more!

"My home is high, amidst rocking trees,

My kindred things are the stars and breeze,

And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,

And the odours that wander afar, away!"

Farewell, farewell, then, bird!

I have call'd on spirits gone,

And it may be they joy'd like *thee* to part,

Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined like me,

Though Love might guard them, they joy'd to be free!

They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,

To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is riven,

When the way of the pinion is all through Heaven!

Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,

I pierce the blue sky, I am earth's no more."

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## TO LOVE.

Why should I blush to own I love?

'Tis love that rules the realms above.

Why should I blush to say to all,

That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,

Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?

Why the stern brow deceitful move,

When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell

On passion that I dare not tell?

Such weakness I would ever prove:

'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

*Kirke White.*

## TIME.

Time's a hand's-breadth; 'tis a tale;

'Tis a vessel under sail;

'Tis an eagle in its way,

Darting down upon its prey;

'Tis an arrow in its flight,

Mocking the pursuing sight;

'Tis a short-lived fading flower;

'Tis a rainbow on a shower;

'Tis a momentary ray,

Smiling in a winter's day;

'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;

'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;

'Tis the closing watch of night;

Dying at the rising light;

'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;

Be prepared, O man! to die.

*Francis Quarles, 1634.*

## WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

When night brings the hour

Of starlight and joy,

There comes to my bower

A fairy-wing'd boy;

With eyes so bright,

So full of wild arts,

Like nets of light,

To tangle your hearts;

With lips, in whose keeping

Love's secret may dwell.

Like Zephyr asleep in

Some rosy sea-shell.

Guess who he is,

Name but his name,

And his best kiss,

For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground

He prints his light feet,

The flow'rs there are found

Most shining and sweet:

His looks as soft

As lightning in May,

Though dangerous oft,

Ne'er wound but in play:

And oh, when his wings

Have brush'd o'er my lyre,

You'd fancy its string

Were turning to fire.

Guess who he is,

Name but his name,

And his best kiss,

For reward, you may claim.

*Moore.*

## A DREAM.

I thought this heart enkindled lay

On Cupid's burning shrine:

I thought he stole thy heart away,

And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,

Like ice before the sun;

Till both a glow congenial felt,

And mingled into one!

*Moore.*



## GOLDEN TROUBLES.

## THE DESERTION OF SHIPS IN AUSTRALIAN PORTS.

*To the Editor of the Times.*

Sir,—Believing that the state of things which the subjoined extracts portrays is of national importance, I venture upon transmitting it to you.

Since the date of the sailing from England of the ship alluded to in the last letter—say in February last—I believe that I shall be much within the mark if I say that 200 ships, of a burden of 150,000 tons, manned by 5,000 able seamen, have followed her; that 50 of those ships were lying by her under similar circumstances; and the probability is each successive ship, as she arrives out, will find herself in the same position—namely, at anchor, with her master, and, perhaps, mate on board; otherwise deserted, and without a hope of removal.

This is bad enough for the owners of these ships; but what must be the effect on the country generally—I may say what is, for at this moment the difficulty of finding men at this port for ships upon American voyages is sensibly felt, and presently there will be such a difficulty in finding men for the Royal Navy as may be more alarming than is yet thought of.

Surely the relief of the ships ought to be, under these circumstances, as much the object of the Government as if they were blockaded by a foreign foe; and the colonies themselves ought, if they could see their real interest, to co-operate to the utmost, and get them away at all hazards, for assuredly, if even there remained tonnage for the purpose, no shipowner will peril his property in that direction until he sees a better chance for seeing it back again.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

THE UNFORTUNATE OWNER.

Liverpool, Nov. 24.

*"Melbourne, August 29.*

"Sir,—It is with feelings of deep regret that I have again to address you from this place, and I am also sorry to add that the chances of getting away are as bad as ever.

"The bay is full of ships of a high class, and immediately they arrive the crews refuse duty, and in most instances leave the ship with impunity in high day. At present there is no possible protection for the merchant ship; all the gaoles are full, and the authorities, considering desertion and refusal of duty on the part of the sailors no very heinous crime, will now scarcely trouble themselves in those cases.

"I yesterday went to the sheriff of Melbourne, and asked whether he would allow me to go to the gaol to endeavour to get a crew from among the prisoners. He readily granted it, and I went and was introduced to forty or fifty seamen. I offered 7*l.* per month for the round from here to England via India, or 35*l.* each for the run to any port in India; but I could not get one of them. They all said they had got into a good country and did not want to leave it, and would rather serve their term of imprisonment out than go aboard ship; in fact, they are intent only on the diggings.—

Although these men are sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor, they give them nothing whatever to do, and feed them well, so that under the present circumstances, it is actually an inducement for them to run.

"The only plan I can see to get the ships away would be for a couple of frigates to come here and man the ships with a portion of their crews and fill up their places with the sailors who refuse duty in the merchantmen. A small man of war would be of little or no use here."

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

He was born at Boston in 1706; at a proper age he was placed with an elder brother, a printer; but in consequence of some disputes he went privately, in 1723, to Philadelphia, where he worked in the office of one Kiemer. In 1724 he came to London, and worked at the press for about two years; he then returned to Philadelphia as book-keeper to a merchant; his employer however died, and Franklin became compositor under his old master. Soon after he entered into business with one Merideth, and about 1728 began a newspaper, in which he inserted many of his moral essays; he also formed a literary club, and laid the foundation of an extensive society and library. In 1732 he commenced his "Poor Richard's Almanack," in which he published those maxims so universally known as "The way of wealth." In 1736 he was appointed clerk to the assembly of Pennsylvania, and was subsequently chosen a representative for Philadelphia. In 1737 he became postmaster of that city; and in 1738 formed the first association for preventing fires, which was followed by an insurance company. He next applied himself to the pursuit of philosophy, more particularly electricity, and established a new theory in this branch of science. In 1749 he explained the phenomenon of thunder, and the Aurora Borealis, on electrical principles; and in 1752 verified what he had before asserted by drawing lightning from the clouds by means of an electrical kite. In 1755, the royal society, of which he became a member, voted him the gold medal.—Three schools were opened at Philadelphia on a plan of Franklin's, and a college was incorporated five years afterwards; he also assisted to establish the Pennsylvanian Hospital.—He was appointed colonel of the provincial militia, in which capacity he conducted himself with ability.—While in England in 1757 he published a history of the province of Pennsylvania, and a pamphlet on the importance of Canada, which stimulated government to send an expedition to that place. In 1762 Franklin returned to America, after being created Doctor of Laws at Oxford. In 1764 he came to England, as the agent of his province; and in 1766 he was examined before the House of Commons relative to the stamp act; he remained till 1777, when he returned home and was chosen a member of Congress, where he contributed more than any one to the independency of the United States. He proposed an alliance with France, and went thither as an ambassa-

dor, remaining at that court till hostilities ceased, when he returned to America, where he was twice chosen president of the assembly of Philadelphia, but resigned the honour in 1788, owing to his great age.—*Life prefixed to his Works.*

BIRDS' NESTS.

The structure of the nests of birds affords, perhaps, one of the most agreeable lessons in Natural History.

Among the most curious nests of our *English* birds may be named that of the *Wren*, the *long-tailed Titmouse*, the *Thrush*, the *Goldfinch*, the *Chaffinch*, the *Maggie*, and the *House Sparrow*; to these may also be added the *Swallow's*, the *Martin's* the *Wood Pigeon's* and the *Wood-Pecker's*. Of the nests of *Rooks*, it may be sufficient to observe, that they are often found to the number of six, or even more, in a cluster. *Crows'* nests are always solitary; they are similar in structure to those of the rook.

Among the nests of foreign birds, that of the *Taylor Bird* deserves especial mention; the bird itself is a diminutive one, being little more than three inches long; it is an inhabitant of India. The nest is sometimes constructed of two leaves, one of them dead; the latter is fixed to the living one as it hangs upon the tree, by sewing both together in the manner of a pouch or purse; it is open at the top, and the cavity is filled with fine down; and, being suspended from the branch, the birds are secure from the depredations of snakes and monkeys, to which they might otherwise fall a prey.

In Dr. Latham's collection is a specimen of the taylor bird's nest, composed of a single large leaf, of a fibrous rough texture, about six inches long independent of the stalk, five inches and a half in breadth, and ending in a point. The sides of this leaf are drawn together so as to meet within three-quarters of an inch; within is the nest, about four inches deep and two broad, opening at the top; the bottom of the leaf is drawn upwards, to assist in the support of it. The interior nest is composed of white down, with here and there a feather and a small portion of white down intermixed.

Another nest of this bird has also been described as composed of several leaves, like those of some kind of hazel sewed together; the inner nest formed of dry bents, fibres, and hairs, suspended from a tree. It is, therefore, probable that this bird, as well as some others, varies the structure of its nest as occasion and the materials may require. These singular works are performed by the bird's using his bill instead of a needle, and vegetable fibres for thread.

The *Rufus Bee-eater*, or *Merops Rufus*, constructs also a very singular nest. This is a native of Buenos Ayres; the nest is built generally on the naked, great branch of a tree, sometimes on the windows of houses, a fence, or a projecting beam of a high house or other building; it is composed of earth, in the form of a baker's oven, and is often built in the short space of two days, both birds being engaged in

the construction; it is six inches in diameter, and one thick; a division is within, beginning at the entrance, and carried circularly, so that the eggs are deposited in the inner chamber, on a bed of grass. The swallow and other birds often attempt to obtain possession of this nest, but are generally repulsed by the owners.

Many of the *Orioles'* nests are also deserving notice. The *black and yellow Oriole*, inhabiting South America, has a pendent nest, shaped like an alembic; it is affixed to the extreme branches of trees; sometimes, it is said, so many as four hundred nests are found hanging on the same tree.

The *Philippine* and *Pensile Grosbeak* make also very curious nests.

In concluding this account of the nests of birds, I may notice here the nest of the *Hirundo esculenta*, or *Esculent Swallow*, an inhabitant of China and the Islands of the Indian Ocean. The nest consists of a gelatinous substance, in shape resembling an apple cut down the middle. The nests are found in great numbers together, and are by the luxurious Asiatics made into broths, and otherwise cooked, and are esteemed one of the greatest dainties of the table; they are also occasionally used for glue.—*Jennings's Ornithologia.*

EYES OF BIRDS.—Birds flying in the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection; but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, flies and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eye, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated; so that by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales, and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales, in order to flatten the eye again when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcass stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water.

A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean, for wiping the glass of the instrument, as it were, and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward.



## THE GLOW-WORM.

That pretty sparkler of our summer evenings, so often made the ploughboy's prize, the only brilliant that glitters in the rustic's hat, the glow-worm, (*lampyris noctiluca*,) is not found in such numbers with us, as in many other places, where these signal tapers glimmer upon every grassy bank; yet, in some seasons we have a reasonable sprinkling of them. Every body probably knows that the male glow-worm is a winged, erratic animal, yet may not have seen him. He has ever been a scarce creature to me, meeting perhaps with one or two in a year; and, when found, always a subject of admiration. Most creatures have their eyes so placed as to be enabled to see about them; or, as Hook says of the house-fly, to be "circumspect animals;" but this male glow-worm has a contrivance, by which any upward or side vision is prevented. Viewed when at rest, no portion of his eye is visible, but the head is margined with a horny band, or plate, being a character of one of the genera of the order *coleoptera*, under which the eyes are situate. This prevents all upward vision; and blinds, or winkers, are so fixed at the sides of his eyes, as greatly to impede the view of all lateral objects. The chief end of this creature in his nightly peregrinations is to seek his mate, always beneath him on the earth; and hence this apparatus appears designed to facilitate his search, confining his view entirely to what is before or below him. The first serves to direct his flight, the other presents the object of his pursuit: and as we commonly, and with advantage, place our hand over the brow, to obstruct the rays of light falling from above which enables us to see clearer an object on the ground, so must the projecting hood of this creature converge the visual rays to a point beneath.

Glow-worms emit light only for a short period in the year; and I have but partially observed it after the middle of July. I have collected many of these pretty creatures on a bank before my house, into which they retire during the winter, to shine out again when revived by the summer's warmth; but in this latter season I have frequently missed certain of my little proteges, and have reason to apprehend, that they formed the banquet of a toad that frequented the same situation.

Observing above, that the glow-worm does not emit light after the 14th of July, I mean thereby that elder steady light which has rendered this creature so remarkable to all persons; for I have repeatedly noticed, deep in the herbage, a faint evanescent light proceeding from these creatures, even as late as August and September. This was particularly manifested September the 28th, 1826. The evening was warm and dewy, and we observed on the house-bank multitudes of these small evanescent sparks in the grass. The light displayed was very different from that which they exhibit in warm summer months. Instead of the permanent green glow, that illumines all the blades of surrounding herbage, it was a pale transient spot, visible for a moment or two, and then so speedily hidden, that we were

obliged, in order to capture the creature, to employ the light of a candle. The number of them, and their actions, creeping away from our sight, contrary to that half lifeless dullness observed in summer, suggested the idea that the whole body had availed themselves of this warm, moist evening, to migrate to their winter station. A single spark or so was to be seen some evenings after this, but no such large moving parties were discovered again. If we conclude that the summer light of the glow-worm is displayed as a signal taper, the appearance of this autumnal light can have no object in view, nor can we rationally assign any use of it to the creature itself, unless, indeed, it serves as a point of union in these supposed migrations, like the leading call in the flight of nightmoving birds. The activity and numbers of these insects, in the above-mentioned evening, enabled me to observe the frequent presence and disappearance of the light of an individual, which did not seem to be the result of will, but produced by situation. During the time the insect crawled along the ground, or upon the fine grass, the glow was hidden; but on its mounting any little blade, or sprig of moss, it turned round and presented the luminous caudal spot, which, on its falling or regaining its level, was hidden again.

**BEES.**—It has been the custom, from the earliest ages, to rub the inside of the hive with a handful of salt and clover, or some other grass or sweet-scented herb, previously to the swarm's being put in the hive. We have seen no advantage in this; on the contrary, it gives a great deal of unnecessary labour to the bees, as they will be compelled to remove every particle of foreign matter from the hive before they begin to work. A clean, cool hive, free from any peculiar smell or mustiness, will be acceptable to the bees; and the more closely the hive is joined together, the less labour will the insects have, whose first care it is to stop up every crevice, that light and air may be excluded. We must not omit to reprehend as utterly useless, the vile practice of making an astounding noise, with tin pans and kettles, when the bees are swarming. It may have originated in some ancient superstition, or it may have been the signal to call aid from the fields, to assist in the hiving. If harmless, it is unnecessary; and everything that tends to encumber the management of bees should be avoided.—*American Farmer's Manual*.

A young girl in New South Wales being asked how she would like to go to England, replied, with great naiveté, "I should be afraid to go, from the number of thieves there; forming her judgment very shrewdly on the number of this description annually imported from our country into her own."

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## CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

### CHARACTERS OF INTELLECT.

PORTIA.—We hear it asserted, not seldom by way of compliment to us women, that intellect is of no sex. If this mean that the same faculties of mind are common to men and women, it is true; in any other signification it appears to me false, and the reverse of a compliment. The intellect of woman bears the same relation to that of man as her physical organization;—it is inferior in power, and different in kind. That certain women have surpassed certain men in bodily strength or intellectual energy, does not contradict the general principle founded in nature. The essential and invariable distinction appears to me this: in men the intellectual faculties exist more self-poised and self-directed—more independent of the rest of the character than we ever find them in women, with whom talent, however predominant, is in a much greater degree modified by the sympathies and moral qualities.

In thinking over all the distinguished women I can at this moment call to mind, I recollect but one, who, in the exercise of a rare talent belied her sex, but the moral qualities had been first perverted.\* It is from not knowing, or not allowing, this general principle, that men of genius have committed some signal mistakes; they have given us exquisite and just delineations of the more peculiar characteristics of women, as modesty, grace, tenderness; and when they have attempted to portray them with the powers common to both sexes, as wit, energy, intellect, they have blundered in some respect; they could form no conception of intellect which was not masculine, and therefore have either suppressed the feminine attributes altogether, and drawn coarse caricatures, or they have made them completely artificial. Women distinguished for wit may sometimes appear masculine and flippant, but the cause must be sought elsewhere than in nature, which disclaims all such. Hence the witty and intellectual ladies of our comedies and novels are all in the fashion of some particular time; they are like some old portraits

which can still amuse and please by the beauty of the workmanship, in spite of the graceless costume or grotesque accompaniments, but from which we turn to worship with ever new delight the Floras and goddesses of Titian—the saints and virgins of Raffaele and Domenichino. So the Millamants and Belindas, the Lady Townleys and Lady Teazles are out of date, while Portia and Rosalind, in whom nature and the feminine character are paramount, remain bright and fresh to the fancy as when first created.

Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind, may be classed together, as characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia, it is intellect, kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; in Isabella, it is intellect elevated by religious principle; in Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; in Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful, but always feminine; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin; it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and to pursue the comparison a step farther, the wit of Portia is like attar of roses, rich and concentrated; that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of Beatrice is like sal volatile; and that of Isabella, like the incense wafted to heaven. Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conception, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities, clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman; and presenting a complete personification of Petrarch's exquisite epitome of female perfection:

*Il vago spirito ardento,  
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core.*

\* Artemisia Gentileschi, an Italian artist of the seventeenth century, painted one or two pictures, considered admirable as works of art, of which the subjects are the most vicious and barbarous conceivable. I remember one of these in the gallery of Florence, which I looked at once, but once, and wished then, as I do now, the privilege of burning it to ashes.

It is singular, that hitherto no critical justice has been done to the character of Portia: it is yet more wonderful, that one of the finest writers on the eternal subject of Shakspeare and his perfections should accuse Portia of pedantry and affectation, and confess she is not a



great favourite of his; a confession quite worthy of him, who avers his predilection for servant-maids, and his preference of the Fannys and the Pamelas over the Clementinas and Clarissas.\* Schlegel, who has given several pages to a rapturous eulogy on the Merchant of Venice, simply designates Portia as a "rich, beautiful, clever heiress:" whether the fault lie in the writer or translator, I do protest against the word *clever*! what an epithet to apply to this heavenly compound of talent, feeling, wisdom, beauty, and gentleness! Now would it not be well, if this common and comprehensive word were more accurately defined, or at least, more accurately used? It signifies properly, not so much the possession of high powers, as dexterity in the adaptation of certain faculties (not necessarily of a high order) to a certain end or aim—not always the worthiest. It implies something common-place, inasmuch as it speaks the presence of the *active* and *perceptive*, with a deficiency of the *feeling* and *reflective* powers: and, applied to a woman, does it not almost invariably suggest the idea of something we should distrust or shrink from, if not allied to a higher nature? The profligate French women, who ruled the councils of Europe in the middle of the last century, were clever women; and that *philosophers* Madame Du Chatelet, who managed at one and the same moment the thread of an intrigue, her cards at piquet, and a calculation in algebra, was a very clever woman! If Portia had been created as a mere instrument to bring about a dramatic catastrophe—if she had merely detected the flaw in Antonio's bond, and used it as a means to baffle the Jew, she might have been pronounced a clever woman. But what Portia does is forgotten in what she *is*. The rare and harmonious blending of energy, reflection, and feeling, in her fine character, makes the epithet *clever* sound like a discord as applied to her, and places her infinitely beyond the slight praise of Richardson and Schlegel, neither of whom appears to have fully comprehended her.

These and other critics have been apparently so dazzled and engrossed by the amazing character of Shylock, that Portia has received less than justice at their hands: while the fact is, that Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way than Portia in hers. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other; worthy of being placed together within the same rich frame-work of enchanting poetry, and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible, the inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt.

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful qualities which Shakespeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but, besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness, which should distinguish her sex gene-

rally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself: by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate: she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures has ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly, there is a commanding grace, a high bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

It is well known that the Merchant of Venice is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspeare has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his cotemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source.\* We are not told expressly where Belmont is situated; but as Bassanio takes ship to go thither from Venice, and as we find them afterwards ordering horses from Belmont to Padua, we will imagine Portia's hereditary palace as standing on some lovely promontory between Venice and Trieste, overlooking the blue Adriatic, with the Frinli mountains or the Euganean hills for its background, such as we often see in one of Claude's or Poussin's elysian landscapes. In a scene, in a home like this, Shakspeare, having first exorcised the original possessor, has placed his Portia; and so endowed her, that all the wild, strange, and moving circumstances of the story become natural, probable, and necessary in connection with her. That such a woman should be chosen by the solving of an enigma is not surprising: herself and all around her, the scene, the country, the age in which she is placed, breathe of poetry, romance, and enchantment.

From the four quarters of the earth they come  
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares now,  
For princes to come view fair Portia;  
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come  
As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.

\* See preceding note.

\* In the "Mercatante di Venezia" of Ser. Giovanni, we have the whole story of Antonio and Bassanio, and part of the story, but not the character, of Portia. The incident of the caskets is from the *Gesta Romanorum*.

The sudden plan which she forms for the release of her husband's friend, her disguise, and her deportment, as the young and learned doctor, would appear forced and improbable in any other woman; but in Portia are the simple and natural result of her character.\* The quickness with which she perceives the legal advantage which may be taken of the circumstances; the spirit of adventure with which she engages in the masquerading; and the decision, firmness, and intelligence with which she executes her generous purpose, are all in perfect keeping; and nothing appears forced; nothing as introduced merely for theatrical effect.

But all the finest parts of Portia's character are brought to bear in the trial scene. There she shines forth all her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honourable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed. She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end; yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view; to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honour by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything, rather than the legal quibble with which our cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource. Thus all the speeches addressed to Shylock in the first instance are either direct or indirect experiments on his temper and feelings. She must be understood from the beginning to the end, as examining with intense anxiety the effect of her own words on his mind and countenance; as watching for that relenting spirit, which she hopes to awaken either by reason or persuasion. She begins by an appeal to his mercy, in that matchless piece of eloquence which, with an irresistible and solemn pathos, falls upon the heart like "gentle dew from heaven:" but in vain; for that blessed dew drops not more fruitless and unfelt on the parched sand of the desert than do these heavenly words upon the ear of Shylock. She next attacks his avarice:

Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offered thee!

Then she appeals, in the same breath, both to his avarice and his pity:

Be merciful!  
Take *thrice* thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

All that she says afterwards—her strong expressions, which are calculated to strike a shuddering horror through the nerves—the reflections she interposes—her delays and circumlocution, to give time for any latent feeling of commiseration to display itself—all, all are

premeditated, and tend in the same manner to the object she has in view. Thus—

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.  
Therefore lay bare your bosom!

These two speeches, though addressed apparently to Antonio, are spoken at Shylock, and are evidently intended to penetrate *his* bosom. In the same spirit, she asks for the balance to weigh the pound of flesh; and entreats of Shylock to have a surgeon ready—

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death!

SHYLOCK.—Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA.—It is not so expressed—but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much, for *charity*!

So unwilling is her sanguine and generous spirit to resign all hope, or to believe that humanity is absolutely extinct in the bosom of the Jew, that she calls on Antonio, as a last resource, to speak for himself. His gentle, yet manly resignation—the deep pathos of his farewell, and the affectionate allusion to herself in his last address to Bassanio—

Commend me to your honourable wife;  
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death, &c.

are well calculated to swell that emotion, which through the whole scene must have been labouring suppressed within her heart.

At length the crisis arrives, for patience and womanhood can endure no longer; and when Shylock, carrying his savage bent "to the last hour of act," springs on his victim—"A sentence! come, prepare!" then the smothered scorn, indignation, and disgust, burst forth with an impetuosity which interferes with the judicial solemnity she had at first affected;—particularly in the speech—

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more  
But just the pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

But she afterwards recovers her propriety, and triumphs with a cooler scorn and a more self-possessed exultation.

It is clear that, to feel the full force and dramatic beauty of this marvellous scene, we must go along with Portia as well as with Shylock; we must understand her concealed purpose, keep in mind her noble motives, and pursue in our fancy the under current of feeling, working in her mind throughout. The terror and the power of Shylock's character,—his deadly and inexorable malice,—would be too oppressive; the pain and pity too intolerable, and the horror of the possible issue too overwhelming, but for the intellectual relief afforded by this double source of interest and contemplation.

I come now to that capacity for warm and generous affection, that tenderness of heart which renders Portia not less loveable as a woman than admirable for her mental endowments. What an exquisite stroke of judgment in the poet, to make the mutual passion of Portia and Bassanio, though unacknowledged to each other, anterior to the opening of the

\* In that age, delicate points of law were not determined by the ordinary judges of the provinces, but by doctors of law, who were called from Bologna, Padua, and other places celebrated for their legal colleges.



play! Bassanio's confession very properly comes first:

BASSANIO.—In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages;

\* \* \* \* \*

and prepares us for Portia's half betrayed, unconscious election of this most graceful and chivalrous admirer—

NERISSA.—Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

PORTIA.—Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was called.

NERISSA.—True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA.—I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Our interest is thus awakened for the lovers from the very first: and what shall be said of the casket scene with Bassanio, where every line which Portia speaks is so worthy of herself, so full of sentiment and beauty, and poetry and passion? Too naturally frank for disguise, too modest to confess her depth of love while the issue of the trial remains in suspense,—the conflict between love and fear, and maidenly dignity, causes the most delicious confusion that ever tinged a woman's cheek, or dropped in broken utterance from her lips.

I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard: for, in choosing wrong,  
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:  
There's something tells me, (but it is not love),  
I would not lose you; and you know yourself  
Hate counsels not in such a quality:  
But lest you should not understand me well,  
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)  
I would detain you here some month or two,  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to choose right,—but then I am forsworn;  
So will I never be; so you may miss me;—  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'erlooked and divided me;  
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—  
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
And so all yours!

The short dialogue between the lovers is exquisite.

BASSANIO.—Let me choose;  
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA.—Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO.—None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love;  
There may as well be amity and life  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

PORTIA.—Ay! but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASSANIO.—Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA.—Well, then, confess, and live

BASSANIO.—Confess and love  
Had been the very sum of my confession!  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

A prominent feature in Portia's character is that confiding, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not also remarkable for this trustfulness of spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible

with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montague was one instance; and Madame de Stael furnishes another much more memorable. In her Corinne, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education: in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age: it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervid imagination. In the casket-scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is hazarded; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear. While Bassanio is contemplating the caskets, she suffers herself to dwell for one moment on the possibility of disappointment and misery.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;  
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream  
And wat'ry death-bed for him.

Then immediately follows that revulsion of feeling, so beautifully characteristic of the hopeful, trusting, mounting spirit of this noble creature:

But he may win!  
And what is music then!—then music is  
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes  
With no less presence, but with much more love  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster. I stand here for sacrifice.

Here, not only the feeling itself, born of the elastic and sanguine spirit which had never been touched by grief; but the images in which it comes arrayed to her fancy,—the bridegroom, waked by music on his wedding morn,—the new-crowned monarch,—the comparison of Bassanio to the young Alcides, and of herself to the daughter of Laomedon,—are all precisely what would have suggested themselves to the fine poetical imagination of Portia, in such a moment.

Her passionate exclamations of delight, when Bassanio has fixed on the right casket, are as strong as though she had despaired before. Fear and doubt she could repel;—the native elasticity of her mind bore up against them; yet she makes us feel, that as the sudden joy overpowers her almost to fainting, the disappointment would as certainly have killed her.

How all the other passions fleet to air,  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,  
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!  
O love! be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;  
In measure reign thy joy, scant this excess:  
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,  
For fear I surfeit!

Her subsequent surrender of herself in heart and soul, of her maiden freedom, and her vast

possessions, can never be read without deep emotion; for not only all the tenderness and delicacy of a devoted woman are here blended with all the dignity which becomes the princely heiress of Belmont, but the serious, measured self-possession of her address to her lover, when all suspense is over, and all concealment superfluous, is most beautifully consistent with the character. It is, in truth, an awful moment, that in which a gifted woman first discovers, that besides talents and powers, she has also passions and affections; when she first begins to suspect their vast importance in the sum of her existence; when she first confesses that her happiness is no longer in her own keeping, but is surrendered for ever and for ever into the dominion of another! The possession of uncommon powers of mind is so far from affording relief or resource in the first intoxicating surprise—I had almost said terror—of such a revolution, that they render it more intense. The sources of thought multiply beyond calculation the sources of feeling; and mingled, they rush together, a torrent deep as strong. Because Portia is endued with that enlarged comprehension, which looks before and after, she does not feel the less, but the more: because from the height of her commanding intellect she can contemplate the force, the tendency, the consequences of her own sentiments—because she is fully sensible of her own situation, and the value of all she concedes—the concession is not made with less entireness and devotion of heart, less confidence in the truth and worth of her lover, than when Juliet, in a similar moment, but without any such intrusive reflections—any check but the instinctive delicacy of her sex—flings herself and her fortunes at the feet of her lover:

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee, my lord, through all the world.\*

In Portia's confession, which is not breathed from a moonlit balcony, but spoken openly in the presence of her attendants and vassals, there is nothing of the passionate self-abandonment of Juliet, nor of the artless simplicity of Miranda, but a consciousness and a tender seriousness, approaching to solemnity, which are not less touching.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich; that only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something; which to term in gross,  
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn: and happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull, but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours, to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted. But now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord.

\* *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii, Scene 2.

We must also remark that the sweetness, the solicitude, the subdued fondness which she afterwards displays, relative to the letter, are as true to the softness of her sex, as the generous self-denial with which she urges the departure of Bassanio, (having first given him a husband's right over herself and all her countless wealth) is consistent with a reflecting mind, and a spirit at once tender, reasonable, and magnanimous.

It is not only in the trial scene, that Portia's acuteness, eloquence, and lively intelligence are revealed to us; they are displayed in the first instance, and kept up consistently to the end. Her reflections, arising from the most usual aspects of nature, and from the commonest incidents of life, are in such a poetical spirit, and are at the same time so pointed, so profound, that they have passed into familiar and daily application, with all the force of proverbs.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

## PRIVATE LESSONS.

"Bab," said Elder, at breakfast, on the morning after Delamere's party, "you had better give me those five pounds to put away with the seven pounds eleven."

"I am not at all of that opinion," said Bab; "I am quite old enough to have the keeping of my own money; and really, Pris, for the last three months, that no one but yourself has had a shilling, you have been so overbearing, that we have resolved to keep all we can get."

"Very well, young ladies," said Pris; "this is your return for all my care and economy—but be it so: keep your own money—find your own board—pay your own bills. I shall only be a gainer. I shall be curious to see how long you shall have anything in your pocket, Miss Bab: for my part, at Easter, I go to Mandeville Castle, and you must get on as well as you can by yourselves—you can have nothing more on my credit then. I dare say, on my return, I shall find you all in jail."

Here Elder was interrupted. Sally, a dirty squinting maid of all-work, who waited on the Eldertons, Mrs. Gibbs, and all the lodgers, came in. "I've just been to the twopenny post, miss, to take a letter for missus; and the man give me this 'ere, directed to Miss P. E.; them's the letters you told me to ask for, 'aint 'em, miss?"



"Yes," said Bab, delighted, "here's sixpence ; twopence for the postage, and fourpence for yourself, Sally."

Sally's squint brightened ; "I'll go every morning, miss, to enquire for letters;" and she left the room.

Bab was going to open the letter, but Pris snatched it away. "Well, at least, Pris, read it aloud."

"The advertisement of this morning has attracted the attention of a gentleman, who is pleased with the independent spirit displayed in it, and the moderate emolument required. He is single, rather middle-aged than young ; but contemplating a change of condition, and the lady he is attached to having literary tastes, and moving in fashionable life, he wishes to have his own accomplishments a little modernised and renewed. He would be glad, then, if the terms *are* very moderate, to spend a few morning hours every day at the house of the advertisers. He has already considerable knowledge of French, singing, and dancing ; but he wishes to brush up his conversation in the former, to learn a few fashionable songs, and to be put in the way of modern dances, such as quadrilles, waltzes, &c.

"The gentleman is highly respectable, and depends on secrecy. If the terms suit, he will beg for an interview, when names can be given (in confidence) and all arrangements made. A line addressed to X. Y. Z., post-office,——street will be immediately attended too.

"References given and required : but the object of the gentleman not to be divulged to the referee."

"Oh ! what capital luck," said Bab, "come Pris, let us be friends. You can teach him, if you like, till you go to Mandeville Castle : let us write an answer at once—what shall we say?"

"No," said Pris, somewhat softened, "I will teach him French, you can teach him dancing, and Lavinia and Dolly take him by turns in singing—that will make it light."

"Answer him at once, Bab : don't give our names, but appoint him to come here this evening. Ask a guinea a week for three hours a day—we cannot say less."

"He says very low terms, Pris."

"Well, and those are terms that no journeyman carpenter would be satisfied with."

"And we are regular *undertakers*," said Bab, in high spirits.

"If you ask *that* you will lose him," said Dorothea ; "say a pound a week."

"Do as I tell you, Bab !" cried Pris ; "guinea does not sound much more than a pound, but an extra shilling a week is an object to us—it would cover the sundries."

Bab asked a guinea a week, and appointed X. Y. Z. to an interview at seven o'clock that evening.

"It never rains but it pours," says an old proverb ; and so said Bab, too, when Sally came in to tell her that Mr. Todd was below, and had requested to be allowed to see Miss Barbara Elderton.

"It's the same gentleman, miss, as gave me the shilling to know your name, miss."

"What sort of gentleman is he, Sally?"

"Oh ! he's a proper gentleman, with a big ring on his finger and a watch to his side, and swaying about a beautiful stick ; besides, miss, it's he has gave me the shilling."

"Well" said Bab, almost beside herself, "there's another for you. Show him up—say I'll be down directly—that I'm in my chamber at present ; and Pris, dear, do you receive him ; I must go and beautify a little—it may be of great importance to us all."

Bab hurried away, crimson with pride and joy.

The stranger was shown in : he was a man about five-and-twenty, well dressed ; not elegant, certainly, but the sisters decided that he had a wealthy look ; and to the poor that is a greater charm than either beauty or grace. He had a very decided expression of countenance, and a resolute manner, which made Pris fancy that if he had set his mind on marrying Bab, no objections from parents or friends would deter him from the pursuit.

He took off a glove—there was the ring, certainly ; but the hand was stumpy, and the nails not over clean.

Ah ! thought Pris, he has something better to do than to prune his nails. She politely offered him a seat, and remarked, that "it was a fine day."

"Yes, ma'am, its quite 'ot for this season of the hear."

Pris was rather shocked, but she said

to herself, "Well, those who have known the misery of education and poverty would gladly compound for ignorance and wealth; besides, once married, Bab is a determined creature, and she will make him learn."

"It's Miss Barbara Helderton I wish to see, ma'am: the servant told me she was at 'ome."

"My sister is in her own apartment; I have sent her a summons to attend us."

A peculiar smile lighted the face of Mr. Todd.

"I am Miss Barbara's elder sister," perhaps you would like to speak to me in private; if so, these young ladies can withdraw."

"Oh! by no means; pray don't stir, young ladies:" the "young" was brought out with an effort and another smile.

Pris looked at them; they were in *deshabille*, and did certainly look rather old.

"Our dear Bab," she said, "is much the youngest of our family. You will not object to my being present at your interview—she is very timid."

"I 'ope, ma'am, you'll make yourself quite at 'ome; for though my business is with Miss Barbarer Helderton, I 'ope not to hincommode any one."

His business! thought all; he is some rich merchant's son, doubtless. How close he is! but that shows he is in love. Really, he is good-looking—if he were but a little cleaner, and has good hair—if he kept it nicely.

At this moment Sally came in, with a most refulgent squint, and whispered something to Pris.

Pris rose: "Excuse me for one moment," she said, "I will return with Miss Barbara."

Barbara's maiden modesty required her sister's support. In a few minutes the door was flung open. Barbara, her hair elaborately dressed, a little roughed, and tricked out in all the best things of the Eldertons, came walking with down-cast eyes: Mr. Todd hastened towards her. Had his passion made him mad? He did not drop upon one knee, or tremblingly offer his hand. The profane wretch seemed inclined to touch the sacred form of Barbara!

All the Eldertons looked aghast, for they were paragons of propriety.

"Good heavens! sir," said Elder, placing her form of even statelier virtue between Mr. Todd and the blushing Bab: "do not forget yourself—remember whom you are addressing!"

Todd—was he insane?—passed his hand over Elder's shoulders—touched Barbara's arm—unrolled a long paper, (till then adroitly concealed in his dirty hand)—"I serve you with this 'ere writ in the Queen's name.—Good morning, *young ladies!*" then caught up his hat, and hastened from the scene.

"A bailiff!" shrieked Elder; "A bailiff!" faintly murmured Bab; "A bailiff!" indignantly echoed Dorothea and Lavinia.

"Oh, what a vile, deceitful, beastly fellow!" said Elder.

"And yet," said Bab, bursting into tears, "though he has done this he must be attached to me! Perhaps he is reduced; he may have become a bailiff to obtain an interview."

"Don't be a fool, Bab," said Elder, angrily; "he has been a bailiff all along; he only wanted to find out our name, because he couldn't serve a writ without it."

"And I had quite forgotten the debt! I haven't had even a lawyer's letter about it lately," said Bab, examining the writ.

"At whose suit is it?"

"That vile pastry-cook's, Froth. You remember, when we lived in Charlotte Street, and gave a little *soiree* in hopes that Burridge would come with the Vernons, which after all, the old bore didn't? Well, now, you see, with lawyer's letters and the writ, it has mounted up to five pounds."

"I had quite forgotten the debt," said Elder.

"Yes, debtors easily forget such things," said Bab, "but creditors never."

"Well, it's fortunate you have got the five pounds," said Elder. "I have nothing to do with it: you must all remember, young ladies, that I set my face against you having the *soiree* at all; particularly the extravagance of giving a supper."

"But we all lived for a fortnight on the remains—you among the rest," said Bab.



"Yes," retorted Elder, and had a bilious fever from living on cheesecakes, macaroons, custards, and trifles. I'm not going to pay for your folly, Bab, I can tell you!"

Bab went into a fit, caused by disappointment about Todd, and rage against Pris; but she came safely out of it—the debt was paid—and Elder's prophecy verified, for poor Bab had not long kept the five pounds in her pocket.

As we have begun this important day with the Eldertons, perhaps we may as well finish it with them:—constant occupation at home, a few private lessons abroad, and long parleys with Mrs. Gibbs and Sally, fill up the time; and the reader must not mind for once having tea very early instead of dinner, particularly as he was with the Eldertons at so fine a repast yesterday.

The Eldertons' advertisement, with its absurd misprint, had brought them several impertinent letters from idlers on the look out for fun, who evidently thought that young ladies of shrinking delicacy advertising for gentlemen pupils were no better than they should be. Elder tossed all the proofs of the villany of man into the fire with becoming scorn, and not without a remark that it was no wonder so many young creatures went astray, when such snares were laid by Satanic men for indigent virtue.

Bab thought Elder too precipitate. She fancied had some been written to, appointments made in which they might have been argued with and reproved, perhaps one or two might have been won back to the paths of virtue, and bound there for ever in the fetters of wedlock. But Elder was firm; besides, it was now too late; the letters with their addresses were all consumed. There was one, however, written in a different strain, which they resolved to answer. It ran thus:—

"LADIES,

"I am a youth of good family, but my education has been scandalously neglected. I wish to recover lost time; for though a mere boy, I look so much older than I am, that I am often ashamed of my own ignorance. Terms are no object with me, if I find myself improving. If you will inform me where I may call this evening, at half-past seven, we can enter

into further arrangements. A line addressed to V. M.—coffee-house,—, will find me.

"your obedient servant."

"This seems to be a good steady youth, and likely to pay well. Say we will receive him, Bab, at half-past seven; X. Y. Z. will not stay half an hour."—— So Bab appointed V. M. for half-past seven.

The tea-things were hurried away, the room was put in order, the Eldertons were dressed to the greatest advantage. Bab in a dancing dress, in case she was required to exhibit. Elder took her seat by a reading-lamp surrounded by books in all languages. Dorothea sat down to an old spinnet, and Lavinia caught up the guitar.

X. Y. Z. had sent a note to say that he would be punctual, but objected to guineas—there were no such things now-a-days—he would agree to give a pound a week

"Never mind," said Elder, "we will make V. M. pay for it. If he requires the three morning hours too, we must have them in some sort of a class; they'll get on better, and it will be the sooner over. V. M. ought to pay three guineas a week."

Sally came smiling in with another letter.

"How vilely folded! Whata wretched hand! What spelling!"

"Young ladies," said Pris, "perhaps it is to learn to write and spell better, that this young person applies to us—let us see."

"HONORED MADDAMS!

"'Aving seen your notice in the Tims, and 'aving a great valy of larning and edication, I wish to take a few lessons at the lowest possible terms. At schule I was kounted a good schollard; and, as you see, I writes and spells like one; but in Lunnun one must look sharp to keep pase with the march of hintellect. As I am a great hadmirer of nashunal drama, I think, with a little more larnin, I might be a fine hactor: but at present I aint nothing of the kind, but quite private and genteel; and as my affections is placed on every helegant 'ooman aboue me in hears, and situate in 'igh life, I'd wish to sing and play a few hairs at parties where we meets, and to danse waltzes, quodreals,

and the galloped. I'll have the 'onor, to call, when I can slip out, at near nine this evening. I can't ficks regeller 'ours for my larning, butt if I'm low pay I'm shure; for I've a sartain hincum. I ham, 'onnored Maddams,

"Your umble survant.

"T. H."

"Well, poor fellow," said Elder, "it will be a charity to teach him, he must be respectable; ignorant as he is, you see, he has a certain income. A few stray half-crowns for idle evening hours will come in very well. I shall desire Sally to show him up."

"I hope they won't all be here together," said Bab. "It is past seven, X. Y. Z. should be here."—A knock was heard—there was a delay of intense interest. Elder bent over a learned-looking tome, Bab put herself in a graceful attitude, Dolly and Lavy struck a few chords. Sally opened the door, a Macintosh and oil-skin hat were removed, and all the Eldertons shrieked—"Mr. Burrige!"

Burrige, whose spectacles the reader will remember the sweep had basely stolen, and who had not yet been able to persuade himself to buy another pair, purblind and puzzled, knew not what to say. He saw, as he thought, four elegant young women, and did not recognise the Eldertons (whose abode he did not know) till Pris, with admirable presence of mind, came forward.

"Mr. Burrige! in the unfortunate advertisers, you recognise four young ladies whom you have only met hitherto in the haunts of fashion and pleasure. It were affectation now to make a secret of that poverty which the world in general does not suspect. (Poor-self-deceived Pris!) With your heart, and your mind, you cannot blame four daughters of an ancient family for keeping themselves, by their talents, above dependence, and thus escaping all the snares that assail unprotected virtue. Why not learn of us, dear sir?"

"Madam," said Burrige, wiping a moisture from his old green eye, "wiser than I might learn of you; and—(here he made a grand effort)—so much do I respect you all, young ladies, that—that I'll pay the guinea instead of the pound a week!"

"Thank you, my dear sir. Young ladies, I am sure you are pleased as I am, to recognise in our new pupil an old friend. References of course are out of the question now; and as one of my maxims is—

'Take care of the minutes, those wandering elves,  
The hours, my dear sir, will take care of themselves—'

I propose that we dedicate a few to the ascertaining of what you already know. and the laying a plan for your future studies. Will you take a seat by me—I think you wished to recover your knowledge of French?"

It will be seen that Elder was no fool, except when tormented by the insane ambition of being thought, with her sisters, young and fashionable beauties, courted and affluent. Their real circumstances once divulged, she laid aside much of her absurd *pretension*, and seldom, during the lesson, did she introduce poor dear Sir James, Lord Rivers, her poor dear papa, or one high sounding ancestor or ancestor's friends.

"My object," said Burrige, "is to be put in the way of introducing a few French words into conversation, dashingly, and with modern accent; for French seems to me to be pronounced very differently from what it was in my childhood. Then I wish to be able to take up a French book, and read a page or so, as it were off-hand, and by and by to sing a few French songs."

"Well we can easily put you in the way of that. Will you read a passage in this book?"

"I haven't my spectacles, and I'm short sighted."

"Just like poor"—but Elder checked herself—she offered a pair she kept, (in truth, when alone she constantly wore them,) "but" she said, "they had belonged to her poor dear papa, to whom" (it would come out) "they had been given by poor dear Lord Rivers."

"Ah!" growled Burrige, "but all these poor dears are in the way just now. In renewing my education, my thoughts are rather with my probable progeny than my progenitors. I should like, if I have children, to see to their education myself—besides, it's a wonderful saving."

Elder looked rather prudish—"Will you read a little?"



Poor dear Dr. Elderton's spectacles suited very well.

"Oh! that's Telemachus! that won't do—I want something new—something more impassioned—'Corinne,' or the Nouvelle Heloise."

"I could not hear you read so immoral a work."

"Well, then, something new by Paul de Knock, or George Sand; I hear every one talking of their works."

"Sir," said Elder, "there are scenes in those works which no innocent and virtuous man should ever peruse, much less pollute therewith the chaste ear of maiden purity. I could not listen to you myself; how then could I suffer the younger daughters of the Rev. Dr. Elderton to be acquainted with scenes of profligacy and vice?"

"Sir, I have been as a mother to those orphan girls; and I have cast my own abhorring eye over many works, in order that I might let the girls know whether they might read them with safety."

"Well, to my mind, 'to the pure all things are pure;' I'm sure that is the case with me. If novels are to represent real life, vice must play her part in them, and I think an *exposé* of her wiles puts virtue on her guard; I'm sure it has mine. I hear the two authors you are so prudish about are the best French novelists of the day. I hear them discussed everywhere; and I'm sure their works cannot be more free than 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Peregrine Pickle.'"

"I request, sir, you will not name those works in the presence of the younger Miss Eldertons."

"Why, they are the glory of the language; an English woman should be ashamed to own that she has not read them."

"In my opinion, sir, an Englishman should blush to own that he has read them: but let us not waste time in disputing. Here is a work deservedly popular, and without one word or thought to bring a blush to the cheek of modesty;" and she put the beautiful tale of "*Picciailo*" into Burrigge's hand, and he bungled through a few lines.

"You have a promising accent. You only want practice; take the book with you, and get up a page for me by to-morrow: and now just say in an off-hand

manner, *Je ne manquerai pas, mademoiselle.*"

"*Ge ne monkura pau, madamsel!*"

"Bravo!" said all the Eldertons. Burrigge, flushed with success, repeated it several times.

"Now say, *Adieu, belle demoiselle! au revoir!*"

"*Adieu, behl domwosel! au revoor!*"

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" cried all.

"Now," said Dolly, "you must come here, and let me try your voice."

"I've a good voice and a capital ear," said Burrigge: "what I want is to learn a few songs; such as 'I'd be a butterfly,' and 'I've been roaming,' and 'We met, 'twas in a crowd,' and 'Meet me by moonlight alone.'"

"Ah! I know all those, but they are not quite new."

"Those are what I want to learn, and a few duets—'The last links are broken,' and others in that style."

"Well, just come here and run up the scale."

Burrigge stalked to the spinnet, with the air of a connoisseur; he did not choose to say that he did not know what the scale was, but he knew he was cunning, and hoped to find out.

"Just run up the scale yourself, ma'am."

Dolly with a voice like a peacock, ran up to the upper C.

Burrigge's voice consisted of three very low bass notes, and one, like the squeak of an asthmatic bellows.

He exhibited his powers: the Eldertons applauded to the echo.

"What voice, now, do you call mine?" asked the entranced pupil.

"A very fine bass," said Dolly.

"Oh! but you have a treble too," said Lavinia.

"You have a wonderful voice for a man," said Bab.

"Just like one of the 'Bohemian brothers,'" said Elder.

"Well, I'll just go through 'The Soldier tired;' it requires great compass and execution."

And to his usual dirge, but occasionally introducing his applauded high note, Burrigge went through the elaborate song of "The Soldier tired."

Any soldier would have been tired before he had half done.

He ended amid a chorus of applauses; for the Eldertons were too old soldiers to show their fatigue.

"Well, to-morrow," said Dolly, "you can begin 'I'd be a butterfly.'"

"I'd be a butterfly," began BurrIDGE, all in his high note.

"But now," said Bab, "as it is getting late, let me see what you can do in the dancing line: if you have the same talent for that as you possess for music and singing, I shall be very proud of my pupil."

The ready-handed Eldertons cleared away the tables and chairs. BurrIDGE, anxious to exhibit, begged Dolly to play a hornpipe. The Eldertons were astounded at his agility and *savoir faire*.

"All I want is a few steps, and to know the figures. Do you think Delamere, or Dempster, or Marcus, or any of them, could do what I have just done?"

"No, not if you'd pay them for it," said Elder, who thought remuneration the greatest possible inducement to exertion.

"Now, then," said Bab (whose style of dancing was showy and operatic), "you must learn a few *pirouettes, battemens, and entrechats*."

BurrIDGE took out of his pocket a pair of pumps! Do ye think I've a good foot for dancing?" he said, extending a leg which might have served a Brobdignagian.

"Good!" said Bab; "it's an exquisite foot."

"Exquisite!" echoed all the Eldertons.

It was a curious thing, and one, dear reader, which you will hardly believe, that though BurrIDGE was so active, agile, and adroit at Scottish steps, reels, hornpipes, and all that he had learnt in his earlier youth, he was very slow, stiff and clumsy in acquiring a *pirouette*, or the simplest quadrille figure. As for waltz, nothing could be more awkward; twice he all but fell, and many times his exquisite foot put Bab's to excruciating pain. The Eldertons had pushed him through a set of quadrilles; he had stood for some time *à la zephyr*! balancing himself, awkwardly enough, to assist in which he extended his arm and his tongue, and they were all so intent on his progress, that they did not perceive the opening of the door. When, finishing the lesson

with a *tour de valse*, BurrIDGE turned giddy; he fell, dragging Bab with him, and, alas! their united weight coming suddenly against Elder and Dolly, they, too, were upset; when suddenly a gentleman, who had been standing for some time with Sally, watching the lesson, darted forward, aided Bab to rise, and extricated the now wigless BurrIDGE from beneath the superincumbent forms of Dolly and Elder.

"Mr. V. M." said Sally.

"Mr. Mercus Vernon!" shrieked the Eldertons.

"Mercus Vernon? confound him?" growled BurrIDGE, "what's he here for?"—And in his confusion he put on his wig the hind part before, which made all present burst into a fit of laughter.

"I am here by appointment," said Mercus. "Mr. BurrIDGE, I'm rejoiced to see you. Miss Elderton, your servant; young ladies, your most obedient."

"Stay, Mercus," said BurrIDGE, "a word with you." They walked to the window. "The fact is, I'm getting my accomplishments a little renewed against my marriage with Jessica; but, as I want to surprise her, and to be able to assist her in educating my family (if I should have any), I don't wish her to know of my taking lessons: so I trust to your honor, my dear boy,—talents are never out of place, but people are apt to laugh when middle-aged men go to school again. I was going to call this evening in the square, to say you have got your cornetcy; and much good may it do you—but not a syllable of what you have seen!—have I your word?"

"You have! and a thousand thanks," said the volatile Mercus, now quite full of his cornetcy.

Miss Elderton came forward. "You wished to take some lessons of us, Mr. Mercus Vernon, when you did not know who we were: I hope you will not be deterred by recognizing in us very old friends of your family; only, as we do not wish our poverty to be proclaimed where it would only awaken contempt, we must beg you to promise not to let even your own family know that we are reduced to give lessons."

Mercus, who had only answered the advertisement 'for fun,' caught by the 'young ladies' giving lessons to gentlemen, was too feeling to own he had meant



only to amuse himself, and too generous to disappoint the evident expectations of the poor Eldertons, whose hard struggles against 'iron fortune' were not as unknown as they loved to believe; he therefore said, "Since writing to you, dear Miss Elderton, I find that, through Mr. Burridge's interest, I have obtained a cornetcy in the—dragoons. I shall be gazetted directly, and perhaps obliged to join my regiment: thus, you see, I shall scarcely have the time I expected for my studies; but if you will allow me to take lessons when I can, I will enter myself as your pupil at once. Allow me to pay down this small sum," and he laid down a five pound note, "as entrance-money; I believe that is usual."

"It is usual, but we do not exact it."

Burridge, who did not want to hear anything of such an unexpected horror as "entrance-money," turned away, humming "I'd be a butterfly."

Mercus insisted. "When I was a child, entrance-money was always paid for me. I am sure those who are kind enough to receive me now deserve it much better, as my entrance gives so much more trouble."

Elder put up the welcome note.—"There is one thing I must explain," she said, "Mr. Burridge." At first Burridge would not hear; he muttered to himself, "confound the extravagant dog! I hope he won't be the means of my having any cursed entrance-money to pay. It's a vile imposition, even at a regular school."

But Bab approached him with *pas de zephyr*. "Don't you hear Pris wants to speak to you?" and taking his arm, she led him to Pris.

"What I wished to say," said Pris, "concerns my own character, and that of these young ladies!—I allude to our equivocal-looking advertisement, which was a mere misprint, as we had written '*female sex*.' I know, Mr. Burridge, you applauded it; but the daughters of the late Rev. Dr. Elderton would rather be praised for the most scrupulous decorum than for the most independent spirit; it is a praise much better suited to unprotected virtue. As it has chanced, we see no objection to the gentlemen pupils which have offered; for, as Mr. Burridge said 'to the pure all things are pure;' but we depend on secrecy, for many who

welcome us now would look coldly on us if they knew we turned our talents to account to save us from dependence."

"I should like to have the thrashing of such noodles," said Mercus.

"Confound 'em all!" growled Burridge, "so should I."

Here the door was flung open, and Mr. T. M. announced. The light shone full on a strange figure—tall, pompous, and all his cloths a world too wide. Burridge, by the aid of Elder's spectacles, recognised Tim, and his own green velvet waistcoat.

All exclaimed "Tim!"

"Yes, gentlemen and ladies,—Tim!" said the butler, nothing daunted, but buttoning up his coat to hide his waistcoat.

"You impudent scoundrel! what are you here for?" said Burridge.

"For larnin—for hedication—for what has often ris the poor man above 'is hignorant hoppressor!" said Tim, very indignant.

"Get out, sir, or I'll kick you out!"

"Will ye, tho' measter? You'll see as two can play at that game! I'm here by appointment, to be hedicated for the nashunal dramer. When you marries and has a family, as you proposes, I don't mean, as you hopes, to bemean myself to be a nuss; I means, by my own heneries, to become a hactor. All I want is hedication, now, as the '*Weekly Dispatch*' says, the birthright of every Briton."

"But, Tim, when we appointed you, we had no idea you were a servant," said Elder.

"My shillun is as good, and more sartain, than many a rich man's."

"He said he had a regular income," said Bab to Burridge.

"Hollo! you scoundrel! what did you mean by saying you had a regular income?"

"What did I mean? why my wages. And if I haven't a *regular income*, it'll be the more shame for you, that's all, sur."

"Well, now, go home, Tim," said Burridge, who did not want to lose his services; "the ladies can't teach *you*, you know."

"I'm going—I'm going; but, thank heaven, the time is coming when there'll be no servants and no masters, and no harristocraks but the harristocrack of

hintellect ! for all men is hequals according to the law of nature and immutable justis, both he as works and he as sits at home hidle, a runnin of him down. One day, them as is servants now will rise to be masters ; but in this great metrotolis there's many a hacademy where my shillun 'll be thought as good as a lord's—and so I humbly axes all your pardons."

Thus saying, the ambitious butler twitched his forelock, bowed and departed.

Burridge and Mercus then took their leave, the former to attend at the Eldertons daily with the greatest punctuality, the latter to return there no more. But Burridge was a very obstinate, disputatious pupil : he always thought his own way the best ;—would never own himself in the wrong ;—sung all new songs to his own dirge ;—introduced Scotch and Irish steps into the quadrilles and gallops ; generally came before and stayed after his time, and convinced the Eldertons that the fitting an obstinate old bear to shine in fashionable circles, and aspire to the hand of a young beauty, was a dear bargain at a guinea a week.

*Theodore Hook.*

## MONKEYS.

In consequence of their bearing a greater resemblance than any other animals to the human species, monkeys have always been the objects of much popular interest. By some unenlightened nations they have been looked upon as a kind of men, who were only silent that they might escape being set to work. Others have regarded them as superior to themselves—as sacred animals—entitled to all possible reverence and care ; in consequence of which notion, palaces and hospitals used to be erected for them in India, and a city was taken about sixty years ago in that country, in which there were forty thousand human inhabitants and as many apes. Even European philosophers have been found to form the most absurd notions respecting this class of animals, believing man to be only a modification of the monkey.

The real natural history of the animal is not yet very clearly made out ; yet enough has been ascertained to make it

manifest, that the monkey, whatever general external resemblance he may bear to man, is a totally different, and greatly inferior creature, being distinguished, even from the lowest of the human species, by peculiarities of structure such as are usually held sufficient to constitute an independent order. Naturalists have conferred upon the monkey tribes the general name of *Quadrumana*, (four-handed animals) and place them as an order in the class *Mammalia*, next above the order *Carnaria*, or flesh-eating animals. Their name as an order describes their chief physical peculiarity—their having four hands for walking. Greater length in the fore limb, narrowness in the haunches, and less capacity in the skull, are the most striking features of difference they bear with respect to man. It is completely ascertained that they are not designed, as man has been, to walk uprightly on the hind limbs. They naturally use all the four limbs at once, and cannot be made to walk on the two, hinder ones for any distance, without suffering great uneasiness. Nature has designed monkeys to live in forests and craggy precipices, and to swing themselves from branch to branch, and tree to tree, and rock to rock, by means of their four hands and their tail, which has the power to cling firmly to any object round which it may be twisted. They occupy the warm districts of Asia, Africa, and America, and in their natural state live on fruits, roots, and insects.

Monkeys have been divided by naturalists into two families, those of the old world, and those of the new, and into twenty-five genera, each of which comprehends several species. It will thus be seen that the varieties are very considerable, although but a few kinds are ever seen in Britain. Popularly we know only of the Orang-Outangs, (including the Chimpansee) the Gibbons, the Baboons, and the Monkeys proper, or Apes.

The last mentioned, termed by naturalists *Guenons*, are the most familiarly known of all, being often brought to this country and shown in menageries, or kept in private families. Their cunning, their tricks, and whimsical imitations of human actions, render them a source of much amusement, though many of their habits are very gross and unpleasant.



Individuals of the tribe have attained the art of opening locks in the usual way by means of keys, have been able to undo the rings of a chain, and to pick pockets in so nice and delicate a manner as to defy detection. The *Baboons* are larger, and of more disagreeable manners, but some of them are capable of affording not less amusement. Some of them are headed much like the dog, and are considered as a connecting link with that family of animals. One of this kind was long well known in the menagerie at Exeter 'Change, London, under the name of Happy Jerry. He had been taught to drink gin and water, and to smoke tobacco. He used to sit gravely and composedly in an arm-chair; and when a pipe was handed to him, he would feel if it was lighted, place it in his mouth, and begin to inhale the smoke. When he had filled his cheek pouches with the fumes, he would spout them out through mouth, nose, and ears, at once, so as to fill his whole cage. It was then necessary to give him the reward which he expected, namely, a goblet of gin and water, which he speedily drank off. Another animal of the same kind was fond of going to an eminence near the country house where he was kept, in order to see a pack of harriers thrown off upon the chase, apparently enjoying either the noise or the spectacle.

The *Gibbons* are also larger than ordinary monkeys, with fore limbs of unusual length, and equally long hair all over their bodies. They are natives only of the remote parts of India. In a domesticated state, they are of gentler and more pleasing manners than most monkeys. A gentleman who tamed one describes him thus:—"He became so tame and manageable in less than a month, that he would take hold of my hand and walk with me, helping himself along at the same time with the other hand applied to the ground. He would come at my call, and seat himself in a chair by my side at the breakfast table, and help himself to an egg or the wing of a chicken from my plate, without endangering any of my table furniture. He would partake of coffee, chocolate, milk, tea, &c.; and although his usual mode of taking liquids was by dipping his knuckles into the cup and licking his fingers, still, when appar-

ently more thirsty, he would take up the vessel from which I fed him, with both hands, and drink like a man from a spring. He was fond of insects; would search in the crevices of the house for spiders; and if a fly chanced to come in his reach, he would dexterously catch him in one hand, generally using the right one. In temper he was remarkably pacific, and seemed, as I thought, often glad to have an opportunity of testifying his affection and attachment for me."

The *Orang-Outangs* make the nearest approach to the stature and form of man. They inhabit two small and widely separated parts of the world, a red species being proper to the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and a dark one to the Guinea coast in Africa. The limbs and body of this creature greatly resemble those of man; but his countenance and the shape of his head are considerably different, while the double set of hands forms a feature sufficient, if all others were wanting, to mark the distinctness of the two races. Specimens have been found not less than five feet and a half high, and in their native countries troops of them become formidable foes to man. A black orang-outang has sufficient strength to lift a full-grown human being. One brought from Africa in a trading vessel, was fond of wrapping itself in a blanket when it got into temperate latitudes. It shook hands with some of the sailors, but refused to do so with others, whom it disliked. It liked to join a mess, and was much pleased when sweetmeats were given to it. It stole a bottle of wine, which it uncorked with its teeth, and began to drink. It learned to feed itself with a spoon, to drink out of a glass, and showed a general disposition to imitate human actions. It was attracted by bright metals, seemed to take a pride in clothing, and often put a cocked hat on its head. On arriving at Liverpool, it took ill and died.

When the British embassy was on its return from China, in 1817, a specimen of the red orang was obtained at Borneo and brought to Britain. A description of it is given by Dr. Abel, a physician attending the embassy, which is considered the most accurate and faithful account of any specimen of the monkey tribes that

has ever been written. The animal stood two feet seven inches high. The colour of its skin was a bluish grey, while the hue of the hair was a brownish red. The head, viewed in front, was pear-shaped, expanding from the chin upwards. The nose was scarcely elevated above the level of the face, the mouth was prominent, and the ears as small and delicate as those of a man. He moved, by throwing forward his body between his fore limbs, in the manner of certain cripples among the human species. After some vain attempts being made to keep him confined, he was allowed the range of the ship, and began to make himself familiar with the sailors. To pursue the narrative of Dr. Abel—"They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed, but when much pressed, elude them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times he would patiently wait on the shrouds or at the mast-head till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the main-stay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung, with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling, but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

"He commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way that might render the surface on which he intended to lie, uneven; and having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest till I had resigned it. If it was large enough for

both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailors' jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast shivering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into his arms, and clasping him closely, derive warmth from his person, screaming violently at any attempt to remove him.

"His food in Java was chiefly fruit, especially mangostans, of which he was excessively fond. He also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. On board ship his diet was of no definite kind. He ate readily of all kinds of meat, and especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruits when he could obtain them.

"His beverage in Java was water; on board ship, it was as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and tea, but would readily take wine, and exemplified his attachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy-bottle: since his arrival in London, he has preferred beer and milk to anything else, but drinks wine and other liquors.

"In his attempts to obtain food, he afforded us many opportunities of judging of his sagacity and disposition. He was always very impatient to seize it when held out to him, and became passionate when it was not soon given up; and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. I seldom came on deck without sweetmeats or fruit in my pocket, and could never escape his vigilant eye. Sometimes I endeavoured to evade him by ascending to the mast-head, but was always overtaken or intercepted in my progress. When he came up with me on the shrouds, he would secure himself by one foot to the rattling, and confine my legs with the other, and one of his hands, whilst he rifled my pockets. If he found it impossible to overtake me, he would climb to a considerable height on the loose rigging, and then drop suddenly upon me. Or if, perceiving his intention, I attempted to descend, he would slide



down a rope and meet me at the bottom of the shrouds. Sometimes I fastened an orange to the end of a rope, and lowered it to the deck from the mast-head; and as soon as he attempted to seize it, drev it rapidly up. After being several times foiled in endeavouring to obtain it by direct means, he altered his plan. Appearing to care little about it, he would remove to some distance, and ascend the rigging very leisurely for some time, and then by a sudden spring catch the rope which held it. If defeated again by my suddenly jerking the rope, he would at first seem quite in despair, relinquish his effort, and rush about the rigging, screaming violently. But he would always return, and again seizing the rope, disregard the jerk, and allow it to run through his hand till within reach of the orange; but if again foiled, would come to my side, and taking me by the arm, confine it, whilst he hauled the orange up.

"This animal neither practices the grimace and antics of other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness to mischief. Gravity approaching to melancholy, and mildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his countenance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposition. When he first came amongst strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him; or when much incommoded by their examination, would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his forbearance under injuries, which were grievous before he was excited to revenge; but he always avoided those who often teased him. He soon became strongly attached to those who kindly used him. By their side he was fond of sitting; and, getting as close as possible to their persons, would take their hands between his lips, and fly to them for protection. From the boatswain of the *Alceste*, who shared his meals with him, and was his chief favourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog and the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with a spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin door enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air that seemed a burlesque on human nature.

"Next to the boatswain, I was perhaps his most intimate acquaintance. He would always follow me to the mast-head, whither I often went for the sake of reading, apart from the noise of the ship; and having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and pulling a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements.

"His favourite amusement in Java was in swinging from the branches of trees, in passing from one tree to another, and in climbing over the roofs of houses; on board, in hanging by his arms from the ropes, and in romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they passed, and bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him and engage in a mock scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. If any conjecture could be formed, from these frolics, of his mode of attacking an adversary, it would appear to be his first object to throw him down, then to secure him with his hands and feet, and then wound him with his teeth.

"Of some small monkeys on board, from Java, he took little notice, whilst under the observation of the persons of the ship. Once indeed he openly attempted to throw a small cage, containing three of them, overboard; because, probably, he had seen them receive food, of which he could obtain no part. But although he held so little intercourse with them when under our inspection, I had reason to suspect that he was less indifferent to their society when free from our observation; and was one day summoned to the top-gallant yard of the mizen-mast, to overlook him playing with a young male monkey. Lying on his back, partially covered with the sail, he for some time contemplated, with great gravity, the gambols of the monkey which bounded over him, but at length caught him by the tail, and tried to envelope him in his covering. The monkey seemed to dislike the confinement, and broke from him, but again renewed its gambols, and although frequently caught, always escaped. The intercourse, however, did not seem to be that of equals, for the orang-outang never condescended to romp with the monkey as he did with the boys

of the ship. Yet the monkeys had evidently a great predilection for his company; for whenever they broke loose, they took their way to his resting-place, and were often seen lurking about it, or creeping clandestinely towards him. There appeared to be no gradation in their intimacy; as they appeared as confidently familiar with him when first observed, as at the close of their acquaintance.

"But although so gentle when not exceedingly irritated, the orang-outang could be excited to violent rage, which he expressed by opening his mouth, showing his teeth, seizing and biting those who were near him. I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtles brought on board, whilst the Cæsar was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached; and looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog's snout, uttering at the same time a sound which might be described as between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After some time he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtles, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttered the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea; and since his arrival in England, has shown nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of a live tortoise.

"Such were the actions of this animal, as far as they fell under my notice, during our voyage from Java; and they seem to include most of those which have been related of the orang-outang by other observers."—*Chambers' Journal*.

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#### DISCOVERY OF CUBA.

At midnight October 24th, 1482, Columbus set sail from the island of Isabella, but was nearly becalmed until mid-day; a gentle wind then sprang up, and, as he observes, began to blow most amorously. Every sail was spread, and he stood to the west-south-west, the direction in which he was told the land of Cuba lay from Isabella. After three days' navigation, in the course of which he touched at a groupe of seven

or eight small islands, which he called *Islas de Arena*, supposed to be the present *Mucaras* islands, and having crossed the *Bahama* bank and channel, he arrived, on the morning of the 28th October, in sight of the island of Cuba. The part which he first discovered is supposed to be the coast to the west of *Nuevas del Principe*.

As he approached this noble island, he was struck with its magnitude and the grandeur of its features; its high and airy mountains, which reminded him of those of Sicily; its fertile valleys, and long sweeping plains watered by noble rivers; its stately forests; its bold promontories, and stretching headlands, which melted away into the remotest distance. He anchored in a beautiful river, free from rocks or shoals, of transparent water, its banks overhung with trees. Here, landing, and taking possession of the island, he gave it the name of *Juana*, in honour of prince Juan, and to the river the name of *San Salvador*.

On the arrival of the ships, two canoes had put off from the shore, but on seeing the boat approach to sound the river for anchorage, they fled in affright. The admiral visited two cabins, abandoned by their terrified inhabitants. They contained but scanty effects; a few nets made of the fibres of the palm tree, hooks and harpoons of bone, and a few other fishing implements; and one of the same kind of dogs which he had met with on the smaller islands, which never bark. He ordered that nothing should be taken away or deranged, contenting himself with noting the manner and means of living of the inhabitants.

Returning to his boat, he proceeded for some distance up the river, more and more enchanted with the beauty of the country. The forests which covered each bank were of high and wide-spreading trees; some bearing fruits, others flowers, while in some both fruit and flowers were mingled, bespeaking a perpetual round of fertility; among them were many palms, but different from those of Spain and Africa; with the great leaves of these the natives thatched their cabins.

The continual eulogies made by Columbus on the beauty of the scenery were warranted by the kind of scenery he was beholding. There is a wonderful splendor, variety, and luxuriance in the vegetation of those quick and ardent climates. The verdure of the groves, and the colours of the flowers and blossoms, derive a vividness to the eye from the transparent purity of the air, and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. The forests, too, are full of life, swarming with birds of brilliant plumage. Painted varieties of parrots, and woodpeckers, create a glitter amidst the verdure of the grove, and humming-birds rove from flower to flower, resembling, as has well been said, animated particles of a rainbow. The scarlet flamingos, too, seen sometimes through an opening of a forest in a distant savannah, have the appearance of soldiers drawn up in battalion, with an advanced scout on the alert, to give notice of approaching danger. Nor is the least beautiful part of animated nature the various tribes of insects that people every plant, displaying



brilliant coats of mail, which sparkle to the eye like precious gems.\*

Such is the splendour of animal and vegetable creation in these tropical climates, where an ardent sun imparts, in a manner, his own lustre to every object, and quickens nature into exuberant fecundity. The birds, in general, are not remarkable for their notes, for it has been observed, that in the feathered race sweetness of song rarely accompanies brilliancy of plumage. Columbus remarks however, that there were various kinds that sang sweetly among the trees, and he frequently deceived himself in fancying that he heard the voice of the nightingale, a bird unknown in these countries. He was, in fact, in a mood to see everything through a fond and favouring medium. His heart was full even to overflowing, for he was enjoying the fulfilment of his hopes, and the hard-earned but glorious reward of his toils and perils. Everything round him was beheld with the enamoured and exulting eyes of a discoverer, where triumph mingles with admiration; and it is difficult to conceive the rapturous state of his feelings, while thus exploring the charms of a virgin world, won by his enterprise and valour.

From his continual remarks on the beauty of the scenery, and from the pleasure which he evidently derived from rural sounds and objects, he appears to have been extremely open to those delicious influences, exercised over some spirits, by the graces and wonders of nature. He gives utterance to these feelings with characteristic enthusiasm, and at the same time with the artlessness and simplicity of diction of a child. When speaking of some lovely scene among the groves, or along the flowery shore of this favoured island, he says, "one could live there for ever."—Cuba broke upon him like an elysium. "It is the most beautiful island," he says, "that eyes ever beheld, full of excellent ports and profound rivers." The climate was more temperate here than in the other islands, the nights being neither hot nor cold, while the birds and grasshoppers sang all night long. Indeed there is a beauty in a tropical night, in the depth of the dark-blue sky, the lambent purity of the stars, and the resplendent clearness of the moon, that spreads over the rich landscape and the balmy groves a charm more touching than the splendour of the day.

In the sweet smell of the woods, and the odour of the flowers, which load every breeze, Columbus fancied he perceived the fragrance of oriental spices; and along the shores he found shells of the kind of oyster which produce pearls. From the grass growing to the very edge of the water, he inferred the peacefulness of the ocean which bathes these islands, never lashing the shore with angry surges. Ever since his arrival among these Antilles, he had experienced nothing but soft and gentle weather, and he concluded that a perpetual serenity reigned over these happy seas. He was little suspicious

of the occasional bursts of fury to which they are liable. Charlevoix, speaking from actual observation, remarks, "The sea of those islands is commonly more tranquil than ours; but, like certain people who are excited with difficulty, and whose transports of passion are as violent as they are rare, so when this sea becomes irritated, it is terrible. It breaks all bounds, overflows the country, sweeps away all things that oppose it, and leaves frightful ravages behind, to mark the extent of its inundations. It is after these tempests known by the name of hurricanes, that the shores are found covered with marine shells, which greatly surpass in lustre and beauty those of the European seas." It is a singular fact, however, that the hurricanes, which almost annually devastate the Bahamas, and other islands in the immediate vicinity of Cuba, have been seldom known to extend their influence to this favoured land. It would seem as if the very elements were charmed into gentleness as they approached it.

#### ROMANCE IN SHIPWRECK.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents connected with the explosion and wreck of the Pulaski steamer, are related by those who were saved from destruction. Amongst others the following is told of a Mr. Ridge, from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the southern states, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day, about fifty miles from land. It is said of the gentleman that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman, who was walking near him at the time of the explosion, was thrown overboard, and himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat and stunned. He recovered immediately, as he supposed, when he heard some one remark, "Get out the boats—she is sinking." He was not acquainted with a solitary individual in the boat. Under such circumstances, it was natural to suppose he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when he discovered a young lady, whom he recognised as one whose appearance had at sundry times during the passage arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who was walking on deck and blown overboard. He sprang towards her to take her into the small boat; but in the crowd and confusion he lost sight of her, and he supposed she was with some other friend. During his fruitless search, the small boat shoved off. The night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope, like the aspiring spark, brightened again. He caught up the rope—lashed together a couple of settees—threw them upon a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and, thus equipped, launched upon the element.

It was all the work of a moment. He

\* The ladies of Havannah, on gala occasions, wear in their hair numbers of these insects, which have a brilliancy equal to rubies, sapphires, or diamonds.

believed death was inevitable, and that effort was his last gasp at life. His vessel bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape, such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his ark—swam but twice his length—seized his object, and returned safely to his craft again, which proved sufficient to sustain them both, but with their heads and shoulders only above the water. The female was the young lady for whom he lost a passage in the small boat. She fancied their float would be unable to support them both, and said, "You will have to let me go to save yourself." He replied, "We live, or we die together." Soon after, they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of the same floor or partition, torn asunder by the explosion. This, with the aid of the settees, fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of the water. About this time, one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded. He implored them to take in the young lady. But she said no, she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate. Of the boat which bore them all in quiet and safety but a half hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattered pieces of the wreck. The small boats were on their way towards the shore—their own craft, being light and lightly loaded, drifted fast away from a scene indescribably heart-rending, and which he still shudders to think of.

At daylight nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of waters. In the course of the day they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it; but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after daylight next morning it vanished again, and with it all their lively hopes of escaping their dreadful dilemma. On the third day a sail hove in sight, but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found they were sadly burned by the sun—starved and exhausted, though still in possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk. But their pain and suffering was not without its pleasure and enjoyment. The romantic part of the story of their expedition is yet to come, and there is no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided in sustaining them so well such a length of time.

The intrepidity he displayed—the risk he ran—the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the imminent hazard of his own, elicited with her at once the warmest and strongest feelings of gratitude towards him, and, before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion which burns nowhere else as it burns in woman's bosom. On the other hand, her good sense, her fortitude, and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with

him the fate which awaited them, excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor deferred. And there, upon the "waters wild," amid the terrors which surrounded them, in presence of an all-seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declare, if their lives were spared, the destiny, which misfortune had united, should then be made inseparable.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprise her, that by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth (amounting to \$25,000), that he was in "poverty to his very hips"—a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals; and, painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had suffered thus together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again, and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement, which it is said is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact that his lady-love is heiress to an estate worth 200,000 dollars.—*Deleware Gazette*.

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SCOTLAND EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS SINCE.

In glancing over the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1766, we perceive a narrative of the tour of an English gentleman in Scotland during the spring of that year, from which we select the following passages, in order to give the present generation a specimen of the amusing mixture of truth and falsehood that was written regarding Scotland and its inhabitants about eighty-seven years ago. The tourist enters the country by way of Annandale from Carlisle:—"The roads (says he) I found very good, being in most places raised with ditches on each side to drain them; but at Annan, a royal borough, the first town I came to, I had a sad presage of the accommodations I was to expect in the inns; they being worse than such cottages [in England] where you see written over the door lodging and small beer for foot-travellers. I could get but little provision for my horses, and nothing for myself but some claret, which was very good, and charged only at two shillings per bottle; my bed-chamber (though the best) was full of the smell and smoke of the kitchen, very dirty, and the windows all broken, which I complained of, but my landlady desired me to be content for my betters had been there before me without finding any fault, *I mean, says she, my Prince*. At three in the morning I left that horrid place, where I neither got sleep nor yet refreshment, but a violent cold." Proceeding onwards by Dumfries and Dumfermline, with



both which places he was well pleased, he goes on by Ayr to Glasgow. Here he begins to make observations on what he calls "the common people," which we extract as a curiosity. "The common people are such in outward appearance as you would not at first take to be of the human species, and in their lives they differ but little from brutes, except in their love of spirituous liquors; they are extremely indigent, but had rather suffer poverty than labour; they have an implacable spirit of revenge, of which several instances occurred during my stay here. Their nastiness is really greater than reported to be; under the same roof, and often with but one door to all, are the stable, cow-house, and dwelling-place without window or chimney; if they have the latter, it is generally covered to keep in the smoke, the warmth of which is very pleasant to them. And I could not but imagine that their way of living has a real effect upon their countenances, for their children, I observed, have good complexions and regular features, but the features of the men and women are coloured like smoke; their mouths wide, and their eyes sunk exactly as one pulls one's face when in the midst of a cloud of smoke; they wear their hair so long that it almost hides their faces, and covers a great part of their bodies. They use no shoes and stockings but on Sundays, and then they carry them in their hands to the entrance of the churchyard, where they put them on, and pull them off again as soon as the service is over. The petticoats of the women seldom reach so low as their knees. [This is a pure invention of the writer.] The rudeness of the people is beginning to go off, and they are already pretty well civilized and industrious in the trading towns, where the knowledge of the use of money has made them eager enough to acquire it. The country in general is so barren and uncultivated, that the face of it is very unpleasant; it is not, however, without its beauties, which are the frequent prospects of the sea, and the seats of the nobility and gentry that are all surrounded with wood, and there is scarce a cottage that has not a grove planted round it; the towns, too, look well at a distance, being mostly built in length, and having two steeples or spires, one to the church, and another to the tolbooth; but the streets are intolerably nasty, the filth of every house lying before the door. Here and there are interspersed a great many fine old ruins, which I think never please the eye but in a fertile landscape, where they vary the scene and divert the idea."

The Scotch of the present day have reason to thank more than to blame writers like the above. With much that is objectionable and scandalous, they told some plain disagreeable truths, and were partly instrumental in schooling the people into better habits. We can now afford to laugh, as well as our neighbours, at the condition of old Scotland.—*Chambers.*

Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it.—*Cromwell.*

#### AERIAL VOYAGES OF SPIDERS.

The number of the aeronautic spiders occasionally suspended in the atmosphere, says Mr. Murray, I believe to be almost incredible, could we ascertain their amount. I was walking with a friend lately, and noticed that there were four of these insects on his hat, at the moment there were three on my own; and from the rapidity with which they covered its surface with their threads, I cannot doubt that they are chiefly concerned in the production of that tissue which intercepts the dew, and which, illuminated by the morning sun, "glitters with rubies and sapphires." Indeed, I have noticed that, when the frequent descent of the aeronautic spider was determined, a newly rolled turnip field was, in a few hours, overspread by a carpet of their threads. It may be remarked that our little aeronaut is very greedy of moisture, though abstemious in other respects. Its food is perhaps peculiar, and only found in the superior regions of the sky. Like the rest of its tribe, it is doubtless carnivorous, and may subserve some highly important purpose in the economy of Providence; such, for instance, as the destruction of that truly formidable, though almost microscopically minute insect, the *Furia infernalis*, whose wounds are stated to be mortal. Its existence has been indeed questioned, but by no means disproved; that, and some others, injurious to man, or to the inferior creation, may be its destined prey, and thus our little aeronaut unheeded by the common eye, may subserve an important good.

Mr. Bowman, F. L. S., says, "We arrested several of these little aeronauts in their flight, and placed them on the brass gnomon of the sundial and had the gratification to see them prepare for, and recommence, their aerial voyage. Having crawled about for a short time, to reconnoitre, they turned their abdomens from the current of air, and elevated them almost perpendicularly, supporting themselves solely on the claws of their fore legs, at the same instant shooting out four or five, often six or eight, extremely fine webs, several yards long, which waved in the breeze, diverging from each other like a pencil of rays, and strongly reflecting the sunbeams. After the insects had remained stationary in this apparently unnatural position for about half a minute, they sprang off from the stage with considerable agility, and launched themselves into the air. In a few seconds after they were seen sailing majestically along, without any apparent effort, their legs contracted together, and lying perfectly quiet on their backs, suspended from their silken parachutes, and presenting to the lover of nature a far more interesting spectacle than the balloon of the philosopher. One of these aeronauts I followed, which sailing in the sunbeams, had two distinct and widely diverging fasciculi of webs, and their position in the air was such, that a line uniting them would have been at right angles with the direction of the breeze."—*Mag. Natural History.*

The indigo plant is said to have been found growing wild in New South Wales.

## THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH SONG.

Mournfully, sing mournfully,  
 And die away, my heart!  
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,  
 And I, too, will depart.  
 The skies have lost their splendour,  
 The waters changed their tone,  
 And wherefore, in the faded world,  
 Should music linger on ?  
 Where is the golden sunshine,  
 And where the flower-cup's glow ?  
 And where the joy of the dancing leaves  
 And the fountain's laughing flow ?  
 A voice, in every whisper  
 Of the wave, the bough, the air,  
 Comes asking for the beautiful,  
 And moaning, "Where, oh! where?"  
 Tell of the brightness parted,  
 Thou bee, thou lamb at play!  
 Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth—  
 Are ye, too, pass'd away ?  
 Mournfully, sing mournfully!  
 The royal rose is gone.  
 Melt from the woods, my spirit melt  
 In one deep farewell tone!  
 Not so,—swell forth triumphantly,  
 The full, rich fervent strain;  
 Hence with young love and life I go,  
 In the summer's joyous train.  
 With sunshine, with sweet odour,  
 With every precious thing,  
 Upon the last warm summer breeze  
 My soul its flight shall wing.  
 Alone I shall not linger,  
 When the days of hope are past;  
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf—  
 To wait the rushing blast.  
 Triumphant, triumphantly!  
 Sing to the woods I go;  
 For me, perchance, in other lands,  
 The glorious rose may blow.  
 The sky's transparent azure,  
 And the green sward's violet breath,  
 And the dance of light leaves in the wind,  
 May there know naught of death.  
 No more, no more sing mournfully!  
 Swell high, then break my heart:  
 With love, the spirit of the woods,  
 With summer I depart!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,  
 Now spring is on her way;  
 Well, well I know how brightly there  
 In joy the young leaves play;  
 How sweet on winds of morn or eve  
 The violet's breath may be;—  
 Yet ask me, woo me not to leave  
 My lone rock by the sea.  
 The wild waves thunder on the shore,  
 The curlew's restless cries,  
 Unto my watching heart are more  
 Than all earth's melodies.—  
 Come back, my ocean rover! come!  
 There's but one place for me,  
 Till I can greet thy swift sail home—  
 My lone rock by the sea!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flowers! wherefore do ye bloom?  
 We strew thy pathway to the tomb.  
 Stars! wherefore do ye rise?  
 To light thy spirit to the skies.  
 Fair Moon! why dost thou wane?  
 That I may wax again.  
 O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?  
 The word that said "Let there be light."  
 Planets! what guides you in your course?  
 Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.  
 Nature! whence sprang thy glorious frame?  
 My Maker called me, and I came.  
 O Light! thy subtle essence who may know?  
 Ask not; for all things but myself I show.  
 What is yon arch which everywhere I see?  
 The sign of omnipotent Deity.  
 Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?  
 Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven,  
 his throne.  
 Ye clouds! what bring ye in your train!  
 God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.  
 Winds! whence and whither do ye blow?  
 Thou must be born again to know.  
 Bow! in the clouds! what token dost thou bear?  
 That Justice still cries "*strike*," and Mercy  
 "*spare*."  
 Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?  
 To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.  
 Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble tell me why?  
 To show the course of all beneath the sky.  
 Stay, Meteor! stay thy falling fire.  
 No: thus shall all the host of heaven expire.  
 Ocean! what law thy chainless waves confined?  
 That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.  
 Time! whither dost thou flee?  
 I travel to Eternity.  
 Eternity! what art thou? say.  
 Time past, time present, time to come, *to-day*.  
 Ye dead! where can your dwelling be?  
 The house for all the living;—come and see.  
 O Life! what is thy breath?  
 A vapor lost in death.  
 O Death! how ends thy strife?  
 In everlasting life.  
 O Grave! where is thy victory?  
 Ask Him who rose again for me. *Montgomery.*

## COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP.

Come to me, gentle sleep!  
 I pine, I pine for thee;  
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,  
 And set my spirit free!  
 Each lonely, burning thought,  
 In twilight langour steep—  
 Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,  
 O gentle, gentle sleep!  
 Come with thine urn of dew,  
 Sleep, gentle sleep! yet bring  
 No voice, love's yearning to renew,  
 No vision on thy wing!  
 Come, as to folding flowers,  
 To birds in forest deep;  
 Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,  
 O gentle, gentle sleep!

*Mrs. Hemans.*



## SOBER DISSUASIONS FROM DRUNKENNESS.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a *drunkard*, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a *drunkard*, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a *drunkard*, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a *drunkard*, and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a *drunkard*, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be sponged on by knaves, be a *drunkard*, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a *drunkard*, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a *drunkard*, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a *drunkard*, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a *drunkard*, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a *drunkard*, that you may be excluded from Heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a *drunkard*, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a *drunkard*, and they will run out, while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily strength, be a *drunkard*, and it will soon be subdued by so powerful an antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a *drunkard*, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labour, but a workhouse, be a *drunkard*, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a *drunkard*, and discord, with all her evil train, will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a *drunkard*, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye-paths to the public streets.

If you like the amusements of a court of conscience, be a *drunkard*, and you may be often gratified.

If you would be a deadweight on the commu-

nity, and "cumber the ground," be a *drunkard*, for that will render you useless, helpless, burthensome and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a *drunkard*, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a *drunkard*, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a *drunkard*, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a *drunkard*, and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

—♦—  
DUELLING ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.—On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique or quarrel of an individual might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war, whensoever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires, to terminate it recourse is had to what is called "the custom of the frontier." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not restricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious. The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifle-pistol, mounted on a carbine stock—placed himself in the middle of the field; and conscious that he would infallibly destroy his enemy, if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, and two more in his holsters, and two more in his breast, and a carbine at his back, and a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German, conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk at length perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning

to cut him down, and almost immediately was shot dead. The wily German had put some gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan; and no longer fearing the superior skill and superior arms of his adversary, fell a victim to them both when seconded by artifice.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.—I behold on this broad sheet a glorious composition of fraud, falsehood, and folly. Look at the array of advertisements. One offers to lend fifty thousand pounds on good security who scarcely possesses fifty pence; another desires to sell a horse, warranted without blemish, and only to be disposed of because the owner has no further use for it. The last part of the sentence alone bears no relation to the truth, as the animal can be of no use to the owner, or to any one else. A third is eloquent on the virtues of a vegetable pill, which cures all diseases; to which it should have been added, by destroying both the disease and the patient. A fourth, acknowledging the most disinterested intentions, delicately confesses his want of a wife possessed of a moderate property, while stating himself to be a gentleman of middle age with a small income; but, in truth, his income is so small, that it might have been named without the use of figures, and the middle of his age is as near the end of his life as may be. Here a worthy citizen offers some pipes of foreign wines of the most approved vintage, and he is the most likely person to know their genuineness, having manufactured them in his own warehouse. Here, an honest tradesman announces that he is selling off his goods, much under prime cost, for the benefit of his creditors, which benefit will prove to be a great loss, he having most successfully swindled every person who would give him credit. Wherever the eye glances it finds evidence that one set of people preys upon another, as one species of insect is devoured by a more powerful one.—*Mephistophiles in London.*

A LUMINOUS INSECT.—The Cocoy queen beetle is about one inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure by the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which afford light enough to the darkest sight to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light.

POPULATION.—Supposing the earth to be peopled with 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, and allowing thirty-three years for a generation, the deaths of each year amount to 30,000,000, of each day to 82,000, and of each hour to 3,416. But as the number of deaths

is to the number of births as 10 to 12, there are born yearly 36,000,000, daily 98,630, and hourly 4,109. Out of every 1000, there die annually 30; and the number of inhabitants of every city and country is renewed every thirty years.

HATCHING.—The following singular fact was first brought into public notice by Mr. Yarrel, and will be found in his papers in the second volume of the *Zoological Journal*. The fact alluded to is, that there is attached to the upper mandible of all young birds about to be hatched a *horny appendage*, by which they are enabled more effectually to make perforations in the shell, and contribute to their own liberation.—This sharp prominence, to use the words of Mr. Yarrel, becomes opposed to the shell at various points, in a line extending throughout its whole circumference, about one third below the larger end of the egg; and a series of perforations, more or less numerous, are thus effected by the increasing strength of the chick, weakening the shell in a direction opposed to the muscular power of the bird; it is thus ultimately enabled, by its own efforts, to break the walls of its prison. In the common fowl, this horny appendage falls off in a day or two after the chick is hatched; in the pigeon it sometimes remains on the beak ten or twelve days; this arises, doubtless, from the young pigeons being fed by the parent bird for some time after being hatched; and thus there is no occasion for the young using the beak for picking up its food.—*Jennings's Ornithologia.*

TRAVELLING.—Children, destined by their parents to be travellers should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transfixed for half an hour to the kitchen fire; they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone, more than once before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all; in the deserts of Arabia there is seldom any of either:—they should be clad thinly; the brigands of Terracina frequently strip their victims:—they should know how to go naked on emergencies; tailors are not to be had in the wilderness. They may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter.

Give the future traveller those books to read, which stimulate most the natural curiosity; the more extravagant (truth can be had anywhere) the better. Munchausen is a good book, if he be intended for Germany. Carr will do for Holland, and Ireland—(if any one travels there now that he can travel anywhere else;) Chateaubriand for Greece and the East; Eustace for Italy; Blayney, and the rest of the Fudge Family for France; and as for Switzerland, leave him to William Tell, and Macready, and the Panoramas.

The West Indian white cannot bear with temper to see the mixing of the offspring of a black and white illustrated by mixing a glass of port wine or claret with water, five several times, after which the mixture becomes to all appearance pure water.



**POPPING THE QUESTION.**—A smart, dapper little fellow whose name was *Parr*, was very much in love with a young lady of the name of *Anne Marr*; but as impudence nor even the “modest assurance” were exactly his *forte*, he was exceedingly puzzled how to pop the question, and the poor fellow put it off from day to day, being only able to look unutterable at the dear object of his affections. At last, however, chance or fortune (which you will) befriended him, for dining one day in company with “her his soul held most dear,” he happened to have *Parmesan cheese* before him, and the lady a plate of *Marmalade*. *Nunc aut nunquam*, now or never, says *Parr* to himself, and “screwing up his courage to the sticking place,” and making all proper use of his eyes as auxiliaries in this momentous affair, he ventured to say to her, “Pray will you have a little *Parr*, *Miss Anne*?” to which the lady (her eyes instantly sparkling with delight) replied “yes, if you are for *Marr my Lad*.” The awful business of “popping the question” being thus happily got over, the delighted couple shortly afterwards entered into the silken bonds of matrimony, and on the anniversary of their wedding-day, never fail to have *Parmesan cheese* and *Marmalade* on the table, when the happy husband tells his friends the story of his “popping the question.”

**AN EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR BOUILLON, THE COMMON SOUP OF FRANCE.**—This soup, or *broth*, as we should perhaps designate it in England, is made once or twice in the week, in every family of respectability in France; and by the poorer classes as often as their means will enable them to substitute it for the vegetable or *maigre* soups on which they are more commonly obliged to subsist. It is served usually, on the first day, with slices of untoasted bread soaked in it; on the second, it is generally varied with vermicelli, rice, or semolina. The ingredients are, of course, often otherwise proportioned than as we have given them, and more or less meat is allowed, according to the taste or circumstances of the persons for whom the bouillon is prepared; but the process of making it is always the same, and is thus, described (rather learnedly) by one of the most skillful cooks in Europe:—“The stock pot of the French artisan,” says *Monsieur Careme*, “supplies his principal nourishment; and it is thus managed by his wife, who without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, conducts the process in a truly scientific manner. She first lays the meat into her earthen stock-pot, and pours cold water to it in the proportion of about two quarts to three pounds of the beef; she then places it by the side of the fire, where it slowly becomes hot; and as it does so the heat enlarges the fibre of the meat; dissolves the gelatinous substances which it contains, allows the albumen (or the muscular part which produces the seum) to disengage itself, and rise to the surface, and the *OSMAZOME* (which is the most savoury part of the meat) to be diffused through the broth. Thus, from the simple circumstance of boiling it in the gentlest manner, a relishing and nutritious soup will be obtained, and a dish of

tender and palatable meat, but if the pot be placed and kept over a quick fire, the albumen will coagulate, harden the meat, prevent the water from penetrating it, and the *osmazome* from disengaging itself; the result will be a broth without flavour or goodness, and a tough, dry bit of meat.”—*MISS ACTON'S Modern Cookery*.

**TALL PEOPLE.**—The king of France, being at Calais, sent over an ambassador, a verie tall person, upon no other errand but a complement to the king of England. At his audience he appeared in such a light garb, that afterwards the king ask'd Lord-keeper Bacon “what he thought of the French ambassador?” He answer'd, “That he was a verie proper man.”—“I,” his majestie replied, “but what think you of his head-piece? is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador?”—“Sir,” returned he, “it appears too often, that tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commoлие the uppermost room is worst-furnished.”

**A GENTLEMAN.**—To tell the reader exactly what class of persons was meant to be designated by the word *gentleman*, is a difficult task. The last time we heard it, was on visiting a stable to look at a horse, when, inquiring for the coachman, his stable-keeper replied, “He has just stepped to the public house along with another gentleman.”

The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman:—“*Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make every ting workee, only de hog: he, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a GENTLEMAN.*”

**PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.**—Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote:—A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

**SELF ESTEEM.**—Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes, for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, “Do they talk much of me in France?”

The noise of the *Ganges* is really like the sea. As we passed near a hollow and precipitous part of the bank, on which the wind set full, it told on my ear exactly as if the tide was coming in; and when the moon rested at night on this great, and as it then seemed, this shoreless extent of water, we might have fancied ourselves in the cuddy of an Indiaman, if our cabin were not too near the water.—*Heber's Journal*.

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# THE BRITISH COLONIAL MAGAZINE.

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## NAPLES.

*Sunday, 3d.*—We left Gaeta early. If the scene was so beautiful in the evening—how bright, how lovely it was this morning! The sun had not long risen; and a soft purple mist hung over part of the sea; while to the north and west the land and water sparkled and glowed in the living light. Some little fishing-boats which had just put off, rocked upon the glassy sea, which lent them a gentle motion, though itself appeared all mirror-like and motionless. The orange and lemon trees in full foliage literally bent over the water; and it was so warm at half-past eight that I felt their shade a relief.

After leaving Gaeta, the first place of note is or was Minturnum, where Marius was taken, concealed in the marshes near it. The marshes remain, the city has disappeared. Capua is still a large town; but it certainly does not keep up its ancient fame for luxury and good cheer: for we found it extremely difficult to procure any thing to eat. The next town is Avversa, a name unknown, I believe, in the classical history of Italy: it was founded, if I remember rightly, by the Norman knights. Near this place is or was the convent where Queen Joanna strangled her husband Andrea, with a silken cord of her own weaving. So says the story; *non lo credo io*.

From Avversa to Naples the country is not interesting; but fertile and rich beyond description: an endless succession of vineyards and orange groves. At length we reached Naples; all tired and in a particularly sober and serious mood: we remembered it was the Sabbath, and had forgotten that it was the first day of the Carnival; and great was our amazement at the scene which met us on our arrival—

I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed: and all  
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

The whole city seemed one vast puppet-show; and the noisy gayety of the crowded streets almost stunned me. One of the first objects we encountered was a barouche full of Turks and Sultanas, driven by an old woman in a tawdry court-dress as coachman; while a merry-andrew and a harlequin capered behind as footmen. Owing to the immense size of the city, and the difficulty of making our way through the motley throng of masks, beggars, lazzaroni, eating-stalls, carts and carriages, we

were nearly three hours traversing the streets before we reached our inn on the Chiaja.

I feel tired and over-excited: I have been standing on my balcony looking out upon the moonlit bay, and listening to the mingled shouts, the laughter, the music all around me; and thinking—till I feel in no mood to write.

\* \* \* \* \*

*7th.*—Last night we visited the theatre of San Carlo. It did not strike me as equal to the Scala at Milan. The form is not so fine, the extent of the stage is, or appeared to be, less; but there is infinitely more gilding and ornament: the mirrors and lights, the sky-blue draperies produce a splendid effect, and the coup-d'oeil is, on the whole, more gay, more theatre-like. It was crowded in every part, and many of the audience were in dominoes and fancy dresses: a few were masked. Rossini's *Barbiere di Seviglia*, which contains, I think, more melody than all his other operas put together, (the Tancredi perhaps excepted) was most enchantingly sung, and as admirably acted; and the beautiful classical ballad of "Niobe and her Children," would have appeared nothing short of perfection, had I not seen the *Didone Abbandonata* at Milan. But they have no actress here like the graceful, the expressive Pallerini; nor any actor equal to the *Æneas* of the Scala.

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The Austrians, who are paramount here, allow masks only twice a week, Sundays and Thursdays. The people seem determined to indemnify themselves for this restriction on their pleasures by every allowed excess during the two days of merriment which their despotic conquerors have spared them. I am told by M\*\* and S\*\*, our Italian friends, that the Carnival is now fallen off from its wild spirit of fanciful gayety, that it is stupid, dull, tasteless, in comparison to what it was formerly, owing to the severity of the Austrian police. I know nothing about the propriety of the measures which have been resorted to for curbing the excesses of the Carnival: I think if people *will* run away instead of fighting for their national rights, they must be content to suffer accordingly—but I meddle not with politics, and with all my heart abhor them. Whatever the gayeties of the Carnival may have been formerly, it is scarce possible to conceive a more fantastic, a more picturesque,



a more laughable scene than the Strada di Toledo exhibited to-day; the whole city seemed to wear "one universal grin;" and such an incessant fire of sugar-plums (or what seemed such) was carried on, and with such eagerness and mimic fury, that when our carriage came out of the conflict, we all looked as if a sack of flour had been shaken over us. The implements used in this ridiculous warfare are, for common purposes, little balls of plaster of Paris and flour, made to resemble small comfits: friends and acquaintances pelted each other with real confetti, and those of the most delicious and expensive kinds. A double file of carriages moved in a contrary direction along the Corso; a space in the middle and on each side being left for horsemen and pedestrians, and the most exact order was maintained by the guards and police; so that if by chance a carriage lost its place in the line, it was impossible to recover it, and it was immediately obliged to leave the street, and re-enter by one of the extremities. Besides the warfare carried on below, the balconies on each side were crowded with people in gay or grotesque dresses, who had sacks of bon-bons before them, from which they showered volleys upon those beneath, or aimed across the street at each other: some of them filled their handkerchiefs, and then dexterously loosening the corners, and taking a certain aim, flung a volley at once. This was like a cannon loaded with grapeshot, and never failed to do the most terrific execution.

Among the splendid and fanciful equipage of the masqueraders, was one, containing the Duke of Monteleone's family, in the form of a ship, richly ornamented, and drawn by six horses mounted by masks for postillions. The forepart of the vessel contained the duke's party, dressed in various gay costumes, as Tartar warriors and Indian queens. In the stern were the servants and attendants, *travestied* in the most grotesque and ludicrous style. This magnificent and unwieldy car had by some chance lost its place in the procession, and vainly endeavoured to whip in; as it is a point of honour among the charioteers not to yield the *pas*. Our coachman, however, was ordered (though most unwilling) to draw up and make way for it; and this little civility was acknowledged; not only by a profusion of bows, but by such a shower of delicious sugar-plums, that the seats of our carriage were literally covered with them, and some of the gentlemen flung into our laps elegant little baskets, fastened with ribands, and filled with exquisite sweetmeats. I could not enter into all this with much spirit; "*non son io quel ch'un tempo fui*:" but I was an amused, though a quiet spectator; and sometimes saw much more than those who were actually engaged in the battle. I observed that to-day our carriage became an object of attention, and a favourite point of attack to several parties on foot and in carriages: and I was at no loss to discover the reason. I had with me a lovely girl, whose truly English style of beauty, her brilliant bloom heightened by her eager animation, her

lips dimpled with a thousand smiles, and her whole countenance radiant with glee and mischievous archness, made her an object of admiration, which the English expressed by a fixed stare, and the Italians by sympathetic smiles, nods, and all the usual superlatives of delight. Among our most potent and malignant adversaries, was a troop of elegant masks in a long open carriage, the form of which was totally concealed by the boughs of laurel, and wreaths of artificial flowers with which it was covered. It was drawn by six fine horses, fancifully caparisoned, ornamented with plumes of feathers, and led by grotesque masks. In the carriage stood twelve persons in black silk dominoes, black hats, and black masks; with plumes of crimson feathers, and rich crimson sashes. They were armed with small painted targets and tin tubes, from which they shot volleys of confetti, in such quantities and with such dexterous aim, that we were almost overwhelmed whenever we passed them. It was in vain we returned the compliment; our small shot rattled on their masks, or bounded from their shields, producing only shouts of laughter at our expense.

A favourite style of mask here is the dress of an English sailor, straw hats, blue jackets, white trousers, and very white masks with pink cheeks: we saw hundreds in this whimsical costume.

13th.—On driving home rather late this evening, and leaving the noise, the crowds, the confusion and festive folly of the Strada di Toledo, we came suddenly upon a scene which, from its beauty, no less than by the force of contrast, strongly impressed my imagination. The shore was silent and almost solitary: the bay as smooth as a mirror, and as still as a frozen lake: the sky, the sea, the mountains round were all of the same hue, a soft gray, tinged with violet, except where the sunset had left a narrow crimson streak along the edge of the sea. There was not a breeze, not the slightest breath of air, and a single vessel, a frigate with all its white sails crowded, lay motionless as a monument on the bosom of the waters, in which it was reflected as in a mirror. I have seen the bay more splendidly beautiful; but I never saw so peculiar, so lovely a picture. It lasted but a short time: the transparent purple veil became a dusky pall, and night and shadow gradually enveloped the whole.

\* \* \* \* \*

How I love these resplendent skies and blue seas! Nature here seems to celebrate a continual Festa, and to be for ever decked out in holiday costume! A drive along the "*sempre beata Mergellina*" to the extremity of the Promontory of Pausilippo is positive enchantment: thence we looked over a landscape of such splendid and unequalled interest! the shores of Baia, where Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Pliny, Meænas, lived; the white towers of Puzzuoli and the Islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida. There was the Sybil's Cave, Lake Acheron, and the fabled Lethe; there the sepulchre of Misenus, who defied the Triton; and the scene of the whole sixth book of the

*Æneid*, which I am now reading in Annibal Caro's translation; there Agrippina mourned Germanicus; and there her daughter fell a victim to her monster of a son. At our feet lay the lovely little Island of Nisida, the spot on which Brutus and Portia parted for the last time before the battle of Philippi.

To the south of the bay the scenery is not less magnificent, and scarcely less dear to memory: Naples, rising from the sea like an amphitheatre of white palaces, and towers, and glittering domes: beyond, Mount Vesuvius, with the smoke curling from its summit like a silver cloud, and forming the only speck upon the intense blue sky; along its base Portici, Annunziata, Torre del Greco, glitter in the sun; every white building—almost every window in every building—distinct to the eye at the distance of several miles: farther on, and perched like white nests on the mountainous promontory, lie Caltel a Mare, and Sorrento, the birthplace of Tasso, and his asylum when the injuries of his cold-hearted persecutors had stung him to madness, and drove him here for refuge to the arms of his sister. Yet, farther on, Capua rises from the sea, a beautiful object in itself, but from which the fancy gladly turns to dwell again upon the snowy buildings of Sorrento.

This is the last day of the Carnival, the last night of the opera: the people are permitted to go in masks, and after the performance will be a ball. To-day, when Baldi was describing the excesses which usually take place during the last few hours of the Carnival, he said, "the man who has but half a shirt will pawn it to-night to buy a good supper and an operaticket: to-morrow for fish and soup-maigre—fasting and repentance!"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Saturday, 23d.*—I have just seen a most magnificent sight; one which I have often dreamed of, often longed to behold, and having beheld, never shall forget. Mount Vesuvius is at this moment blazing like a huge furnace; throwing up every minute, or half minute, columns of fire and red hot stones, which fall in showers and bound down the side of the mountain. On the east, there are two distinct streams of lava descending, which glow with almost a white heat, and every burst of flame is accompanied by a sound resembling cannon at a distance.

I can hardly write, my mind is so overflowing with astonishment, admiration, and sublime pleasure: what a scene as I looked out on the bay from the Sante Lucia! On one side, the evening star and the thread-like crescent of the new moon were setting together over Paussippo, reflected in lines of silver radiance on the blue sea; on the other the broad train of fierce red light glared upon the water with a fitful splendour, as the explosions were more or less violent: before me all was so soft, so lovely, so tranquil! while I had only to turn my head to be awe-struck by the convulsion of fighting elements.

I remember, that on our first arrival at Naples, I was disappointed because Vesuvius

did not smoke so much as I had been led to expect from pictures and descriptions. The smoke then lay like a scarcely perceptible cloud on the highest point, or rose in a slender white column; to-day and yesterday, it has rolled from the crater in black volumes, mixing with the clouds above, and darkening the sky.

*Half-past twelve.*—I have walked out again: the blaze from the crater is less vivid; but there are now four streams of lava issuing from it, which have united in two broad currents, one of which extends below the hermitage. It is probable that by to-morrow night it will have reached the lower part of the mountain.

*Sunday, 24th.*—Just returned from chapel at the English ambassador's, where the service was read by a dandy clergyman to a crowd of fine and superfine ladies and gentlemen, crushed together into a hot room. I never saw extravagance in dress carried to such a pitch as it is by my countrywomen here,—whether they dress at the men or against each other, it is equally bad taste. The sermon to-day was very appropriate, from the text, "Take ye no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or what ye shall put on," and, I dare say, it was listened to with singular edification.

*5 o'clock.*—We have been driving along the Strada Nuova, in L\*\*'s britchka, whence we had a fine view of Vesuvius. There are tremendous bursts of smoke from the crater. At one time the whole mountain, down to the very base, was almost enveloped, and the atmosphere round it loaded with the vapour, which seemed to issue in volumes half as large as the mountain itself. If horses are to be had we go up to-night.

*Monday night.*—I am not in a humour to describe or give way to any poetical flights, but I must endeavour to give a faithful, sober, and circumstantial account of our last night's expedition, while the impression is yet fresh on my mind; though there is, I think, little danger of my forgetting. We procured horses, which, from the number of persons proceeding on the same errand with ourselves, was a matter of some difficulty. We set out at seven in the evening in an open carriage, and almost the whole way we had the mountain before us, spouting fire to a prodigious height. The road was crowded with groups of people, who had come out from the city and environs to take a nearer view of the magnificent spectacle, and numbers were hurrying to and fro in those little flying *corricoli* which are peculiar to Naples. As we approached, the explosions became more and more vivid, and at every tremendous burst of fire our friend L\*\* jumped half off his seat, making most loud and characteristic exclamations,—“By Jove! a magnificent fellow! now for it, whizz! there he goes, sky high, by George!” The rest of the party were equally enthusiastic in a different style; and I sat silent and quiet from absolute inability to express what I felt. I was almost breathless with wonder, and excitement, and impatience to be nearer the scene of action. While my eyes were fixed on the mountain, my attention was, from time to time, excited by regular rows



of small shining lights, six or eight in number, creeping, as it seemed, along the edge of the stream of lava; and, when contrasted with the red blaze which rose behind, and the gigantic black background, looking like a procession of glow-worms. These were the torches of travellers ascending the mountain, and I longed to be one of them.

We reached Resina a little before nine, and alighted from the carriage; the ascent being so rugged and dangerous, that only asses and mules accustomed to the road are used. Two only were in waiting at the moment we arrived, which L\*\* immediately secured for me and himself; and though reluctant to proceed without the rest of the party, we were compelled to go on before, that we might not lose time, or hazard the loss of our *monture*. We set off then, each with two attendants, a man to lead our animals and a torch-bearer. The road, as we ascended, became more and more steep at every step, being over a stream of lava, intermixed with stones and ashes, and the darkness added to the difficulty. But how shall I describe the scene and the people who surrounded us; the landscape partially lighted by a fearful red glare, the precipitous and winding road bordered by wild looking gigantic aloes, projecting their huge spear-like leaves almost across our path, and our lazzaroni attendants with their shrill shouts, and strange dresses, and wild jargon, and striking features, and dark eyes flashing in the gleam of the torches, which they flung round their heads to prevent their being extinguished, formed a scene so new, so extraordinary, so like romance, that my attention was frequently drawn from the mountain, though blazing in all its tumultuous magnificence.

The explosions succeeded each other with terrific rapidity about two in every three minutes; and the noise I can only compare to the roaring and hissing of ten thousand imprisoned winds, mingled at times with a rumbling sound like artillery or distant thunder. It frequently happened that the guides, in dashing their torches against the ground, set fire to the dried thorns and withered grass, and the blaze ran along the earth like wildfire, to the great alarm of poor L\*\*, who saw in every burning bush a stream of lava rushing to overwhelm us.

Before eleven o'clock we reached the Hermitage, situated between Vesuvius and the Somma, and the highest habitation on the mountain. A great number of men were assembled within, and guides, lazzaroni, servants, and soldiers, were lounging round. "I alighted, for I was benumbed and tired, but did not like to venture among those people, and it was proposed that we should wait for the rest of our party a little farther on. We accordingly left our donkeys and walked forward upon a kind of high ridge which serves to fortify the Hermitage and its environs against the lava. From this path, as we slowly ascended, we had a glorious view of the eruption; and the whole scene around us, in its romantic interest and terrible magnificence,

mocked all power of description. There were, at this time, five distinct torrents of lava rolling down like streams of molten lead; one of which extended above two miles below us, and was flowing towards Portici. The show-ers of red hot stones flew up like thousands of sky-rockets: many of them being shot up perpendicularly, fell back into the crater, others falling on the outside bounded down the side of the mountain with a velocity which would have distanced a horse at full speed: these stones were of every size, from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter.

My ears were by this time wearied and stunned by the unceasing roaring and hissing of the flames, while my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the red, fierce light: now and then I turned them for relief to other features of the picture, to the black shadowy masses of the landscape stretched beneath us, and speckled with shining lights, which showed how many were up and watching that night; and often to the calm vaulted sky above our heads, where thousands of stars (not twinkling as through our hazy or frosty atmosphere, but shining out of "heaven's profoundest azure," with that soft steady brilliancy peculiar to a highly rarified medium,) looked down upon this frightful turmoil in all their bright and placid loveliness. Nor should I forget one other feature of a scene on which I looked with a painter's eye. Great numbers of the Austrian forces, now occupying Naples, were on the mountains, assembled in groups, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the ground and wrapped in their cloaks, in various attitudes of amazement and admiration: and as the shadowy glare fell on their tall martial figures and glittering accoutrements, I thought I had never beheld anything so wildly picturesque.

The remainder of our party not yet appearing, we sent back for our asses and guides, and determined to proceed. About half a mile beyond our companions came up, and here a division took place; some agreeing to go forward, the rest turning back to wait at the Hermitage. I was of course one of those who advanced. My spirits were again raised, and the grand object of all this daring and anxiety was to approach near enough to a stream of lava to have some idea of its consistency, and the manner in which it flowed or trickled down. The difficulties of our road now increased, "if road that might be called which road was none," but black loose ashes, and masses of scoria and lava heaped in ridges, or broken into hollows in a manner not to be described. Even my animal, though used to the path, felt his footing at every step, and if the torch was by accident extinguished, he stopped, and nothing could make him move. My guide, Andrea, was very vigilant and attentive, and in the few words of Italian he knew, encouraged me, and assured me there was no danger. I had, however, no fear: in fact, I was infinitely too much interested to have been alive to danger, had it really existed. Salvador, well known to all who have visited Mount

Vesuvius, had been engaged by Mr. R. as his guide. He is the principal cicerone on the mountain. It is his business to despatch to the king every three hours a regular account of the height of the eruption, the progress, extent, and direction of the lava, and in short, the most minute particulars. He also corresponds, as he assured me, with Sir Humphrey Davy; and is employed to inform him of every interesting phenomenon which takes place on the mountain. This man has resided at the foot of it, and been principal guide for thirty-three years, and knows every inch of its territory.

As the lava had overflowed the usual foot-path leading to that conical eminence which forms the summit of the mountain and the exterior of the crater, we were obliged to alight from our sagacious steeds; and, trusting to our feet, walk over the ashes for about a quarter of a mile. The path, or the ground rather, for there was no path, was now dangerous to the inexperienced foot; and Salvador gallantly took me under his peculiar care. He led me on before the rest, and I followed with confidence. Our object was to reach the edge of a stream of lava, formed of two currents united in a point. It was glowing with an intense heat: and flowing, not with such rapidity as to alarm us, but rather slowly, and by fits and starts. Tricking, in short, is the word which expresses its motion: if one can fancy it applied to any object on so large a scale.

At this time the eruption was at its extreme height. The column of fire was from a quarter to a third of a mile high; and the stones were thrown up to the height of a mile and a quarter. I passed close to a rock about four feet in diameter, which had rolled down some time before: it was still red hot, and I stopped to warm my hands at it. At a short distance from it lay another stone or rock, also red hot, but six times the size. I walked on first with Salvador till we were within a few yards of the lava: at this moment a prodigious stone, followed by two or three smaller ones, came rolling down upon us with terrific velocity. The gentlemen and guides all ran; my first impulse was to run too: but Salvador called me to stop and see what direction the stone would take. I saw the reason of this advice, and stopped. In less than a second he seized my arm and hurried me back five or six yards. I heard the whizzing sound of the stone as it rushed down behind me. A little farther on it met with an impediment, against which it bolted with such force that it flew up into the air to a great height, and fell in a shower of red hot fragments. All this passed in a moment: I have shuddered since when I have thought of that moment; but at the time, I saw the danger without the slightest sensation of terror. I remember the ridiculous figures of the men, as they scrambled over the ridges of scoria; and was struck by Salvador's exclamation, who shouted to them in a tone which would have become Cæsar himself,—"Che tema!—Sono Salvador!"

We did not attempt to turn back again: which I should have done without any hesitation

if any one had proposed it. To have come thus far, and to be so near the object I had in view, and then to run away at the first alarm! it was a little provoking. The road was extremely dangerous in the descent. I was obliged to walk part of the way, as the guides advised, and but for Salvador, and the interesting information he gave me from time to time, I think I should have been overpowered. He amused and fixed my attention by his intelligent conversation, his assiduity, and solicitude for my comfort, and the *naïveté* and self-complacency with which his information was conveyed. He told me he had visited Mount Etna (*en amateur*) during the last eruption of that mountain, and acknowledged, with laudable candour, that Vesuvius, in its grandest moments, was a mere bonfire in comparison: the whole cone of Vesuvius, he said, was not larger than some of the masses of rock he had seen whirled from the crater of Mount Etna, and rolling down its sides. He frequently made me stop and look back: and here I should observe that our guides seemed as proud of the performance of the mountain, and as anxious to show it off to the best advantage, as the keeper of a menagerie is of the tricks of his dancing bear, or the proprietor of "Solomon in all his glory" of his ræree-show. Their enthusiastic shouts and exclamations would have kept up my interest, had it flagged. "O veda, Signora! O bella! O stupenda!" The last great burst of fire was accompanied by a fresh overflow of lava, which issued from the crater, on the west side, in two broad streams, and united a few hundred feet below, taking the direction of Torre and del Greco. After this explosion the eruption subsided, and the mountain seemed to repose: now and then showers of stones flew up, but to no great height, and unaccompanied by any vivid flames. There was a dull red light over the mouth of the crater, round which the smoke rolled in dense tumultuous volumes, and then blew off towards the south-west.

After a slow and difficult descent, we reached the Hermitage. I was so exhausted that I was glad to rest a few minutes. My good friend Salvador brought me a glass of *Lachryma Christi* and the leg of a chicken; and with recruited spirits we mounted our animals and again started.

The descent was infinitely more slow and difficult than the ascent, and much more trying to the nerves. I had not Salvador at my side, nor the mountain before me, to beguile me from my fears; at length I prevailed on one of our attendants, a fine tall figure of a man, to sing to me; and though he had been up the mountain *six* times in the course of the day, he sang delightfully, and with great spirit and expression, as he strided along with his hand upon my bridle, accompanied by a magnificent rumbling bass from the mountain, which every now and then drowned the melody of his voice and made me start. It was past three when we reached Resina, and nearly five when we got home; yet I rose this morning at my usual hour, and do not feel much fatigued. About



twelve to-day I saw Mount Vesuvius, looking as quiet and placid as the first time I viewed it. There was little smoke, and neither the glowing lava nor the flames were visible in the glare of the sunshine. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and as I gazed, almost misdoubting my senses, I could scarcely believe in the reality of the tremendous scene I had witnessed but a few hours before.

26th.—The eruption burst forth again to-day, and is exceedingly grand, though not equal to what it was on Sunday night. The smoke rises from the crater in dense black masses, and the wind having veered a few points to the southward, it is now driven in the direction of Naples. At the moment I write this, the skies are obscured by rolling vapours, and the sun, which is now setting just opposite to Vesuvius, shines, as I have seen him through a London mist, red, and shorn of his beams. The sea is angry and discoloured; the day most oppressively sultry, and the atmosphere thick, sulphurous, and loaded with an almost impalpable dust, which falls on the paper as I write.

March 4th.—We have had delicious weather almost ever since we arrived at Naples, but these last three days have been perfectly heavenly. I never saw or felt anything like the enchantment of the earth, air, and skies. The mountain has been perfectly still, the atmosphere without a single cloud, the fresh verdure bursting forth all around us, and every breeze visits the senses, as if laden with a renovating spirit of life, and wafted from Elysium. Whoever would truly enjoy nature, should see her in this delicious land: “*Ou la plus douce nuit succede au plus beau jour*,” for here she seems to keep holyday all the year round. To stand upon my balcony, looking out upon the sunshine, and the glorious bay; the blue sea, and the pure skies—and to feel that indefinite sensation of excitement, that *superflu de vie*, quickening every pulse and thrilling through every nerve—is a pleasure peculiar to this climate, where the mere consciousness of existence is happiness enough. Then evening comes on, lighted by a moon and starry heavens, whose softness, richness, and splendour are not to be conceived by those who have lived always in the vapoury atmosphere of England—dear England! I love, like an Englishwoman, its fireside enjoyments and home-felt delights: an English drawing-room with all its luxurious comforts—carpets and hearth-rugs, curtains let down, sofas wheeled round, and a group of family faces round a blazing fire—is a delightful picture; but for the languid frame, and the sick heart, give me this pure elastic air “redolent of spring;” this reviving sunshine and all the witchery of these deep blue skies! \* \* \*

Numbers of people set off post-haste from Rome to see the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and arrived here Wednesday and Thursday; just time enough to be too late. Among them our Roman friend Frattino, who has afforded me more amusement than all our other acquaintances together, and deserves a niche in my gallery of characters.

Frattino is a young Englishman, who, if he were in England, would probably be pursuing his studies at Eton or Oxford, for he is scarce past the age of boyhood; but having been abroad since he was twelve years old, and early plunged into active and dissipated life, he is an accomplished man of fashion and of the world, with as many airs and caprices as a spoiled child. He is by far the most beautiful creature of his sex I ever saw; so like the Antinous, that at Rome he went by that name. The exquisite regularity of his features, the graceful air of his head, his antique curls, the faultless proportions of his elegant figure, make him a *thing* to be gazed on, as one looks at a statue. Then he possesses talents, wit, taste, and information: the most polished and captivating manners where he wishes to attract,—high honour and generosity where women are not concerned,—and all the advantages attending on rank and wealth: but under this fascinating exterior, I suspect our Frattino to be a very worthless, as well as a very unhappy being. While he pleases, he repels me. There is a want of heart about him, a want of fixed principles—a degree of profligacy, of selfishness, of fickleness, caprice, and ill-temper, and an excess of vanity—which all his courtly address and *savoir faire* cannot hide. What would be insufferable in another, is in him bearable, and even interesting and amusing: such is the charm of manner. But all this cannot last; and I should not be surprised to see Frattino, a few years hence, emerge from his foreign frippery, throw aside his libertine folly, assume his seat in the senate, and his rank in British society; and be the very character he now affects to despise and ridicule—a true-bred Englishman, who rides a thorough-bred horse.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Our excursion to Pompeii yesterday was “a picnic party of pleasure,” *a l’Anglaise*. Now a party of pleasure is proverbially a *bare*: and our expedition was in the beginning so unpromising, so mismanaged—our party so numerous, and composed of such a heterogeneous mixture of opposite tempers, tastes, and characters, that I was in pain for the result. The day, however, turned out more pleasant than I expected: exterior polish supplied the want of something better, and our excursion had its pleasures, though they were not such as I should have sought at Pompeii. I felt myself a simple *unit* among so many, and found it easier to sympathize with others than to make a dozen others sympathize with me.

We were twelve in number, distributed in three light barouches, and reached Pompeii in about two hours and a half—passing by the foot of Vesuvius, through Portici, Torre del Greco, and l’Annonziata. The streams of lava which overwhelmed Torre del Greco, in 1794, are still black and barren; but the town itself is rising from its ruins; and the very lava which destroyed it serves as the material to rebuild it.

We entered Pompeii by the street of the tombs: near them are the semicircular seats,

so admirably adapted for conversation, that I wonder we have not sofas on a similar plan and similar scale. I need not dwell on particulars, which are to be found in every book of travels: on the whole, my expectations were surpassed, though my curiosity was not half gratified.

The most interesting thing I saw—in fact the only thing, for which paintings and descriptions had not previously prepared me—was a building which has been excavated within the last fortnight: it is only partly laid open, and labourers are now at work upon it. Antiquarians have not yet pronounced on its name and design; but I should imagine it to be some public edifice, perhaps dedicated to religious purposes. The paintings on the walls are the finest which have yet been discovered: they are exquisitely and tastefully designed; and though executed merely for effect, that effect is beautiful. I remarked one female figure in the act of entering a half-open door; she is represented with pencils and a palette of colours in her hand, similar to those which artists now use: another very graceful female holds a lyre of peculiar construction. These, I presume, were two of the muses: the rest remained hidden. There were two small panels occupied by sea-pieces, with galleys; and two charming landscapes, so well coloured, and drawn with such knowledge of perspective and effect, that if we may form a comparative idea of the best pictures from these specimens of taste and skill in mere house-painting, the ancients must have excelled us as much in painting as in sculpture. I remarked on the wall of an entrance or corridor a dog starting at a wreathed and crested snake, vividly coloured, and full of spirit and expression. While I lingered here a little behind the rest, and most reluctant to depart, a ragged lazzarone boy came up to me, and seizing my dress, pointed to a corner, and made signs that he had something to show me. I followed him to a spot where a quantity of dust and ashes was piled against a wall. He began to scratch away this heap of dirt with hands and nails, much after the manner of an ape, every now and then looking up in my face and grinning. The impediment being cleared away, there appeared on the wall behind a most beautiful aerial figure, with floating drapery, representing either Fame or Victory: but before I had time to examine it, the little rogue flung the earth up again so as to conceal it completely, then pointing significantly at the other workmen, he nodded, shrugged, gesticulated, and held out both his paws for a recompense, which I gave him willingly; at the same time laughing and shaking my head to show I understood his knavery. I rewarded him apparently beyond his hopes, for he followed me down the street, bowing, grinning, and cutting capers like a young savage.

The streets of Pompeii are narrow, the houses are very small, and the rooms, though often decorated with exquisite taste, are constructed without any regard to what we should term comfort and convenience; they are dark, confined, and seldom communicate with each other, but have a general communication with

a portico, running round a central court. This court is in general beautifully paved with mosaic, having a fountain or basin in the middle, and possibly answered the purpose of a drawing-room. It is evident that the ancient inhabitants of this lovely country lived like their descendants, mostly in the open air, and met together in their public walks, or in the forums and theatres. If they *saw company*, the guests probably assembled under the porticoes, or in the court round the fountain. The houses seem constructed on the same principle as birds construct their nests; as places of retreat and shelter, rather than of assemblage and recreation: the grand object was to exclude the sunbeams; and this, which gives such gloomy and chilling ideas in our northern climes, must here have been delicious.

Hurried on by a hungry, noisy, merry party, we at length reached the Caserna (the ancient barracks, or as Forsyth will have it, the prætorium). The central court of this building has been converted into a garden: and here, under a weeping willow, our dinner-table was spread. Where Englishmen are, there will be good cheer if possible; and our banquet was in truth most luxurious. Besides more substantial cates, we had oysters from Lake Lucrine, and classically excellent they were; London bottled porter, and half a dozen different kinds of wine. Our dinner went off most gayly, but no order was kept afterward: the purpose of our expedition seemed to be forgotten in general mirth: many witty things were said and done, and many merry ones, and not a few silly ones. We visited the beautiful public walk and the platform of the old temple of Hercules (I call it *old* because it was a ruin when Pompeii was entire): the Temple of Isis, the Theatres, the Forum, the Basilica, the Amphitheatre, which is in a perfect state of preservation, and more elliptical in form than any of those I have yet seen, and the School of Eloquence, where R\*\* mounted the rostrum, and gave us an oration extempore, equally pithy, classical, and comical. About sunset we got into the carriages and returned to Naples.

Of all the heavenly days we have had since we came to Naples, this has been the most heavenly; and of all the lovely scenes I have beheld in Italy, what I saw to-day has most enchanted my senses and imagination. The view from the eminence on which the old temple stood, and which was anciently the public promenade, was splendidly beautiful: the whole landscape was at one time overflowed with light and sunshine, and appeared as if seen through an impalpable but dazzling veil. Towards evening the outlines became more distinct: the little white towns perched upon the hills, the gentle sea, the fairy Island of Rivegliano with its old tower, the smoking crater of Vesuvius, the bold forms of Mount Lactarius and Cape Minerva, stood out full and clear under the cloudless sky: as we returned, I saw the sun sink behind Capri, which appeared by some optical illusion like a glorious crimson transparency suspended above the horizon: the sky, the earth, the sea, were



flushed with the richest rose colour, which gradually softened and darkened into purple: the short twilight faded away, and the full moon, rising over Vesuvius, lighted up the scenery with a softer radiance.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

### ON INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS.

As most of the unhappiness of the world arises rather from disappointed desires, than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve orange-trees in the open air through an English winter; or when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find, in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws are determinate, fixed and invariable as any in Newton's Principia. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man therefore who has well studied the operations in mind as well as in matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others. He will act with precision, and expect that effect and that alone from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages, which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, we expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so,

from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense, and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealousy and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and for the nice embarrassment of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside to the right hand or the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these and you shall be wise. "But (says the man of letters) what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!" Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? Have you then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry, what reward have I then for all my labors?" What reward. A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and a conscious dignity of superior intelligence. And what reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that end. He has paid his health, his conscience and his liberty, for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied.

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and

reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience, and strict regard to the rules of morality, make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honor and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at every core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity;

Pure in the last recesses of the mind:

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or—what you please;

If these be motives weak, break off betimes;

and as you have not the spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with the indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples, but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men that sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected. If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus: there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is no one quality gives so much dignity to a character as consistency of conduct. The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one important object, and pursue it through life. It was this made Cæsar a great man. His object was ambition; he pursued it steadily, and was always ready to sacrifice to it every interfering passion and inclination.

There is a pretty passage in one of Lucian's dialogues, where Jupiter complains to Cupid, that though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. In order to be loved, says Cupid, you must lay aside your ægis and your thunder-bolts, and you must curl and perfume your hair, and place a garland on your head, and walk with a soft step, and assume a winning obsequious deportment.

But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity. Then, returned Cupid, leave off desiring to be loved.—He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time.

It must be confessed, that the men of genius are of all others most inclined to make these unreasonable claims. As their relish for enjoyment is strong, their views large and comprehensive, and they feel themselves lifted above the common bulk of mankind, they are apt to slight that natural reward of praise and admiration which is vary largely paid to distinguished abilities, and to expect to be called forth to public notice and favor; without considering that their talents are commonly unfit for active life; that their eccentricity and turn for speculation disqualifies them for the business of the world, which is best carried on by men of moderate genius; and that society is not bound to reward any one who is not useful to it. The poets have been a very unreasonable race, and have often complained loudly of the neglect of genius and the ingratitude of the age. The tender and pensive Cowley, and the elegant Shenstone, had their minds tinctured by this discontent; and even the sublime melancholy of Young was too much owing to the stings of disappointed ambition.

The moderation we have been endeavouring to inculcate will likewise prevent much mortification and disgust in our commerce with mankind. As we ought not to wish in ourselves, so neither should we expect in our friends, contrary qualifications. Young and sanguine, when we enter into the world, and feel our affections drawn forth by any particular excellence in a character, we immediately give it credit for all others, and are beyond measure disgusted when we come to discover, as we soon must discover, the defects in the other side of the balance. But nature is much more frugal than to heap together all manner of shining qualities in one glaring mass. Like a judicious painter, she endeavours to preserve a certain unity of style and coloring in her pieces. Models of absolute perfection are only to be met with in romance; where exquisite beauty and brilliant wit, and profound judgment, and immaculate virtue, are all blended together to adorn some favorite character. As an anatomist knows that the racer cannot have the strength of the draught-horse, and that winged men, griffins and mermaids, must be mere creatures of the imagination, so the philosopher is sensible that there are combinations of moral qualities, which never can take place but in idea. There is a different air and complexion in characters as well as in faces, though perhaps each equally beautiful; and the excellences of one cannot be transferred to another. Thus, if one man possess a stoical apathy of soul, acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with mathematical exactness, you must not expect that man to be greatly influenced by the weakness of pity, or the partialities of friendship: you must not be offended that he does not fly to



meet you after a short absence ; or require from him the convivial spirit and honest effusions of a warm, open, susceptible heart. If another is remarkable for a lively active zeal, inflexible integrity, a strong indignation against vice, and freedom in reproving it, he will probably have some little bluntness in his address not altogether suitable to polished life ; will want the winning arts of conversation ; he will disgust by a kind of haughtiness and negligence in his manner, and often hurt the delicacy of his acquaintance with harsh and disagreeable truths.

There is a cast of manners peculiar and becoming to age, sex, and profession ; one, therefore, should not throw out illiberal and commonplace censures against another. Each is perfect in its kind. A woman as a woman, a tradesman as a tradesman. We are often hurt by the brutality and sluggish conceptions of the vulgar ; not considering that some there must be to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that cultivated genius, or even any great refinement and delicacy in their moral feelings, would be a real misfortune to them.

Let us then study the philosophy of the human mind. The man who is master of this science, will know what to expect from every one. From this man, wise advice ; from that, cordial sympathy ; from another, casual entertainment. The passions and inclinations of others are his tools, which he can use with as much precision as he would the mechanical powers ; and he can as readily make allowance for the workings of vanity, or the bias of self-interest in his friends, as for the power of friction, or the irregularities of the needle.

Mrs. Barbauld.

[In the above admirable essay, which can never be sufficiently reprinted, the chief aim of the author was of course to show the folly of those who pine for external worldly advantages, while enjoying those purer and serenest pleasures which must always be sacrificed when the other class of benefits are exclusively pursued. It is not worth while, nevertheless, to remark, that there is, or may be, a *modified* diligence in the ordinary pursuits of the world, which is not inconsistent with much delightful recreation in the flowery fields of literature, or the graver shades of science and philosophy. Even in the alteration of pursuits which such a course of life implies, there is a principle pregnant with much that is good. A change of occupation, whether from business to amusement, or from amusement to business, is in itself pleasant as well as salutary. The man of business may be elevated and refined by an acquaintance with letters and science ; and the man of letters or of science may be preserved from too abstracted modes of thinking, as well as many odd habits of acting, by mixing a little in business. Upon the whole, we have not the least doubt that some certain union of the two classes of pursuits is the surest way of attaining happiness]

#### A FRAGMENT.

The sentinel sleeps when off his post ; the Moorfields barker enjoys some interval of repose ; moonshine suffers a partial eclipse on Bank holidays among the *omnium gatherem* of Bulls and Bears ; the doctor gives the undertaker a holiday ; Argus sends his hundred eyes to the Land of Nod, and Briareus puts his century of hands in his pockets.—But the *match-maker*, ante and post meridian, is *always* at her post !

“ The News teems with candidates for the noose :—A spinster conjugally inclined ; a bachelor devoted to Hymen ; forlorn widowers ; widows disconsolate ; and why not ‘ *A daughter to marry ?* ’ Addresses paid per post, post paid ! For an introduction to the belle, ring the bell ! None but principals (with a principal !) need apply.”

“ Egad,” continued Mr. Bosky, as we journeyed through the fields a few mornings after our *caravan* adventure, to pay Uncle Timothy a visit at his new *rus in urbe* near Hampstead Heath, “ it will soon be dangerous to dine out, or to figure in ; for a dinner may become an action for damages ; and a dance, matrimony without benefit of clergy ! But yesterday I pic-nic’d with the Muffs ; buzzed with Brutus ; endured *Ma*, was *just civil* to Miss ; when early this morning comes a missive adopting me for a son-in-law !”

We congratulated Mr. Bosky on the prospect of his *speedily* becoming a Benedick.

“ *Bien oblige !* What ! ingraft myself on that family Upas tree of ignorance, selfishness, and conceit ! Couple with triflers, who, having no mental resources or amusement within themselves, sigh ‘ *O ! another dull day !* ’ and are happy only when some gad-about party drag them from a monotonous home, where nothing is talked of or read but petty scandal, fashions for the month, trashy novels, mantua-makers’ and milliners’ bills ! I can laugh at affectation, but I loathe duplicity ; I can pity a fool, but I scorn a flirt. This is a hackneyed *ruse* of *Ma*’s. The last coasting season of the Muffs has been comparatively unprofitable. From Margate to Brighton Miss Matilda counts but five proposals positive, and half a dozen presumptive ; in the latter are included some broad stares at Broadstairs from the Holborn Hill Demosthenes ! and even *these* have been furiously scrambled for by the delicate sisters for their marriageable Misses ! ‘ *Everybody*, ’ says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, ‘ loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarcely love one another.’ ”

An oddity crossed our path. “ There waddles,” said the Laureat, “ *Mr. Onessimus Omnium*, who thrice on every Sabbath takes the round of the *Conventicles* with his pockets stuffed full of *bibles* and *psalm books*, every one of which (chapter and verse pointed out ! ) he passes into the hands of forgetful old ladies and gentlemen whom he opines ‘ *Consols*, and not philosophy, console ! ’ Pasted on the inside cover is his *card*, setting forth the *address* and *calling* of Onessimus ! You may swear that somebody is *dead* in the neighbourhood, (the

pious Lynx is hunting up the executors!) by seeing him out of 'the Alley' at this early time of the day."

Farther a-field, rambling amidst the rural scenes he has so charmingly described, we shook hands with Uncle Timothy's dear friend, the Author of a work "*On the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*. Happy old man! Who shall say that fortune deals harshly, if, in taking much away, she leaves us virtue?"

Winding through a verdant copse, we suddenly came in sight of an elegant mansion. From a flower-woven arbour, sacred to retirement, proceeded the notes of a guitar.

"Hush!" said the Laureat, colouring deeply,—“breathe not! Stir not!” And a voice of surpassing sweetness sang

Farewell Autumn's shady bowers,  
Purple fruits and fragrant flowers,  
Golden fields and waving corn,  
And merry lark that wakes the morn!  
Earth a mournful silence keeps,  
See, the dewy landscape weeps!  
Mark! thro' yonder lonely dell  
Gentle zephyrs sigh farewell!

Call'd ere long by vernal spring,  
Trees shall blossom, birds shall sing;  
The blushing rose, the lily fair,  
Dock sweet summer's bright parterre;  
Flocks and herds, the bounding steed,  
Shall, sporting, crop the flowery mead,  
And bounteous Nature yield again  
Her ripen'd fruits and golden grain.

Ere the landscape fades from view,  
As behind yon mountains blue  
Sets the sun in glory bright—  
And the regent of the night,  
Thron'd where shines the blood-red Mars,  
With her coronet of stars,  
Silvers woodland, hill and dell,  
Lovely Autumn! fare thee well.

Was Mr. Bosky in love with the songstress or the song? Certes his manner seemed unusually hurried and flurried; and one or two of his forced whistles sounded like suppressed sighs. So absent was he, that, not regarding how far we had left him in the rear, he stood for a few minutes motionless, as if waiting for echo to repeat the sound!

We thought—it might be an illusion—that a fair hand waved him a graceful recognition. At all events the spell was soon broken, for he bounded along to us like the roe, with

“Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires at a mile-a.”

The laughing Autolious! It was his blithesome note that first made us acquainted with Uncle Timothy!

The remembrance of boyhood is ever pleasing to the reflective mind. The duties that await us in after life; the cares and disappointments that obstruct our future progress cast a shade over those impressions that were once interwoven with our existence. But it is only a shade; recall but one image of the distant scene, and the whole rises in all its freshness and verdure; touch but one string of this forgotten harmony, and every chord shall vibrate!

“Arna, vi-rump que cane-o!” exclaimed the Laureat, pointing to his old schoolmaster, who was leaning over his rustic garden-gate, read-

ing his favourite *Virgil*. And how cordial was their greeting! The scholar played his urchin pranks over again, and the master flourished a visionary birch. Mr. Bosky hurried us into the playground; (his little garden was still there, but it looked not so trim and gay as when he was its horticulturist!) led us into the schoolroom, pointed out his veritable desk, notched at all corners with his initials; identified the particular peg whereon, in days of yore, hung his (too often) crownless castor; and recapitulated his boyish sports, many of the sharers of which he happily recognised in the full tide of prosperity; and not a few sinking under adverse fortune, whose prospects were once bright and cheering, and whose bosoms bounded with youth, and innocence, and joy!

“Let me die in autumn! that the withered blossoms of summer may bestrew my grave, and the mournful breeze that scatters them sigh forth my requiem!”—*George Daniel*.

#### INCOMBUSTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Both in ancient and modern times, numerous instances have been recorded of seeming insensibility on the part of individual human beings to the action of fire or intense heat. The Roman poet *Virgil* relates that the priests of the temple of *Apollo*, on mount *Soracte*, had the faculty of walking with naked feet over burning coals, and the priests of other temples in *Rome* used to attract great crowds by a similar peculiarity. In modern days, when the ordeal by fire was a common and approved mode of determining the truth or falsity of weighty accusations, many instances are related where persons lifted and also walked over red-hot iron bars, or put red-hot iron gauntlets on their hands, without suffering from such trials in the slightest degree. Admitting many of these stories to be fictitious, the weight of evidence is too strong for us to disbelieve all of them. Those cases seem most likely to be true where individuals offered of their own accord to undergo the fire-ordeal, in order to prove the justice of some charge or other. Thus, when the Empress *Maria of Arragon* had accused a young Italian count of endeavouring to tamper with her nuptial faith, and had so procured the death of the count, the widow of the deceased came forward and demanded to be admitted to the fiery ordeal, in order to prove his innocence. Her demand was acceded to, and on her holding in her hand a



red-hot bar of iron for a considerable length of time without being burned, the empress was held to be guilty of a false charge, and was condemned to death in her turn.

Such cases were at that time deemed miraculous; but as the minds of men became more enlightened, there appeared grounds for believing that the power of resisting the action of fire was referrible to natural and intelligible causes. Within the last two hundred years, every half a century or so has been marked by the appearance of some itinerant exhibitor, whose person, in part or whole, evinced the power of enduring the action of fire or intense heat. Whether this property depended on some peculiarity in the individual's constitution, or was acquired art, is a question to which we shall refer afterwards, when we have described some of the feats of this remarkable class of persons.

In Paris, about the year 1677, an Englishman of the name of Richardson attracted great attention by his performances with fire. He professed himself able to execute the following feats. He chewed live coals, and showed them burning in his mouth; he melted sulphur, let it burn on his hand, put it while in flames, on his tongue, and finally swallowed it; he put a burning coal on his tongue, cooked there a piece of raw flesh, and allowed the fire to be kept up with a pair of bellows for a quarter of an hour; he held a red-hot iron bar in his hands, afterwards took it into his mouth, from which he threw it forcibly with his teeth; and, lastly, he swallowed melted glass and pitch, sulphur and wax melted together, and in flames, so that the flame came out of his mouth, and the mixture made as much noise in his throat as if a hot iron were plunged in water. Such, according to his own announcement, is a list of Richardson's performances; all of which he successfully executed, at least in seeming, since a French academician made an attempt to explain his feats on rational principles. The general opinion was, that the exhibitor was protected by a particular composition, which he rubbed over the parts exposed to the fire. Others thought that *habut* did a great deal in the matter, while the vulgar

openly ascribed the whole to a compact with the devil.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, a Mr. Powell acquired great note on account of his fire-feats, and appears to have excited so much astonishment among the scientific men of London, as to be thought worthy of a medal from the Royal Society. Among his successors in the art was an individual named Lionetto, who exhibited in Paris and Naples. Since that time, feats with live coals, the ejection of flames and smoke from the mouth, &c. have become more and more common, and may be seen practised to a greater or less extent at almost every fair. But within the last half century two persons have appeared, who have excelled all their predecessors in performances of this kind. The first of these was a lady named Signora Girardelli, better known while she was in Britain (which was about the year 1818) by the title of the *Incombustible Lady*. The other personage was Monsieur Chauber, who delighted in the romantic title of the *Fire-King*. A most able article, to which we are largely indebted on the present occasion, appeared in one of the later volumes of the (Constable's) Edinburgh Magazine, descriptive of the performances of Signora Girardelli, and investigating thoroughly the means by which she accomplished them. We cannot better elucidate any mystery that may hang over this subject, than by an account of the conclusions to which the writer of the article in question came to respecting the feats of Signora Girardelli.

The Signora was a pleasant-looking lady, above forty years of age. She seemed most anxious to satisfy her visitors of her fair performance of every thing she undertook, and to eradicate all suspicion of juggling and mystery. Her feats were of five kinds; 1st, those of aqua fortis (nitric acid); 2nd, those of boiling oil and melted wax; 3rd, those with melted metal; 4th, those with hot metals; and 5th, those with lighted candles. Her experiments with aqua fortis were as follows: She took a little aqua fortis into her mouth, and, after holding it there a little spat it out on some iron filings, in order to exhibit its strength by the orange fumes that were raised. She put some aqua fortis on a

plate, and put a halfpenny into it, on which it acted briskly; she then rubbed about the halfpenny till it was scoured bright. She put a halfpenny into the palm of her hand, and poured a little aqua fortis upon it, and allowed them to act upon each other there a considerable time. Her hand was not at all discolored by these experiments. When examined into these feats with aqua fortis do not appear very wonderful. The action of the acid on the copper was no proof of great strength, and it was the only proof given. When the writer of the account afterwards tried the same experiment, he found that diluted aqua fortis, which had more action on copper than in the Signora's experiments, could be taken into the hand without discoloring it, and into the mouth without any other effect than that of setting the teeth on edge, and causing a flow of saliva. The fumes and the causticity of the liquid, therefore, were deceptive, and the want of knowledge in the spectators was the true cause of their wonder. The experiments with boiling oil and melted wax were performed thus: "The Signora filled a small pan with Florence oil, boiled it, proved that it was boiling by coagulating the white of an egg in it, and then took a mouthful of the oil, which, after rinsing her mouth, she spat into the brazier, to show, by its blazing that it was really oil." As the boiling point of oil is 600 degrees Fahrenheit, this would certainly appear a remarkable experiment. But our analyst observes that the white of egg coagulates at 156 degrees, and that there was no proof that the oil was pure. A little water mixed with it would cause the appearance of ebullition at 212 degrees. The liquid, even in this case, would be very warm, but a great part of the wonder would be taken away. "The Signora applied melted sealing-wax to her tongue, and an impression of a seal was taken on it." The same experiment was afterwards ventured upon by the writer of the account, and he found that he could bear it without suffering more than a very transient impression of heat. The wax, it is to be observed, was not *dropt* on the Signora's tongue, but torn off from the stick with the seal. The saliva on the tongue, and the slow-conducting

power of the wax, seem to preserve from injury in this case.

In none of these experiments, then, which are among the common ones performed by the fire-eaters, is there any great cause for wonder, when properly examined into. With regard to the feats with melted metal, they first were as follows: "The Signora dipped the point of her fingers repeatedly into melted lead, and at each time lifted a small portion to her mouth, spitting it out afterwards in thin chewed masses. Again, she poured a small quantity of melted lead into her mouth, and afterwards took from her mouth a chewed piece about the size of a drachm. Her last feat with melted lead was to strike repeatedly with the sole of her foot a considerable piece of the metal when it was barely congealed." As plumbers are quite accustomed to touch or draw the finger through melted lead without sustaining injury, there is a perfect possibility of explaining the Signora's power of touching the metal with her finger and foot upon the supposition that, like the plumbers, she was accustomed to it. But the introduction of melted lead into her mouth is certainly a feat of a more extraordinary kind. The writer of the account already mentioned could see no juggle on the part of the lady, and considers the experiment as the most striking of all she went through.

The next feats were with red-hot iron. "The edge of a shovel in that condition which set wood on fire, was drawn by the lady along the upper part of her foot, and front of her ankle, over her arms also, and hair, without making any mark, or raising any smell or smoke! The shovel was never allowed to rest any sensible time on one spot. Another red-hot shovel was laid on a board which it set fire to, and the Signora struck it repeatedly with the sole of her foot until it was a little bent. The contact here was momentary. She also licked the red-hot shovel with her tongue, and a hissing noise was heard, as the spectators were taught to expect." Of these experiments, certainly the most remarkable were those made on the hands and arms, where the surface is *dry*. As for the tongue, it is distinctly understood that the saliva prevents the iron, when rapidly passed over it, from touching the cuticle. It is a



curious fact, that if the iron be a black heat, the tongue will be burnt in such experiments, though uninjured at a redheat. The insensibility of the dry arm and leg is, we have said, the most remarkable point in the Signora's feats with the heated iron. It was observed, however, that she used the edge of the shovel alone, and that this edge had previously been cooled in some degree by setting fire to the wood. "The remaining feats of the lady consisted of passing a bundle of eight light (moulded and wax) candles slowly and steadily beneath each forearm, and also moving her foot over the flame in such a way as to show the light rising between her toes. This process blackened the parts with smoke, but affected them in no other way." This feat indisputably showed great insensibility to the effect of heat. Much seemed to depend on the steady movement of the flame, an effect analogous to which is seen in the singeing of muslin, where the loose threads are burnt away by being passed over a red-hot cylinder.

These are the chief performances of one of the most dexterous and celebrated of the modern fire-eaters, as they are generally named. The conclusion to be drawn from the preceding analysis is, that, while every art was used by the Signora Girardelli to increase the ostensible magnitude and difficulty of the experiments, on the other hand, every art was put in force to diminish their real difficulty. But, upon the whole, a remarkable power of resisting heat was fairly shown to be possessed by the Signora. On being questioned, she declared herself to be in possession of a secret composition on which the insensibility of her skin depended; but there is reason to think that she only found this a convenient way of answering such interrogatories. She asserted that she was able to remain in an oven while a leg of mutton was roasted. This feat could not depend on a *composition*, for it would be difficult, indeed, to apply anything of the sort to the membrane lining of the lungs. Besides, there was no melting or evaporation on the application of the hot iron to her skin, which would most probably have been the case had any composition been rubbed over it. Her tongue, also, was perfectly red and clean. In short, after the

minutest examination, the writer we have quoted arrived at the conclusion, that the Signora derived her insensibility to heat of some peculiarity of constitution, increased by repetition and habit, and a great dexterity in making her experiments. That there are constitutional differences between human beings in this respect, must have been observed by every one. Some persons cannot lift off a kettle filled with boiling water from the fire, while others can lift out a piece of live coal with their fingers. The power which laundresses acquire of handling hot irons, is a sufficient example of the influence of habit in obviating the effects of heat.

It is due to candour, however, to say, that some of the fire-eaters do appear to use a composition for their skin. On observing a quantity of vapour to arise from Lionetto's skin, when touched by red-hot iron, Dr. Sementini of Naples became convinced that some application to the skin was the cause of its insensibility, and instituted a number of experiments to discover what the application was. He naturally resorted first to acids, and discovered, that, by washing repeatedly with diluted sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acids, the skin became gradually less sensible to the action of heat, and he was enabled to pass a red-hot iron over it without injury. By accident he made the further discovery, that hard soap, rubbed over it, increased greatly the power of resistance in the skin. By washing the tongue with diluted sulphuric acid, and afterwards with soap, he found that he could pass a red-hot iron over it with impunity. In short, he acquired, by slow degrees, the power of repeating all Lionetto's experiments. Dr. Sementini, in this case, ascribes the whole effect to the applications made. We are inclined to attribute at least an equal share in it to habit or repetition.

Monsieur Chaubert, or the Fire-King, flourished only a few years ago. He distinguished himself by many feats resembling those of the Signora Girardelli with the melted lead and the red-hot metals. But the particular line in which Monsieur Chaubert shone most highly was in the endurance of heat in ovens, and such like places. What he could endure in this way was very wonderful, though much of the wonder has been removed by ex-

periments of Dr. Blagden and others, who have proved that the human body retains an equability of temperature under any circumstances. Without previous trials of any kind, Dr. Blagden entered a room raised to a heat of 260 degrees, and remained in it, while eggs and beef-steak were roasted by the atmospheric heat. The steak was overdone in about thirty-three minutes. In such a position, the suffering is in the lungs. Experiments of this order were gone through by Chaubert with greater ease than others could do them, and this ease might partly arise from constitution, and partly from a repetition and habit. It was unfortunate that this person was not contented with the repute of being fire-king, but wished also to be thought poison-king. He gave out that he was proof against the whole generation of poisons, and made a show of taking the deadly one called prussic acid in public. He even went the length of announcing his readiness to permit any gentleman to bring his own prussic acid, just as jugglers, who allow themselves to be shot at, profess to let any gentleman bring his own gun. Unfortunately for Monsieur Chaubert, Mr. Wakely, editor of the *Lancet*, desirous either of exposing quackery, or of making curious philosophical experiments, issued a public advertisement, stating that he was about to come forward with a dose of *his own* prussic acid, in answer to Monsieur Chaubert's call, at the same time warning the fire-king of the consequences, and washing his own hands of all responsibility in the matter. The fire-king, in this instance, did not stand fire. The attention of the public being arrested to the subject, he found it convenient to take leave of London, and has never, to our knowledge, been heard of since. It is possible that he may at this moment be sitting in an oven in the *New World*, beside a leg of mutton. The worst wish we have to give him is, that he may have the foresight to take in a knife and fork with him.

From all that has been said here on this subject, the reader will observe it to be our opinion, that the majority of the feats of these fire-eaters (to use their common name) are the result in part of a natural insensibility to heat in the individual, strengthened by long habit, and

rendered effective in display by all the little tricks and deceptions possible. A due degree of boldness and dexterity of hand would enable most people to go through a number of these feats at the *first* trial; and by practice, in many instances, the power of performing others might apparently be acquired.—

*Chambers' Journal.*

#### OUR VILLAGE POST OFFICE.

The master of our village post office for many years past was an old man; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness, and delicacy. Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village postmaster. Having the universal country acquaintance with his neighbours' affairs, he holds the key to all their correspondences. He knows, long before the news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating; he can estimate the conjugal devotion of the absent husband; but most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. Letters, directed in well-known characters, and written with beating hearts within locked apartments, pass through his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is known first the results of a village belle's foray through a neighbouring district. Our young deputy postmaster rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispersed; but whenever sympathy was permitted, his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbours suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart than Loyd Barnard's—never a truer mirror than his face.

His father, Colonel Jesse Barnard, belonged to that defunct body, the aristocracy of our country. He served in the revolutionary war, he did good service to the state in the subsequent Shay's rebellion, and though he afterwards inexplicably fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste; the prescribed courtesies of the old regime with the neatly tied queue, and the garment that has given place to the levelling pantaloons. He even persevered in the use of powder till it ceased to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he maintained those strict observances of politeness, that are becoming, among us, subjects of tradition and history. These, however, are merely accidents of education and usage. His moral constitution had nothing aristocratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what we would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, an universal good-will. The colonel was remarkably exempt (whether fortu-



nately or unfortunately, each according to his taste must decide) from the virtue or mania of his age and country; and consequently, at threescore and ten, instead of being the proprietor of lands in the West, or ships on the sea, he possessed nothing but his small paternal estate in B——, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and an acre of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of postmaster; and as the village grew with the prosperity of manufactures and agriculture, the income of the office has of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the addition of his pension as a revolutionary officer, made the colonel "passing rich;" for by this time his sons and daughters were married, and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, and the youngest only, our friend Loyd, remained at home. "Passing rich," we say, and repeat it, was the colonel. Those who have never seen an income of a few hundred dollars well administered in rural life, can have no conception of the comfort and independence, nay, luxury, it will procure. In the first place, the staples of life, space, pure air, sweet water, and a continual feast for the eye, are furnished in the country, in unmeasured quantity, by the bounty of providence. Then when, as with the colonel, there are no vices to be pampered, no vanities to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars do all for happiness that money can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, and the Croesuses of our land who still desire more than they have, might envy our contented colonel, or rather might have envied him, till, after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came, for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day—a distrustful fear that the morrow might not take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature, (the colonel was addicted to such indulgences) he had allowed himself to adopt a little destitute orphan girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone, and proved so dutiful and so helpful, that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina—for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her—was a pretty, very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost the favour some beauty, divine or mortal, of classic days, won for it, is considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty. Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even were it fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth, coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin, would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. Barnard insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain lighthouse lights Loyd Barnard never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call auburn red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such "dainty spirits" as Ariel,

Puck, and Oberon. Still the lover is not disenchanted.

"Lina, my child," said the old lady, one evening just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the tea-things our "neat-handed lass" was arranging, "Lina, do you expect Mr. Lovejoy this evening?" "No, ma'am." "To-morrow evening, then?" "No, ma'am; I never expect him again." "You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?" Lina smiled, and Mrs. Barnard continued: "I fear you have not duly considered, Lina." "What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?" "We can't afford always, my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against Mr. Lovejoy; he made the best of husbands to his first wife." "That was a very good reason why *she* should love him, ma'am." Mrs. Barnard proceeded without heeding the emphasis on *she*. "He has but three children, and two of them are out of the way." "A poor reason, as I have always thought, ma'am, to give either to father or children for taking the place of mother to them." "But there are few that are calculated for the place; you are cut out for a stepmother, Lina—just the right disposition for stepmother, or stepdaughter."

Paulina's ideas were confused by the compliment, and she was on the point of asking whether stepdaughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her, and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good old lady continued her soundings. "I did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love." "For what then, ma'am, should I marry him?" asked Lina, suspending her housewife labours, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her little black silk apron. "Girls often do marry, my child, to get a good home." "Marry to get a home, Mrs. Barnard! I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg, to get a home, sooner than marry to get one;—and, besides, have I not the pleasantest home in the world? thanks to your bounty and the colonel's."

Mrs. Barnard sighed, took Lina's fair chubby hand in hers, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina's infinite embarrassment, joined in. "I am disappointed, Lina," he said; "it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband—you are easily suited with everything else." "But I don't want a husband, sir." "There's no telling how soon you may, Lina: I feel myself to be failing daily; and when I am gone, my child, it will be all poor Loyd can do to take care of his mother." "Can I not help him? Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd's mother?" thought Paulina; but she hemmed and coughed, and said nothing.

"It would be a comfort to me," continued

the old man, "to see you settled in a home of your own before I die." He paused, but there was no reply. "I did not say a word when William Strong was after you—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents—as Loyd said, 'he had more gab than wit;' nor when poor Charles Mosely was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did Miss Barnard, and so did Loyd, as if we could not have you go so far away from us; but now, my child, the case is different. Mr. Lovejoy has one of the best estates in the county; he is none of your flighty, here to-day and gone to-morrow folks, but a substantial, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd said—" Here the brands fell apart; and while Paulina was breathless to hear what Loyd said, the old colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. "As I was saying, my child," he resumed, "my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks—"

What Loyd thought, Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd Barnard was of the Edwin or Wilfred order, one of those humble and generous spirits that give all, neither asking nor expecting a return. He seemed born to steal quietly and alone through the shady paths of life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion or application of any sort. A merciful providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and Loyd Barnard, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquillity of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy, and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment; if it was not virtue, it was happiness; for, till of late, he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners—the birds and flowers.

"Ah, my son," said the old gentleman, "you have come just in the right time—but where is Lina gone?" "She went out as I came in, sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping." "Weeping!" echoed the colonel; and "Weeping!" re-echoed the old lady; and "Could we have hurt her feelings?" asked both in the same breath. "Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?" "Nothing, Loyd—nothing, nothing—don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging her to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer." Loyd looked ten

times paler than usual, and kept his eye rivetted on his mother, till she added, "But somehow it seems as if she could not any way feel to it."

"Thank God!" murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and to both it was a revelation. The colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting-needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to maturity, love and marriage enter their heads. But there were good reasons why the colonel and his wife should have fancied the governing passions and objects of ordinary lives had never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to provide for the wants of the most frugal family, and they had forgotten that love takes no council from prudence. It was too late now to remember it.

The colonel, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping and putting them on again, said, "Are you attached to Lina, my son?" (he used the word in its prescriptive rustic sense). "Yes, sir." "Strange I never mistrusted it!—how long have you been so, Loyd?" "Ever since I was old enough to understand my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, know that I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming attached to another." "Do you not know what Lina's feelings are?" "No, sir." "But surely you can guess, Loyd?" interrupted his mother. "I can hope, mother—and I do." "The sooner, my son, you both get over it, the better, for there is no kind of a prospect for you."

"My child," said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, "trust in Providence—our basket and store have been always full, and why should not our children's be? Loyd now does the business of the post office; while I live they can share with us, and when I am gone, it may so be, that the heart of the ruler will be so overruled, that the office will be continued to Loyd." Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing arguments, or himself impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, lived less by faith than her gentle spouse, replied, "The office continued to Loyd! Who ever heard of old Jackson's heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to?" "My dear child!" "Well, my dear, do hear me out; don't the loaves and fishes all go one side of the table?" "Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear." "Well, my dear, old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a revolutionary officer." "I am sure he has proved that he would not." "No, my dear, could not. Why, even his own party—and we all know what his party are in old Massachusetts—" "About



like the other party, my dear." "My dear! how can you say so! Why, his own party are the most violent, given-over, as it were, and low lived people; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office." "They would be sorry, I know; for we have many good friends and kind neighbours among them; there's Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton."

"Mr. Barton! Lyman Barton! My dear, everybody knows, and everybody says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this last dozen years to step into your shoes. The post office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a snug man, and lives within his means; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he *ought* to have the office. And, besides, is he not always working for the party? writing in the paper? and serving them every way? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it? No, no, my dear, mark my words! you won't be cold before Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town." "I don't believe it, my dear; I don't feel as if Lyman Barton would ask for the office." "Well, my dear, you'll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be—you may laugh—I mean I shall see, if I am spared—you always have, colonel, just such a blind faith in every body." "My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can't remember that I ever had an enemy."

While this conversation was in progress, there was a tete-a-tete, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both, finding a mine of the only riches they coveted, "dared be poor" in this world's poor sense. Secured by the good colonel's indulgence, for the present they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table; and there is always a cover awaiting the frugal and industrious labourer (or even gleaner) in her fruitful fields. Anything short of absolute want, perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh ye perjured traffickers in marriage vows! ye buyers and sellers of hearts—hearts! they are not articles of commerce—buyers and sellers of the bodies that might envelope and contain celestial spirits, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! To-morrow your home, that temple of the affections, which God himself has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life!

Our simple friends wotted not of the miseries of artificial life. These had never even crossed the threshold of their imaginations. The colonel gave his hearty consent for the asking, and his prudent helpmate was too true-hearted a woman to withhold hers. There are those wise as serpents, if not harmless as doves, in village life; and such shook their heads, and wondered if the colonel calculated to live and be postmaster for ever! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when everybody knew it was just as good as promised to Mr. Barton? Loyd Barnard, a steady, *consistent* (our own side is always consistent) whig, expect the tender mercies of the Jackson party! No; Loyd Barnard indulged no such extravagant expectation. He had stood by "old Massachusetts" through her obstinate or *consistent* opposition to the general government, and he expected to reap the customary reward of such firmness or—prejudice. To confess the truth, he thought little about the future, and not at all of the Malthusian theories. His present happiness was enough, and it was brightened with the soft and equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature

Ne'er to forgather wif sorrow and care,  
But gie them a skelp as they're creepin' along.

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. Quilts were quilted; the *publication* pasted on the church door; and the wedding-cake made. Never had the colonel seemed better and brighter; his step was firmer, his person more erect than usual; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock at human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Col. Barnard was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness; and though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment occasioned a general shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All—even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none—spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of regret. The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe; or, if we had, how could we describe the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed? Notwithstanding the day of the funeral was one of the coldest of a severe January, the mercury being some degrees below cipher, and the gusty cutting wind driving the snow into billows, numbers collected from the adjoining towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the good colonel.

There is a reality in the honour that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner. The colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to await the

moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait, patiently and reverently—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment, in the country phrase, the "dwelling-room." Within the little bedroom sat the "mourners;" but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after another, for a last look at their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a father. They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, whom he had visited in her affliction; there the orphans, now grown to be thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he had succoured, counselled, and watched over; there were those whom he had visited in prison; there were sometime enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention; there was the young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady friendship, for the good colonel had a "skeptical smile" for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed

"some pulse of good must live  
Within a human nature."

And there were children with wet eyes, for the rare old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and one, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered, "Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!"

And there, in the midst of all this sad company, and with a face quite as sad as his neighbours', stood *Lyman Barton*. A little urchin, a particular friend of the old colonel's, and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered, "Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?" "Why, Hal? why?" "He is making believe cry, just like a crocodile! *Everybody* says he has written to old Jackson already to be made postmaster. I wish he was in the colonel's place." "You could not wish him in a better, my dear." "Oh, I did not mean that! I did not mean that!" He would have proceeded; but I shook my head, and put an end to the explanation he was eager to make.

The funeral was over, the cold wind was howling without, the sigh of the mourners alone was heard, where a few days before all had been cheerfulness and preparation for the happiest event of human life. Paulina had lighted a single lamp and placed it in the farther part of the room, for there seemed something obtrusive even in the cheerfulness of light. She was seated on a low chair beside the old lady. The passiveness of grief was peculiarly unsuited to her active and happy nature; and, as she sat as if she were paralyzed, not even heeding the colonel's favourite cat, which jumped into her lap, and purred and looked up for its accustomed caress, one could hardly believe she was the same girl who was for ever on the wing, laughing and singing from morning till night. Poor Loyd too, who had so gently acquiesced in the evils of his lot,

who had bent like the reed before the winds of adversity, suffered now as those only do who resist while they suffer. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to mingle the disappointment of the lover with the grief of the son, and, while he was weeping his loss, to ponder over some of his father's last words. "Of course, my children," he had said, "you will dismiss all thoughts of marriage—for the present I mean. It will be all, I am afraid more, than you can do, Loyd, when the post office and the pension are gone, to get bread for your mother. If you marry, you can't tell how many claims there may be upon you. But don't be discouraged, my children; cast your care upon the Lord—something may turn up—wait—blessed are they who wait in faith."

Both promised to wait, and both, as they now revolved their promise, religiously resolved to abide by it, cost what it might.

Their painful meditations were interrupted by a knock at the outer door, and Loyd admitted Major Perrit, one of his neighbours, and one of those everlasting meddlers in others' affairs, who, if a certain proverb were literal, must have had as many fingers as Argus had eyes.

"I am sorry for your affliction, ma'am," said he, shaking Mrs. Barnard's extended hand, while a sort of simpering smile played about his mouth in spite of the appropriate solemnity he had endeavoured to assume; "don't go out, Miss Paulina—what I have to communicate is interesting to you, as well as to the widow and son of the deceased."

"Some other time, sir," interposed Loyd, whose face did not conceal how much he was annoyed by the officiousness and bustling manner of his visitor.

"Excuse me, Loyd—I am older than you, and ought to be a little wiser—we must take time by the forelock; others are up and doing, why should we not be?"

Loyd now comprehended the major's business, and, pained and somewhat shocked, he turned away; but remembering the intention was kind, though the mode was coarse, he smothered his disgust, and forced himself to say, "We are obliged to you, Major Perrit; but I am not in a state of mind to attend to any business this evening."

"Oh, I know you have feelings, Loyd; but you must not be more nice than wise. They *must* not get the start of us. I always told my wife it would be so, and now she sees I was right. I tell you, Loyd, in confidence, your honoured father was not cold before Lyman Barton was handing round his petition for the office." It was not in human nature for the old lady to suppress a hem, at this exact fulfilment of her prediction to the poor colonel. "Barton's petition," continued Perrit, "will go on to Washington in the mail to-morrow, and ours *must* go with it—here it is." He took the paper from his pocket, and, opening it, showed a long list of names. "A heavy list," he added, "but every one of them whigs; we did not ask a Jackson man—there would have



been no use, you know; Lyman Barton leads them all by the nose."

Here Perrit was interrupted by a knock at the entry door. A packet addressed to Loyd was handed to him. Perrit glanced at the superscription, and exclaimed, "This is too much! he has had the impudence to send you the petition."

"I could not have believed this of him," thought Loyd, as he broke the seal; for he, like his father, reluctantly believed ill of any one. There were a few lines on the envelope; he read them to himself, and then, with that emotion which a good man feels at an unexpected good deed, he read them aloud.

"MY DEAR FRIEND LOYD,—Excuse me for intruding on you, at this early moment, a business matter that ought not to be deferred. You will see by the enclosed that my friends and myself have done what we could to testify our respect for the memory of your excellent father, and our esteem for you. Wishing you the success you deserve, I remain very truly yours,  
LYMAN BARTON."

The enclosed paper was a petition, headed by *Lyman Barton*, and signed by almost every Jackson partisan in the town, that the office of postmaster might be given to Loyd Barnard. A short prefix to the petition expressed the signers' respect for the colonel, and their unqualified confidence in his son. Perrit ran his eye over the list, and exclaiming, "This is the Lord's hand!" he seized his hat and departed, eager to have at least the consolation of first spreading the news through the village.

Few persons comprehend a degree of virtue beyond that of which they are themselves capable.

"It is, indeed, in one sense," said Loyd, as the door closed after Perrit, "the hand of the Lord; for He it is that makes his creatures capable of such disinterested goodness."

Those who heard the fervid language and tone in which Loyd expressed his gratitude, when he, that night, for the first time, took his father's place at the family altar, must have felt that this was one of the few cases where it was *equally* "blessed to give and to receive."

Loyd's appointment came by return of mail from Washington. In due time the wedding-cake was cut, and our *village postmaster* is as happy as love and fortune can make him.

It was a bright thought in a philanthropist of one of our cities, to note down the actual good deeds that passed under his observation. We have imitated his example in recording an act of rare disinterestedness and generosity. It certainly merits a more enduring memorial; but it has its fitting reward in the respect it inspires, and in its blessed tendency to vanquish the prejudices and soften the asperities of political parties.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

#### CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

Met his death in the Island of Owhyhee.

Captain Cook was the son of a day labourer, and born at Marston, a village in Yorkshire, 3rd of November, 1728. He went to school till the age of 18, and was afterwards bound apprentice to a shopkeeper at Snaith, but subsequently articulated himself to a ship owner at Whitby. He entered in 1755, on board the *Eagle* 60 gun ship, and in 1759, became master of the *Mercury*, in which ship he was present at the taking of Quebec. He was next appointed to the *Northumberland*, then employed in the recapture of Newfoundland. In 1763, he went to Newfoundland as surveyor with Capt. Graves, and afterwards acted in the same capacity under Sir Hugh Palliser; while thus employed he made an observation of an eclipse of the sun, which was communicated to the Royal Society. It being determined to send out astronomers to observe the transit of Venus in some part of the South sea, Mr. Cook was selected to command the *Endeavour*, a ship taken up for that service, and he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, May 25, 1768. The transit being observed to great advantage at Otaheite, Lieutenant Cook steered for New Zealand, which by circumnavigating, he ascertained that it was not a continent. He then sailed to New Holland, now called New South Wales, where he anchored in Botany Bay, April 28, 1770, an epoch of great importance in that part of the world. For his services on this occasion he was promoted to the rank of commander, and an account of his voyage was soon after published by Dr. Hawkesworth. The interest excited hereby induced government to send Captain Cook on another voyage of discovery to the southern hemisphere, and he accordingly sailed with two ships, the *Resolution*, commanded by himself, and the *Adventure*, by Captain Furneaux, April 9, 1772. The *Resolution* in this enterprise lost only one man out of her whole complement, for which Captain Cook was elected a member of the Royal Society, and afterwards the gold medal was voted to him by the same learned body. He was also appointed a post captain, and promoted to a valuable situation in Greenwich Hospital. In July 1776, he sailed again to decide the long agitated question of a northern passage to the Pacific Ocean. In this voyage he had two ships, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*. He reached 70 deg. 44 min. N., when the object was considered impracticable, and on November 26, 1778, the ships arrived at the Sandwich Islands. Here at first they were well received, but at length the people of Owhyhee stole one of the boats; to recover which Captain Cook went on shore, with the intention of getting into his possession the person of the king, but in doing this a crowd assembled, and this brave and enterprising commander fell a sacrifice to their fury. He was struck by a club, after which he was despatched by a dagger, and his body carried off in triumph. Captain Cook left a widow and family; on the former a pension of £200 a-year was settled by the king, and £25 a-year on each of the children.

*Biographica Britannica.*

## O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O say, thou best and brightest,  
 My first love and my last,  
 When he whom now thou slightest,  
 From life's dark scene hath past,  
 Will kinder thoughts then move thee?  
 Will pity wake one thrill  
 For him who lived to love thee,  
 And dying loved thee still?  
 If when that hour recalling  
 From which he dates his woes,  
 Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,  
 Ah, blush not while it flows;  
 But, all the past forgiving,  
 Bend gently o'er his shrine,  
 And say, "This heart, when living,  
 With all its faults, was mine."

Moore.

## THE INDIAN BOAT.

'Twas midnight dark,  
 The seaman's bark  
 Swift o'er the waters bore him,  
 When, through the night,  
 He spied a light  
 Shoot o'er the waves before him.  
 "A sail! a sail!" he cries;  
 "She comes from the Indian shore.  
 "And to-night shall be our prize,  
 "With her freight of golden ore:  
 "Sail on! sail on!"  
 "When morning shone  
 He saw the gold still clearer;  
 But though so fast  
 The waves he pass'd,  
 That boat seem'd never the nearer.  
 Bright daylight came,  
 And still the same  
 Rich bark before him floated;  
 While on the prize  
 His wishful eyes  
 Like any young lover's doated:  
 "More sail! more sail!" he cries,  
 While the waves o'ertop the mast  
 And his bounding galley flies  
 Like an arrow before the blast.  
 Thus on, and on,  
 Till day was gone,  
 And the moon through heaven did he her,  
 He swept the main,  
 But all in vain—  
 The boat seem'd never the nigher.  
 And many a day  
 To night gave way,  
 And many a morn succeeded:  
 While still his flight,  
 Through many a night  
 That restless mariner speeded,  
 Who knows—who knows what seas  
 He is now careering o'er?  
 Behind, the eternal breeze,  
 And that mocking bark before!  
 For, oh! till sky  
 And earth shall die,  
 And their death leave none to rue it  
 That boat must flee  
 O'er the boundless sea,  
 And that ship in vain pursue it.

Moore.

## THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

Oh leave this barren spot to me!  
 Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree  
 Though bush or floweret never grow  
 My dark unwarming shade below;  
 Nor summer bud perfume the dew  
 Of rosy blush or yellow hue,  
 Nor fruits of autumn, blossom born,  
 My green and glossy leaves adorn;  
 Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
 Th' ambrosial amber of the hive:  
 Yet leave this barren spot to me:  
 Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.  
 Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
 The sky grow bright, the forest green;  
 And many a wintry wind have stood  
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude,  
 Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour,  
 Since youthful lovers in my shade  
 Their vows of truth and rapture made;  
 And on my trunk's surviving frame  
 Carved many a long-forgotten name.  
 Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,  
 First breathed upon this sacred ground:  
 By all that love has whispered here,  
 Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear;  
 As Love's own altar honor me,  
 Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Campbell.

## TOASTED CHEESE.

Taffy ap-Tudor he couldn't be worse—  
 The Leech having bled him in person and purse,  
 His cane at his nose, and his fee in his fob,  
 Bow'd off, winking *crape*, to look out for a job.  
 "Hur Taffy will never awake from his nap!  
 Ap-Tudor! ap-Jones! oh!" cried nurse Jenny-ap-  
 Shenkin ap-Jenkin ap-Morgan ap-Rice—  
 But Taffy turn'd round, and call'd out in a trice,  
 "Jenny ap-Rice, hur could eat something nice,  
 A dainty Welch rabbit—go toast hur a slice  
 Of cheese, if you please, which better agrees  
 With the tooth of poor Taffy than physic and fees,"  
 A pound Jenny got, and brought to his cot  
 The prime double Gloster, all hot! piping hot!  
 Which being a bunny without any bones,  
 Was custard with mustard to Taffy ap-Jones.  
 "Buy some leeks, Jenny, and brew hur some caudle—  
 No more black doses from Doctor McDawdle!"  
 Jenny stew'd down a bunch into porridge, (Welch punch.)  
 And Taffy, Cot pless him! he wash'd down his lunch.  
 On the back of his hack next morn Doctor Mac  
 Came to see Jenny preparing her black!  
 Ap answer'd his rap in a white cotton cap,  
 With another Welch rabbit just caught in his trap!  
 "A gobbling, you ghost!" the Leech bellow'd loud,  
 "Does your mother know, Taffy, you're out of your  
 shroud?"  
 "Hur physic'd a week—at hur very last squeak,  
 Hur try'd toasted cheese and decoction of leak."  
 "I'm pocketting fees for the self-same disease  
 From the dustman next door—I'll prescribe toasted cheese  
 And leek punch for lunch!" But the remedy fails—  
 What kills Pat from *Kilmore*, cures Taffy from *Wales*.

G. Daniel.



## ANECDOTES OF WOLVES.

The wolf resembles the dog in shape, but is generally larger and more muscular, as well as more savage in appearance. The leading peculiarity of the wolf, wherever it may be found, is ferocity of disposition, accompanied with a certain degree of meanness or cowardliness, which is foreign to the character of the dog in all its varieties. It has been usual with all naturalists to represent the wolf as untractable, or at least unsusceptible of attachment to man. But this is now discovered to be incorrect. The wild ferocious character of the wolf, it appears, is very much the result of the circumstances in which it is placed.—Cuvier mentions the case of a young wolf which was brought up like a dog by a gentleman in France, and became familiar with every person it was in the habit of seeing; learned to follow like a dog, was obedient, and attached to his master in an extreme degree. This remarkable case of the taming the wolf is given as an instance of how much may be accomplished by early culture and kindness on even the wildest and most rapacious of animals.

Wolves were at one time plentiful in Britain and Ireland, but it is long since they were extirpated. They still abound in the northern parts of Europe, particularly in Russia, and are numerous in some parts of France, where they commit dreadful devastations.—They are likewise common in North America, where they are black in color, and in some instances white. In the year 1764, a wolf committed the most dreadful devastations in some particular districts of Languedoc, in the south of France, and soon became the terror of the whole country. According to the accounts given in the *Paris Gazette*, it was known to have killed twenty persons, chiefly women and children; and public prayers are said to have been offered up for its destruction. It seems rather strange that even at the present day, wolves are not banished from the thickly inhabited parts of France. This is apparent from the following anecdote, which we quote from a late London Newspaper:—

“The winter before last, Monsieur De B., an advocate of Dijon, was returning rather late from shooting near that town, when his dog, a small pointer, who was a few paces in advance, ran suddenly back in evident alarm.

The spot was a long hollow, formed by two sandbanks; and as far as his eye could reach, he could discover no cause for the animal's terror, which sent him crouching to his feet. He proceeded cautiously, however, cocking both barrels of his gun; but for upwards of two hundred yards, no cause of alarm presented itself. Indeed, he had forgotten the circumstance, and rested his gun across his shoulder, when suddenly the dog sprang behind him with an affrighted yell. A wolf stood on the sandbank, about thirty yards before him. Armed only with patridge shot, Monsieur de B. considered it most prudent to retreat, and gain a cross road in the rear. He had not returned many yards, when to his horror and

astonishment, he beheld another wolf barring his path on that side. Neither as yet ventured to attack him, and as he advanced, each retired; but the other would draw closer to his heels. His situation became critical, for night was approaching, and he feared that with it more assailants would be down upon him; and to this they both howled as if to call a reinforcement, and the sportsman at length felt certain that they were answered from the hills. No time was to be lost; he rapidly advanced on one, and within twenty paces fired both barrels at him. The wolf fell wounded, and the other cleared the bank, evidently scared. Monsieur de B., following his example, took to his heels, and never drew breath till he had entered Dijon. On examining the snow next morning, it was ascertained that he was hotly pursued to the very gates. As for the wounded wolf, a few bones were all that his comrades had left of him.”

The following account of the rapacity of wolves in Russia, is given by a recent traveller, but of whose name we are ignorant, from the manner it has come under our notice:—

“A peasant, when one day in his sledge, was pursued by eleven of those ferocious animals; at this time he was only about two miles from home, towards which he urged his horse at the very top of his speed. At the entrance to his residence was a gate, which happened to be closed at the time; but the horse dashed this open, and thus himself and his master found refuge within the courtyard. They were followed, however, by nine out of the eleven wolves; but, very fortunately, at the instant these had entered the enclosure, the gate swung back on its hinges, and thus they were caught as in a trap. From being the most ferocious of animals, the nature of these beasts, now that they found escape impossible, became completely changed: so far, indeed, from offering molestation to any one, they slunk into holes and corners, and allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without making resistance.”

The following singular adventure of General Putnam with a wolf in the state of Connecticut in North America, has been already made known in works of natural history, but may here appropriately be repeated:—

“Some time after Mr. Putnam had removed to Connecticut, the wolves, which were then very numerous, broke into his sheep-fold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides worrying several lambs and kids. This dreadful havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the neighbourhood. The whelps were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot; and upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This animal at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam, and five of his neighbours agreed to hunt alternately, until

they could destroy her, and two of them in rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognised, in a little snow, the route of the wolf. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back to Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a cave about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon assembled with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack their common enemy, and several attempts were made to dislodge her from her den; but the hounds came back wounded and intimidated, and neither the smoke of blazing straw, nor the fumes of brimstone, could compel her to quit her retirement.

Wearied with these fruitless attempts, which had continued nearly twelve hours, Mr. Putnam proposed to his negro servant to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; and on his declining the hazardous service, the general resolved himself to destroy the ferocious animal, least he should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. Accordingly, having provided himself with several strips of birch bark, to light him in this darksome cave, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his body, by which he might be drawn back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the cave, on the east side of a high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square: from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, and then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this cavity consist of smooth solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by an earthquake. The top and bottom are also composed of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is extremely slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet broad.

Mr. Putnam having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the cavern, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch, and all was silent as the house of death. Cautiously proceeding onward, he came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, till he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the den. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sullen growl, upon which the general kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the cave hearing the growling of the wolf, an imagining their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him out with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. However, he boldly persisted in his resolution, and having adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with buck-shot, he descended a second

time. On his second approach, the wolf assumed a very fierce and terrible countenance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs; but when she was on the very point of springing on him, Mr. Putnam fired at her head, and was immediately drawn out of the cave. After refreshing himself, and permitting the smoke to dissipate, he went down again, and on applying the torch to the animal's nose, found her dead; and then taking hold of her ears, and kicking the rope, he drew her forth, to the astonishment of all the spectators."

*Chambers' Journal.*

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.

There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his "sharp bargains"—by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of dwelling houses, and it is said of him, that he is not over scrupulous of his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be *responsible*. His object is always to lease his house for a term of years to the *best* tenants, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that the tenant was a man "after his own heart" for a tenant, immediately commenced to "jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed in through a hundred crevices about the house until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leakage. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath room upon the cellar floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I have been vat you sal call 'suck in,' vis zis dam maison," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterwards—but *n'importe*—ve sal see vot ve sal see."

Next morning, he arose bright and early, and passing down town, he encountered the landlord. "A-ha!—*Bon jour, monsieur*," said he in his happiest manner.

"Good day sir. How do you like your house?"—"Ah! monsieur—elegant, beautiful—magnificent. *Eh bien, monsieur*, I have but ze one regret."

"Ah! What is that?"—"Monsieur, I sal live in-zat house but tree little year."—"How so?"

"I have find by vot you sal call ze lease, zat you hav give me ze house but for tree year, and I ver mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer if you wish——"



—“Ah, monsieur, I sal be ver mooch glad, if I can hav zat house so long as I please—eh, monsieur.”

“O certainly, certainly, sir.”—*Tres bien, monsieur!* I sal valk rite to your offees,—an you sal give me vat you sal call the lease for zat maison, jes so long as I sal vant ze house. Eh, monsieur.”

“Certainly, sir. You can stay there your lifetime, if you like.”—“Ah, monsieur—I hav ver mooch tanks for zis accommodation.”

The old leases were destroyed and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for “*such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof promptly, &c.*”

The next morning our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman’s last load of furniture was being started from the door; and, an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a “legal tender,” for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:

“*Monsieur*,—I have bin shmoke—I have bin drowned—I have been frees to death, in ze house vat I av hire of you for ze period as I may desire. I hav stay in ze dam house *‘jes so long as I please,’* and ze bearer of zis will give you ze key! *Bon jour, monsieur.*”

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up “a bird in the hand for one in the bush.”—*Boston Times.*

#### LEWIS GALVANI.

An Italian physiologist, celebrated as the discoverer of animal electricity, or galvanism. He was born in 1737, at Bologna, where in early life he became reader in anatomy to the Institute in that city. Accident led him to the discovery which has perpetuated his name.

His wife labouring under constitutional debility, some frogs had been skinned to compose a restorative soup for her use; they happened to be placed in the laboratory of the professor, on the same table with an electrical machine, when one of the assistants by chance touching with a scalpel the nerves of the leg of a frog lying not far from the conductor, the muscles of the limb were observed to be immediately agitated with strong convulsions. Madame Galvani, who was present, went and informed her husband of this singular phenomenon. He repeated the experiment, and ascertained that the convulsion occurred only when a spark was drawn from the conductor while the scalpel touched the nerve. His subsequent inquiries induced him to ascribe the convulsive motion to the influence of a peculiar fluid or principal, which he supposes to be secreted by the brain, and distributed by the nerves through different parts of the body. To this principle he gave the appellation of animal electricity, and considered it as the cause of muscular motion.

Subsequent researches have led to conclusions inconsistent with the hypothesis of Galvani; and animal electricity or galvanism (as it has been denominated in honour of the discoverer) is now considered as depending on the operation of the same cause which produces other electric

phenomena. Galvani continued his inquiries, and made experiments on the electricity of the torpedo, and on the electric-motive effects of the contact of different metals; but he did not materially extend the limits of his original discovery.—*Aikin’s Gen. Biog.*

#### SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Sir James was subject to certain Parson-Adams-like habits of forgetfulness of common things and lesser proprieties, and this brought down upon him no slight share of taunt and ridicule. It happened on his arrival at Bombay, that there was no house ready for his reception, and it would be a fortnight before a residence in the fort could be prepared for him. Mr. Jonathan Duncan, the governor of the presidency, therefore; with great kindness, offered his garden-house, called Sans Pareil, for the temporary accommodation of Sir James and his family. But months and months elapsed, till a twelvemonth had actually revolved: Mackintosh and his wife during all this time found themselves so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot completely the limited tenure on which they held them; appearing, by a singular illusion, not to have the slightest suspicion of Mr. Duncan’s proprietorship, notwithstanding some pretty intelligible hints on the subject from that gentleman, but communicated with his usual delicacy and politeness. At last politeness and delicacy were out of the question, and the poor governor was driven to the necessity of taking forcible possession of his own property. This was partly indolence, partly absence of mind on the part of Sir James. He was constitutionally averse to every sort of exertion, and especially that of quitting any place where he found himself comfortable. Before he went out to India, he made a trip to Scotland with his lady; and having taken up his abode for the night at an inn in Perthshire, not far from the beautiful park of the late Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas, sent a request to Lady Jane Dundas (Mr. Dundas being absent) for permission to see the house and grounds, which was most civilly granted. Mr. Dundas being expected in the evening, her ladyship politely pressed them to stay to dinner, and pass the night, their accommodations at the inn not being of the first description. Mr. Dundas returned the same day; and though their politics were as adverse as possible, was so charmed with the variety of Mackintosh’s conversation, that he requested his guests to prolong their visit for two or three days. So liberal, however, was the interpretation they put upon the invitation, that the two or three days were protracted into as many months; during which every species of hint was most ineffectually given, till their hosts told them, with many polite apologies, that they expected visitors with a numerous retinue, and could therefore no longer accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh.

*Anglo-India, Social and Political.*

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"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then in the innocent pride of her heart call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us as proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm afther now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep

me company but the auld black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur."

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just like all the men, purtinding one thing, when they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my dear mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary, what a purty name Mary is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

Well, I'm not going to say that she is quite contrary—I'm sure she is anything but that to you, any way, brother Mike, Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; dont tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the brother sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on



to me ; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen ; you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen ; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will not let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to after-marriage reformation. *I wont*. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting every thing off to the last ? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I can do with a lover ! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike ? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or sleeping over the fire ; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike ; "I'll never touch a penny of it ; but for you I should never have had it ; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered ; I have laid every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sundays, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, everything good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy of my own Mike, and that's more than I'd say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me ; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off your handsome face. And hush !—whisht ! will ye ! there's the sound of Larry's footsteps in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the

red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of "God save all here !" He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view ; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of the genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night ?—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper afther your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over the moor so often ; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'ill be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walk across the moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it ? I wonder ye havn't better sense ; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard your step when nobody else could ; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it ; she'll twist you and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straight forward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed, and immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well to do" in the world ; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the

everlasting whisky bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all *mankind*, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am sorry to say, *unlike* the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least drop in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down your throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversion afther"—

"Oh! Ellen," interrupted her lover."

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women," said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation*, and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence

leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that *does* lead to is sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think your oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear anything you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there's no use in a man taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not



many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot and scream, and they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which if they heard, none could understand. Stacy had been a well-rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy; which the *rare* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back boheen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy: and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon

(the dog man\*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

'Do you want to poison me,' she shouted, 'after saving my life?' when she came to herself a little she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless, what made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his

\* Tax gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house

children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knock for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing a huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came: she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of his God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bit-terer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put upon it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"Lord bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat old Stacy's words," said Ellen "you see I never forgot them. 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who war too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was

lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink dos'n't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who was'n't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people, and I used to rave, when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Anyway, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn and hatred, I think may be, I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear.' Oh boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor ould Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike, "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that



destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he almost swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it wouldn't have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was very hot; she tossed her arms, they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with what had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his

house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips then. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtonbarry with that burden at my heart?"

"But her husband, her husband!" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning' without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of a plague; his tongue is a foolish as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry.'"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry, "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whisky from

that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till *after* Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Woman could do a great deal to prove that "*the least drop in life*" is a great taste too much!—that "ONLY A DROP" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

### IMPRESSIONABLENESS.

"Each man in his time plays many parts."—*Shakspeare*

Chemists tell us that, let any two metals be brought together, the one will affect the other electrically, that which is the less liable to mix with oxygen sending the fine fluid into that which is the more liable to do so. A phenomenon of the same kind is observable in the moral world, for no two persons are ever brought together, but the one who is the more strongly characterised in any way, invariably increases that particular kind of character in the other, as if he had actually communicated to that person some part of his own tendencies. Thus an extremely gay man makes others more gay; an extremely gloomy man makes others more gloomy;—and so on. At the same time, the extremely gay or extremely gloomy man becomes affected in some degree by those whom he affects; taking on a little gloom or a little gayety in exchange, as it were, for that portion of the respectively opposite characteristics which he has imparted. The susceptibility, however, of being affected either in the first or second instance, depends very much on the fixedness or pliancy of the general nature of the parties. It is the class who may be called the impressionable that are most apt to be affected by a powerful characteristic in those with whom they are brought in contact. It is possible for such a person to have very much of some sort of character, and yet to be affected with the opposite by one who has not that opposite in great strength, but who is of a less yielding turn. To describe it in figures, gayety as 20, with impressionableness as 10, may sink beneath gloom as 10, with fixedness and constancy of character as 20.

The unimpressionable man is readily to be recognised. Firmness and self-esteem predominate over his nature. In a dispute, he never thinks of yielding, for it never occurs to him that he can be wrong. His only and inviolable object in argument is to get others to see the thing in the proper, namely, his own, light. He is a self-erected standard for every thing, and others are rational, or foolish, in proportion as they conform or do not conform to it. You wonder how he should have ever got any new ideas in the course of his lifetime; for, whenever you present one to him, different from those he already entertains, he challenges it as only one of your absurd fancies, evidently

wishing you, like the Archbishop of Toledo, a better understanding. Nothing is to be done or gained with him, unless he gets all his own way. If he were the one dissentient man of a jury, he would expect all the rest, as a matter of course, to give up their opinions, and allow his to become the basis of the verdict. He would look upon them as extremely obstinate people, if they did not readily comply; the idea of his giving in to them being entirely out of the question. He considers himself, nevertheless, as a man very easily dealt with, and who would give no trouble whatever, if people would only not thwart him. If he differs much with mankind, and is rather misanthropical, it is entirely mankind's own blame. He would be the kindest person possible to mankind, if mankind would only do what they ought to do, think what they ought to think, and feel what they ought to feel—namely, what he does, thinks, and feels.

Such is the kind of man who, wherever he goes, maintains his own characteristics in all their ordinary force; continues serious amidst the frivolous, or frivolous amidst the serious; who would keep up his habitual smile in a field of battle, or not relax a wrinkle of his brow in the company of Aristophanes, or while reading (supposing he could do such a thing) the Pickwick papers. If he is at all liable to be affected by the moods of those around him, it is only in some minute inappreciable degree, sufficient to maintain the law of the case—as a cherry-stone is allowed, in falling to the earth, to exercise also some power in drawing the earth to itself. He is the man to be conformed to, not to conform. Whoever, with less fixedness of character, comes into contact with him, is irresistibly forced to take up his mood, and become the yielding recipient of his ideas, as (to resume our first image) the more oxidifiable metal is to receive the galvanic communication from the less oxidifiable.

This is, we believe, the philosophical explanation of those strange influences which some minds are noted to have exercised over others. It is but a larger endowment of firmness and self-esteem which has enabled some men to cause others to believe whatever they said, to follow them into all sorts of dangers, and to surrender the most important interests to them. It is the secret of that fascination which was supposed to be a product of magical power, or of drugs and philters, and was sometimes said to reside in the eyes of those who possessed it. The less gifted with the above-mentioned elements of human character constitute the class whom we denominate the "Impressionable."

The impressionable man readily yields, at least for the time, to the opinions of the less impressionable. He is ever apt to become a follower, or an instrument. He likes the shelter of authority for all things, and to have somebody in command above him. His life is a perpetual metamorphosis. In the presence of his superiors, he not only feels humble, but could almost imagine himself their lackey. On the other hand, though not perhaps a man of high station, the presence of a decided infe-



rior makes him feel for the moment very big. If you suppose him to be good, and let him know that you do, he is good. If you intimate a suspicion unfavourable to him, he becomes the thing you suspect. When he meets a grave and sober friend, he feels tacitly chidden for being rather too light and free in his mode of living. When he falls into the company of any light-hearted, sanguine, and convivial sort of person, he is disposed to look upon himself as rather a stiff sort of fellow. He may be a very benevolent man, and act as generously as he feels, but he will only be satisfied as to the duty he does to the poor and the afflicted when contemplating the less generous conduct of the generality of those who possess the same means: there will be some in whose presence he suspects himself to be a complete scrub. He is surprised to reflect how different is the strain of his discourse in different families, where he visits; how, in one, he finds himself constantly talking of bargains and gains; how, in another, his chat is all of balls and fetes, "Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" how, in a third, he does nothing but speak of the failings of his fellow-creatures; at one place gay, at another serious; here all for prudence and pelf, there all for the enjoyment of the passing hour; alternately, a romantic enthusiast, a solemn pedant, a droll, a sagacious man of the world, a generous philanthropist, a censorious misanthrope; the real cause being, that he has much veneration for others, an humble opinion of himself, and no concentration or continuity of feeling, so that he becomes whatever others choose or chance to make him.

We have no preaching to deliver on these distinctions of human character. It might be easy to show that the impressionable are always in danger of being led into mischief, and that the unimpressionable are apt to suffer for their self-satisfiedness and obstinacy. We might beseech the impressionable to be not just so impressionable, and the unimpressionable to be a little less unimpressionable. But of what use would such commonplaces be? The thing is chiefly, if not exclusively interesting, as an important point in the natural history of the human mind, and in the designs of providence. It plainly informs us of one valuable truth, that leaders and led, active and passive, commanding and obeying, ordering and serving, are natural institutions, instead of accidental circumstances, which they are sometimes thought to be. There are of course many evils arising from those arrangements in human society, but, we suspect, only because they have never yet been formed on just and rational principles. It is to be hoped that these evils will be much diminished, as mankind become more enlightened; but even in the meantime they are nothing compared with those which would instantly arise, if the general provision which leads to them were withdrawn, for then no great or good quality would obtain the least reverence, and the social fabric would be dissolved into its rude elements. It is the sense of different values in ourselves and others which alone at present

produces or maintains any arrangement in society; and for the sake of so great a good we may well bear with a few troubles springing out of it, and which the improving sense and humanity of the race tend constantly to make less.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

#### THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE AND THE BAGGAGE-ASS.

The following anecdote is taken from *A Visit to Flanders*, and will give some idea of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable Battle of Waterloo:

"I had the good fortune," says the intelligent writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and innocence. The husband was at the Battle of Quatre-Bras as well as Waterloo. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre-Bras; but he left with his wife his servant, one horse and the family baggage, which was packed upon an ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered, he contrived to get a message conveyed to his wife, to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and to make off with the horse, leaving the helpless young lady alone with the baggage-ass.

With a firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced, on foot, her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in torrents and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, at Waterloo, in the evening, when the army were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her *there* would

embarrass and distress him, she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all night, the road choked with all sorts of vehicles, and horses; multitudes of fugitives on the road, and flying into the great road, and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping at every step, and breathing their last; here and there lay a corpse or a limb, particularly, as she said, several hands. Many persons were actually killed by others, if they by chance stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves; and to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn to pieces.

Full twelve miles further, during the night, this young woman marched, up to her knees in mud; her boots were worn entirely off, so that she was bare-footed; but still, unhurt, she led her ass; and, although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, ass and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannons' roar of the tremendous Battle of Waterloo, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; she was rewarded—amply rewarded, by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the following day. The officer told the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his dear little woman, and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life.

#### THE PIASA.

It is an idea which has more than once occurred to me, while throwing together these hasty delineations of the beautiful scenes through which, for the past few weeks, I have been moving, that, by some, a disposition might be suspected to tinge every outline indiscriminately with the "*couleur de rose*." But as well might one talk of an exaggerated emotion of the sublime on the table-rock of Niagara, or amidst the "snowy scalps" of Alpine scenery, or of a mawkish sensibility of loveliness amid the purple glories of the "*Campagna di Roma*," as of either, or of both combined, in the noble "valley beyond the mountains." Nor is the interest experienced by the traveller for many of the spots he passes confined to their scenic beauty. The associations of bygone times are rife in the mind, and the traditional legend of the events these scenes have witnessed yet lingers among the simple forest-

sons. I have mentioned that remarkable range of cliffs commencing at Alton, and extending, with but little interruption, along the left shore of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois. Through a deep, narrow ravine in these bluffs flows a small stream called the Piasa. The name is of aboriginal derivation, and, in the idiom of the Illini, denotes "*The bird that devours men*." Near the mouth of this little stream rises a bold precipitous bluff, and upon its smooth face, at an elevation, seemingly unattainable by human art, is graven the figure of an enormous bird with extended pinions. This bird was by the Indians called the "*Piasa*," hence the name of the stream. The tradition of the Piasa is said to be still extant among the tribes of the upper Mississippi, and is thus related:—

"Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great megalonyx and mastodon, whose bones are now thrown up, were still living in the land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons a full-grown deer. Having obtained a taste of human flesh, from that time he would prey upon nothing else. He was as artful as he was powerful; would dart suddenly upon an Indian, bear him off to one of the caves in the bluff, and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were depopulated, and consternation spread throughout all the tribes of the Illini. At length *Owatoga*, a Chief whose fame as a warrior extended even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, that he would protect his children from the *Piasa*. On the last night of his feast the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and pointed arrows, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of their concealment another warrior was to stand in open view as a victim for the *Piasa*, which they must shoot the instant he pounced on his prey. When the chief awoke in the morning he thanked the Great Spirit, returned to his tribe, and told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected and placed in ambush. *Owatoga* offered himself as the victim, willing to die for his tribe; and, placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the *Piasa* perched on the cliff, eyeing his prey. *Owatoga* drew up his manly form to its utmost height; and, placing his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death-song of a warrior: a moment after, the *Piasa* rose in the air, and, swift as the thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim when every bow was sprung and every arrow was sped to the feather into his body. The *Piasa* uttered a wild, fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. *Owatoga* was safe. Not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him; for the Master of Life, in admiration



of his noble deed, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraved in the face of the bluff."

Such is the Indian tradition. True or false, the figure of the bird with expanded wings, graven upon the surface of solid rock, is still to be seen at a height perfectly inaccessible; and to this day no Indian glides beneath the spot in his canoe without discharging at this figure his gun. Connected with this tradition, as the spot to which the Piasa conveyed his human victims, is one of those caves to which I have alluded. Another, near the mouth of the Illinois, situated about fifty feet from the water, and exceedingly difficult of access, is said to be crowded with human remains to the depth of many feet in the earth of the floor. The roof of the cavern is vaulted. It is about twenty-five feet in height, thirty in length, and in form is very irregular. There are several other cavernous fissures among these cliffs not unworthy description.—*The Far West.*

### THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

IN CARDIGANSHIRE, NORTH WALES.

The cataract, which is here formed by the fall of the Mynach, saluted us with its thundering roar long ere we approached it; and as we drew near, the strong reverberation, rebellowed by surrounding cavernous rocks, seemed to convulse the very atmosphere itself! We hastily put up our horses at the Hafod Arms, a solitary inn; and within a few paces found ourselves on the bridge, suspended over a gulf at which even recollection cannot but shudder. This bridge bestrides a lane of almost perpendicular rocks, patched with wood, whose summits are here scarcely five yards asunder.

At a terrific depth in the glen rages, unseen, the impetuous Mynach, engulfed beneath the protruding crags and pendant foliage; but on looking over the parapet, the half-recoiling sight discovers the phrenetic torrent in one volume of foam, bursting into light, and threatening, as it breaks against the opposing rocks, to tear the mountains from their strong foundations: then instantly darting into the dark abyss beneath, it leaves the imagination free to all the terrors of concealed danger. With emotions of awe, nor without those of fear, we descended the side of the rock, assisted by steps already cut in it, and, with some peril, reached the level of the darkened torrent, where, standing on a projecting crag, against which the river bounded, immersed in its spray, and deafened by its roar, we clung to the rock. The impression of terror subsiding, left us at liberty to examine the features of the scene. Nearly over our heads appeared the Old Bridge, attributed to the handy work of the Devil, and another standing perpendicularly over that, built by a native mason about fifty years since. The original bridge is supposed to have been built by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey, about one hundred and fifty years ago. On climbing from this hollow, we proceeded two or three hundred yards to the left of the bridge,

and again descended a fearful tract, to witness the grand falls of the Mynach. Under the direction of a guide we reached the ordinary station with some difficulty, where the view of the cataract disclosed itself in four different cascades; though the intervention of a projecting rock divided these great falls, they appeared too much alike. I wished to get lower, but it seemed impracticable. Emboldened, however, by the example of a guide, I clambered upon the edge of an immense perpendicular strata of rock to nearly the lower channel of the torrent, when the cataract appeared in the most perfect manner imaginable; the great fall displayed itself in an uninterrupted superiority, and the lesser ones retired as subordinate parts.

The perpendicular descent of this cataract is no less than two hundred and ten feet; the first fall does not exceed twenty feet, the next increases to sixty, the third diminishes to about twenty, and then after a momentary pause, the torrent bounds over a shelving rock in one tremendous fall of one hundred and ten feet, and soon unites itself with the Rhydol, a river of considerable size.

This grand cataract receives no small augmentation of its terrific appearance from the black stratified rocks forming the glen down which it thunders; nor can the spectator, however firm his mind, divest himself of terror, while, near the bottom of an abyss for ever denied a ray of sun, he views the menacing torrent bursting before him, or contemplates its foaming course tearing at his feet, among crags that its fury has disjoined. If he ventures to look up the acclivitous rock, more real danger threatens his return, when a devious balance or false step would ensure his certain destruction! Yet, from the horrors of this gloomy chasm, some favoured projections relieve the imagination, ornamented by the light and tasteful penciling of the mountain ash, intermixing with vigorous sapling oaks; where here and there a tree of riper years, unable to derive support from the scanty soil, falls in premature decay a prostrate ruin.

I have seen waterfalls more picturesquely grand than that of the Mynach, but none more awfully so—not excepting even the celebrated falls of Lodore and Scaleforce, in Cumberland. Climbing from the scene of terrors, I rejoined my companions, and at the Hafod Arms Inn obtained a change of clothes; a comfort which, though wet for several hours, I should still longer have denied myself, had not the approach of night forced me from the Mynach's interesting scenery.

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN HINDOSTAN.—Palanquins, which are a kind of covered litter, carried by means of poles upon the shoulders of men, form the principal vehicle for personal transport in Hindostan. A very minute description of an ordinary palanquin, together with an amusing account of a *dak* or *dawk* journey, which is the name given to the mode of travelling long distances by the palanquin, is given by Captain Basil Hall. The palanquin is described

as about six feet long by two and a half feet wide, and provided with conveniences which enable it to serve at night-time for a bed, and in the day-time for a parlour. In the front part is usually a shelf, with a drawer underneath, and a net stretched above it; and in the hinder part is often a shelf for books, a net for fruit, and other loose articles, and hooks for hats, towels, &c. In each side of the palanquin are two doors, or sliding partitions, with Venetian blinds in the upper panel, and in each end are two small windows. As, owing to the heat of the country, travelling is performed much by night, palanquins are often furnished with a lamp at one corner, so fixed as to throw its light into the interior, but to be trimmed from the outside. The bottom, or seat, is made of strips of rattan, like that of a cane-bottomed chair, and is covered with a light elastic mattress stuffed with horse hair or shavings produced in dressing the bamboo and rattan. Across the palanquin, at about eighteen inches from the hinder end, is hung a flat square cushion for the traveller's back to rest against when sitting up, and towards the other end is a moveable bar, against which the feet may be planted as against the stretchers of a boat, which may be shifted nearer to or farther from the end of the palanquin, according to the length of the traveller's legs, or his choice of position. In the space behind the back cushion the bed-clothes and pillow are stowed away during the day; and the shelves, drawers and nets afford facilities for the conveyance of teapots, canisters, shaving apparatus, scientific instruments, sketching materials, and a sufficient supply of clothing to prevent inconvenience if the traveller be separated for a time from his heavy baggage. Flat articles may be laid beneath the mattress, and bottles and glasses carried in sockets attached to the corners of the palanquin. A cover of waxed cloth is affixed to the top in such a way that it may be rolled up when not wanted, and let down so as completely to envelop the palanquin, in rainy weather, or when the night is cold. A pole is attached to each end of the palanquin, near the top, to carry it by; and to the foremost of these poles is suspended a rattan basket containing a water pitcher, or goblet of porous earthenware; and as the water which exudes through the pores of the goblet is rapidly evaporated by the current of air, its contents are always kept cool in the hottest weather. On the hinder pole are carried in like manner a kettle, coffee-pot, and wooden wash-hand basin. As the poles, which rest upon the shoulders of the bearers, are not elastic, like those of a sedan-chair, Captain Hall states that a palanquin has not the same unpleasant motion as that vehicle; and, Bishop Heber also observes, is neither violent nor unpleasant, but that, being incessant, it is impossible to draw in a palanquin, and not very convenient to read, excepting a large print. Only four bearers can, in an ordinary palanquin, place their shoulders beneath the poles, two at each end; but in passing over difficult ground, two others will occasionally bear part

of the weight by thrusting a bamboo under the body of the palanquin. In most cases the bearers follow each other in a straight line; but in some districts it is the custom to proceed obliquely, in which case the sideways motion is said to be exceedingly unpleasant to the traveller. While walking or running with their load, the bearers, who form a peculiar caste among the Hindoos, keep up an incessant noise, sometimes like grunting or groaning, and sometimes approaching the character of a song, or of wild vociferation.

**TREATMENT OF THE DEAD IN THIBET.**—The people of Thibet, instead of burying or burning the bodies of the dead, throw them into a walled enclosure, that they may be devoured by birds of prey; but they hold an annual festival in honour of the deceased, which is thus described by Captain Turner:—"On the 29th of October, as soon as the evening drew on, and it became dark, a general illumination was displayed upon the summits of all the buildings in the Monastery of Teshoo Loomboo, close to which was the Golgotha, if I may so call it, to which they convey their dead; the tops also of the houses upon the plain, as well as in the most distant villages, scattered among the cluster of willows, were in the same manner lighted up with lamps, exhibiting altogether a splendid and brilliant spectacle. The night was dark, the weather calm, and the lights burned with a clear and steady flame. The Thibetians reckon these circumstances of the first importance, as, on the contrary, they deem it a most evil omen, if the weather be stormy, and their lights extinguished by the wind or rain. It is worthy of notice, how materially an effect depends upon a previously-declared design, and how opposite the emotions may be, although produced by appearances exactly similar. In England, I had been accustomed to esteem general illuminations as the strongest expression of public joy; I now saw them exhibited as a solemn token of melancholy remembrance, an awful tribute of respect paid to the innumerable generations of the dead. The darkness of the night, the profound tranquillity and silence, interrupted only by the deep and slowly-repeated tones of the *nowbut*, gong, and cymbal, at different intervals; the tolling of bells, and the loud monotonous repetition of sentences of prayer, sometimes heard when the instruments were silent; were so calculated, by their solemnity, to produce serious reflection, that I really believe no human ceremony could have been contrived more effectually to impress the mind with sentiments of awe. In addition to this external token of solemn respect, acts of beneficence, performed during this festival, are supposed to have peculiar merit, and all persons are called upon, according to their ability, to distribute alms, and to feed the poor.

**CURE FOR WARTS.**—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. This repeated, will gradually destroy the largest wart.



## TRUTH.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning.

Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed.

A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor, must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

He who gives way to angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive.

The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence, but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it.

Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world.

Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and in a future age their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they no longer retain a hold on the prejudices and passions of mankind.—*Mackenzie's Literary Varieties.*

**THE CIRCASSIAN WALLACE.**—We extract the following account of the Schamyl, the chief of the Circassians, from a letter dated Constantinople, and published in the *Univers*:—"It is said that the power of Schamyl Bey is on the increase. Circassia, in place of ceasing the unequal struggle in which she has been engaged for so many years, appears, on the contrary, to find new resources in the courage and alliance of the surrounding tribes. The Caucasus has become the refuge and the rampart of all the mountaineers who defended their ancient liberties; and such is the general confidence in the future, that this military leader is already considered as the founder of a monarchy around which the populations of Georgia, Armenia, and Daghestan are to be grouped. Russia has no longer to put down a partial revolt. The point for her is now to hold firmly against a

rising and creating power, which opposes numerous and strong nationalities to her own. The vague reports collected relative to Schamyl represent him as an able and fortunate warrior, surrounded with a warlike army, disciplined by Polish refugees in the European manner. On Fridays, public prayers are offered up for his safety—a Mussulman ceremony in honour of royalty. Money is struck with his mark—we do not say his effigy, for the poverty of the country does not permit the use of metal for money, but only of leather, which, however, is received in all places where his authority extends, and is even preferred to Russian money. Schamyl is of middle height, well made, and of a robust constitution, which enables him to support with ease all kinds of fatigue; continually on horseback, at the head of a chosen band of determined troops, composed of Polish lancers and Cossack hulans, he never appears but with the ornaments of his rank and in full uniform; liberal to profusion, he distributes all the booty with those who share his danger; fond of literature, he has around him poets who celebrate his triumphs in popular songs; prompt to conceive plans of strategy, and still more so to execute them, he flies from one extremity of his territory to the other, and falls on the Russian outposts with the rapidity of lightning, and after occasioning them serious loss, returns to his impregnable mountains, or flies to other dangers. His batteries of artillery are numerous and complete, and each piece is a trophy which has cost the enemy dear. Mussulman enthusiasm surrounds him with a religious aspect; but he, with an elevated and tolerant spirit, leaves to all his soldiers, as well as to the population under his authority, the free and full exercise of their worship. Liberty in this respect contrasts so advantageously for him with the religious despotism of the Russian Government, that it has gained him the sympathies of the Christians persecuted by the official church of the Emperor."

**A NEAPOLITAN'S FIRMNESS.**—The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence. A story is told there of a nobleman, who, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed he was intoxicated. He received the offer with disdain, and exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family by confessing the disgraceful crime of intoxication." He persisted, and was executed.

**USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.**—The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendour to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance rather

than a benefit. The action by which their splendour is outspread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues; his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to insure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race. —COUCH'S *Illustration of Instinct*.

**THE CAT AND THE CROW**—A few days ago, the attention of several persons was excited at St. Ives by an unusual noise made by a crow which had built her nest and hatched her young in the chimney of an uninhabited house near the Wesleyan chapel in that town. On examination, it appeared that a cat had discovered the young birds, and was trying to dislodge them; but every time puss put her head into the chimney the crow pounced upon her hinder parts, and then flew off to a neighbouring chimney. The crow, perceiving that she was unable singly to put the enemy to flight, flew to the tower of the church and brought seven others, which proceeded to assail the cat in the way before described, until she was so severely wounded as to be obliged to retreat, minus pretty much of her fur, and bleeding profusely. —*West Briton*.

**QUAINT RESEMBLANCES**.—Some philosopher has remarked that every animal when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet, and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few buttons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and

a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, and trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy. Donkeys resemble a good many persons.

M. Lewenhoeck, in his work on the microscope, says that the mite makes 500 steps in a second. Each leaf on a tree has a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen on a meadow.

**THE WEEVIL IN WHEAT**.—A correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald* states the following means of destroying weevils:—"I have in more than one instance tried the simple remedy of one quart of sifted lime mixed with one pint of fine salt to a hundred bushels of wheat, where, I may say, millions of that insect were to be perceived; and in the short space of twenty-four hours they have completely disappeared. I did not see a single one of them in the grain again, although kept in the same place for months afterwards."

A gentleman of Runcorn, having seen a recipe for destroying cockroaches, &c., sliced cucumber, made a trial of the remedy by slicing two cucumbers, and throwing them into a place which was literally swarming with them. The effect was very satisfactory, for in fifteen hours there was an almost perfect clearance of these disagreeable inmates.

**PROTECTING WALL-FRUIT FROM INSECTS**.—The ant occupies a distinguished position as a predator on wall-fruit. No sooner has an insect "of large growth" commenced the destruction of a fruit, than these little pests assemble in myriads and complete the demolition; and this is often carried on by means of a minute aperture in the cuticle of the fruit next the wall, so that some of the finest fruit is often destroyed ere we become aware of the fact. The usual wasp-traps are of little or no service in the destruction of the ant, and even muslin bags, so effectual for the exclusion of flies, &c., are often ineffectual. The best remedy I have ever seen for the prevention of the attacks of the whole insect race is common tow or hemp. As soon as the fruit, from its ripeness, begins to become attractive, envelope it in a thin coating of this substance, packing it well between the fruit and the wall, and no insect will venture to molest it. The fine filaments of the hemp form a complete *chevaux de frise* to their attacks. Even the minute ant fails to penetrate them, I lately saw a fine crop of peaches, which were required to be preserved for a particular occasion, treated in the manner described, and out of several dozen from the one tree not one fruit had the least blemish from the attack of an insect. —*Gardener's Chronicle*.

A miser having threatened to give a poor labourer some blows with a stick: "I don't believe you," says the other, "for you never give anything."

A captain of a vessel loading coals went into a counting house, and requested the loan of a rake. The merchant, looking towards his clerks, said, "I have a number of them here, but none of them would wish to be hauled over the coals."



## AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

On the third day of his departure from Vienna, a horsedealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and, as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news from the capital. The horsedealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which he replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there.

At these words the landlord looked very significantly at the young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across a yard into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a money-belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank-notes.

Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept but an hour or two when he was suddenly awakened by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow upon him.

Startled at this unforeseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man, who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons who were standing under the window.

A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall.

Confounded as the horsedealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated; this circumstance, however, gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades.

But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat

upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed which he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him.

He was just preparing to quit his hiding-place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and, on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few moments the door of the room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold.

"Keep the lamp back!" muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

"What have we to fear?" said the young man; "we are two against one: besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly: hear how he snores."

"Do what I tell you," said the father, angrily: "do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the neighbourhood?"

The horsedealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe.

An instant afterwards, the bed was shook by a convulsive motion; and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding, that the unhappy man in the bed had had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said:

"It is over now: look for the money."

"I have found it under the pillow," said the son; "it is in a leathern belt and a pocket-book."

The murderers disappeared.

Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three-quarters of an hour, the inn was surrounded by soldiers, who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed luried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horsedealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground.

This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led to the out-house, where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved.

The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, at least calm and sullen; but when, on entering

the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it, with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed despairingly, "My son! oh, my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer."

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and, this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his own bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing, with some of his companions, at the ale-house.

Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached outhouse, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him hither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation.

Nor do we need to add that the murderers expiated their crime with their life; and that the horsedealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

**CAUTION.**—Two brothers were cultivating the ground together: the eldest went home first to prepare dinner, and then called his brother; upon which the latter cried out, with a loud voice, "wait till I have hidden my spade, then I will come directly." When he came to the table, his brother scolded him, saying, "When one hides any thing, one ought to be silent, or at least to speak about it with a low voice; for by bawling out as you did, one risks being robbed." The dinner being over, the younger brother went again into the field, but on seeking the spade, he only found the place where he had put it. He immediately ran back to his brother, and approaching his ear mysteriously, he whispered, "my spade has been stolen."

**THE BLOW-PIPE AND ARROWS OF GUIANA.**—When a native of Macoushia goes in quest of feathered game or other birds, he seldom carries his bow and arrows. It is the blow-pipe he then uses. This extraordinary tube of death is perhaps one of the greatest natural curiosities of Guiana. It is not found in the country of Macoushia. Those Indians tell you that it grows to the south-west of them, in the wilds which extend betwixt them and the Rio Negro. The reed must grow to an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is from ten to eleven feet long, and no tapering can be perceived in it, one end being as thick as the other. It is of a bright yellow color, perfectly smooth both inside and out. It grows hollow; nor is there the least appearance of a knot or joint throughout the whole extent. The natives call it Ourah. This, of itself, is too slender to answer the end of a blow-pipe; but there is a species of Palma, larger and stronger, and common in Guiana, and this the Indians make use of as a case, in which they put the Ourah. It is brown, susceptible of a fine polish, and appears as if it had joints five

or six inches from each other. It is called Samourah, and the pulp inside is easily extracted, by steeping it for a few days in water.

Thus the Ourah and Samourah, one within the other, form the blow-pipe of Guiana. The end which is applied to the mouth is tied round with a small silk grass cord, to prevent its splitting; and the other end which is apt to strike against the ground, is secured by the seed of the Acuero fruit, cut horizontally through the middle, with a hole made in the end, through which is put the extremity of the blow-pipe. It is fastened on with string on the outside, and the inside is filled up with wild bees' wax.

The arrow is from nine to ten inches long. It is made out of the leaf of a species of palm-tree, called Coucourite, hard and brittle, and pointed as sharp as a needle. About an inch of the pointed end is poisoned. The other end is burnt to make it still harder, and wild cotton is put round it for about an inch and a half. It requires considerable practice to put on this cotton well. It must just be large enough to fit the hollow of the tube, and taper off to nothing downwards. They tie it on with a thread of the silk grass, to prevent its slipping off the arrow.—*Waterton's Wanderings in South America.*

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SALMON.

The salmon is a very prolific fish: both male and female are frequently fit for propagation during the first year of their age. The roe of the female is found, on an average, to contain from 17,000 to 20,000 ova or eggs. During the months of August, September, and October the reproductive organs, both of the male and female salmon, have more or less completely reached maturity; at which period the instinct of propagation compels them eagerly to seek rivers, and to ascend them nearly to their sources, in order to find a place suitable for the deposition of their spawn. They no longer, as in winter and spring months, roam over the coast and shores, and return backwards and forwards with the flowing and ebbing of the tide, but pursue the most direct route by the mid-channel up the river, and make the greatest efforts to overcome every obstacle, either natural or artificial, that may impede their progress. The spawning is accomplished in the months of November, December, and January. When the parent fishes have reached the spawning ground, they proceed to the shallow water, generally in the morning, or at twilight in the evening, where they play round the ground two of them together. After a turn, they begin to make a furrow, by working up the gravel with their noses rather against the stream; as a salmon cannot work with his head down the stream, for the water going into his gills the wrong way, drowns him. When the furrow is made, the male and female return to a little distance, one to the one, and the other to the other side of the furrow. They then throw themselves upon their sides, again come together, and rubbing against each



other, both shed their spawn into the furrow at the same time. This process is not completed at once, as the eggs of the roe must be excluded individually, and from eight to twelve days are required for completing the operation. When this process is over they betake themselves to the pools to recruit themselves. The spawn thus deposited is afterwards covered with loose gravel; and, in this state the ova remains for weeks, or sometimes much longer, apparently inert, like seeds buried in the soil. In an early spring, the fry come forth early, and later when the spring is late. Generally, they begin to rise from the bed about the beginning of March, and their first movement is usually completed by the middle of April. The appearance which they present is that of a thick braid of grain rushing up in vast numbers. The tail first comes up, and the young animals often leave the bed with a portion of the investing membrane of the ovum about their heads. From experiments that were made upon the roe, it appears that they can only be hatched in fresh water; for when a portion of the roe was put into salt water, none of the ova ever came into life; and, when a young fish which had been hatched in fresh water, was put into salt water, it showed symptoms of uneasiness, and died in a few hours. When the evolution from the ova is completed, the young fry keep at first in the eddy pools till they gain strength, and then prepare to go down the river, remaining near its sides, and proceeding on their way till they meet the salt water, when they disappear. The descent begins in the month of March, continues through April, and part of May, and sometimes even till June. The reason why the fry thus descend by the margin in rivers, and the mid-channel in estuaries, is apparently, according to Dr. Fleming, because the margin of the river is the easy water, and consequently best suited to their young and weak state; but when they reach the estuary or tide-way, then the margin of the water being most disturbed, the fry avoid it, and betake themselves to the deepest part of the channel, disappearing alike from observation and capture, and so go out to sea. After remaining some weeks at sea, the smolts or samelts, as the fry are called, return again to coasts and rivers, having attained from a pound to a pound and a half of weight; by the middle of June they weigh from two to three pounds, and are said to increase half a pound in weight every week. They are now known in Scotland by the name of grilse, and by the end of the fishing season they have attained the size of seven or eight pounds. In the first five months of its existence, that is from April to August, both inclusive, it may be stated that the salmon reaches, in favourable circumstances, eight pounds in weight, and afterwards increases, though more slowly, yet so as to have acquired the weight of thirty-five pounds in thirty-three months. After the process of spawning is completed in the river, the parent fish retire to the adjoining pools to recruit. In two or three weeks from that time, the male begins

to seek his way down the river; the female remains longer about the spawning ground, sometimes till April or May. The fishes which have thus spawned are denominated *kelts*. In their progress to the sea, when they reach the estuary, they pursue a course precisely similar to the fry, not roaming about the banks like clean fish, but keeping in the mid-channel. They are at this time comparatively weak, and in thus betaking themselves to the deepest parts of the channel, they are the better able to resist the deranging effects of the flood-tide, and to take advantage of the ebb-tide in accelerating their migration to the sea. It appears that some which descend as *kelts* in spring, return again in autumn in breeding condition, a recovery which is no less remarkable than the early growth of these animals. The sea seems to be the element in which the salmon feeds and grows. When caught in fresh water, not only is their condition comparatively poor, but scarcely anything is ever found in their stomachs. In estuaries and on coasts, on the other hand, they feed abundantly, and their stomachs are often found full of sandeels.—

*Edin. New Phil. Journal.*

**PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.**—Among the properties of charcoal may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and colour; and as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be but rubbed over putrid meat, the bad smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid flavour is destroyed, and the water is rendered comparatively fresh. The sailors are aware of this fact, and when the water at sea is bad, are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to rectify it. Again, colour is materially influenced by charcoal, and, in numbers of instances, in a very singular way. There are numerous applications of this property of charcoal to useful purposes in the arts; if you take a dirty black syrup, such as molasses, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the colour will be removed. There are some properties in charcoal which appear to be mechanical rather than any thing else; but, for the purposes just mentioned, the charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colour, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; it will lose a great portion of its colour in the first filtration, and become tawney; and after repeating the process two or three times you may destroy its colour altogether. It is a very hygrometric substance, and therefore absorbs air and moisture in considerable quantity; it therefore increases in weight, on exposure to air after burning.—*Brande's Lectures.*

A Gentleman, a good shot, lent a favourite old pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds, which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and could never be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.

## I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

I would we had not met again!  
 I had a dream of thee,  
 Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,  
 Mournful on midnight sea.  
 What though it haunted me by night,  
 And troubled through the day?  
 It touched all earth with spirit-light,  
 It glorified my way!  
 Oh! what shall now my faith restore  
 In holy things and fair?  
 We met—I saw thy soul once more—  
 The world's breath had been there!  
 Yes! it was sad on desert plain,  
 Mournful on midnight sea,  
 Yet would I buy with life again  
 That one deep dream of thee!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

Here, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,  
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and sea;  
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,  
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee.  
 If, in the race, we are destined to run, love,  
 They who have light hearts the happiest be,  
 Then happier still must be they who have none, love,  
 And that will be my case when mine is with thee.  
 It matters not where I may now be a rover,  
 I care not how many bright eyes I may see;  
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,  
 I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee.  
 And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—  
 For, even should fortune turn truant to me,  
 Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,  
 As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee.

*Moore.*

## I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee, when morning springs  
 From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,  
 And like a young bird, lifts her wings  
 Of gladness on the welkin blue;  
 And when, at noon, the breath of love  
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,  
 And sent in music from the grove,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.  
 I think of thee, when soft and wide  
 The evening spreads her robe of light,  
 And, like a young and timid bride,  
 Sits blushing in the arms of night:  
 And, when the moon's sweet crescent springs  
 In light o'er heaven's deep waveless sea,  
 And stars are forth like blessed things,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

*Prentice.*

## LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,  
 The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;  
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night  
 Some solitary star to cheer it.  
 The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,  
 The saddest heart is not all sadness;  
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.  
 Despair is never quite despair,  
 Nor life, nor death, the future closes;  
 And round the shadowy brow of care  
 Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## TO MY SISTER.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train  
 Of those around thy homage pay,  
 But wilt thou never kindly deign  
 To think of him that's far away?  
 Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,  
 For many years I may not see;  
 But wilt thou not sometimes the while,  
 My sister dear, remember me?  
 Remember me, I pray—but not  
 In Flora's gay and blooming hour,  
 When every brake hath found its note,  
 And sunshine smiles in every flower;  
 But when the fallen leaf is sear,  
 And withers sadly from the tree,  
 And o'er the ruins of the year  
 Cold autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—not, I intreat,  
 In scenes of festal week-day joy;  
 For then it were not kind or meet  
 Thy thoughts thy pleasure should alloy:  
 But on the sacred Sabbath day,  
 And, dearest, on thy bended knee,  
 When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,  
 Sweet sister, then remember me.

*Everett.*

## REMINISCENCES.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,  
 Dear companions of my golden days?  
 Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,  
 Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.  
 Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,  
 Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?  
 Heaven received thee, and on earth none other  
 Can the void in my lone bosom fill.  
 Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness—  
 Love and gladness I no longer see!  
 She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,  
 Nature seems her sepulchre to me.  
 Where am I?—life's current, faintly flowing,  
 Brings the welcome warning of release;  
 Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?  
 All is well—my spirit parts in peace.

*Montgomery.*

## DEPARTED DAYS.

The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
 Yes, dear departed, cherished days;  
 Could memory's hand restore  
 Your morning light, your evening rays,  
 From Time's gray urn once more,  
 Then might this restless heart be still,  
 This straining eye might close,  
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,  
 While the fair phantoms rose.  
 But like a child in ocean's arms,  
 We strive against the stream,  
 Each moment farther from the shore,  
 Where life's young fountains gleam—  
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
 And wilder rolls the sea;  
 The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
 Day breaks—and where are we?

*Holmes.*



## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—The February number of this Periodical contains A Memorial and Correspondence respecting the Royal Observatory at Toronto; Notes on the Geology of Toronto; The Mineral Springs of Canada; The Horse and its Rider; Extracts from Exhibition Lectures; Notice of an Indian Burying Ground; Scientific Intelligence, &c., &c., &c.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PRIME CUT.—When Sydney Smith got the prebendal stall in our cathedral, he was lodging in College Green; and as his fame as a convivialist was not then so noised and known as subsequently, he was allowed to dine at home more frequently than one would suppose; and his dinner was always a beefsteak, and that beefsteak he always bought himself. I was then as I am now, my own purveyor, and there were few days when he was in residence that I did not meet him at Burge's in Denmark Street, (his favourite butcher and mine,) over-seeing and selecting his own cut. After Sydney had described a circle with his finger round a certain pin-bone, and emphatically told the man of fat to "cut there, and cut boldly," as the Roman augur said, Burge turned to me and asked, "And where will you be helped, sir?" "I'll follow suit," said I, "the cut next to Mr. Smith's; I can't go wrong with such a precedent." The canon's droll eye twinkled; his large, pouting, and somewhat luxurious lip moved with that comic twitch which spoke the man, as he said, "You're a wise man, sir; this is one of the cases where you can't err if you follow the church, and you'll find your obedience rewarded with a good beefsteak."—*The Church-Goer*, &c.

An Irishman was seen in the upper part of the city with the words "A Tenant Wanted," painted in large letters on pasteboard, and suspended around his neck. Patrick was asked "Who wanted the tenant, and where?" "And it's me, meself," he replied, "that wants a tenant."—"Well, for what house?"—"House! and do I care what house, so long as it be a dacent and respectable place and sure wages?"—"You're a fool, Paddy, or somebody has been making a fool of you—for if you have a house to rent then you want a tenant, but if you want a situation why don't you say on your show-bill 'A Situation Wanted.'"—"Aha, my darlint," replied the Irishman, "and is it there you are? And perhaps I aint a fool! Sure I want to be occupied, and can I be occupied unless I have a tenant?"—*New York Mirror*.

ALL OR AULD FOOL'S DAY.—The first day of April, among the French, is occupied in mak-

ing pretended keepsakes, or presents, and in performing sundry pleasant tricks: each person tries to deceive the other, whether by sending packets filled with straw, &c., or in prevailing on persons to go to houses where they are not wanted, &c. &c. Among the ancients, and indeed with all, till the seventeenth century, the year commenced at the Spring Equinox; and it was the practice to make presents at the commencement of the year, consequently this custom was formerly practised on the first of April; but when this month became the fourth in the Calendar, the *extrennes*, or gifts, were carried back to the first of January; accordingly, in April, nothing but *pretended* presents and mock congratulations were made, to deceive those who still believed that the first of April was the first day of the new year; hence, probably, the origin of those sleeveless errands and worthless presents which are the usual attendants of the first of April. The persons whose credulity is thus imposed on are called *Poissons d' Avril*, or April Fish.

THE CORNWALL SCHOOLBOY.—An ould man found, one day, a young gentleman's portmante, as he were a going to es dendar; he took'd et en and gived et to es wif, an said, "Mally, here's a roul of lither, look, see, I suppose some poor ould shoemaker or other have los'en, tak'en and put'en a top of the tester of tha bed, he'll be glad to hab'en agen sum day, I dear say." The ould man, Jan, that was es neam, went to es work as before. Mally then open'd the portmantle, and found en et three hundred pounds. Soon after this, the ould man not being very well, Mally said, "Jan, I've saaved away a little money, by the bye, and as thee can't read or write, thee shu'st go to scool" (he were then nigh threescore and ten.) He went but a very short time, and comed hoam one day, and said, "Mally, I wain't go to scool no more, 'case the childer do be laffin at me; they can tell their letters, and I can't tell my A, B, C, and I would rather go to my work agen." "Do as the wool," ses Mally. Jan had not ben out many days, afore the yung gentleman came by that lost the portmantle, and said, "Well, my ould man, did'ee see or hear tell of sich a thing as a portmantle?" "Portmantle, sar, was't that un, something like thickey? (pointing to one behind es saddle.) I found one t'other day zackly like that." "Where es et?" "Come along, I carr'd'en and gov'en to my wif Mally; thee sha't av'en. Mally, where es that roul of lither that I giv'd tha the t'other day?" "What roul of lither?" said Mally. "The roul of lither I broft en and tould tha to put'en a top of the tester of the bed, afore I go'd to scool." "Drat tha emperance," thee art bewattled, that was before I was born."—*HALLIWELL'S Provincial Dictionary*.

















